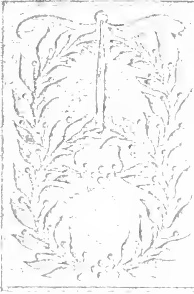
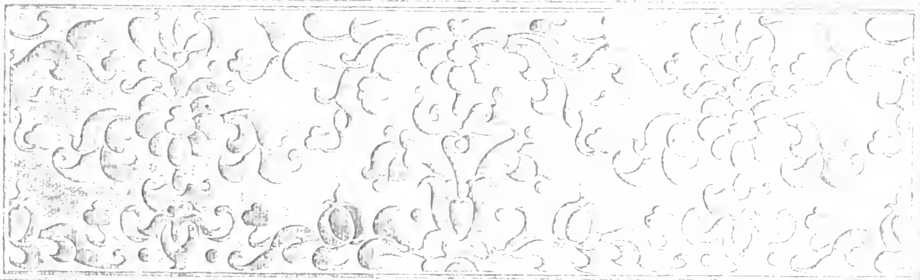


HEROES OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE



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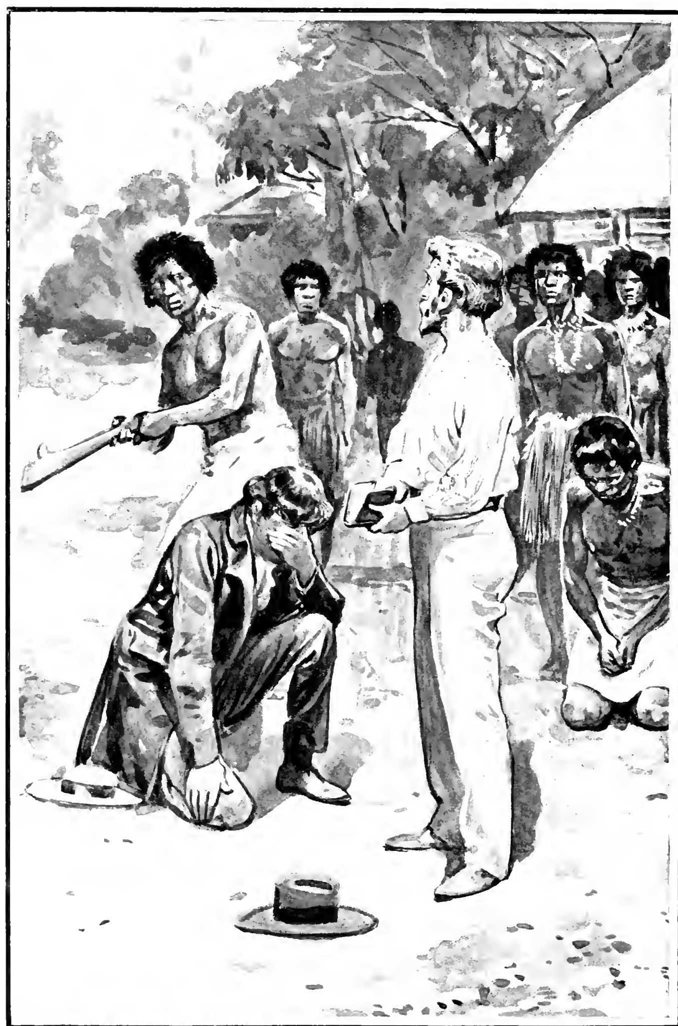

A Critical Moment in Tanna

In spite of being warned of the danger, the two missionaries went to the distant village. Whilst Turner addressed the inhabitants, one of them slipped unseen round behind him, club in hand. A little later Turner knelt in prayer, unconscious of any danger. Fortunately Nisbet noticed the native raise his club, and all the time Turner prayed his fellow-missionary steadily eyed the would-be murderer, who was so disconcerted that he remained motionless.

HEROES OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

TRUE STORIES OF THE INTREPID BRAVERY AND STIRRING ADVENTURES OF MISSIONARIES WITH UNCIVILISED MAN, WILD BEASTS, AND THE FORCES OF NATURE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

BY

CLAUD FIELD, M.A. CANTAB.

SOMETIME C.M.S. MISSIONARY IN THE PUNJAB

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

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PREFACE

IN the mysterious Greek legend of Prometheus, the hero who sacrificed his place among the Olympians, and incurred the anger of Zeus, that he might bring to the primæval cave-dwellers the gift of fire, from which all arts were to spring, we have a striking figure of the Christian missionary. He has ever in his ears the saying of his Master, "I am come to cast fire on the earth," and he carries a spark of it in his breast to the darkest regions of the world, where he has to guard it sedulously from all the powers of evil that are leagued for its extinction. Like Prometheus, he has often to be the victim of brute force, and, as Shelley says of the Fire-bringer,

> "To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates
> From its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

For this he must be willing to sever the tenderest ties, to mortify ambition, to forego opportunities of culture, and to live misunderstood in deadly climates. What others undergo for gain or glory, he must brave for a wholly spiritual object, the kindling of new life in the grossest and earthliest types of humanity.

But, however much our missionaries may resemble the ideal Greek hero, the revolutions they have wrought are real. "These who have turned the world upside down," was the earliest and perhaps the best description of them.

Like the Hebrew prophet, they confront idolatry and Islam with the challenge, "The God that answereth by fire, let Him be God," and the fire has often descended.

These spiritual revolutions are all the more striking when they come as the climax and crown to long years of monotonous and disheartening toil, as was the case in Greenland, Tahiti, and Burmah. "What! God so love the world, and the world not love Him!" With these words a Tahitian broke in upon the missionary Nott's preaching one day, and burst into tears. This was the sudden flash of recognition for which the train had been laid during fifteen years. And what takes place in the individual takes place in the nation. Blood-stained and foul idolaters are found sitting at worship, clothed and in their right mind. "Those who deblaterate against missions should come here," said R. L. Stevenson of what he had witnessed in the South Seas, and Darwin has recorded his surprise at the transformed Fuegians.

Some scenes and episodes from this great drama, on which the curtain never falls, are described in the following pages. The heroic figures, which are seen against a background of darkness and horror, belonged to various nations, and to different Churches, and their acts are found in records extending over nearly three hundred years. Some of the more recent are quoted by permission, and the author's best thanks are due to the Church Missionary Society for leave to use materials from their publications for the sketches of Bishop Crowther, Mr. Duncan, and Mr. Clark; and to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, for permission to borrow from the book entitled "Stranger than Fiction."

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HEROES OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE

I
IN REGIONS OF SNOW

CHAPTER I
JOHN ELIOT, THE APOSTLE OF THE RED INDIANS

Difficulties of the language—Pow-wows—Longfellow's description—Founding of Noonatomen—Perils in the wilderness—A covetous chief—Founding of Natick—Governor Endicott's visit—The first Bible printed in America—War with Philip—Destruction of mission settlements—Unpopularity of Eliot—Death of Philip—Baxter's encomium.

JOHN ELIOT enjoys the distinction of having been the first Protestant missionary to preach to the aborigines of North America. Driven from England, like so many other non-conforming ministers under the rule of Laud, he settled as a pastor at Roxbury in Massachusetts. Here his spirit was stirred by witnessing the ignorance and degradation of the Red Indians, who for the most part were regarded by the early Puritan colonists as the inhabitants of Canaan were by the Israelites.

With incredible industry Eliot applied himself to the task of learning the Indian language. What sort of a feat this was, we may gather from the fact that the word for "loves" is "Noowomantammooonkanunonnash,"

and for "question," "Kummogkodonattoottummoootiteaongannunnonash."

The Indians of New England, like all savages, were averse to regular labour of any sort. Their time was spent alternately in war, hunting, and fishing, or in idleness and sleep. Their knowledge was limited within the narrow circle of animal wants, and their ignorance of the use of metals was shown by their habit of calling an Englishman "a knife man," the knife being an implement wholly new to them, and one which they greatly admired.

They were much under the influence of male and female wizards called "pow-wows," in whose connection with invisible powers they had great faith. These persons claimed to cure diseases by means of herbs, roots, exorcisms, and magical incantations. A "pow-wow," in short, was at once priest, physician, and juggler. Their power was a formidable obstacle to the spread of Christianity; "for," said the Indians, "if we once pray to God we must abandon our pow-wows, and then, when we are sick or wounded, who shall heal our maladies?"

Such were the people among whom John Eliot was preparing to labour. His zeal on their behalf was increased by the fact that he believed them to be descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. Though arrived at middle life, he studied their language for two years before he began preaching among them. He paid his first visit to the Indians on 28th October 1646, at a place afterwards called Nonantum. At a short distance from the wigwams he and his friends were met by Waban, a leading man among the Indians at that place, who assembled the natives in his wigwam, where Eliot conducted a religious

service for them, which Longfellow has graphically described in "Hiawatha":—

> "All the old men of the village,
> All the warriors of the nation,
> All the Jossakeeds the prophets,
> The magicians, the Wabenos,
> And the medicine men, the medas,
> Came to bid the strangers welcome.
> 'It is well,' they said, 'O brother ,
> That you come so far to see us.'
> In a circle round the doorway
> With their pipes they sat in silence,
> Waiting to behold the strangers,
> Waiting to receive their message,
> Till the Black Robe chief the pale face
> From the wigwam came to greet them,
> Stammering in his speech a little,
> Speaking words yet unfamiliar."

The service lasted three hours, and the Indians listened with the utmost attention, some of them being moved to tears. When Eliot had finished they asked many questions showing an intelligent appreciation of what he had said.

Encouraged by their behaviour on this and subsequent occasions, Eliot applied to the General Court of Massachusetts for a grant of land where the Indians might settle and learn the arts of civilised life. The land being granted, the site of a town named Noonatomen, or "Rejoicing," was marked out by the Indians. Eliot advised them to surround it with ditches and a stone wall, promising to furnish them with spades, shovels, mattocks, and iron crows. He also gave money to those who worked hardest. The wigwams they erected were in a considerably improved style; they were built not with mats as formerly, but with the bark of trees, and were divided into several apartments.

The women began to learn to spin, to make various

little articles, and to carry the natural productions of the country to market for sale.

The Indians also consented to conform to a code of simple laws drawn upon the basis of the Ten Commandments. One of these aimed at the suppression of the drink traffic, which had already begun to ruin and degrade the character of the natives. After establishing this settlement Eliot took frequent journeys through the different parts of Massachusetts as far as Cape Cod, preaching to as many Indians as would hear him. During these tours he endured much personal hardship. In a letter to a friend, he says, "I have not been dry night or day from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition; and at night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings and on with them again, and so continue."

When travelling through the wilderness without a friend or companion, he was sometimes treated very harshly by the Indians, and in some instances they even threatened his life. Both the "sachems" (chiefs) and the pow-wows were greatly opposed to the introduction of Christianity; the chiefs were alarmed lest they should lose their authority, and the priests lest they should be deprived of their gains.

On one of these occasions, when one of the sachems, named Cutshamakin, was storming against him, and the friendly Indians were cowed by his words, Eliot with calm courage told him that as he was about God's work he feared neither him nor the other sachems, and that, let them do what they would, he would go on with his undertaking. The storm of words died down, and this victory over the violence of the chief contributed not a little to strengthen Eliot's influence with the other Indians.

The matter did not rest here. When Eliot left the meeting Cutshamakin accompanied him a short distance and unburdened his heart by stating honestly the ground of his opposition. He alleged that the "praying Indians" did not pay him tribute as they used to do. On inquiry, however, Eliot found that this accusation was false, and rebuked the chief severely for his covetousness.

The Indians were so extremely poor that Eliot had to take his own food and drink with him on his journeys, besides presents to distribute among them. Nor were they altogether wanting in gratitude. He relates with satisfaction on one occasion that as he was taking his horse to depart, "a poor creature" seized his hand and thrust something into it, which he found to be a pennyworth of wampum[1] on the end of a straw. He accepted the humble present with thanks, "seeing so much hearty affection in so small a thing."

In 1651 Eliot founded another settlement for "the praying Indians" at Natick on the Charles River. Though the stream was so shallow in the summer that the Indians could generally wade through it with ease, yet, as the water was deep in winter, it became necessary to throw a bridge over it. Eliot persuaded them to undertake this work, and they built a foot-bridge over the river 80 feet long and 9 feet high. The town was laid out in three streets, two on one side, and one on the other side of the river. Lots of land were measured and divided, apple trees were planted, and the business of the sowing season was begun. They built a circular fort, palisaded with trees, and a large house in the English style, containing a small room set apart for the missionary, while

[1] A kind of shell-fish used among the Indians for money.

the rest of it was used as a schoolhouse and depôt. Wolves and bears still roamed in the woods at no great distance, and at night their howling was distinctly heard.

The next year the settlement was visited by Governor Endicott, who expressed himself highly gratified with the progress made by the Indians, and requested Eliot to write down the substance of a sermon preached by one of the converts. Their religion was more than lip-deep, for when the smallpox raged fatally in the winter of 1650–51, many of them hazarded their lives in unwearied attention to the sick. There was an aged paralytic in a loathsome condition which rendered him extremely troublesome. His own children became tired of the burden and forsook him. Eliot offered six shillings a week to any one who would take care of him. None would undertake the office for hire; but some of the families of the Christian Indians offered their services gratuitously, and took care of him for a long time.

The report of Eliot's work had led in England to the foundation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. This society assisted him in the production of the Indian Bible, his *magnum opus*, which occupied him for many years. It is now only a literary curiosity, though eagerly sought after by collectors, as the Indians who spoke the Mohican language, in which it was made, are all extinct. It enjoys the distinction of being the first Bible ever printed on the continent of America, no English Bible being printed there till about the middle of the next century. Eliot's literary labours and care of his settlement did not, however, prevent his itinerating as opportunity offered. The chief of one village whom he had often visited, at last signified his change of mind in a quaint

and characteristic speech: "I acknowledge that I have been used all my life to pass up and down in an old canoe; and now you wish me to make a change, to leave my old canoe and embark in a new one, for which I have been unwilling, but now I give up myself to your advice, enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter."

One haughty chief, however, named Philip, rejected Christianity with disdain, and would not allow it to be introduced into his tribe. When Eliot went to visit him he took hold of one of his buttons, and told him he cared no more for his message than he did for that button. Between this chief and the English colonists a war broke out that was to wreck Eliot's work, and cast a shadow over his declining years.

Philip had been summoned to appear before the Governor to answer for some offence committed by his tribe. The man who had given information of the offence was murdered by the savages, and the murderers were hanged by the English. The Indians retaliated by massacring eight or nine of the colonists at Swansey. Philip wept when he heard that the blood of a white man had been shed, but other atrocities soon followed. The colonists began to arm, and a universal panic prevailed. Signs in the heavens were reported to have been seen; a scalp appeared on the disc of the moon; an Indian bow was imprinted on the sky; troops of horses were heard rushing through the air. The various outrages perpetrated by the Indians roused the colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut to an exterminating war. Eliot's community of praying Indians did not escape the effects of the general resentment against the Indians. Some of them were accused of favouring the designs of the enemy. The

colonists were afraid that the instinctive love of war and carnage in them would break through the restraints of religion. On the other hand, the chief Philip was jealous of the praying Indians, and used every means of intimidation and persuasion to enlist them on his side. The upshot was that some enlisted with the English and did good service, and some deserted to Philip. The order and harmony of Eliot's mission-stations were now utterly destroyed; on the hills around Natick watch-fires were blazing, and war-whoops were heard in the night; at intervals musket-shots and cries rang out from the neighbouring woods. After several encounters Philip retired to the forests, swamps, and fastnesses of the interior, in the dominion of the great tribe of the Naraganset Indians, who for his sake had now broken treaty with the English. It was the depth of winter, yet the colonists resolved to follow him to his retreat, and an army of fifteen hundred men under the command of the Hon. J. Winslow marched to the fastness of the Indians. This was on an island of five or six acres, the only entrance to which was upon a long tree trunk laid over the water, so that but one man could pass at a time; the trees and thickets were white with snow, as was the surface of the earth, so that the smallest movement of the Indians could be seen. Within the isle were gathered the Pequot and Naraganset tribes, with their wives, families, and valuables; there were no leaves and thick foliage to make an ambush possible, and the savages had to fight in the open. It was the close of day when the colonists came up to the place. A fort, a blockhouse, and a wall that passed round the isle showed the skill as well as the resolution of the natives; but they were no match for the white men. The frozen shores and

water were quickly covered with the slain, and then the Indians fought at the doors of their wigwams till all was lost. A thousand of them fell, and Philip fled with his surviving forces to a distant retreat where it was impossible to follow him.

During these troubles Eliot was subjected to much contempt and reproach. His efforts to protect his people and watch over their interests were incessant, but so strong was the suspicion against them that the colonists inflicted on them many sufferings. The General Court passed an order that the Natick Indians should be removed to Deer Island, in Boston harbour, between four and five miles from the shore. They sadly but quietly submitted. Eliot met them on the shore and endeavoured to soothe and cheer them, and about midnight, when the tide served, they embarked in three vessels and were transported to their destined confinement on Deer Island. The state of feeling among the colonists against Eliot is vividly illustrated by an incident that occurred about that time. He happened to be in a boat which was run down and upset by a larger vessel. Eliot was in great danger of drowning, but was rescued by strenuous efforts. One at least of the colonists, hearing how narrowly he had escaped, said openly that he wished he had been drowned.

A party of Christian Indians who had fled from an unprovoked attack by the colonists, in which some of their women and children were wounded, had taken refuge in the woods. They sent a pathetic message: "We are not sorry," they said, "for what we leave behind, but we are sorry that the English have driven us from our praying to God and from our teacher. We did begin to understand a little of praying to God." Attempts were made to induce them to

return, but the remembrance of the day when their wives and children were shot down was still fresh, and they refused. At length winter and hunger drove them back to their wigwams. When their return was made known at Boston, a committee, consisting of Eliot and two others, was appointed to visit them with a message of encouragement and friendship, and to persuade the neighbouring colonists to better treatment of them.

Philip at last was tracked down and killed. Peace was restored, but the mission settlements had received a blow from which it was impossible entirely to recover. Eliot retired to Natick, the only settlement which had partly escaped destruction, and sought to gather his scattered people together and to restore their habits of industry. During the few succeeding years he had the satisfaction of seeing some of his churches restored, and the congregations partially gathered together.

But his life was now approaching its close. "I am drawing home," he wrote to the celebrated Robert Boyle, who had been a steadfast supporter of his mission; "the shadows are lengthening around me. I beseech you to suppress the title of 'Indian Evangelist'; give not any glory to me for what is done." Twenty years before this Baxter had written to him, "There is no man on earth whose work I think more honourable than yours. The industry of the Jesuits and friars, and their successes in Congo, Japan, China, shame us all, save you." "Since the death of the Apostle Paul," says the eloquent American orator Everett, "a nobler, truer, and warmer spirit than John Eliot never lived."

He died in 1690, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

CHAPTER II

THE CAPTIVE OF THE IROQUOIS

Saute Saint Marie—Jesuit explorations—Life in the wigwams—Capture of Father Jogues—Horrible tortures—Cruelty of Indian children—Murder of Father Goupil—A blood-stained oratory—Instruction of Indians—Baptized at the stake—A timely warning—A hairbreadth escape—English wreckers—Home at last—Back to martyrdom.

IN the long gallery of missionary heroes few figures more strikingly rivet the attention than those of the Jesuit martyr-missionaries in Canada. The most uncompromising Protestant cannot contemplate them without feeling moved at the spectacle of their unparaleled sufferings.

Not long after the French had entered Canada in 1634, the Jesuits established a mission at Saute Sainte Marie, between Lake Huron and Lake Superior. The difficulties of the journey thither from Quebec are thus graphically described by Bancroft, the historian of the United States: "The journey by way of the Ottawa and the rivers that interlock with it was one of more than nine hundred miles through a region horrible with forests. All day long the missionaries had to wade or handle the oar. At night there was no food for them but a scanty measure of Indian corn mixed with water; their couch was the earth or the rocks. At five-and-thirty waterfalls the canoe had to be carried on their shoulders for leagues through thick woods or over roughest regions: fifty times it was dragged by hand through shallows and rapids over sharp stones; and thus—swimming, wading,

paddling, or bearing the canoe across the portages with garments torn, with feet mangled—the consecrated envoys made their way by rivers, lakes, and forests from Quebec to the heart of the Huron wilderness."

Among the Hurons they made several converts, but the mission stations were kept in a constant state of alarm by the inroads of the Iroquois, or Confederacy of Five Nations, the hereditary foes of the Hurons. Excelling the Chinese in their love of horrible and strange tortures, these savages, obtaining fire-arms from the Dutch at Manhattan, used to lurk in the woods that lined the shores of the great lakes, waiting for the canoes that conveyed missionaries and supplies between Sainte Marie and Quebec.

The superior of Sainte Marie at that time was Jean de Brebeuf, a man of imperturbable courage. Nor were his companions lacking in the same quality. Days and nights they spent in the Indian wigwams, half stifled by the smoke of the fires, by the light of which they wrote the graphic letters which are still preserved. When disease broke out, as it often did, they went from hut to hut, baptizing the dying, though often cursed themselves for being, as was supposed, the cause of the sickness. Their worst enemies were the native sorcerers, who accused them of causing not only pestilence, but drought, blighted crops, or whatever other disaster happened.

In the letters above mentioned we have a graphic account of the terrible sufferings of Father Isaac Jogues, one of the missionaries at Sainte Marie. In 1642 he had been sent to Quebec to obtain supplies, and on his return with Ahasistari, a Christian Huron chief, and other Hurons, as the canoes ascended the St. Lawrence, they were fired on and captured by a party of Mohawks, an

Iroquois clan, who had lain in ambush in the woods. The canoes were riddled with bullets, but none of the occupants were killed, one Huron only being shot through the hand. A French missionary, René Goupil, was taken prisoner, and, seeing this, Father Jogues, who might possibly have escaped by concealing himself in the reeds and tall grass on the bank, surrendered also to the enemy.

When the rest of the Mohawks came back from the pursuit of the fugitive Hurons, they carried the captives across the river, and there shared the plunder of the twelve canoes they had taken. This was very great, for independently of what each Frenchman had with him, there were twenty packages containing church-plate and other articles. While they were dividing the plunder, Father Jogues completed the instruction of those of his Huron fellow-prisoners who were unchristened, and baptized them. Among the rest was one octogenarian chief who, when ordered to enter the canoe to be borne off with the rest, exclaimed, "How shall I, a hoary old man, go to a strange and foreign land? Never! here will I die!" As he absolutely refused to go, they slew him on the very spot where he had just been baptized. Raising then a joyful shout, the Mohawks bore off the Frenchmen and the Christian Hurons, consisting of twenty-two captives, three having been killed. Their sufferings on the journey (which lasted thirteen days) were great from hunger and heat, and the hideous cruelty of the Indians. These savages, according to their practice with prisoners, tore out Father Jogues' finger-nails, except two, with their teeth. On the eighth day they fell in with a troop of two hundred Iroquois going out to fight. It was the custom of the Indian war parties to signalise their depar-

ture by deeds of cruelty, under the belief that their success would be greater in proportion as they had been more cruel. First rendering thanks to the sun, as the god of war, they congratulated their countrymen by firing off a volley of musketry. Then arming themselves with clubs, as the prisoners landed from the canoes, they beat them with such fury that Father Jogues, who was the last, and therefore the most exposed to their blows, sank before he had traversed half the rocky path which led to the scaffold which had been erected for the prisoners. When they had carried him there half dead and drenched with blood, they burned one of his fingers and crunched another with their teeth. One savage came up, and, seizing his nose in one hand prepared to cut it off with a large knife which he held in the other, but some unaccountable impulse restrained his hand. Had he accomplished his purpose, Father Jogues would probably not have been allowed to live, as Iroquois do not generally spare captives thus mutilated.

On the tenth day about noon they left their canoes and performed on foot the rest of the journey, which lasted ten days. The prisoners had to carry the baggage, but owing to Father Jogues' enfeebled condition only a small package was given him to carry. They suffered much from hunger, and for three days in succession tasted nothing but berries. When they reached the first Iroquois village the captives had to run the gauntlet between two lines of youths armed with clubs, before they reached the stage erected for them. Here the same sickening scene of cruelty was re-enacted, Father Jogues having his left thumb cut off by a Christian woman, compelled to perpetrate this act by violent threats.

At night the prisoners were stretched on the ground,

their feet and hands being fastened to four stakes. Here during the hot August nights they suffered torments from insects, without being able to move a limb. The children of the village, by way of apprenticeship in the art of cruelty, would come and lay hot coals and embers on them, which it was very difficult to shake off.

So proceeded this terrible pilgrimage through various Indian villages, many of the inhabitants of which had never beheld a captive Frenchman before. In one of them they hung Father Jogues up between two poles in a hut, tied by the arms above the elbow with coarse rope woven of the bark of trees. Father Jogues thought he was to be burnt alive, as this was one of their usual preliminaries to that mode of execution. Owing to the intense pain caused, he begged his torturers to relax the ropes a little. But their only answer was to tighten them. At last when he had been hanging there for a quarter of an hour they unloosed him as he was on the point of fainting.

The captives had now for seven days been led from village to village and from scaffold to scaffold. On the eighth day they were told that they would be burned to death. Father Jogues, addressing the Christian Hurons for the last time as he supposed, exhorted them to be of good courage. But the chiefs on further consideration determined that no precipitate step should be taken as regards the French prisoners, and, when they had summoned them before the council, told them that their lives would be spared. Three, however, of the Christian Hurons were put to death with cruel torture.

Hunger, sleeplessness, and wounds had reduced Father Jogues and his companion, René Goupil, to a state of pitiable exhaustion. They had nothing to add to the

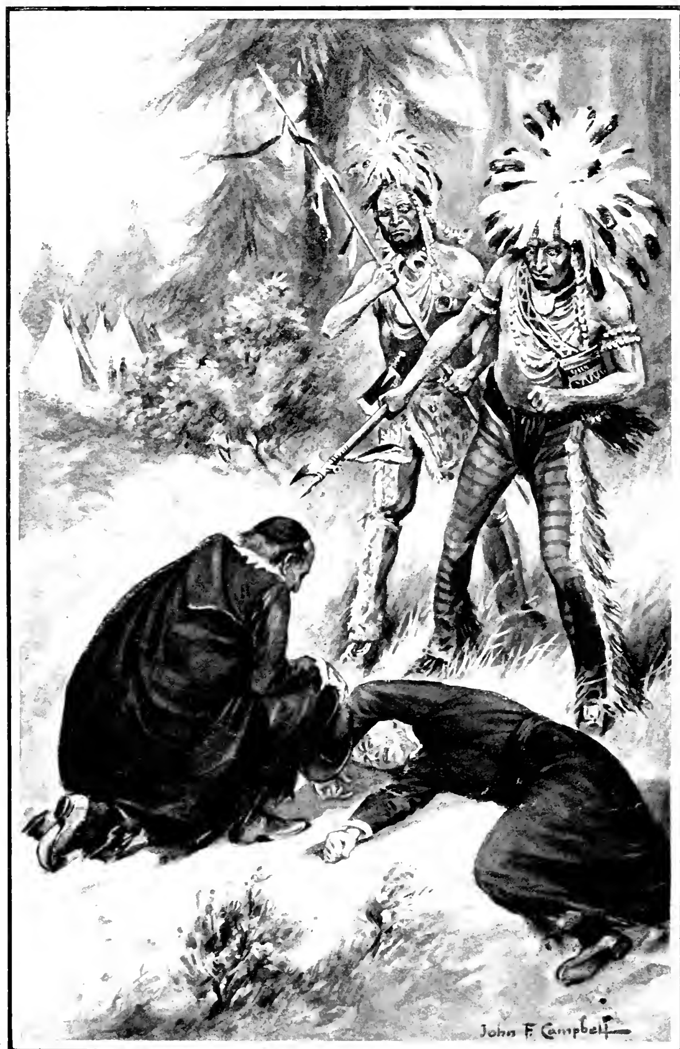
Indian corn, carelessly bruised between two stones which the savages gave them, but unripe squashes. The Indians, seeing their prisoners on the point of death from exhaustion, hunted up in the village some small fishes and bits of meat dried by the fire and sun and gave them to the sufferers.

About this time some of the Dutch settlers at Albany sent overtures to ransom the French prisoners, but the Mohawks refused. They were at that time specially incensed against them, as a band of Indians had just been repulsed in an attack on Fort Richelieu and three of them slain.

One day as Jogues and Goupil were walking in a wood, the savages allowing them this degree of liberty as they did not attempt to escape, they were accosted by two savages, who commanded them to return to the village. At the entrance to the village one of them dealt Goupil a blow on the head with his tomahawk which stretched him lifeless.

At the sight of the murderer's reeking hatchet, Father Jogues knelt down on the spot, and, uncovering his head, awaited a like blow. But when he had thus knelt a minute or two they bade him rise. Father Jogues learned afterwards that Goupil had been killed by the orders of an old Indian on whose grandchild he had made the sign of the cross, which they viewed with superstitious horror.

The next day Father Jogues went out to look for the body of his friend in order to bury it, but found that the Indians had contemptuously tied a rope round the neck, and, dragging it through the village, had flung it into a ravine at a considerable distance. Not being able to bury it that day he returned the next, but found that the body had again been carried off. Only after the lapse of some time did he succeed in recovering some of the bones and the skull, which he interred.



A Cowardly Murder

As the two missionaries who were prisoners of the Mohawks were approaching the village one of the Indians killed the defenceless Goupil with one blow of his tomahawk.

Amid such suffering two months passed away. In the autumn, when the hunting season had come, Father Jogues was made to accompany a hunting party to gather wood for them and to do other menial offices. At intervals he tried to preach to them, but they told him to desist, as they believed it spoilt their chances of catching game. Their ill-will against him was inflamed by the fact that he refused to partake of any of their captured game, as they were in the habit before eating of dedicating it to a demon called Aireskoi. Father Jogues' conscience, therefore, would not allow him to eat any of it, and he often remained hungry while watching them feast.

He had made himself an oratory in the woods, and here, clad in a scanty cloak, he would offer his devotions amid the snows which often were spotted with blood from his wounds. At night he often had to sleep on the ground on some rough bark, for though the Indians had plenty of deerskins they refused to let him have one.

Thus two more months passed, when he was sent back to the village bearing a heavy load of venison for the hunters. Seeing that his life was likely to be spared, he began to apply himself to the study of their dialect, for in their quieter moods the Indians would ask him many questions as to the sun, moon, and stars, &c. They were pleased with his answers, and said, "Indeed, we should have lost a great treasure had we put this man to death, as we have so often been on the point of doing."

Thus the time passed on till spring, but for Father Jogues the prospect of death was never remote. Whenever any of their "braves" fell in their numerous expeditions, he was liable to be demanded as a victim to be offered up in compensation.

His feelings were harrowed from time to time by seeing the awful tortures inflicted on Indian prisoners from other tribes when they were brought into the village. Burning alive was one of the most merciful of these. On one occasion he baptized a woman at the stake while raising a drink of water to her parched lips. As she was burnt an old Indian exclaimed, "Demon Areskoi, we offer thee this victim whom we burn for thee, that thou mayest be filled with her flesh and render us ever anew victorious over our enemies."

In the summer he was sent with a party of Indians on a fishing expedition. Hearing, however, that some captive Hurons had been brought to the village during his absence, he begged for leave to return that he might have the opportunity of instructing them. This was granted, but on his way thither, stopping at Fort Orange, a Dutch settlement, he heard that the Indians in the village were extremely incensed against him, and had positively determined on his death. This was because, when starting on an expedition against Fort Richelieu, one of the Indians, hoping to get some advantage by it, had asked him for a letter to the French at the Fort. Father Jogues wrote the letter, and, at the risk of his life, made use of the opportunity to warn his countrymen of the treacherous designs of the Indians. When the commander of Fort Richelieu read the letter, he turned his guns against the Indians, who returned to their village breathing out terrible threats against their captive.

The commander of the Dutch troops at Fort Orange, when Jogues arrived there on his way back to the village, offered him the means of escape. "Here," he said, "lies a vessel at anchor ready to sail in a few days. Get privately on board. It is bound first to Virginia, whence it will carry you to Bordeaux or Rochelle." Thanking him with

much respect, Father Jogues told him that the Indians would suspect the Dutch of favouring his escape and perhaps do them some injury. "No! No!" he replied, "do not fear, get on board; it is a fine opportunity, and you will never find a surer way of escaping."

Greatly to the commander's surprise, the worthy Father asked for a night to consider the question. His conscience was in doubt whether he might not be of some use to the captive Hurons. Finally, considering the little chance he had of instructing them in the then excited state of the Iroquois, he resolved to accept the commander's offer; who thereupon sent for the officers of the ship, told them his intentions, and ordered them to receive Father Jogues and to carry him to Europe. "Cheer up, then!" he said to the missionary, "this evening or in the night, steal off quietly and make for the river; there you will find a little boat, which I will have ready to take you to the ship." Father Jogues accordingly retired with his Indian escort, consisting of ten or twelve Iroquois, to a barn where he was to spend the night.

In the evening, before lying down, he went out to see the way by which he could most easily escape. Unfortunately, one of the dogs which were let loose at night, snapped at his bare leg and bit it severely. He immediately re-entered the barn, and the Iroquois, whose suspicions had been aroused, closed the door securely, and, to guard him better, came and lay down beside him.

The whole night he spent without sleep. Towards dawn he heard the cocks crow, and soon after a servant of the Dutch farmer, to whom the barn belonged, entered by another door which had been left unguarded. Father Jogues went up to him softly, and, not understanding Dutch, made

him a sign to stop the dogs barking; he immediately went out and Father Jogues followed him.

Having got out of the barn without making any noise or waking the guards, he climbed over a fence which enclosed the barn, and ran straight to the river where the ship was. It was as much as he could do with his wounded leg, for the distance was nearly a mile. He found the boat as he had been told, but since the tide had gone down it was high and dry. It was an anxious moment, as the sun was rising, and the Iroquois might at any instant discover his escape. He called to the ship for a boat to be sent to take him on board, but, receiving no answer, redoubled his exertions to push the stranded boat to the water. To his surprise he at last succeeded, and, jumping in, reached the vessel unperceived by the Iroquois.

He was immediately lodged in the bottom of the hold, and to hide him they put a large box on the hatch. Here he spent two days and two nights half regretting his escape from the Iroquois, as he was nearly suffocated by the stench.

Presently the Indians came out to the ship, and with loud threats demanded to have him given up. This the officers refused to do, but at night sent Father Jogues to the Fort, where he was housed in the dwelling of a miserly old man, who appropriated half the food that was sent him. The garret where Father Jogues lay in hiding was only divided by a thin partition from the room where the old man, who was a trader, trafficked with the Iroquois, who came to him. This partition had many crevices, and had any curious savage applied his eye to one of them, the escaped prisoner might have been detected. Accordingly whenever he heard them coming he crouched down in the remotest corner.

The angry Iroquois were at last appeased by the Dutch with an offer of about one hundred pieces of gold. Father Jogues was sent to New Amsterdam, where he was kindly received and clothed by Director Kieft, who gave him a passage to Holland in a vessel which sailed shortly after. But his misfortunes were not yet ended. The vessel was driven in a storm on to the English coast near Falmouth, where it was seized by wreckers, who stripped Father Jogues and his companions of nearly all their clothes, and left them to pursue their journey as best they could. Falling in with the crew of a French ship then in the harbour, he obtained a passage to France, which he reached on Christmas Day 1643.

A merchant took him to Rennes, and he presented himself at the college of his order as one who brought news from Canada. The rector hurried to see the stranger as soon as he heard the word "Canada." Almost his first question was, "Do you know Father Jogues?" "I know him well," said the other. "We have heard of his capture by the Iroquois, and his horrible sufferings. What has become of him? Is he still alive?" "He is alive," said Father Jogues; "he is free, he is now speaking to you," and he cast himself at the feet of his astonished Superior to ask his blessing. Once recognised, honours met him on every side. The Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, requested that he should come to Paris, that she might see so illustrious a sufferer. When she did so, she kissed his mutilated hands.

Father Jogues, however, felt uncomfortable in these novel surroundings. He felt irresistibly impelled to return to Canada, and, having obtained permission from his superiors, he arrived there in the spring of 1644. Soon

after his arrival he was commissioned by the Governor to proceed to the Mohawks to congratulate that tribe on the conclusion of a recently negotiated treaty. In writing to a friend just before he set out, he used the fateful words, "Ibo et non redibo," "I shall go and shall not return." He set out in company with some Indians for the scene of his former sufferings. Passing through Fort Orange he proceeded to Oneugioure, one of the Mohawk villages. Presents were here exchanged in ratification of the peace; the French received every assurance of future welcome, and passed on. Unfortunately, Father Jogues left with his Indian hosts a small box containing some necessaries as a guarantee for his return. Sickness, however, broke out during his absence, and worms destroyed their harvest. They now became convinced that he had left the Evil One in that box, and on his reappearance among them they stripped him of his clothing and beat him with heavy clubs. As he was entering a wigwam he was treacherously felled with an axe, his head was cut off and stuck on the palisades, and his body flung into the river.

Such was the marvellous career of this martyr-missionary. The narrative is based on contemporary and well-authenticated documents, of which the American historian Parkman says: "All these narratives show the strongest internal evidence of truth, and are perfectly concurrent. They are also supported by statements of escaped Huron prisoners, and by several letters and memoirs of the Dutch at Rensselaerswyck."

CHAPTER III

DAVID BRAINERD AMONG THE REDSKINS

The Yale student—First settlement at Kanaumeek—"Plain living and high thinking"—Dutch colonists—Perils of the frontier—Life in a wigwam—Forest solitudes—Building his own house—Indian sorcerers—Itineration hardships—Gratitude of the savages—Visit to Jonathan Edwards—Brainerd and Martyn.

DAVID BRAINERD, sprung from Puritan ancestry on both sides, was born at Haddam, Connecticut, in 1718. A tendency to morbid reverie marked him in boyhood. He went as a student to Yale in 1739, but his health broke down through overwork, and he had a severe attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs. From this he recovered, and returned to Yale, only, however, to be expelled, under the strict régime of those days, for having used an unfortunate expression regarding one of the tutors. A council of ministers asked for his restoration but were refused, Brainerd being regarded as a firebrand by the authorities. Thus this most zealous and devoted missionary was not permitted to take a degree.

The honour of having been the first to engage Brainerd's services for work among the Red Indians belongs to the "honourable Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge," a committee from which, sitting in New York, examined him and gave him a license to preach. His first work among the Indians was at a place near Kent, on the borders of Connecticut, but not long after-

wards he was appointed to Kanaumeek, many miles in the interior. The place was encompassed with mountains and woods, and there were no English inhabitants within twenty miles. There was, however, one family that had come from the Highlands of Scotland, and now lived at a distance of only two miles from Kanaumeek. The presence of this family was a godsend to the missionary. People soon become intimate in the wilderness, and he went to lodge with them. The Highlanders had dwelt two years in this place, where the face of neighbour or friend was unknown. They had built their log dwelling, cut down the trees around, and cultivated the open land. The coming of a stranger must have been a welcome event in the monotony of their existence in the forest.

Brainerd's description of his life, in a letter to his brother, is very graphic:—"I live in the most lonely, melancholy desert about eighteen miles from Albany. I board with a Highlander: his wife can talk scarce any English. My diet consists mostly of hasty pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in the ashes. My lodging [bed] is a little heap of straw laid upon some boards a little way from the ground, for it is a log-room without any floor that I lodge in. My work is exceedingly hard; I live so far from my Indians. The master of the house is the only one with whom I can readily converse in these parts."

After many months he got into his own house: this was a little hut, built with long and hard labour, chiefly with his own hands. He writes: "Just at night moved into my own house. In my weak state of health I had no bread, nor could I get any. I am forced to go or send ten or fifteen miles for all the bread I eat, and

sometimes it is mouldy and sour before I eat it, if I get any quantity."

The committee of his society had directed him to spend as much time as possible this winter with Mr. Sergeant of Stockbridge, twenty miles off. He began to study the Indian language with him, riding to and fro in all weathers—the way was partly through unhabitated woods. He speaks of the wretched roads of Albany. At the time alluded to, no regular road existed for a good part of the way, which was flat and barren, and here and there covered with sand: "Lost my way in a dreary country, and obliged to lie all night on the ground. Went to Kinderhook on the Hudson, fifteen miles from my place." Albany and Kinderhook, whither he went several times, were old Dutch settlements surrounded by sandy plains and covered with yellow pine. The colonists had intermarried only among themselves, and had preserved all the primitiveness of their habits; their dwellings were formal and quaint, with their gable ends to the street, and with high-pointed roofs and little windows. In the porch by the street door were seats where the families used to sit a good part of the day; and as their neighbours generally joined them, the domestic circles of the whole town were gathered in the open air. Every one was expected to greet these parties as he passed, and to Brainerd riding slowly through the town this was embarrassing. On one occasion a Dutchman, moved by curiosity, came to his log house, and the recluse was greatly scandalised at his utter worldliness and insensibility.

His situation at Kanaumeek was not wholly free from danger. The settlement was situated upon an exposed

frontier, and whenever war broke out between England and France, the Indians, stirred up by the French, fell at once upon the border settlements, killing, burning, and destroying. Nothing could be more appalling than such inroads. They came like lightning; no one could tell where the bolt would fall; so that the least prospect of war caused deep and painful excitement. Those who lived upon the frontier had no choice but to remain in their place without protection, or to seek safety by abandoning their homes to plunder and ruin. One night, when Brainerd was engaged with his Indians at Kanaumeek, an express arrived in haste informing him that the Governor had ordered Colonel Stoddart to give warning to all who were in exposed situations that there was every prospect of a sudden invasion, and that they must secure themselves as well as they were able without delay. The only notice Brainerd took of this startling message in his diary was to observe that it taught him not to attach himself too much to the comforts of life.

Brainerd had not been many months at Kanaumeek before he saw that he might be more usefully employed at a more distant station. The Indians there were few in number, and greatly harassed by the avarice and extortions of their white neighbours. It occurred to Brainerd that if they could be prevailed on to remove to Stockbridge they would be under the care of an excellent pastor who knew their wants, their manners, and their language, while he himself would be released from his engagements and left at liberty to go, not to an easier station, but to some of the other tribes who were quite without instruction.

As soon as it became known that he was leaving

Kanaumeek, the people of two parishes, one on Long Island and one in Connecticut, were urgent that he should become their pastor; but having put his hand to the missionary plough he would not look back, and determined to spend the remainder of life, short as it was likely to be, among the Indians.

After leaving Kanaumeek he took a journey of a hundred and fifty miles to a village of the Delaware Indians, and, seeking an interview with their chief, explained his object. This chief, however, only laughed at him and went his way. A journey of two days more brought him to the Delaware River and to another settlement, whose chief was more friendly, and after consulting with some of his old men consented to listen to his words: the audience was very small, but attentive. In this place Brainerd spent the greater part of the summer, lodging in one of the wigwams, compared with which his former log hut was a home of comfort. He preached usually in the dwelling of the chief, who had been pleased with his first discourse, and had consented to have his wigwam transformed into a chapel. Volumes of smoke often arose from the huge camp-fires, and wrapped the preacher and the audience in such dense clouds that they could not see him. He speaks in his journal of the sick headaches that were the consequence; and when the wind was high the ashes and dust from the fires were blown into his eyes and mouth till he was nearly choked. These Indians were a sequestered colony, supporting themselves by hunting and fishing, not powerful enough to engage in war, and too poor to tempt the inroads of enemies. Unshaken in his purpose, yet sick at heart, Brainerd lived here till the autumn; and his love of solitude grew more

intense, fostered perhaps by the deep stillness of the Indian forests. When the rains fell, not in showers but in a deluge, his situation was pitiable. For days together he was unable to stir out of the wigwam; a blanket was hung before the opening which served as a doorway; but if the wind chanced to be high this frail screen could not exclude the wet, and the smoke, unable to ascend, settled below in a dense cloud. Even the bedding, a buffalo skin, was often saturated; and as the whole family, and in many cases two or three families, huddled together on the floor to rest, sleep became almost impossible.

Wearied with the discomforts of a wigwam, he laboured hard for a fortnight to construct a little cabin in which he might live by himself during the winter. One chamber served for kitchen and parlour; in it he kept his store of wood, and ate and slept. The dwellings of the Indians were widely scattered; his own stood apart from the rest—a miserable hut of pine or cedar logs rudely hewn, with a roof of bark, and with fastenings which had to be carefully secured at the close of day, for wolves and bears prowled around.

By the return of spring the Indians had begun to pay greater attention to his discourses. "The next day," he writes, "I preached to the people in the wilderness upon the sunny side of a hill; a considerable assembly consisting of many that lived not less than thirty miles asunder." One of the earliest converts was a man of a hundred years of age, an ancient savage whose head was as white as the snows. Others listened with diligence, and ere long with eagerness. They began to come to his cottage at evening, when the chase was over, to hear him and ask questions.

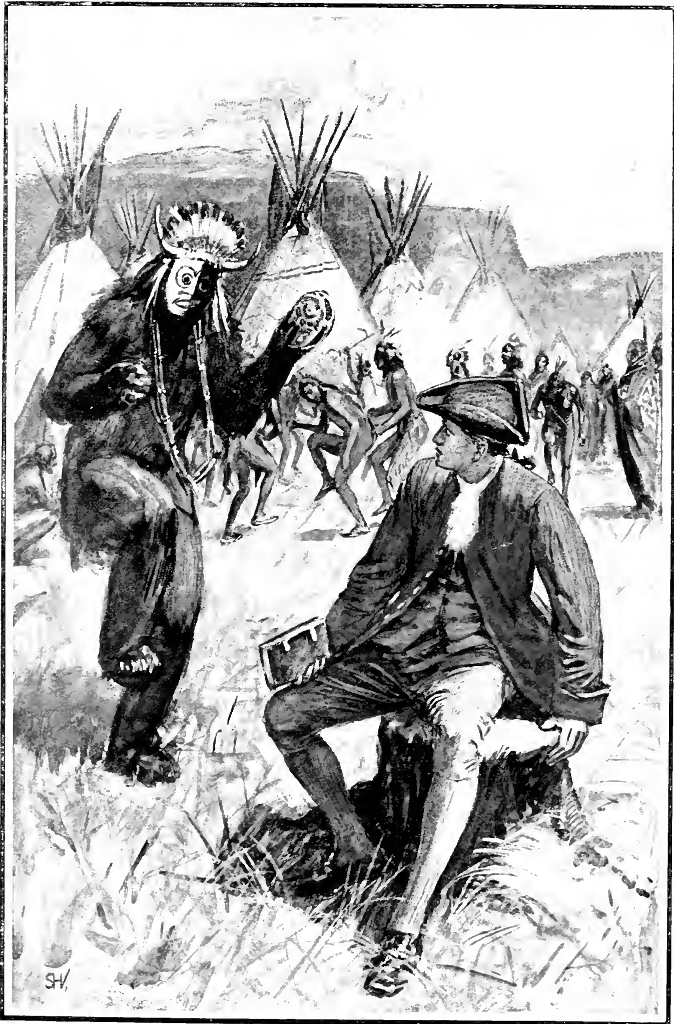
After a while, wishing to occupy new ground, he went

on to the Susquehanna, and came to an island called Juneauta, occupied by a rude and degraded set of Indians. A great part of the population being away hunting, he pursued his journey down the river south-westward. One evening he came upon a party who had kindled an immense fire, which threw its red light afar upon the stream and the woods that bordered it. They were dancing round it with such outcries that they could be heard at the distance of miles in the stillness of the night. At times they threw in the fat of deer which they had prepared for the occasion, and yelled fearfully as the flame rose in bright columns. It seemed to be some religious rite, and the orgies were continued all night; but Brainerd, when he had walked to and fro till body and mind were exhausted, crept into a little crib made for corn and there slept on the floor. The next morning he made new attempts to get a hearing, but he soon found they had something else to do; for about noon they gathered their pow-wows, and set them to work to ascertain by their incantations the cause of a disease then prevalent among them. In this business they were engaged several hours, making all kinds of wild cries and contortions; sometimes stroking their faces with their hands, then reaching out their arms at full length with all their fingers spread, as if to keep something away; sometimes bowing down with an expression of deep reverence to some invisible presence, and then lying prostrate on the ground. Brainerd sat about twenty yards from them with his Bible in his hand, watching their proceedings with a strange mingling of pity and disgust.

In his journal he has given a graphic picture of one of these sorcerers: "He came in his pontifical garb, which was a coat of bearskins, dressed with the hair on, hanging down

to his toes; a pair of bear-skin stockings; and a great wooden face painted one-half black and the other tawny, with an extravagant mouth cut very much awry. He advanced towards me with the instrument in his hand which he used for music in his idol-worship, which was a dry tortoise-shell with some corn in it. As he came forward he beat his tune and danced with all his might, but did not suffer any part of his body, not so much as his fingers, to be seen; no man would have guessed by his appearance that he was a human creature. When he came near me I could but shrink away from him, although it was then noonday, his appearance and gestures were so frightful."

The hardships of Brainerd's journeys in the Indian wildernesses were enough to ruffle the most exemplary patience. On the mountains which he was obliged to cross, there were few abodes; the Indians preferring the flat country and the woods. Height after height arose where no white man's foot had trod before, and sudden precipices often barred the way, and then a long circuit had to be made. But the chief danger attendant on these passes was from the melting of the snows, which suddenly swelled the mountain streams and caused floods. Pouring down the precipices into the vales and ravines, the torrents bore all before them; the rocks and shrubs were soon covered, and then the trees disappeared gradually. A friendly roof in such a region was as delightful as unexpected: "Late at night we came suddenly to the house of a stranger, where we were kindly entertained; what a cause of thankfulness was this!" Their night's lodging was sometimes beneath the shelter of a rock; a dead pine-tree was kindled and threw its glare on the cliffs, and kept the wild beasts at a distance; then they lay down



DAVID BRAINERD AND THE RED INDIAN SORCERER

He was dressed in bear-skins, and had on a wooden face, painted half black and half tawny, with a mouth cut much awry.

to rest by the burning embers. On one of these journeys he lay every night for three weeks on the bare ground.

In his journeys among the Susquehanna Indians he found them as a rule civil and friendly, but bad listeners. Although he did not join in the chase, he received a share of the spoils and made one of the circle who sat round the roasted deer on mats on the floor; he could have been no costly guest, and the hungry savages must have been astonished at the slenderness of his appetite.

Unlike Eliot and Zeisberger, he never found time to master the difficult Indian languages, but preached through an interpreter. "The great reason," he writes, "why the Delaware language is not familiar to me before this time is that I am obliged to ride four thousand miles a year, and have little time left for my necessary studies. Then I have to preach and catechise frequently, to converse privately with persons who need so much instruction as these Indians do; to take care of their secular affairs; to ride abroad to procure collections for their help and benefit; to hear and decide all their petty differences: time also is necessarily consumed upon my journals and other writings. Often I have not been able to gain more than two hours a week for reading."

In his journeys he was often accompanied by six Indian disciples, who walked rapidly by his horse's side. This was rendered necessary by his failing health, for in the midst of the day's ride he sometimes fainted in their arms, and they had to lay him insensible on the ground, and watch over him.

The Indians owed much to his care, as one instance will show. Through improvidence and a desire for articles of clothing and arms, as well as ardent spirits, some Indians

had incurred a debt to the European settlers of about eighty pounds. In case of non-payment their lands were forfeited to the lenders, who were eager to take advantage of the bargain. When Brainerd became aware of this, he caused the debt to be discharged and saved the lands.

Meantime his health was rapidly failing; sometimes he slept in cabins where the smoke affected his lungs so seriously that he was obliged to rise and go out into the open air; sometimes he slept outside with neither fire nor shelter, protected only by some branches which he had broken from the pines. He was repeatedly drenched in thunder-storms, and chilled with the damps and mists. Every night he was tormented with profuse, cold sweats, and by day he was perpetually throwing up blood from his lungs. His Indians showed their gratitude as they could, by making the interior of his hut as comfortable as possible; there was neither carpet nor glass windows nor soft couch, but the choicest skins were laid with the fur uppermost for him to recline on.

A few of his tried friends, hearing of his state, hastened to the wilderness to see him, but they could not remain with him, and he was left again to the unskilful hands of his poor Indians, who watched round his bed with wistful looks and whispered to the interpreter. The winter was drawing on, the snow had begun to fall on the mountains, the woods were stripped of their leaves, and the piercing east winds, the most hurtful to consumptives, were wild without. At last he resolved to depart, and, bidding a reluctant farewell to his Indians, he journeyed to Elizabeth Town, where he was confined for a week to his chamber, but was cheered by an Indian who brought him news of the welfare and good conduct of his congregation.

He went on to Northampton and consulted Dr. Mather, who pronounced his case to be one of confirmed and rapid consumption. He was here lodged at the house of his friend and biographer, President Jonathan Edwards. "I heard much of him before this," wrote the latter, "from many who were well acquainted with him. I found him remarkably sociable, pleasant, and entertaining in his conversation, far from any stiffness or demureness in speech or behaviour, but seeming to nauseate such things."

He continued to decline till the middle of September, when he felt as if he must make one more effort on behalf of his poor Indians. A visit from his brother, who had succeeded him in his post, constrained him to write to those gentlemen in Boston whom he had interested in behalf of the Indians, telling them of the growth of the school at Crossweeksung and of the need of another teacher. As soon as they received his letter, they met and cheerfully offered the sum of two hundred pounds for that purpose, besides contributing seventy-five pounds, according to Brainerd's suggestion, to aid the mission to the Six Nations. At the same time he selected two young men for that mission, according to the request of the commissioners. He was not able to finish these letters with his own hand, but, when they were completed, he felt that his work was done.

He died on October 9, 1747, at the age of twenty-nine. His life presents the same strange combination of profound melancholy and restless energy as that of Henry Martyn—almost his exact counterpart. Both shine remote and immortal, the Gemini of the missionary heaven.

CHAPTER IV

HANS EGEDE IN GREENLAND

Early colonists in Greenland—Egede's reception by the Esquimaux—Heroism of his wife—The annual store-ship—Greenland sorcerers—Exploring the east coast—Outbreak of pestilence—Settlement of "Good Hope"—An Esquimaux suicide—Arrival of new missionaries—Gluttony of Greenlanders—A conspiracy—Saved by stupidity—Death of Madame Egede.

GREENLAND was first discovered by an Icelander named Gunbiörn, who was driven there by a storm about the beginning of the tenth century, and carried back intelligence of its existence to Iceland. Towards the end of the same century an Icelandic chief named Eric the Red, having killed another powerful chief, and being obliged to quit the country, determined to follow up Gunbiörn's discovery. After having spent two or three years exploring the country, he returned to Iceland, giving an exaggerated account of its freshness and verdure, and naming it Greenland. Attracted by these reports, other colonists from Iceland and Norway followed him, and a regular trade between Norway and Greenland was established. The colonists, though compelled to lead a life of severe privation and hardship, continued to increase. Christianity was introduced, and churches and monasteries were built.

For some centuries the commercial intercourse between Greenland and Norway was kept up, but the "black death" of the year 1349 and the attacks of the native Esquimaux

had put an end to the main colony of the Norwegians in Greenland, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century the eastern coast had been for a long time inaccessible through some change in the position of the Arctic ice.

About the year 1707 Hans Egede, a Norwegian pastor at Drontheim, conceived the project of a mission to Greenland from reading about these early colonists in a history of Norway. The thought of those unfortunate settlers cut off from the rest of mankind by a barrier of ice, and sinking into heathenism for want of Christian instruction, haunted him day and night. When he first mooted his project, his wife and relations scouted it as the sheerest madness. Not to be baffled, however, he wrote to the Bishop of Bergen proposing to conduct a mission to Greenland, and in reply received a strange letter from that prelate, in which he suggested that "Greenland was undoubtedly a part of America, and could not be very far from Cuba and Hispaniola, where there was found such abundance of gold." Egede resigned his pastorate and proceeded to Bergen, where he haunted the harbour and the quays, questioning the sailors and merchants about Greenland. His wife had by this time been won over to his plans, and in the end her ardour and resolution outstripped his own.

Egede laid his plan before Frederick IV., King of Denmark, who, in spite of the discouraging reports of the merchants, approved it, and at length in 1721, after waiting for thirteen years for the means of putting his project into execution, Egede and a little band of colonists sailed for Greenland. On the 3rd of July, after a dangerous voyage, they landed at Baals River, on the western coast, and were on the whole hospitably received by the natives.

These latter were extremely unprepossessing in appearance, and were obviously not the descendants of the ancient colonists. They were clothed entirely in skins, with the fur turned inwards, and their garments consisted of a vest with long sleeves, left open in front; a pair of trousers, with the ends tucked into their wide boots, and an outer jacket with a hood, which they wore thrown back on their shoulders; their greasy black hair being mostly gathered into a knot on the top of their heads. The women seemed chiefly anxious for coloured beads, to hang in long rows round their necks, and to decorate their boots and vests, as well as for red cloth to trim their hoods, and for pins and twine and needles.

The climate and the soil were both harsher and ruder than the Norwegians had expected, and the only circumstance that was in their favour was the character of the inhabitants, which though at first excessively phlegmatic, so as to give the idea that their feelings had been frozen, was neither cruel, nor, as was found by further experience, unadapted to receive religious impressions. The natives, however, grew apprehensive when they found that their visitors built a house and intended to stay out the winter. They intimated by signs that the new comers would be all destroyed by the ice and snow, and had better go as soon as possible. Nothing daunted, however, they proceeded with the building of their house. Large blocks of stone, with every crevice filled with turf and moss, both within and without, formed the walls, and the roof was of the same construction, with heavy timber frames to support it. There were two apartments, each lined with dried moss, and lighted by small windows doubly glazed. In the largest was the fire-place for driftwood, and in the other a stove

which they had happily brought with them. In the enclosure round they tried to make a little garden, but no sooner did a green thing appear, than it was torn up by the roots and eaten by the natives, so that Egede and his sons were obliged to make their garden in some spot among the hills known only to themselves.

For some years following, the mission had a hard fight for life. The settlers, unable to obtain sufficient food by fishing and the chase, were entirely dependent on the supply of provisions sent them once a year by store-ships from Denmark, and when this supply was delayed they were in danger of starvation. On one occasion even Egede's courage gave way, and he had made up his mind to abandon the mission and return to Europe unless the provisions arrived within fourteen days. His wife alone opposed the resolution, and refused to pack up, believing that the store-ship would arrive in time; and ere the days had elapsed, the ship, which had missed the coast, found its way to Kangec, where Egede and his companions had established themselves.

The following graphic account of its arrival is given by a member of the crew who afterwards became Egede's son-in-law: "The night of an Arctic summer came on as we passed into the river, and I saw for the first time the land we had come to seek. It was all unlike what I had imagined. A magnificent background of mountains stood out clear against the glowing crimson sky, but the strange light of midnight in that region bathed the rocks and headlands near us in one uniform tint of pearly grey. Not a sound of life was heard along the winding shores, nor a creature seen on the many islets, till a figure I recognised as Madame Egede suddenly appeared on the brow of a tall

cliff. For a minute she sunk upon her knees with clasped and outstretched hands, then rose and vanished like a dream.

"Scarcely was she gone when we rounded the promontory that protects the island bay of Kangec and came in full view of the poor little settlement, the inhabitants of which were already hurrying to the beach—fewer in number than they should have been—and so worn and haggard, and at the same time so wild with joy at our arrival, that it was a sight never to be forgotten."

This trial of waiting for the annual store-ship was a constantly recurring one, and more than once they had to undergo a bitter disappointment. In the year 1727, instead of the eagerly expected vessel, a vast field of ice was driven upon their coast holding within its grip a melancholy wreck. Egede had immediately to start to the north to buy food from the Dutch whale-fishers, but there was little to be bought, and when the provisions for the colony, now consisting of thirty souls, were put together for the winter, the whole stock was no more than three barrels of peas, three of oatmeal, eleven sacks of malt, and about a thousand biscuits. They also bought seals from the Greenlanders, and Madame Egede contrived to dress them with a very small quantity of oatmeal so as to afford tolerable meals. That year, contrary to their expectations, another vessel, after having been long delayed in the ice, entered the harbour of Kangec; but it brought the tidings they dreaded to hear, that the company formed to trade with Greenland had entirely given up the traffic, which afforded them no return for their expenditure, and that their friends earnestly entreated them to return to their native country in time to save their lives.

The missionaries replied that they would not return, and their steadfastness was rewarded the following year, when Christian IV. of Denmark sent five ships with soldiers and cannon, and materials for erecting a fort to protect the trade he was still determined to establish there. Egede's first effort at learning the language of the Greenlanders consisted in constantly repeating the word "Kina," "What is this?" as he pointed to various articles, and then writing down the words so learnt. This rather alarmed the simple folk, who made their sorcerers practise all their arts to oblige him to leave the country. Having attempted this in vain, the sorcerers declared he must be a great 'Angekok," or wizard, himself, as they could do nothing against him.

After learning something of the language by living part of the winter in the huts of the Greenlanders, Egede made an expedition to the East Coast. Here he found some remains of the ancient Norwegian colonies, and amongst others those of a church with several ruinous buildings round it, which he discovered in a valley winding up through the hills from the sea. This showed that the old legends which had brought him to Greenland were not untrue, though he found no living colonists. In the meantime Egede's reputation as an "Angekok" had so spread that during this expedition on one occasion the natives conducted him to a grave, and requested him to raise the dead.

Soon, however, fresh misfortunes broke over the settlement. When winter set in the new colonists sent by Christian IV. were appalled by its horrors; many died from the intense cold, and the survivors could not commit their bodies to the earth, which was fast bound with im-

penetrable ice, but were obliged to place them in the snow covered over with stones until summer should come round again.

But before it came pestilence had broken out; the artificers died fast, and want of proper food killed the horses. At last the soldiers mutinied against the Governor and threatened the life of Egede, whom they accused as the cause of all their sufferings; he had slept securely in the huts of the Greenlanders, but was obliged to have a guard round his house to defend him from his fellow-Christians.

The pestilence made such havoc that most of the mutineers died also, and it lasted till the spring of 1729, when the remainder of the sick were carried to the huts of the Greenlanders, who treated them well at first, but became so terrified by witnessing their sufferings that they broke up their encampment, and retreated far from the danger of contagion.

Preparations meanwhile were going on in Denmark and Norway for again occupying the valleys which the Norwegians had once inhabited. Presently building materials arrived, but before they could be employed the mission suffered a serious blow in the death of Christian IV. A royal mandate arrived recalling the Governor, and all the colonists. Egede had the option of remaining in the country or of returning with the rest; in case he determined to stay he was allowed to retain as many people as were willing to remain, and as much provision as would last for a year, but he was expressly told that he was to expect no further assistance.

He had now baptized a hundred and fifty children with the consent of their parents, and was instructing

them. He was establishing his influence over the natives, and was mastering their language. Therefore he felt he could not abandon Greenland. By turns he remonstrated and entreated, but he could only prevail on a few of the sailors to remain—all the rest departed; and his family and these rude but faithful friends alone stayed with him. He gave to the little settlement on the mainland his favourite name, "Good Hope," and set himself to make chemical experiments for improving the soil. He sowed patches of wheat in various sheltered nooks, but with all his care it rarely ripened before the frost obliged him to cut it.

Summer went by with its unchanging light spread over sea and land, and the long winter followed with its never-extinguished lamps, its dim twilight and its intense cold, but no fresh converts cheered the hearts of Egede and his wife. He would sometimes make long journeys with his son Carl, and bring home abundance of game. Often he would look towards the sea with its thickly-massed icebergs, wrestling with his own disappointment and the heart-sickness of hope deferred.

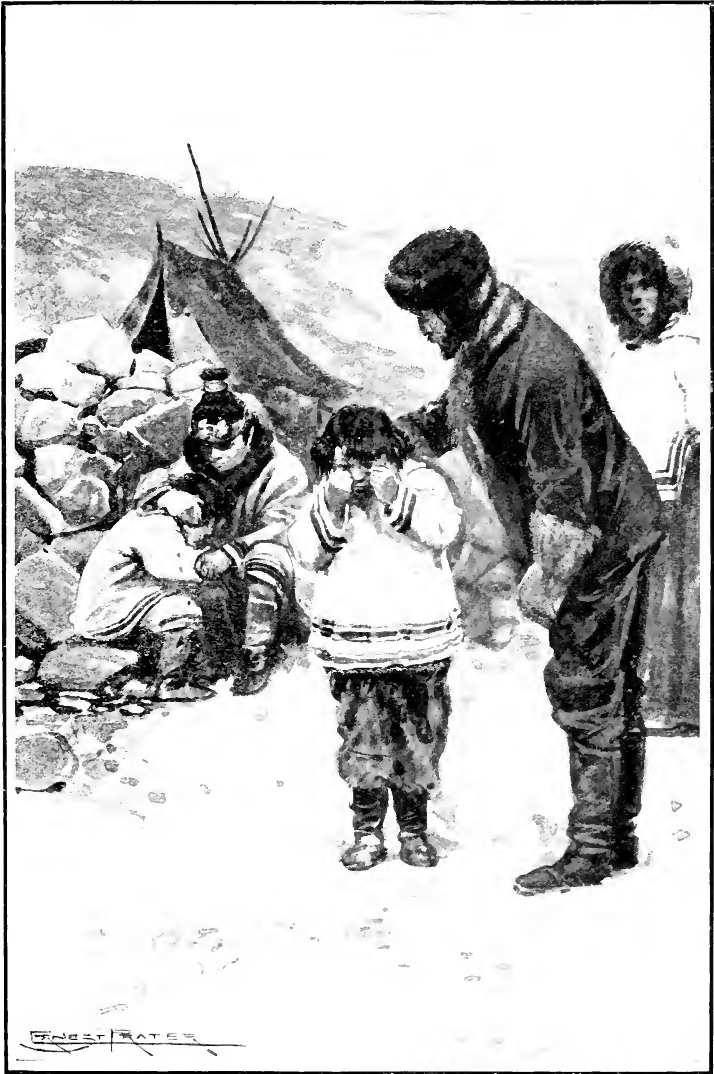
At last in May 1733 a ship was once more seen steering her way through the ice towards them; and they received news that trade with the natives was to be begun anew and the mission supported by a gift from the King of Denmark of £400 annually. Some Moravian missionaries also came from Herrnhut in Silesia to place themselves under Egede's direction for the work.

But a few months had hardly elapsed when, in the midst of winter, a new and unlooked-for calamity overtook the missionaries. The smallpox was brought from Denmark by an Eskimo boy who had been sent there for

instruction. The natives, utterly ignorant of any alleviations of this hideous disease, suffered dreadful tortures. Some stabbed themselves or plunged into the sea to put an end to their miseries; others fled from their unburied dead, and carried the disease with them to infect fresh districts. But this visitation, terrible as it was, gave Egede his opportunity of winning the thorough trust and affection of the natives. With indefatigable courage he went himself from place to place, sending the Moravians to one village and his son to another. All the sick who fled to the settlement of Good Hope were lodged and nursed by Madame Egede and her daughters.

Among these latter were four children whom Egede had found alone on one of the many small islands of Baal's River. Their father had buried many of his kindred, and had taken the disease as well as his youngest child; he raised a hollow cairn for himself with loose stones, and then laid himself and his sick baby in it, desiring the eldest girl to cover them when they were dead with skins and stones, that the foxes and ravens might not devour them. He folded his infant to his heart saying that he could not part with it, it must go with him to death; and looking round once more on the deserted homes of his race, he laid down his head and never uttered another moan. When he and the baby were both dead, the children covered the grave with stones, as he had desired. Here Egede found them lamenting bitterly, and carried them home in his boat.

Both Egede and the newly-arrived Moravian missionaries were assiduous in their attentions to the sick, and one of the Greenlanders on his death-bed said to Egede: "You have been more kind to us than we have been to one



EGEDE CARRIED THE ORPHANS HOME WITH HIM

Their father, himself ill, had lain down with his infant in his arms, from which he would not be parted, and had told his children to bury them when dead under a pile of stones.

another; you have fed us when we were famishing; you have buried our dead who would else have been a prey to dogs, foxes, and ravens, and you have told us of a better life hereafter." During eight months the disease continued to rage. When traders afterwards arrived they found all the dwelling-houses empty for thirty leagues. The number of those carried off was estimated at between two and three thousand.

Meanwhile the Moravian missionaries were undergoing great hardships from the want of food. Egede and his family had barely sufficient for themselves, and so the Moravians had to go elsewhere to seek for supplies, in places where the Greenlanders had not become accustomed to the presence of missionaries. The Moravians tried to buy seals of them, as they could not hunt themselves. But when the Greenlanders saw their necessitous condition they raised their prices, and often would not sell at all.

Sometimes after rowing from one place to another for two or three days, the missionaries' utmost entreaties could scarcely procure half a seal, and when that was consumed they were forced to satisfy their hunger with shell-fish and sea-weed. This trial was the more severe as they were constantly witnessing the gluttony of the Greenlanders, who on one occasion consumed eleven seals and refused to give them a single morsel.

The urgency of their wants increased the perils of their toilsome life, as they were frequently constrained by the cravings of hunger to venture out upon the sea in an old weather-beaten hulk for many miles along the shore. Once when they had nearly reached the land on their return homewards they were driven back four or five miles by a sudden squall, and, after being completely drenched by the

breakers, were obliged to spend four nights upon a rocky island exposed in their wet clothes to the cold.

Another time, being exhausted with toiling at the oar, they halted for the night at an uninhabited spot, where, for want of a hut, they lay down in a hole in the snow, and when the drifting snow threatened to close them in, had to rise and keep themselves warm by running to and fro.

Their lives were also occasionally in danger from the violence of the natives, who, seeing them unsupported by external authority, as Egede was, treated them with the utmost rudeness.

One night the missionaries heard a noise on the outside of their tent, and soon perceived that somebody was trying to pull aside the curtains which they had fastened with a couple of pins. They went out to see who it was, and beheld a number of Greenlanders gathered about the tent, some with knives in their hands, nor could they drive them away till they threatened them with their fire-arms. The missionaries supposed at the time that they had only come to cut their tent-skins to pieces, but some years after, when some of the Greenlanders in those parts had become Christians, they confessed that they had conspired against their lives, thinking that the other Europeans would not consider it worth while to avenge the death of such insignificant people. At a later date their stupidity stood the missionaries in good stead. They tried to effect an entrance into the house where the missionaries then were, and finding the doors bolted tried to cut the glass windows with their knives. Not succeeding in this, they went away, it having never occurred to them that the windows might be broken.

In the meantime Egede's wife had sickened and died, and he himself was worn out with sorrow and fifteen years of mostly unsuccessful toil. At last he determined to leave a land in which he had no longer strength to labour. He accordingly set out for Denmark in 1736, and there he died in the year 1758. His last years were cheered by news of the eventual success of the Moravians among the Greenlanders and of the growth of the mission which he had founded in the face of so many obstacles. At the present time in Greenland heathenism is practically extinct, and theft and murder, according to the testimony of recent travellers, are almost unknown.

CHAPTER V

SIXTY YEARS AMONG THE RED INDIANS

Early adventures—The attack on Gnadenhütten—Reprisals by the Colonists—Deportation of Christian Indians—Attempt on Zeisberger's life—The divided town—An Indian orgy—Troublesome guests—Zeisberger taken prisoner—The scalp-whoop—An anxious night—The massacre at Gnadenhütten.

OF all the devoted missionaries sent by the Moravian Brethren at Herrnhut to foreign lands, few better deserve the name of hero than David Zeisberger. Born in 1721, he emigrated at an early age to the Moravian settlement in Georgia, where he lived some time with his parents. Danger and adventure had a charm for him, and not unfrequently he roamed through the forests at night, seeking game or tracking the wild animals which then abounded in those parts, and more than once he very narrowly escaped with his life.

After determining to be a missionary he applied himself to the study of the Mohawk language, and in 1745 proceeded on his first missionary tour among the Iroquois with another Moravian missionary, Frederic Post. At that time there was much suspicion of the Moravians on the part of the English government, who supposed them to be in league with the French; and this suspicion was increased by the fact that, though the Moravians were in no way opposed to the English government, their religious principles would not allow them to take the oath of allegiance.

For these reasons Post and Zeisberger were unexpectedly

arrested at Albany and taken before the Governor. They were kept in jail seven weeks, till a petition to the Supreme Council, supported by a certificate from Governor Thomas of Pennsylvania, procured their release.

They then proceeded on their way, and on arriving among the Iroquois each of the missionaries had himself adopted as a member of one of their tribes, Zeisberger assuming the name of Ganousseracheri. They received a cordial welcome from a deputation of headmen, who said: "Brothers, we rejoiced when we saw you approaching; our houses are swept, our beds are prepared, we have hung the kettle over the fire, lodge with us." This was only one instance of the hospitality which they often experienced at the hands of friendly Indians. For some time Zeisberger laboured among the Delaware and Iroquois tribes, and was often sent by his Mission Board as a messenger to the various Moravian settlements.

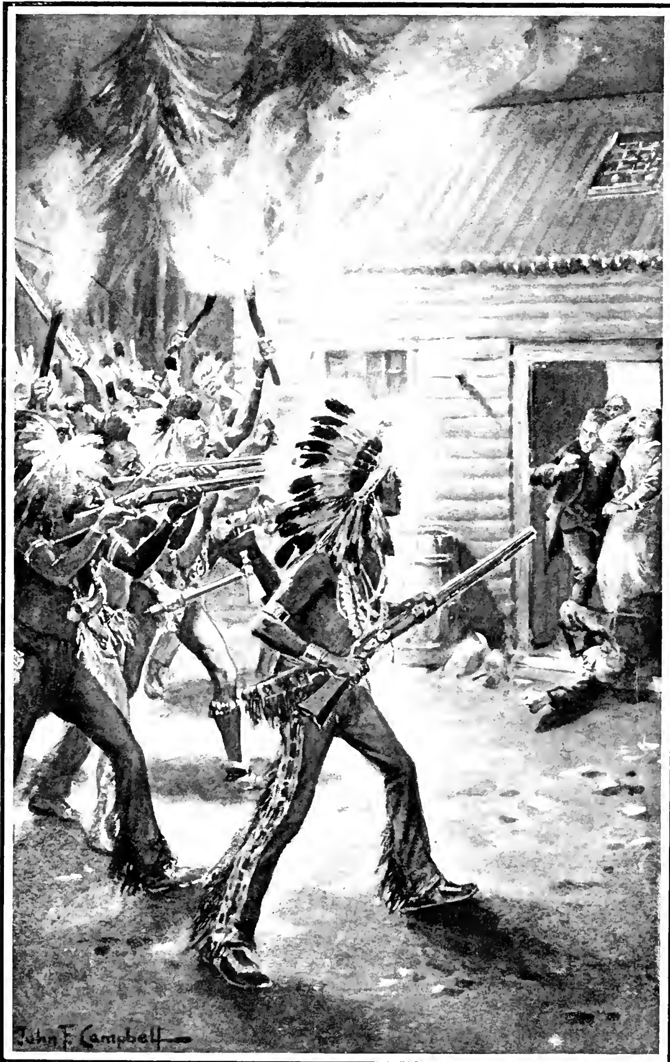
On the outbreak of war between France and England in 1754, these settlements were exposed to great danger, as many of the Indians had espoused the French cause. In November 1755 Zeisberger was proceeding by night to the Moravian settlement of Gnadenhütten when he was startled by a red glare against the sky. A party of French Indians had arrived and attacked the house of the missionaries on the river Mahony. As the family were sitting at supper they heard an unusual barking of dogs, upon which Gottlob Senseman, one of the Brethren, went out at the back door to see what was the matter. On hearing the report of a gun several others ran to open the house door. Here stood a number of Indians with their muskets levelled, and no sooner was it opened than they instantly fired and killed Martin Nitschman, another missionary, on the spot. His wife

and some others were wounded, and fled upstairs to the garret with the utmost precipitation, barricading the door with bedsteads. One of the Brethren named Partsch jumped out at a back window; another, who was lying ill in bed in an adjoining house, escaped in a similar manner, though the Indians had placed a guard at his door.

Meanwhile the savages followed those who had taken refuge in the garret, and endeavoured to burst open the door; being baffled in this attempt they set the house on fire. A boy named Joseph Sturges, having got on the flaming roof, leapt down and made his escape, though a ball grazed his cheek and one side of his head was severely burnt. Encouraged by this, the wife of the missionary Partsch followed his example, and, having come down unhurt, fled unobserved by the Indians and hid herself behind a tree upon a hill near the house. Christian Fabricius, another of the Brethren, was the next who made the attempt, but before he could escape he was perceived by the savages and struck by two musket balls. He was the only one whom they captured alive, and after mangling him with their hatchets they took his scalp, and left him dead on the ground. All the others who had taken refuge in the garret were burnt to death. Senseman, who had gone out at the back door, had the dreadful experience of seeing his wife perish in the flames.

The whole number who perished in this terrible catastrophe was eleven. Five only made their escape. Besides burning the house, the savages set fire to the barns and stables and thus destroyed all the corn, hay, and cattle. They then divided the spoil, soaked some bread in milk, and, after making a hearty meal, departed from the place.

Overwhelmed with horror at this tragic event, which he



THE RED INDIAN ATTACK ON THE MISSIONARY STATION

Eleven of the missionaries perished, either shot by the Indians or burnt alive in the house; only five contrived to elude their murderers.

witnessed from a distance, Zeisberger rode to the settlement of Bethlehem and gave warning to the Moravian bishop, Spangenberg. When the Christian Indians heard of the massacre they offered to go and attack the enemy, but being dissuaded by one of the Brethren they took refuge in the neighbouring woods. They thus escaped with their lives, but lost their property, for the savages set fire to the settlement, destroyed the mill, and laid waste all the plantations.

Terrible as this catastrophe was, it dissipated the suspicion which had hitherto hung over the Moravians of being covertly in league with the French. Such indeed was the revolution in the public sentiment, that Bethlehem and other settlements of the Brethren became a common asylum for white people fleeing from the murderous ravages of the Indians, who plundered and destroyed several villages so near to Bethlehem that the flames of the burning houses could be seen from that place. They even approached the town itself, lurking about with torches and endeavouring to shoot burning wadding upon the roofs in order to set the place on fire.

During this disturbed time missionary work was for the most part at a standstill. Zeisberger employed himself in compiling an Iroquois grammar and dictionary, and also went on various deputations from the English Governor to various Indian chiefs, making Bethlehem his headquarters, and from thence visiting Nain and other Moravian settlements.

The colonists had become so infuriated by the outrages of the Indians that they determined to destroy the civilised natives as well as the savage. For four weeks at Nain the Brethren stood on their defence, watching day and night

through intensely cold weather, not against red Indians but white men. At length a government express arrived from Philadelphia with orders that the Christian Indians should be conducted to that city, Zeisberger and other missionaries accompanying them. Amid the taunts and curses of the white men they set out on their three weeks' journey. The sick, aged, and children were conveyed in waggons, the rest went on foot. In passing through Germantown they were insulted by the populace, who shouted, "Hang them! Burn them!" During the journey and on their arrival at Philadelphia, when they found themselves surrounded by a threatening and bloodthirsty mob, Zeisberger kept up their courage by his intrepid bearing and words of encouragement.

In spite of the Governor's express order that the Indians should be lodged in the barracks, the soldiers refused to admit them, and they were conducted six miles farther to Province Island, on the river Delaware. At first they were left in want of firewood and provisions, but on Zeisberger's petitioning the Governor, these wants were supplied.

After peace had been concluded between the English and French, Zeisberger set off on a journey to the river Ohio accompanied by two Indian assistants, as he heard that some of the inhabitants of that part were desirous of instruction. The missionaries had to travel across extensive plains overgrown with such high grass that a man on horseback was completely covered by it. By day they often had to cut a path through the thickets, and at night to sleep in the open air exposed to the bitter cold.

On approaching the town of Goshgoshunk, Zeisberger was warned by a native chief that the inhabitants had not their equal in wickedness and thirst for blood. He replied, "If they are indeed so wicked a people, they stand more in

need of Christian teaching," and proceeded on his way. On their arrival at Goshgoshunk the missionaries preached every day, and the Indians came round them in great numbers, with their faces painted black and vermilion and their heads decorated with clusters of feathers and foxes' tails. At first they listened with great attention, but after a time many opposed the preaching violently.

Instigated by the chiefs, who were jealous of their own authority, old women went about complaining that the Indian corn was blasted or devoured by worms; that chestnuts and bilberries would no longer grow in the country because the white men brought strange things to their ears and the Indians had begun to change their manner of life. To appease the wrath of the offended spirits, the sorcerers appointed solemn sacrifices and offered up hogs by way of atonement. Some of the neighbouring chiefs also sent messages to the chiefs of Goshgoshunk expressing their displeasure that they should have allowed white men to settle among them, and urging them to banish or kill them without delay.

Attempts were made to kill Zeisberger, and one evening several Indians assailed the missionaries' dwelling at a late hour with intent to murder them, but their hearts failed them, so that they did not carry their design into execution. The missionaries no longer thought themselves safe when alone in their house, and always kept some Christian Indians with them as a guard; and even these did not dare to venture twenty or thirty yards from the house without being armed.

Notwithstanding these dangers, Zeisberger and Senseman resolved to stand firm at their post. With this view they built a small winter-house at a little distance from the

town where they might have an opportunity of holding services and meeting with inquirers. Several of the latter, dreading the reproaches of their countrymen, came by night to escape observation.

The inhabitants of the town were now divided into two parties, one in favour of the missionaries and one against them. The opposition between these at length rose to such a height that the hostile party retired to a place about fifteen miles on the opposite side of the river Ohio, where they were joined by many more heathen Indians.

The outbreak of hostilities between the Senekas and Cherokees made the missionaries resolve to retire from that part of the country, and in April 1770 they and their adherents embarked on the river Ohio in sixteen canoes. As they passed Goshgoshunk, where they had experienced so much opposition, another canoe, containing an additional convert, shot out from the bank and joined them. They sailed by Pittsburg to the mouth of the Beaver Creek. Having entered the river, they proceeded up to the falls, where they had to unload and transport their goods and canoes by land. After a journey of upwards of a fortnight, they arrived in that part of the country where they designed to take up their abode, and immediately proceeded to build a new settlement, which they called Friedenstadt, or "the town of peace."

By this time Zeisberger, who was now well known among the various Indian tribes, was a marked object of their malice, and was frequently in danger of his life. One night some of these heathen Indians came to Friedenstadt, and attempted to compel the inhabitants to get drunk. Having failed in this attempt, they threatened first to murder the missionaries and afterwards the whole congregation, and

raised such a hideous uproar in the town that the Christian women fled to the woods and the men were compelled to keep a strict watch round the dwelling of their teachers.

Sometimes the savages brought a quantity of spirits close to the town, and there they drank and danced and raved like so many maniacs. In this state of intoxication they frequently entered the settlement, rambled through the town, and broke every window that happened to be open, so that the inhabitants at last were under the necessity of fastening their shutters and burning candles by day. In several instances when they entered the town intent on mischief they quarrelled among themselves, and, instead of injuring the missionaries or the Christian Indians, attacked and mangled each other with their knives in the most brutal manner.

For these and other reasons Zeisberger and his colleagues removed the settlement successively to Schönbrunn and Lichtenau. Here, after enjoying an interval of peace, they were again disturbed by the outbreak of the Revolutionary War between Britain and the American Colonies. The English Government stirred up the Indians to attack the colonists, and the Christian Indians, who remained neutral, were looked on with great suspicion both by those Indians who espoused the cause of England and those who were on the side of the colonists. The missionaries were in the greatest danger, for the refusal of the Christians to take up arms was ascribed to their authority and influence. The savages therefore frequently repeated their threats that the missionaries should be killed or made prisoners, as they flattered themselves that if these were removed the Christians would soon be forced to join them. One day Zeisberger met eight Mingoes

belonging to a tribe by whom he was hated, and who had resolved upon his death. He was alone, but unawed; the savages quailed before his calm courage, and in a few moments walked swiftly away. In August, 1777, the Brethren received information that two hundred Huron warriors, under a chief called Half-King, were on their march to the settlement of Lichtenau. This intelligence at first caused them much alarm, but after deliberation they resolved to attempt to win over the savages by hospitality and kindness. They accordingly set about killing oxen and pigs, and making other preparations for them. They also sent a Christian Indian, Glikkikan, at the head of a deputation to the Half-King, who received them favourably. The same day he and his warriors came to Lichtenau, and behaved in a very friendly manner. But though he kept his followers in restraint as far as possible, yet the maintenance of such a number of people, many of whom came dancing before the houses, and asking for bread and tobacco, proved extremely troublesome.

The dangers to which the missionaries were now exposed proved so great that most of them left the Indian country and retired to Bethlehem. Two only remained behind, Zeisberger at Lichtenau, and Edwards at Gnadenhütten, twenty miles apart.

The Hurons, who were on the British side, continued to carry on hostilities against the Americans, and the missionaries were often shocked to behold the savages on their return from the expeditions leading captive men, women, and children, or, what was more distressing, carrying their dead bodies and scalps through the town. The Christian Indians showed great compassion to the unfortunate prisoners, supplied them with food, and would

never suffer them to be scourged or abused, as is the Indian custom whenever warriors pass through a town with captives.

The Christians and missionaries themselves, however, soon began to be in great danger. The English Governor of Fort Detroit was led to believe that the Christian Indians were on the side of the Americans, and that the missionaries were spies who carried on a secret correspondence with them. He therefore resolved to rid himself of such troublesome neighbours. The Half-King of the Hurons, though personally friendly to the missionaries, suffered himself to be employed by the English as an instrument for carrying off both the missionaries and the Christian Indians.

At first he tried persuading them to leave the settlement on the plea that they were in danger, but finding them reluctant to move from a place where the ground had become fertile under careful cultivation into an unknown wilderness, he resolved to use force.

One day as Zeisberger, Senseman, and Heckewelder were walking in their garden they were seized by a small party of Huron warriors and marched off towards the camp, about a hundred yards distant. On the way thither an ugly-looking Huron aimed a blow at Senseman's head with his tomahawk; but the missionary fortunately eluded the stroke.

On reaching the line which divided the Huron and Delaware camps, their captors raised what is called the scalp-whoop, each of them raising a yell for his man, this being the way in which the Indians indicate the number of prisoners who have fallen into their hands. Several other of the Hurons now came up and stripped them of their

clothes, watches, and other property. The missionaries were then placed in two huts, which, however, were merely roofs of bark raised on poles to keep off the rain, the sides and ends being open. About half-an-hour after they heard the word given for a troop to start, and immediately about thirty armed Hurons set out for Salem and Schönbrunn, where the missionaries' wives and families were.

It may be imagined with what suspense the missionaries passed the night, lying on the bare sod with their eyes directed towards the east that they might catch the first glimpse of the morning light. At length the sound of the scalp-whoop was heard in the direction of Schönbrunn, which showed that some captures had been effected there. The nearer the party drew the greater was the commotion among the warriors in the camp, the scalp-yell being sounded and resounded on both sides. At length the Hurons arrived by water with the wives of Zeisberger and Senseman and other missionaries. After keeping the missionaries prisoners for several days the heathen leaders perceived that the Christian Indians would never be persuaded to forsake their settlements unless the missionaries led them. Accordingly they liberated them on the understanding that they would lead their congregations to Sandusky, an uncultivated tract in the wilderness. To this the missionaries and Christians reluctantly consented. They were obliged to leave three beautiful settlements and the greater part of their property, black cattle, and great quantities of Indian corn in their stores, upwards of three hundred acres of land where the crop was just ripening, together with potatoes, cabbages, and other garden stuffs in the ground. Their losses, according to a moderate calculation, amounted to 12,000 dollars, a striking proof of

the civilisation which the missionaries had introduced among the Indians.

Great hardships befell them on the way, as they were continually being hurried forward by the impatient savages. One morning when the Christian Indians could not set off so expeditiously as their conductors thought proper, the savages attacked the missionaries and forced them away alone, whipping their horses forward till the animals became quite unmanageable. The road, too, was extremely bad, being through one continual swamp. Zeisberger's wife fell twice from her horse, and on one of these occasions was dragged for some time, hanging in the stirrup.

Having arrived at Sandusky Creek after a journey of upwards of four weeks, the Hurons left them and marched away into their own country, leaving them to shift for themselves as best they could. After having pitched on the most convenient spot they could find in this dreary region, they erected small huts of logs and bark to shelter themselves from the rain and cold. They were now, however, so poor that they had neither beds nor blankets, for on the journey the savages had stolen nearly everything from them.

Scarcely had the congregation begun to settle in this place than the missionaries were summoned to appear before the Governor of Fort Detroit. Zeisberger and the others proceeded thither, and after due examination were acquitted of being spies, and, having been released by the Governor, returned to Sandusky.

Soon after their arrival there they were horrified by the news of a massacre of ninety-six Christian Indians at Gnadenhütten by white men on the American side. Their patience and resignation astonished even their murderers,

and were a testimony to the efficacy of the missionaries' teaching.

When the news of the massacre reached Sandusky, Zeisberger was almost heartbroken, and wrote in his journal: "Where shall we find a retreat, nay, but a little spot of earth where we may flee with our Indians? From the whites who call themselves Christians we can hope for no protection, among the heathen we no longer have any friends. We are outlawed."

By the kindness of the Governor of Detroit, however, he was allowed to found a Christian settlement at New Gnadenhütten, on the Huron River. The numbers were naturally very small at first, and by the end of the year only fifty-three persons were living there. But after peace was made between England and America the settlement began to flourish.

As the infirmities of age began to creep on Zeisberger he occupied himself with the translation of the Scriptures into the Delaware language. At last he became totally blind, and died in 1808 at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. It would be difficult to find another missionary career sustained at such a lofty pitch of enthusiasm for such a length of time—twelve years over half a century. His work was one of those "apparent failures" which are nobler than many superficial successes.

CHAPTER VI

WILLIAM DUNCAN AT METLAHKATLAH

Captain Prevost's appeal—Cannibalism at Fort Simpson—Duncan's encouraging reception—Opposition of medicine-men—Threats of Legaic—First baptisms—Migration to Metlahkatlah—Conversion of Legaic—His temporary relapse—Self-surrender of a murderer—Duncan's visit to England—Learning trades—Admiral Cochrane's surprise—Lord Dufferin's testimony—Ex-cannibal as churchwarden.

IN 1856 the attention of the Church Missionary Society was drawn to the Tsimshean Indians on the coast of British Columbia by Captain Prevost, who had been stationed there, and had been struck by their intelligence and other good qualities. During the same year a statement drawn up by him and inserted in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* was the means of eliciting a contribution from "Two Friends, for Vancouver's Island, £500." At the end of the same year Mr. Duncan, a student at the Society's college at Islington, was appointed to the new mission. When he arrived at Victoria in Vancouver's Island, the Hudson Bay officials wished him to commence his missionary labours there, where the Indians had already come into contact with white men. But the committee's instructions were to begin work among the entirely uncivilised Indians at Fort Simpson. Accordingly he proceeded there, and found them to be a ferocious tribe, strongly addicted to murder and cannibalism, and under the superstitious sway of medicine-men.

The degraded condition of these Indians was shown in a

horrible way by a ghastly scene of which he was an unwilling spectator soon after his arrival. A chief's female slave had been murdered, and her body thrown into the water near the shore. Crowds of people came running out of their houses near where the corpse was thrown, and formed themselves into groups. Presently two bands of excited savages appeared, each headed by a man in a state of complete nudity. These two came on with grotesque motions, stepping and shooting out each arm alternately. For some time they pretended to be seeking the body, and the instant they came where it lay they began yelling and rushing round it in the manner of angry wolves. Finally they seized it, dragged it out of the water, and laid it on the beach, where they tore it in pieces with their teeth.

Mr. Duncan confessed that he felt at first rather alarmed at the thought of visiting group after group of these half-naked, painted savages. But to his agreeable surprise he met with an encouraging reception. On entering a house he was saluted by two or three of the principal persons with the exclamation "Clah-how-yah!" ("Welcome!") Then a general movement ensued while they all squatted down, fixing their eyes upon him. He found it difficult to make himself heard, as they all persisted in shouting at once, but they showed an evident desire for instruction, and after Mr. Duncan had sufficiently mastered the language to address them he found them attentive listeners. The more friendly of them helped him to build a school, and sent their children to attend it, but the work was much disturbed by the noise of medicine-men and their pupils hard by. These men resolved that the school should be closed while their rites were being performed, and tried to intimidate Duncan. On one occasion the head chief Legaic, who was leader of the

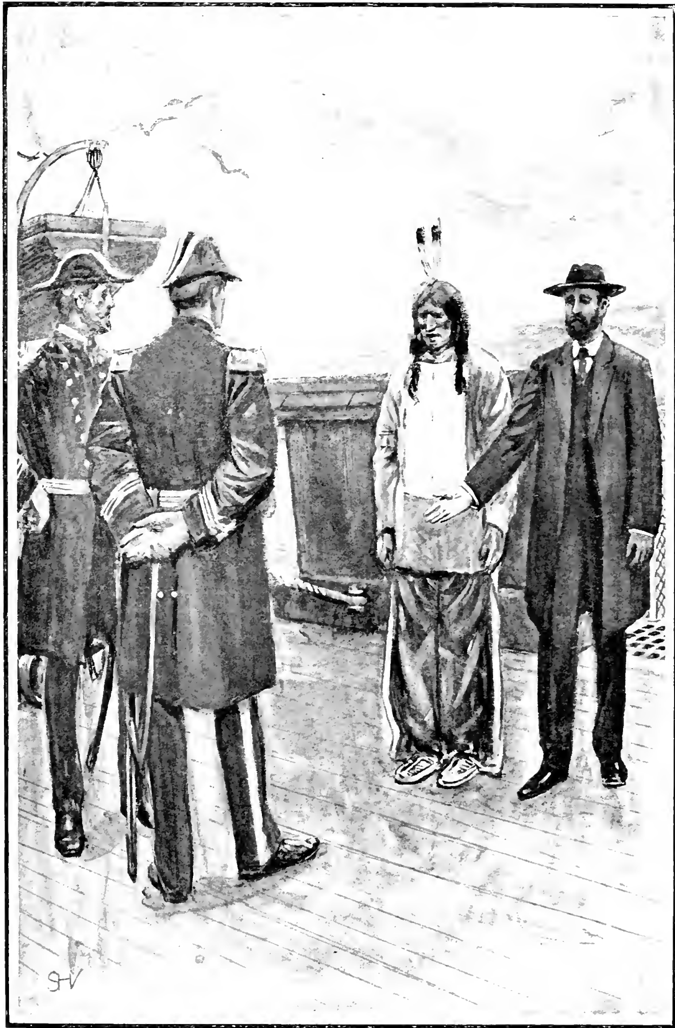
medicine-men, broke into the school, raising his voice, stamping on the floor, and storming furiously. During this scene Mr. Duncan's Indian teacher, Clah, stood by, wrapped in his blankets and fingering a concealed pistol, with which he was prepared to defend the missionary's life, if it were really endangered. Legaic was aware of this, and did not proceed to extremes. The first baptisms took place on 26th July, 1861, when fourteen men and five women were admitted to the rite. It was now decided to form a Christian village at a place called Metlahkatlah, about seventeen miles from Fort Simpson. Such a step was rendered necessary, not only by the anxiety of the Christians to escape from the sights of heathenism and its thraldom, but by the rush of miners in search of gold, many of whom made Fort Simpson their winter quarters, bringing with them the grossest evils. On the 27th May, 1862, Mr. Duncan started for his new home, accompanied by about forty Indians, men, women, and children, in six canoes. In about ten days they were followed by a fleet of some thirty more, and nearly the whole of one small tribe named Keetlahn was gathered together at Metlahkatlah to the number of 300 or 400 souls.

Here they were visited by the Bishop of Columbia in 1863, who admitted several catechumens to baptism. Among these was Legaic, the chief who had threatened Mr. Duncan's life, but who now had become a genuine convert. His tribe had been decimated by smallpox, and he had been much humbled by that and other calamities. Retiring from his chieftainship, he settled down with his wife and daughter at Metlahkatlah, and became one of Mr. Duncan's most zealous supporters. On one notable occasion after his conversion he suffered a relapse, but a very brief one. Gathering the Indians together on the Metlahkatlah beach, he told them

he could hold out no longer and was going back to his old life—that he could not help it, for he was being "pulled away," that he knew it was wrong, but still he must go. With tears he shook the hands of each in turn, and then, stepping alone into his canoe, paddled rapidly away from his weeping friends. He went a few miles along the coast, and then, as darkness came on, put the canoe ashore. The night was one of such misery, he afterwards said, as no words could describe, and next day he reappeared at Metlahkatlah, to the joy of all. For seven years after he led a consistent life, working as a carpenter, and dying in 1869.

Metlahkatlah rapidly acquired a recognised position of importance and influence as the centre of all good work of every kind among the coast Indians. Mr. Duncan was lay pastor and missionary, treasurer, chief trader, clerk of the works, head schoolmaster, and the father and friend of the people. In addition to this the Colonial Government appointed him a magistrate in order that he might dispense justice, not only at the Christian settlement, but along the whole coast wherever his influence extended.

The moral effect of the mission is most strikingly illustrated by an incident narrated by Dr. Hills, Bishop of Columbia. In 1862 H.M.S. *Devastation* sailed up the coast seeking the three Indian murderers of two white men. The Indians gave up two, but would not surrender the third. Two lives for two lives was their rule of equal justice. But as soon as the ship was out of sight the third murderer left his tribe, went to Metlahkatlah, and gave himself up to Mr. Duncan. "Whatever you tell me to do," he said, "I will do; if you say I am to go on board the gunship when she comes again, I will go." Six months afterwards the *Devastation* again came up to Metlahkatlah and



A Redskin Murderer gives himself up to the Captain of H.M.S. Devastation

Some Indians had killed two whites. One of the Redskins came to the missionary, Mr. Duncan, and confessed his crime, adding, "Whatever you tell me to do, I will do." Mr. Duncan went on board the man-of-war with him. He was tried for the crime, pardoned, and was eventually baptized.

fired a gun to announce her arrival. The murderer heard it, went straight to Mr. Duncan and asked, "What am I to do?" "You must come with me a prisoner," he said, and the man went on board with the missionary and delivered himself to the captain. "Thus," justly observed Bishop Hills, "what the ship of war with its guns and threats could not do for civilisation, for protection of life, for justice, the simple character and influence of one missionary availed to accomplish." In due course this man was brought to trial, when it came out that he had been an unwilling participator in the crime, and he was pardoned. On his release he went back to Metlahkatlah and was baptized by the Bishop in 1866.

The social and commercial progress at Metlahkatlah was not less remarkable. By the year 1867 the profits accruing to the mission from trade had sufficed to build a large market-house, a soap factory, a blacksmith's shop, and a saw-mill. The market-house was about 90 by 30 feet, and divided into two portions, the smaller designed for a court-house, the larger for village assemblies, and for the accommodation of strangers. By this means strange Indians, who often came in large numbers to trade, instead of being scattered over the village, to the great discomfort and detriment of their more civilised brethren, were comfortably housed and properly cared for, whilst frequent opportunities were thus given of addressing large bodies of the heathen from the surrounding country.

Duncan now took an important step. It was most desirable that the industries in the settlement should be developed and multiplied in order to provide sufficient outlet for the energies of young Indians, and to save them from being drawn within the range of the demoralising influences

at Victoria. As he was not capable of doing it, he resolved to make himself capable. He determined to go himself to England and to acquire a knowledge of several simple trades, to purchase such machinery as he required, and to return to his people prepared to erect and equip workshops and factories. With this view he sailed for England at the end of January, 1870. The scene of his departure showed how great a hold upon the people his thirteen years' labour amongst them had gained for him. Though he had previously gone round to every house to take leave of them, they collected in crowds as the time for his leaving drew near, and even after he had said his last farewell upon the beach they still followed him in their canoes to the ship.

Arriving in London on 13th March, 1870, Duncan at once set to work on his self-imposed task, going about to different parts of the country, and, as far as it was possible in a limited time, making himself acquainted with the local industries. Thus, when visiting Yarmouth, he learned rope-making, at another place weaving, at another brush-making, and so on.

On his return to Metlahkatlah in 1872, Duncan received an enthusiastic welcome, and at once commenced teaching the Indians new industries. How readily they took to mechanical work was shown when Admiral Cochrane, in H.M.S. *Boxer*, paid a visit to Metlahkatlah in 1873. In looking into the worksheds, and seeing a number of Indians at their work benches, he exclaimed, "I say, these men are not Indians, they are white men! I say, my good man," addressing the Indian next him, "what is your name?" Of course, the astonished Admiral got no response, but only wondering looks. But when Mr. Duncan interpreted the Admiral's words, there were

roars of laughter at his expense. Admiral Cochrane sent a note to his ship, inviting his officers to come on shore, and assuring them that they would be greatly interested.

In 1876 the settlement was visited by Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, who was presented with an address by the natives. In his reply, he said: "Before I conclude, I cannot help expressing to Mr. Duncan, and those who are associated with him in this good work, not only in my own name, not only in the name of the Government of Canada, but also in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, and in the name of the people of England, our deep gratitude to him for having thus devoted the flower of his life, in spite of innumerable difficulties, dangers, and discouragements, of which we who only see the result of his labours can form a very inadequate idea, to a work which has resulted in the beautiful scene we have witnessed this morning." Before he left British Columbia, Lord Dufferin delivered an address at Government House, Victoria, in which, referring to this visit, he said: "I have seen the Indians in all phases of their existence, from the half-naked savage perched like a bird of prey upon a rock, trying to catch his miserable dinner of fish, to the neat Indian maidens in Mr. Duncan's school at Metlahkatlah, as modest and as well-dressed as any clergyman's daughter in an English parish. . . . What you want are not resources, but human beings to develop them and to consume them. Raise your 30,000 Indians to the level Mr. Duncan has taught us they can be brought, and consider what an enormous amount of vital power you will have added to your present strength."

As time went on, outlying missions were established at Kincolith, on the mainland, and in the Queen Charlotte Islands, inhabited by the Hydahs, a savage race for a long

time the terror of the Pacific coast. From Vancouver's Island an Indian travelled 300 miles, in October 1875, to see Mr. Duncan. He said, "A rope had been thrown out from Metlahkatlah, which was encircling and drawing together all the Indian tribes into one common brotherhood."

In 1878 Admiral Prevost, whose article in the *Intelligencer* in 1856 had been the means of starting the Metlahkatlah mission, visited the settlement, and was delighted to see the progress which twenty years' of steady missionary work had brought about. He says of those Indians who met him on landing, "Nine of the sixteen before me were, to my knowledge, formerly medicine-men or cannibals. The very church-warden, who opened the church door for me, was the chief of one of the cannibal tribes."

Mr. Duncan had thus, in his work among the Indians, solved a problem which had often puzzled Governments—namely, how to give the aborigines the benefit of civilisation without its vices, and how to save them from slowly becoming extinct in the presence of the white man.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE HIGHLANDS OF TIBET

Arrival at Lhassa—Suspected as spies—Interview with Chinese ambassador—Inquisitive Tibetans—Hopeful inquirers—Expulsion from Lhassa—A dangerous march—Martyrs to discipline—Oxen as road-makers—Illness of M. Gabet—Startling a town—Death of Ly-Kouo-Ngan—Before the Chinese tribunal—Chinese justice!—Safe at Canton.

IN 1845, after a wearisome and perilous journey across the Mongolian desert, the two French missionaries, Huc and Gabet, arrived at Lhassa, the capital of Tibet. The inhabitants stared at them with intense curiosity, but no obstacle was opposed to their entrance. They hired two rooms at the top of a house which contained fifty lodgers, and to reach these rooms they had to ascend a flight of wooden stairs without a railing. All the furniture they had was a fire-dish placed in the middle of the floor, two goat-skins spread right and left of the fire-dish, their travelling tent, two dilapidated trunks, and a supply of fuel.

In order to avoid suspicion, they conformed to the regulations in force at Lhassa, and reported themselves as soon as possible to the chief of the police. They told him that they belonged to the Western Heaven, to a great kingdom called France, and that they had come to Tibet to preach the Christian religion. The chief phlegmatically drew his bamboo quill from behind his ear, and wrote without the slightest observation what they told him. When he had done writing he wiped his pen, still wet with

ink, in his hair, and replaced it behind his right ear, saying: "yak poze," "very well." The missionaries then returned to their lodging, congratulating themselves on the ease with which they had secured admittance as residents of Lhassa.

In a few days, however, they were summoned to go before the Regent of Lhassa to give further explanations. The Regent was dressed in a yellow robe, trimmed with sable; a ring adorned with diamonds hung from his left ear, and his long jet-black hair was collected together at the top of his head and fastened by three small gold combs. His large red cap, set with pearls and surmounted by a coral ball, lay at his side on a green cushion.

After conversing with the missionaries in a friendly manner, the Regent sent them to be examined by Ki-Chan, the Chinese ambassador to Lhassa. Ki-Chan was friendly towards them, but spoke with considerable severity to Samdadchiemba, their Chinese servant, a Christian convert: "Why did you adopt the religion of the Lord of Heaven? Don't you know that this is forbidden by the Great Emperor?" Eventually, however, he dismissed them, the chief object of the inquiry having been to ascertain whether they had been drawing maps of the country, the Tibetans being even at that early date afraid of European invasion.

The two missionaries were given a room in the palace, and told they could not return to their lodgings. To their embarrassment a crowd followed them to their chamber, and insisted on watching them go to bed. In vain the missionaries begged to be left in peace. The inquisitive Tibetans only bowed, while some of them put out their tongues, a perfectly polite Tibetan form of salutation. The missionaries then recited their evening prayer, while

the crowd listened in silence. To baffle further curiosity they put out the light, and the onlookers laughingly retired.

The next day three Lamas came and announced to them that their luggage would have to be inspected. Accordingly they returned to their lodgings, whither the Regent also came and sealed up all their belongings with red wax. A procession to the court of justice was then formed. A Tibetan horse soldier, his drawn sword in his hand, and his gun at his side, opened the procession. After him came the troop of porters marching between two lines of Lama satellites; the Regent on his white charger, surrounded by a mounted guard of honour, followed the baggage; and last, behind the Regent, marched the two French missionaries.

When they arrived at the tribunal, the seals were broken and the contents of the trunks exposed to the general gaze. First came some French and Latin volumes, then some Chinese and Tartar books, church linen, ornaments, sacred vessels, rosaries, crosses, medals, and a collection of lithographs. All the spectators were lost in admiration of this small European museum. They opened large eyes, touched each other with the elbow, and smacked their tongues in token of admiration. None of them had ever seen anything so beautiful. Everything white they considered silver, everything yellow, gold. The Tibetans put out their tongues and scratched their ears, the Chinese bowed.

On some French maps of Tibet being produced, the missionaries said to the Chinese ambassador: "It is fortunate for us that we have met you in this country. If by ill luck you had not been here, we should have been utterly unable to convince the Tibetan authorities that

these maps are not our own drawing." The ambassador, being flattered by the compliment, assured the Tibetan Regent, evidently to his great relief, that the maps were printed. "It is well," he said, "you are honest people."

After this the conversation turned to religion. The Chinese ambassador, who was former Viceroy of the province of Pe-chi-li, and had persecuted the Christians, displayed his knowledge. He explained the images, the sacred vessels, and the ornaments. The Regent, on the other hand, thought, till the missionaries reassured him, that the tongs used for lifting the sacred wafer were an instrument of torture.

Thoroughly satisfied of the harmless character of the missionaries, the Regent said to the ambassador, "What do you think of these men? What must we do with them? These men are Frenchmen, they are ministers of the religion of the Lord of Heaven, they are honest men; we must leave them in peace." These flattering words were received with a murmur of approbation, and the two missionaries joyfully returned to their lodging.

The next day the Regent told them in confidence that the Chinese were jealous of their being at Lhassa, but that they might count on his protection, and reside freely in the country without any one having a right to interfere with them.

Thus encouraged, the missionaries made a small chapel in their house, and were gratified by several inquirers coming and holding long conversations on the subject of Christianity.

Chinese jealousy, however, frustrated their hopes. One day Ki-Chan, the Chinese ambassador, sent for them and told them they had better return to their own country, as Tibet was too poor and cold a country for them.

His real reason, of course, was apprehension of their weakening Buddhism in its centre of worship. Near Lhassa, on the summit of a mountain, dwelt the "Delai-lama" (a child supposed to be an incarnation of Buddha) in his golden temple, where he received the adoration of streams of worshippers. Ki-Chan was shrewd enough to see that the missionaries' real object was to uproot Buddhism, and he insisted on their departure.

Thus all fruit of their exhausting and dangerous journey to Lhassa was lost, and reluctantly they began their preparations for another perilous journey of six months to Canton, as they were not allowed to return by way of India.

Soon after the New Year the missionaries started, with an escort of Chinese soldiers under the command of a mandarin, Ly-Kouo-Ngan. This made their journey in some respects more comfortable than before, and at their first halting-place they found themselves in a commodious room, where they were invited to sit on thick green cushions, and to regale themselves with buttered tea. During their journey to Lhassa they had had to set up their tattered tent with their own hands, to search for fuel, and to prepare a little weak tea mixed with barley meal.

Their chief dangers now were not from robbers, but from the huge masses of snow which hung over them, and the frightful precipices that yawned below.

On one occasion the whole party had to slide down a gigantic glacier. M. Huc describes the descent as follows: "A magnificent long-haired ox opened the march; he advanced gravely to the edge of the plateau; then after stretching out his neck, smelling a moment at the ice,

and blowing through his large nostrils some thick clouds of vapour, he manfully put his two front teeth on the glacier, and whizzed off as if he had been discharged from a cannon. He went down the glacier with his legs extended, but as stiff and motionless as if they had been made of marble. Arrived at the bottom he turned over, and then ran on bounding and bellowing over the snow.

"The men in their turn embarked with no less intrepidity than the animals. We seated ourselves carefully on the edge of the glacier, we stuck our heels close together on the ice as firmly as possible, then using the handles of our whips by way of helm we sailed over those frozen waters with the velocity of a locomotive."

The really dangerous part of the journey was when they had to ride along narrow ledges skirted by enormous precipices from which the roar of waters could be heard below. In one such place the missionaries dismounted, but were told to remount, as the horses were surer of foot than they. Sometimes the path itself came to an abrupt end, and was replaced by trunks of trees supported by piles fixed horizontally in the mountain side.

At the very sight of these frightful bridges, the Abbé Huc says he felt a cold sweat of terror bedewing his limbs. It was essential, however, to advance, for to return or to dismount was impossible.

After having been for two days constantly suspended between life and death, they at length got clear of this dreadful pass, and arrived at Alan-To. Every one was rejoiced, and they congratulated each other on not having fallen into the abyss. Each recounted with a sort of feverish excitement the terrors he had experienced in the most difficult parts of the passage. The Governor of

Alan-To, on hearing that no one had perished, expressed his opinion that the caravan had been singularly fortunate. Three oxen with baggage had indeed been swallowed up, but that seemed a mere nothing. The commander of their escort, Ly-Kouo-Ngan, told them that he had never passed the defile of Alan-To without witnessing frightful accidents. In his previous journey four soldiers had been precipitated from the top of the mountain with the horses they rode. This had not been mentioned before lest the missionaries should refuse to continue the journey.

At one place they passed a pagoda erected to commemorate a Chinese captain's fidelity to military discipline. He had reached the mountain Wa-Ho with a body of 4000 men, when some of the people of the locality who acted as guides warned him that every one crossing the mountain must observe absolute silence, as the slightest sound might set the snow in motion. The captain, whose name was Kiang-Kian, issued orders accordingly to his soldiers, and the army proceeded in profound silence. As the mountain could not be crossed in a single day, the soldiers, laden with baggage, encamped on the plateau. Conformably with the established rule in large towns of the Empire, and of camps in time of war, they fired a cannon at nightfall, not daring to infringe this rule of military discipline. The report of the cannon had scarcely died away when enormous masses of snow came pouring down, and Kiang-Kian and all his men were buried beneath the fall. Their bodies were never recovered.

Arrived at Liang-Ki-Tsoung, the missionaries had a further scare. While they were waiting in their room for supper to be served, the Governor of the place came to tell them that he had a little matter to settle with them.

At first they thought it was connected with the difficulty of procuring baggage animals, but the Governor said he had come to warn them that the mountain of Tanda, which they were preparing to cross, was impassable, snow having fallen for eight consecutive days. The day before three men had ventured upon the mountain, two of them had disappeared in the snow, and that morning the third had arrived alone and on foot, his horse also having been swallowed up.

The Governor added that they could have the baggage animals if they liked, but that they would have to pay for any oxen and horses that might die on the way. Having delivered this pleasant intelligence, he put out his tongue at them, and scratched his ear, Tibetan fashion, and retired.

Abbé Huc took up his Chinese Road Book and read: "The mountain of Tanda is extremely precipitous and difficult of ascent. It is the most difficult pass on the way from Lhassa." The book fell from his hands, and he sat for some time in a stupor of consternation. The prospect of having to pursue a still more arduous route than that of Alan-To made the blood run chill in his veins. "The ambassador, Ki-Chan," he said to himself, "is evidently an assassin. Not having dared to kill us at Lhassa, he has sent us to die in the snow."

Next day before daybreak they sent a few men to sound the depth of the snow. Towards midday these returned and announced that Mount Tanda was impassable. The Governor then proposed to send a herd of oxen to trample down for two days the snow that blocked the path up the mountain, which proposal the missionaries gladly accepted.

After three days' rest, the Governor having announced to them that the long-haired oxen had sufficiently trampled down the snow, they departed. When they reached the foot of Tanda, they perceived a long dark line moving like a huge caterpillar slowly along the precipitous sides of the mountain. The guides told them that it was a troop of Lamas returning from a pilgrimage, who had encamped for the night at the other end of the valley. The sight of so many travellers restored their courage, and they resolutely began the ascent of the mountain.

Before they reached the top, however, the way became so steep that both men and animals had scarcely strength to persevere. M. Gabet, weakened by the illness from which he had suffered on the way to Lhassa, could scarcely reach the top of Tanda: not having sufficient strength to help himself by grasping the tail of his horse, as the others did, he fell from exhaustion, and became almost buried in the snow. The Tibetan escort went to his assistance, and succeeded, after long and painful exertions, in getting him to the top, where he arrived more dead than alive.

The descent of the mountain was comparatively easy, as they only had to slide down on a thick carpet of frozen snow.

Further on the missionaries came to Angti, another great snow-clad mountain. A chief of the tribe of Angti, a great warrior, had been buried under an avalanche while crossing it, and a holy Lama, having declared that the chief had become the genius of the mountain, the natives raised a temple to him, where travellers never failed to burn a few incense-sticks before proceeding on their way. The natives had a superstition that during tempests this genius of the mountain always appeared, clothed in white

robes and riding on a red horse, and that if he met any traveller, he took him on his crupper and vanished at full gallop. These fears did not trouble the missionaries, but again they had to send on a herd of long-haired oxen to trample down the snow and make a track over the mountain.

The mountain of Angti was so lofty and so steep, that it took them a whole day to ascend and descend it. The sun had already set when they managed to reach the bottom. They halted a short time under some black tents inhabited by nomad shepherds, swallowed a few handfuls of tsamba (barley-meal) diluted with brackish tea, and then resumed their route along a rocky valley. For two hours in utter darkness they followed the steep banks of a river, hearing its waters roar below. Every instant they trembled lest they should be precipitated into it, but the animals knew the road, and brought them safely to Djaya.

Their arrival in the middle of the night put all the town in commotion. The dogs by their fierce barking gave the alarm. Soon after the doors of the houses were opened, and the inhabitants of the town rushed out in a crowd into the streets, with horn lanterns, torches, and weapons of every description, the general impression being that there was a hostile invasion. However, when they observed the peaceful, and even timid bearing of the caravan, their apprehensions were quieted, and each person returned home.

One morning a few days later, the missionaries had a great shock. The beasts were laden with their burdens; the horsemen, with their robes tucked up and whip in hand, were ready to mount. But the commander of the escort, the mandarin, Ly-Kouo-Ngan, did not appear, and a soldier who entered his room found him in a dying condition. His

death threatened to throw the whole caravan into a state of anarchy, as he was the commissioned leader of it; but the missionaries, with admirable presence of mind, assumed the command and issued their orders, which were fortunately obeyed.

The dead man's body was enveloped in a large white pall, covered with Tibetan sentences, and with images of Buddha printed in black, and so carried to his home in China. After crossing the Tibeto-Chinese frontier and reaching Tching-tou-fou, the missionaries found themselves summoned to appear before a tribunal of mandarins by order of the Chinese Emperor, and were conducted to the judgment-hall of the first provincial Commissioner. The way was cleared by soldiers armed with bamboos and rattans, the great doors were opened and they entered. The attendants ran backwards and forwards in their long red robes and hideous peaked hats of black felt. They were armed with long rusty swords, and carried chains, pincers, and various instruments of torture.

Twelve stone steps led up to the vast enclosure where the judges were placed; on each side of this staircase was a line of executioners in red dresses; and when the missionaries passed tranquilly through their ranks they all cried out with a loud voice, "Tremble! Tremble!" They were stopped at about the middle of the hall, and then eight officers of the court proclaimed in a chanting voice the customary formula, "Accused, on your knees! on your knees!" This attitude the missionaries entirely declined to take, even when two officials pulled their arms to help them to kneel down. The President of the court was a man of about fifty years of age, with an unpleasant countenance and a forehead deeply wrinkled. His costume

was superb; on his breast glittered the large imperial dragon embroidered in gold and silver; a globe of red coral, the decoration of mandarins of the first class, surmounted his official cap, and a long perfumed chaplet hung from his neck.

After the President had asked them a few questions, the Public Prosecutor began his speech; but during the course of it he became so excited that the missionaries declared they could not understand him, and desired to be examined by the President.

This formidable trial gradually assumed a less terrible aspect, and the missionaries began to hope that there was no intention of tearing their flesh with red-hot pincers, or sticking sharp reeds under their nails. The faces of the executioners assumed a less ferocious expression, and the instruments of torture appeared to have been meant only for intimidation. The President was flattered by their appealing to him, and, after some further interrogations, allowed them to return to their lodging.

How different their fate might have been had they been travelling without an escort, and as poor foreigners, they had reason to know, from reports of the martyrdoms of former French missionaries and from what they witnessed during the remainder of their journey, of the cruelties which disfigure the administration of justice in China.

At Kouang-tsi-hien, on going to visit the Prefect in his judgment-hall, they found an accused man suspended in the middle of the hall like a lantern. Ropes attached to a great beam in the roof held him tied by the wrists and feet, so as to throw the body into the form of a bow. Beneath him stood five or six executioners, armed with rattan rods and leather lashes, their clothes and faces

spotted with blood—the blood of the unfortunate creature, who was uttering stifled groans while his flesh was almost torn in tatters. The crowd present at this frightful spectacle appeared quite at their ease, and the yellow caps and red sashes which the missionaries wore (a Chinese mark of high rank) seemed to excite them more than the spectacle of torture. As the magistrate came to meet them he had to walk on the tips of his toes and hold up his beautiful silk robes that they might not be soiled by the pools of half-coagulated blood with which the floor was covered.

On inquiry the missionaries learnt that this criminal was the chief of a band of robbers, and had committed more than fifty murders.

Another day a party of soldiers was met escorting a number of carts in which were literally piled up a crowd of Chinese who were uttering horrible cries. As the missionaries stopped to allow these cart-loads of human beings to pass, they were seized with horror on perceiving that the unfortunate creatures were nailed by the hand to the planks of the cart. A soldier being asked the reason, replied with frightful coolness: "We've been routing out a nest of thieves in a neighbouring village. We got a good many of them, and as we hadn't brought chains enough we were obliged to contrive some way to prevent their escaping. So you see we nailed them by the hand."

"But," said the missionary, "do you not think there may be some innocent among them?"

"Who can tell?" replied the soldier. "They have not been tried yet. We are taking them to the tribunal and by-and-by, if there are any innocent men among them, they will be separated from the thieves."

At last, in October 1846, after a journey of six months

from Lhassa, the missionaries saw the masts of European ships in the river at Canton. Here they found in the English papers a report that they had been tied to wild horses and torn in pieces.

M. Huc proceeded to Macao and thence to Pekin, but the shattered state of his health compelled him to return to France, where he spent the remainder of his days.

II
IN LANDS OF THE SUN

CHAPTER VIII

AMONG WEST INDIAN SLAVES

Praying for a revelation—Chosen by lot—A slender capital—Opposition of the planters—Breaking up a prayer-meeting—Legalised tyranny—"Taking the blows"—Wounded missionaries—A century of progress.

THE Moravian Church at Herrnhut, in Saxony, has the honour of having been the first to send missionaries to the West Indian slaves in the sugar plantations long before the movement against slavery had begun.

The incident which gave rise to this mission was a journey to Denmark which Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian leader, undertook in June 1731, to attend the coronation of Christian VI. Some of the Moravians who were in the service of the Count, and attended him on this occasion, became acquainted with a negro from the West Indies named Anthony, then in the employ of a Danish nobleman. This man told them that he had often sat on the sea-shore of the island of St. Thomas and prayed for a revelation. He drew an affecting picture of the condition of the negroes, among whom was his own sister, who was also very desirous of Christian instruction; and he assured the Moravians that if a mission were established there was good reason to expect success.

When Count Zinzendorf was informed of this, he was so interested that he determined to mention the matter at Herrnhut, and asked permission for Anthony to follow him thither. On his return he related the whole to the Moravian Church, and his statement kindled in the minds of two of the members, Leonard Dober and Tobias Leupold, a keen desire to go and preach to the negroes. They opened their minds to the Count, who rejoiced at their design and discussed the subject with them for a long time.

Shortly afterwards Anthony arrived, and was introduced to the Church. He gave an affecting description of the state of the negroes in the West Indies, and added that it was scarcely practicable for a missionary to gain any opportunity of instructing them, except by himself becoming a slave, since the negroes were overwhelmed with work and there was no possibility of speaking to them except during their hours of labour.

Dober and Leupold did not suffer themselves to be deterred from their purpose by these accounts; on the contrary, they heroically declared that they were ready to sacrifice their lives in the cause and to sell themselves into slavery if necessary. Their proposal, however, met with but little approbation from the Church. Most of the Moravians regarded it as a well-intentioned but impracticable resolution, and Martin Linner, the chief elder, on whom devolved the superintendence of the choir, would not consent to part with Dober, who was a skilful musician.

A whole year passed away before the Church came to any determination, and even then not until they had submitted the matter, as their custom was, to decision by lot. It was thus determined that Leupold ought not to go for the present. But as Dober did not the less persist in his

project, the Count, who was entirely of his mind, asked him if he would submit himself to the same decision. He replied that for the conviction of his own mind there was no such necessity; but for the satisfaction of the Church they might do what they wished. On this they requested him to draw one from a number of slips of paper on which were written different sentences, and he drew the following: "Let the youth go." This put an end to all hesitation. Dober received his appointment, and Linner gave him his commission in the name of the Church. Not wishing to go alone, he asked them to give him his friend David Nitschmann for a companion, at least till the mission was established. The Church made this proposal to Nitschmann, who immediately agreed to it, although he had a wife and children whom he was obliged to leave in Europe.

On the 18th August 1732 they took leave of the Church, and left Herrnhut on the 21st, accompanied by the Count as far as Budissin. Zinzendorf gave each of them a ducat (about half-a-guinea), and they had received three dollars each from the Church. With this sum they set off to travel to Copenhagen, a distance of 360 miles.

On their journey they visited several persons, and communicated to them their design. But no one encouraged them to persevere except the Countess of Stolberg. Everywhere they were told of difficulties and dangers arising from the degraded state of the negroes, the unhealthiness of the climate, and other causes. When they arrived at Copenhagen they found similar discouragement. Persons of all ranks regarded it as a thing impossible; they were told that no vessel would receive them, that even if they should reach St. Thomas they could not gain a subsistence, and that they would not be allowed to speak to the negroes.

Even those of the directors of the West India Company to whom they had letters of recommendation would neither assist nor favour their voyage. They particularly dwelt upon the degraded state of the slaves and the dearness of provisions, which made it impossible for white men in narrow circumstances to subsist. When the missionaries replied that they would work as slaves with the negroes, the Grand Chamberlain, with whom they were conversing, told them decidedly that they would not be permitted to do it. Nitschmann then replied that he would work at his trade as a carpenter. "But this man, the potter, what will he do?" said the Chamberlain, pointing to Dober. "I will support him by my work," replied Nitschmann.

In addition to all these difficulties they had the grief of seeing Anthony draw back almost entirely from his statements and recant everything he had said. He, however, gave them a letter to his sister which was of some service to them. In the midst of all these discouraging circumstances the missionaries' resolve remained unshaken.

Their perseverance at length stirred up several persons at Copenhagen to take an interest in their project; among these were the two Court chaplains, who not only assisted them but brought others over to the same mind. The Royal Family having been made acquainted with their design, the Queen was disposed to favour the undertaking, and one of the princesses sent them a sum of money for their voyage and a Dutch Bible. Several other persons presented them with similar tokens of regard, among whom were some councillors of state. As none of the West India Company's vessels would take the missionaries on board, one of the King's officers helped them to procure a passage in a Dutch ship bound for St. Thomas. The captain

received them with pleasure, and the kindness of their friends enabled them not only to pay their passage but to procure some carpenter's tools and other necessaries. They embarked on the 8th October 1732, and the vessel set sail the next day. On the voyage the sailors often ridiculed them, and tried to dissuade them from persisting in their purpose by the most discouraging representations. But the missionaries were immovable: instead of listening to the counsel of their opponents they preached to them, and their consistent conduct procured for them more friendly treatment. The voyage, which was often performed in three or four weeks, lasted ten, and was attended with much danger and hardship. In calm weather Nitschmann employed himself in making a sideboard for the captain, which pleased him so well that on reaching their destination he recommended him for skill and industry.

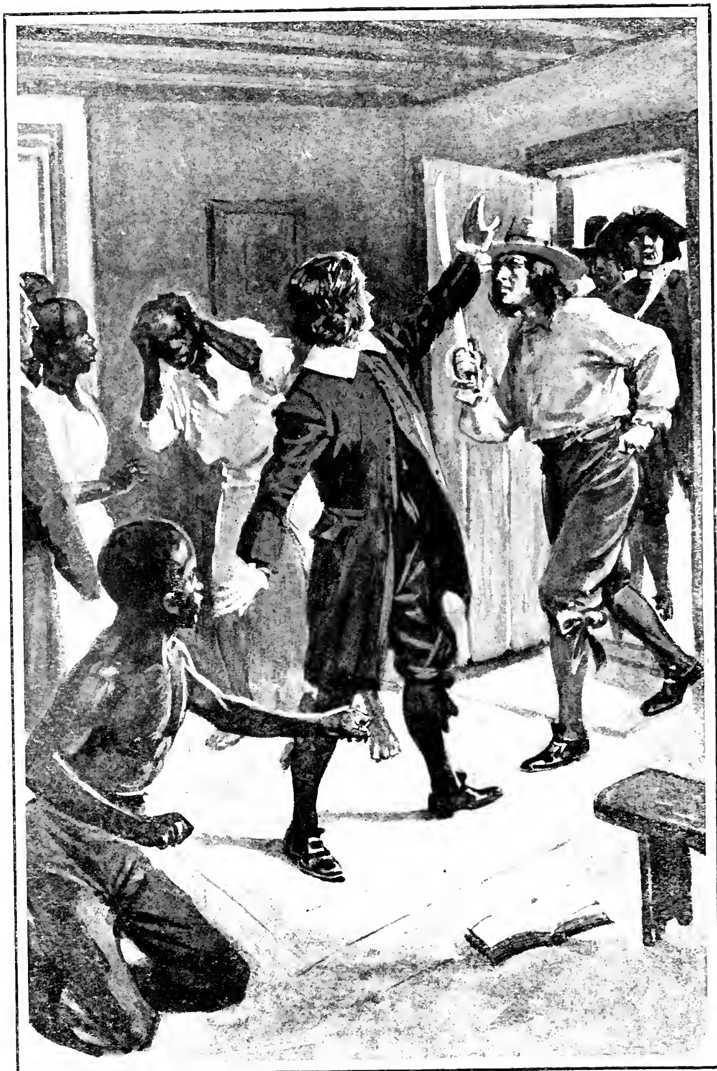
The missionaries arrived at St. Thomas on the 13th of December. On landing they felt perplexed how to proceed, and were reflecting on the difficulty they would have in earning a livelihood in a place where provisions were so dear, and in which they were entire strangers, when a negro came to invite them to the house of Mr. Lorenzen, a planter. He kindly offered them board and lodging until they could procure a residence for themselves. They immediately began to preach, proclaiming to all within their hearing the object for which they had come to the island, and their readiness to teach all who were willing to be instructed. The negroes received their message with eagerness, and clapped their hands for joy, for till this moment they had thought all religion to be the exclusive privilege of the whites, their masters.

The missionaries now made arrangements to visit the

negroes whenever they could get access to them, though not without opposition from their masters. The planters and other white residents on the island of St. Thomas were divided in their views of the missionaries and their aims. Some honoured them, others despised and detested them, and wished to drive them out of the country. They also suffered much from the unhealthy climate.

Presently other missionaries arrived, and the opposition of the planters increased. Deeds of violence began to be perpetrated. A meeting of negroes was attacked by a number of colonists armed with swords and sticks. After maltreating the poor defenceless slaves—who under the worst usage dared not lift up a hand against a white man—the rioters trooped off to Posaunenberg, a small plantation which the missionaries had purchased, and on which they lived. There the ruffians fell on the few negroes about the place, beat them and wounded them, and put them to flight. Then they smashed the chairs, glasses, dishes, and other articles of furniture; everything was broken up or torn to pieces, and thrown out of the house.

The Governor also determined to put an end to the religious meetings of the negroes, and issued an order that it should be an offence for any negro to be found after sunset beyond the estate of his master; that a watch of four men should be appointed in every quarter of the night to go about and disperse any slaves whom they found assembled; and that every offender should on the following day appear before the court and be punished with thirty lashes. This order the missionaries, in the simplicity of their hearts, imagined to be merely a renewed declaration of the law common throughout the West India



THE MISSIONARIES DEFENDING NEGROES FROM THE PLANTERS

The missionaries risked their own lives in saving the negroes from the whites.

Islands, which prohibits nocturnal assemblies of the slaves as dangerous to the peace of the community. They supposed that it could have no reference to those meetings which they held for instructing them in the principles of religion. They therefore proceeded in their ordinary course, and on the following Sunday held a meeting after sunset as usual. Next night about eight o'clock six white men completely armed came to Posaunenberg; by the way they had seized two of the negroes, beaten them and bound them. On hearing the noise the missionaries went out and entreated them not to disturb the meeting, but the ruffians appealed to the order of the Governor, and boisterously insisted on searching the house. They burst into it, and found twenty-four negroes assembled. The Moravian missionaries, with characteristic heroism, stood between the armed men and the defenceless blacks, and received the blows which were aimed at them. The negroes, thus shielded, escaped from the house one after another, most of them without sustaining any serious injury.

Enraged at their escape, the drunken leader of the band required the missionaries to bring them back, a demand which, it is needless to say, he made in vain. In his fury he attempted to draw his sword on the missionaries, but was held back by his companions. In this brutal attack several were severely injured. One of the missionaries received several wounds, and his wife was stabbed in the breast. The wife of another was wounded in the shoulder, and a woman who had a child in her arms was slashed over the head.

Two days after five white men came to the house of the missionaries, and, finding no negroes with them, assailed them with mockery and threats, brandished their swords

and pistols, and one of them led his horse into their living room. Before their departure they read out the order of the Governor concerning the watchers, and with many threatenings gave them to understand that no negro would in future be allowed to attend their meetings.

The colonists, however, soon grew tired of maintaining so strict a watch on the plantations, and after a few days hundreds of the negroes came again in the evenings to Posaunenberg. The missionaries could not think of refusing instruction to those who manifested so much desire for it, but to save them from further brutality they retired with them among the brushwood, appointing some to watch and give notice if any white people appeared in the neighbourhood. Happily they met with no interruption, and after a short time they were again allowed to hold their meetings without disturbance.

The Governor, though he had prohibited meetings after sunset, gave no countenance to the wanton assault which had been committed upon them; and at his desire the missionaries drew up a statement of the outrage from which they had suffered. They asked no satisfaction for themselves, nor any punishment of the offenders, but merely protection in future. With unparalleled effrontery two of the rioters denied the whole charge upon oath, and demanded that the missionaries should be punished as calumniators. After some weeks, however, this false accusation was dropped through the interposition of Mr. Carstens, one of the most respectable planters on the island. An order was soon afterwards received from the Court of Copenhagen, in answer to an appeal which had been made to it, which happily put an end to the opposition of their enemies.

In the meantime Leonard Dober had been recalled to Herrnhut as presiding elder of the Church there. To him belongs the honour of having initiated, in the face of grave difficulties, the work among the negroes, which after his departure increased rapidly. His heroic resolve to sell himself into slavery rather than abandon his purpose can never be forgotten. Presently a great change took place in public sentiment in St. Thomas with regard to the labours of the missionaries. Most of the white people were convinced that they were attended with beneficial effects to the slaves, and an exception highly honourable to the missionaries was made in favour of the negroes under their care. As it was not always possible to close the evening meetings in time for the slaves to be home before the appointed hour, the Governor ordered that those who were furnished with a certificate by one of the missionaries should be allowed to pass unmolested by the watch.

How much progress had been made since Leonard Dober landed at St. Thomas in 1732 without money and friendless, to commence missionary work, was seen in 1832, when the centenary of the mission was celebrated. Colonial authorities as well as the Danish Government now afforded the missionaries every facility in their labours. The Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor attended the Centenary Jubilee, accompanied by the leading authorities of the island. The Governor even issued a proclamation directing the planters to grant leave to the negroes connected with the missionaries' congregations throughout the island for that day, and the half of the preceding day, that they might be present at the celebration. The numbers assembled amounted to upwards of

7000, being at least one-third of the population of the island; but there was not the smallest disturbance either before or after the festival, and the Governor remarked that, however large a number of persons belonging to the missionaries' congregations might be assembled together, no detachment of police was found necessary to maintain order.

At the present time Christianity has spread so widely among the negroes that the Danish West Indies have ceased to be a mission field, and have become the fourth self-supporting province of the Moravian Church.

CHAPTER IX

IN THE FORESTS OF DUTCH GUIANA

Forest journeys—Attacked by bush negroes—Daehne threatened with death—Struggle with a snake—Stalked by a jaguar—Repentant Caribs—An embarrassing host—Baptism of a chief—Palgrave's testimony—Solidity of Moravian work.

THE missionary labours of the Moravian Brethren in South America have been principally in British and Dutch Guiana. The climate is very unhealthy, being humid and sultry. The country is flat, overgrown with impervious thickets and immense forests, the haunts of serpents and other venomous reptiles, and exposed to frequent inundations. The soil is uncommonly fertile, and the growth of vegetation so rapid, that several crops can be reaped in a year.

About the year 1736, a Dutch gentleman in Amsterdam requested the Moravian Church to send some missionaries to settle on one of his plantations on the river Berbice, and preach to the negroes. In pursuance of this request, two missionaries, Daehne and Guettner, were sent in June 1738. The stewards and managers of the estates, suspecting that they had been sent to spy upon their conduct, made things as disagreeable as possible for them; and access to the slaves was extremely difficult, owing to the rigour with which they were treated. In these circumstances, a gentleman of the Surinam trading company came to the rescue by offering them a piece of ground lying in the middle of the forest about one hundred miles from the sea-coast.

This offer they thankfully accepted, and built there a settlement, which they called Pilgerhut.

They now made frequent visits among the aborigines, called Arawaks, travelling a circuit of three hundred miles through a vast wilderness. These journeys were attended with great difficulties and dangers. They were obliged to carry their provisions with them, wade through broad and deep rivers, or cross them on a hastily constructed raft, and often to spend the night in their hammocks suspended from trees in the midst of the forest. If they came to a village and the men were not at home, the women ran shrieking into the wood, and thus their journey was rendered fruitless. Undeterred, however, they persevered till they won by degrees the confidence of the savages. Several were baptized and a congregation was formed.

With a view to extending the operations of the mission, Daehne proceeded to found another settlement in Dutch Guiana called Sharon, on a piece of ground which had been granted to the mission. Here were settled many of the Caribs, who had been expelled from the West Indies by the European colonists. This settlement also began to flourish till it was nearly wrecked by the jealousy of the bush negroes, who lived in the adjacent woods, and whose habitations were safe asylums for runaway negro slaves. For these fugitives the Caribs lay in wait, as the Dutch Government allowed them fifty florins for every one they seized. The bush negroes therefore resolved to destroy Sharon, where many of the Caribs had settled, hoping thus to force them to leave the country. They watched their opportunity, and one Sunday, when most of the Caribs were absent, and the congregation was returning from divine service, the negroes, with a hideous noise, commenced an

attack, using fire-arms and bows and arrows. They killed three aged Indians in their huts and took eleven prisoners, but were afraid to approach the mission house, as they observed men with guns stationed inside. They fired from behind trees, wounding one of the missionaries in the arm; and at last, plucking up courage, they set fire to the house, but the missionaries succeeded in making their escape. The negroes did not pursue them, but, having plundered the settlement, retreated with precipitancy, being afraid of an attack from the Caribs, some of whom were returning.

Although the settlement was rebuilt, it was so continually harassed by the negroes, that the work of the missionaries could not be satisfactorily carried on. Vast swarms of ants almost totally destroyed their crops and thus deprived them of the means of subsistence. These and other circumstances led to the final abandonment of the station.

From Sharon, Daehne proceeded to the river Corentyn, which forms the boundary between British and Dutch Guiana, accompanied by a few Indians, who assisted him in clearing a piece of ground and in building a hut. But in a short time they all went away except one, and he, falling sick a few months after, was obliged to return to his friends. Thus Daehne was left alone in this wilderness, the haunt of jaguars, serpents of enormous size, and various venomous reptiles.

The Indians, who were continually passing by, often inquired into the reason of his building a hut in that solitary place, and asked whether he did it by his own or by the Governor's authority. He told them he did it for their sakes, to make them acquainted with the true religion. They answered: "The Indians have determined to kill you."

The soldiers at the neighbouring Dutch fort also sent word that he was not safe, and invited him to come and live near them. The intrepid missionary thanked them, but, although in addition to all these perils he had suffered from fever, he determined to remain at his post.

About this time he had an almost miraculous escape. One evening being unwell, and going to lie down in his hammock, he perceived a large serpent descending on him from a shelf near the roof. In the scuffle the creature bit him two or three times in the head, and, pursuing him very closely, twined itself several times round his head and neck. Supposing that he would be dead in a few minutes, and wishing to inform the other missionaries when they should come of the cause of his death, he wrote a few words with chalk upon the table, lest they should charge the Indians with the deed. Suddenly, however, the text flashed into his mind, "They shall take up serpents and it shall not hurt them," and, seizing the creature with great force, he tore it from his neck and flung it out of the hut. He then lay down, and when he had recovered from the shock he felt no injury. The serpent was doubtless one of those whose bite is not poisonous, and which coil round their prey, and crush it. But for his desperate effort he would probably have been strangled. Daehne was also in danger from a jaguar, which for a long time lurked near his hut watching for an opportunity to seize him. The roar of the brute was heard every evening, and the missionary had to make a large fire near his hut night after night to frighten it away.

Later in the same year the Carib Indians resolved to put their threats against him into execution. One day as he sat at dinner about fifty of them arrived in canoes and surrounded his hut. They presented an alarming appear-

A Terrible Fight with a Serpent

One evening, feeling unwell, the missionary lay down. Suddenly a large serpent descended from a shelf, wound itself closely round him, and bit him several times. Thinking he would soon be dead, he sat down to write a dying man's message, when the text, "They shall take up serpents, and it shall not hurt them," flashed across his mind. With a desperate effort he seized the creature, and with great force flung it from him.

ance, being armed with swords and tomahawks. Daehne immediately went out to them and spoke to them in the Arawak language. They answered in a surly tone, telling him to speak the Caribbee language. He told them that he could not, and upon this they began to speak with each other, every now and then addressing Daehne to find out whether he understood them or not. Perceiving that he did not even guess their meaning, they called their Arawak interpreter and made him ask Daehne, Who had given him leave to build on their land? He answered that he had a written permission under the hand of the Governor. They then asked what object he had in coming thither. He told them in order to preach the Gospel. Their chief asked to what nationality he belonged, and, being told the Dutch, said, "Have you never heard that the Indians intend to kill you?" "Yes," answered Daehne, "but I cannot believe it. You have among your Indians some who have lived with me, and they can tell you that I am a real friend of the Indians." "Yes," replied he, "I have heard so, and they say that you are another sort of Christian than most of the white people." Daehne then said, "I am your friend; how is it that you are come to kill me?" The chief answered, "We have done wrong." Upon this the threatening aspect of his followers relaxed, and the party dispersed. The chief continued to hold a friendly conversation with the missionary, expressing pleasure at being told that other missionaries would probably come. As he was going away Daehne perceived that he had some "cassabi" (a kind of native bread) in his pouch. Being actually short of food, he asked him for it, as the chief's people could easily get more, adding, "If you should at any time pass by and be hungry, I also will give you some-

thing to eat." The chief immediately told his men to give Daehne some cassabi and fish, and then took leave, saying he would often come to see him. The Indians showed their friendliness in other ways, helping Daehne from time to time in clearing the ground and felling trees. More than once he found himself reduced to great want, not knowing when he rose in the morning whether he should taste a morsel all day, but he generally found some Indians who were willing to share their mouthful of cassabi with him.

In the year 1758 another painful experience befell him. While he was gathering wood for fuel some large black ants nearly two inches long fastened upon his hand, and their stings gave him such excruciating pain that he nearly fainted.

During the following year he was occasionally visited by Warau Indians, who listened attentively to his preaching, and some of them promised to come and live with him. His incessant bodily labours, which were often beyond his strength, brought on an attack of sickness, which was increased by the unhealthiness of the climate and his poor and scanty fare. His fellow missionaries in Paramaribo, being informed of his condition, immediately despatched one of their number, named Boemper, to his assistance. He set out, but for a considerable time could not get an Indian to take him in his boat, partly from their fear of going near a sick person, but especially because a report had been circulated that the devil lived with Daehne. They therefore did all they could to dissuade Boemper from venturing to go to so dangerous a person. However he persisted and arrived at the Corentyn, to Daehne's great comfort. After two years two missionaries were sent to

relieve Daehne at this post of difficulty and danger, and he returned for a time to Europe.

In the meantime a war broke out in Surinam between the bush negroes, headed by two leaders, Abim and Samsam, and the Dutch Government. The negroes were not so easily suppressed as their brothers in Jamaica, having behind them an unlimited reach of wild forest country. In the year 1764 the Government made peace with them, and, judging that their conversion to Christianity would tend more than anything else to make them peaceable and stop the outrages which they were in the habit of committing, applied to the United Brethren to send missionaries to instruct them. Accordingly in 1765 Daehne and two other missionaries were despatched to Paramaribo.

As soon as possible they proceeded inland, but found Samsam the negro leader a difficult person to deal with. He insisted on one of the missionaries living with him, not from any peculiar regard for them, but solely to have a European residing in his house, which the negroes esteem an honour. When he found them resolute in their determination of dwelling together, he kept back their goods, and either applied them to his own use, or suffered them to spoil. One of the new missionaries died, and Daehne and the other, named Stoll, at first suffered great hardships, living in a miserable little hut till Abim, the other negro chief, built a small house for them. In a short time, however, they lost likewise this friend and benefactor, as he was shot in a battle between his own and another negro tribe. Before he went to the battle he presented his son, John Arabini, to the missionaries, saying, "that he did not know what sort of people the Brethren were, nor the cause of their abode in the country, but believed God had sent them."

Arabini, who was chosen chief in the place of his father, proved a real friend and protector to the missionaries, who, as soon as they had learnt the language, began to preach to the people. This excited the jealousy and opposition of the idol-priest, and especially of the old women, who terrified their superstitious fellow-countrymen by saying that their "gados" (gods) were angry with them for turning to the "Gran-gado" (the great God) of the white people.

The missionaries, ignorant of the plots for their destruction, continued to hold their family devotions with their doors open, hoping that some of the savages might be attracted by curiosity to attend. They were warned against going out of the house at night, but as Arabini maintained a good understanding with the Dutch Government, who had recommended the missionaries to his protection, none of their enemies ventured to do them any personal injury.

Arabini himself, after careful instruction, was baptized in the presence of most of the male inhabitants of the village, the women being too much afraid of their gods to come. His baptism incensed the heathen negroes, especially the idolatrous women. Instigated by them the chief of a neighbouring village entered the mission house foaming with rage, and armed with a gun and sabre. He cursed them for committing the heinous offence of persuading Arabini to forsake the gods of his fathers. But the undaunted demeanour of the missionaries baffled him, and he returned to his own house.

Of all the stations occupied by the Moravian missionaries, this one among the bush negroes of Surinam was justly deemed the most difficult. The roving disposition of the negroes, who were constantly moving from place

to place, and the unhealthiness of the climate, militated most strongly against success in missionary work amongst them. In coming up the river from Paramaribo to the mission station at Bambey, the boat had to be carried up twenty cataracts, and paths had to be cut with an axe through dense jungles. Notwithstanding these moral and physical difficulties, Daehne and his coadjutors laid the foundations of their work so solidly that, when the famous traveller W. G. Palgrave visited Surinam in 1875, he had nothing but praise for the results of the Moravian mission work. As an independent observer of large experience, his opinion has no little weight, and he wrote thus: "The latest census gives nineteen Moravian schools, while over 24,000 names are inscribed in the register of the Brotherhood. That the emancipation of the slaves in 1863 was neither preceded, accompanied, or followed in Dutch Guiana by any disturbances like those which agitated Jamaica, Demerara, and other settlements; that scarcely one of the creole labourers on the estates struck work or took advantage of his new completeness of freedom to give himself up to idleness and vagabond life; these things are mainly due, so the colonists acknowledge, to the spirit of subordination, industry, and order inspired into their pupils by the Moravian teachers. Their loyalty and good sense had prepared a people worthy of the rights into the enjoyment of which they at last entered. They had made of the slaves under their tutorial care not only, as the phrase goes, good Christians, but they had also made of them, what the majority of other teachers had failed to do, good citizens and good subjects, loyal to their Government, respectful to their superiors, orderly among themselves."

CHAPTER X

THE CHAMPION OF THE HOTTENTOTS

A narrow escape—Lions and snow—First interview with Geika—Propitiated by buttons—Kaffir gluttons—Nervous savages—"From the university to the hut"—Unnatural parents—A lion's *bonne-bouche*—Fastidious Boers—The attack on Graaff-Reinet—Shooting a peacemaker—A truculent farmer—The wilderness settlement—Redeeming slaves.

DR. VANDERKEMP, the son of a Dutch minister at Rotterdam, was born in 1748. Though a native of Holland, he took his M.D. degree in Edinburgh. For several years he practised at Middelburg in Holland. He had then little religious belief, being entirely sceptical till he was nearly fifty years of age, when a painful event occurred, which revolutionised his life.

One day, in the month of June, while he was sailing on the river near Dort with his wife and daughter, a violent storm suddenly arose, and the boat was upset. Mrs. and Miss Vanderkemp soon sunk and were drowned, and the doctor, clinging to the boat, was carried down the stream nearly a mile, no one daring in so dreadful a squall to venture from the shore to his assistance. A vessel lying in the port of Dort was by the violence of the storm driven from her moorings, and drifted towards him, and, just as he was on the point of sinking, the sailors took him from the capsized boat. Thus remarkably was preserved a life which was henceforth to be dedicated to the missionary cause.

He came to London and entered into communication with the directors of the London Missionary Society, laying before them the project of a mission to South Africa. He seemed to them to be the very man, qualified by the most appropriate talents, to commence and superintend it.

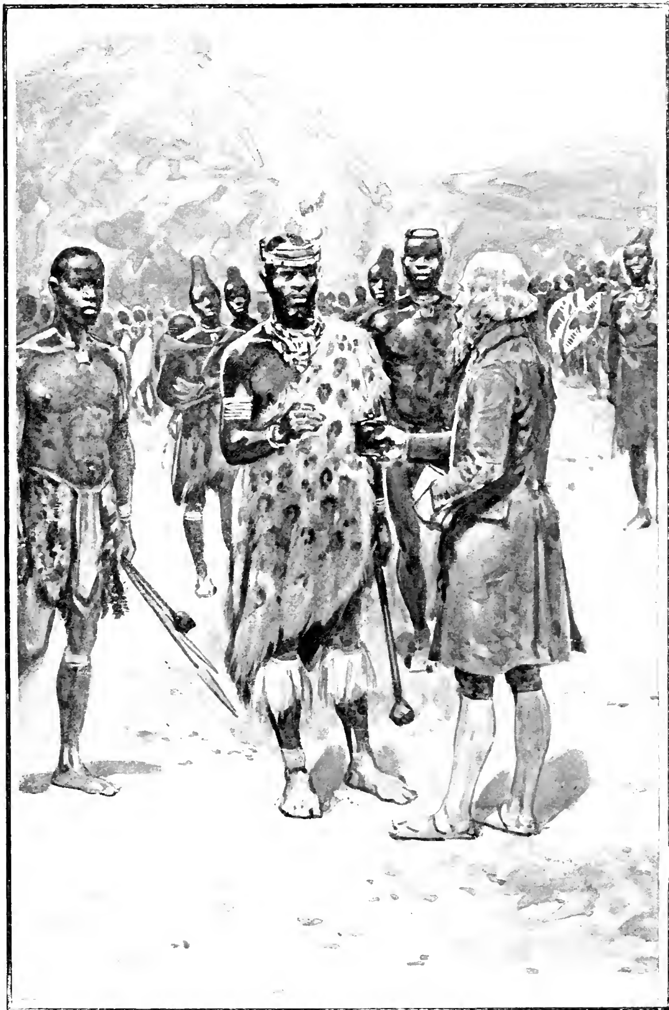
In December 1798 he sailed with three other missionaries for the Cape of Good Hope, where they arrived in safety. Letters from the English Governor to subordinate magistrates in the country were kindly furnished, waggons were purchased, and Bruntjie, a famous elephant hunter, was sent from the Moravian Brethren of Bavian Kloof, and engaged as guide and interpreter. In the end of May Vanderkemp commenced his journey towards Kaffraria; after passing the valley of Modezand, they entered upon a perilous road between ridges of precipitous mountains. In the last house on that side of the wilderness they were sheltered from a heavy rain, and the next night they pitched their tents amid a thick fall of snow. Onwards they passed through a trackless waste infested with lions, leopards, wolves, and other beasts of prey; often they could not sleep for the terrific sounds. At last they arrived at the house of Mr. De Beer. The settlement of this wealthy colonist, on the outskirts of civilisation, was on a large scale, with buildings, substantial and clean, and numerous domestics and dependants, extensive farms, corn and grazing grounds. In the long, stupendous defile of the river Kloof, through which De Beer and his guest went on their way, the scenery was extremely grand, bold cliffs, rugged rocks, lofty mountain peaks, and valleys clothed with groves of mimosa trees, the flowers of which appeared like innumerable golden balls suspended from the branches. The Hex River, foaming in its course, forced its way tumultuously through the jungle.

After a tedious journey they arrived at the dwelling of the Kaffir chief Geika, to whom they had previously sent a message requesting leave to enter his territory. The chief soon approached, in a solemn manner, attended by two of his men, one on each side. He was clothed with a long robe of panthers' skins, and wore a diadem of copper and another of beads round his head. He had in his hand an iron club, and his cheeks and lips were painted red. At a distance behind him stood his subordinates and women in the form of a half-moon, and at a great distance the rest of the people. He reached out his right hand, but spoke not a word.

Vanderkemp presented him with a tobacco-box which he had filled with buttons. Geika then desired to know by an interpreter what was requested of him: he said that the missionaries had come at a very unfavourable time, that all the country was in confusion, and that he was in perpetual danger from his enemies. By degrees, however, his suspicions of the missionaries were removed, and he assigned them some land on the other side of the river Keiskamma.

The place allotted was a beautiful plain of grass in the middle of an amphitheatre of high mountains, dotted over by several kraals of Kaffirs. Round the foot of the mountains ran a river of excellent water; the slopes of the mountains were covered by thick woods containing trees of every description.

Geika, the chief, though he did not care how much he troubled the missionaries, or begged from them himself, was sometimes enraged if he saw them too much troubled by others. On such an occasion he once laid hold of a stick and knocked down servants, women, and children, indeed all who came in his way, without making any dis-



THE MISSIONARY MEETS GEIKA, THE KAFFIR CHIEF

The chief was presented with a tobacco-box filled with buttons.

tinction. The natives were generally painted red, and some of them by way of ornament wore a plaster of cow-dung upon their foreheads. They were extremely gluttonous, and a party of them would devour a whole ox at a meal. They were very slow of apprehension, and could not conceive the use of a gimlet or scissors till they saw some one actually using them. It was no small addition to the trials of Dr. Vanderkemp in this situation that his companion Mr. Edmonds determined to leave him. He had a great desire to go to Bengal, and could not overcome his strong aversion to the Kaffirs. Thus the doctor was left to carry on alone his arduous work. At the same time also violent opposition was excited among some of the natives, who looked upon him as a spy of the Boers, who were bitterly hated by the Kaffirs. They resolved at one time to kill him, and he was forbidden to continue teaching; but after a while their rage subsided, and he persevered in his lonely labours. The Kaffirs were sunk in the depths of ignorance, and were subject to senseless panics. One evening when the missionary, after reading a chapter to some inquirers, arose to kneel with them round the fire, a native who was with them was so terrified that he seized his spear, and running off to the field hid himself, supposing that they intended to murder him. A few days after, a young Kaffir woman going to visit the missionary saw in the distance his tent shaken by the wind, and, supposing it to be some rapacious beast which had been let loose to devour her, bolted off through the river into the forest, where, missing the path in her fright, she fell into a pit full of sharpened stakes that had been made as a wild-beast trap, and nearly lost her life.

Vanderkemp's most promising pupils at this time were

two or three Hottentot women, who could only come for instruction at night. As all his candles were spent, and there was no one to give him another, their conversations had to be carried on in the dark. Dr. Moffat, in his "Missionary Labours in South Africa," has paid an eloquent tribute to Vanderkemp's work at this time: "He came from a university to stoop to teach the alphabet to the poor naked Hottentot and Kaffir; from the society of nobles to associate with beings of the lowest grade in the scale of humanity; from stately mansions to the filthy hovel of the greasy African; from the army (in which he had been a captain previous to entering the medical profession) to instruct the fierce savage in the tactics of a heavenly warfare; from the study of physic to become the guide to the Balm of Gilead."

In January 1801 Dr. Vanderkemp resolved, after a stay of fifteen months, to leave Kaffraria. Some colonists, who had also been resident there, accompanied him on the march to Graaff-Reinet. This was not unaccompanied by peril, as they were attacked by the diminutive Bushmen, whose poisoned arrows were very dangerous. Fires were considered necessary at night to keep off lions, but they dared not light them for fear of being discovered by the Bushmen. These degraded beings, who seemed to have lost nearly all semblance of humanity, lived in holes in the ground or caves. Moffat says, in the work above quoted, "there are instances among them of parents throwing their tender offspring to the hungry lion who stands roaring before their cave, refusing to depart till some peace-offering be made to him." Their savagery had been increased by the cruelty of the colonists, who had hunted them like wild beasts.

Having passed safely through the country of the Bushmen, Dr. Vanderkemp arrived at Graaff-Reinet. Here he was offered the pastorate of the Dutch Church, but refused it, being determined to devote himself to missionary work among the despised Hottentots.

At Graaff-Reinet Dr. Vanderkemp found two additional missionaries, who had come from England to assist him. They had already commenced instructing the slaves and the Hottentots, assembling them in the church which Mr. Maynier, the Commissioner of the district, had granted them for that purpose. In this good work Dr. Vanderkemp joined them, and great multitudes of Hottentots flocked to Graaff-Reinet to receive instruction and to seek a refuge from the oppression of the Boers. Their labours were attended with success, but offence was taken by the colonists, who actually took up arms against the Government, complaining that the Commissioner protected the Hottentots and Kaffirs, and encouraged them to rob and murder the colonists; that they were instructed in reading and writing, and thereby put on a level with Christians, and they particularly complained that they were allowed to hold their meetings in the church of Graaff-Reinet.

On the approach of the rebels to the village, the Commissioner sent to hear their demands, which were, that the slaves and Hottentots should be excluded from the church, which should be purified by having the seats washed, and the pavement broken up, and that those Hottentots who had murdered white men should be given up to them. The Commissioner consented to their demands respecting the church, and promised that those Hottentots whom they accused of murder should be tried according

to the laws of the colony, but he refused to let them be delivered into their hands without any proof of their guilt. These concessions did not satisfy the rebels, and they prepared to attack the place; but finding the troops ready to receive them they, after some hesitation, withdrew. In the meantime Dr. Vanderkemp tried to bring them to accept the terms proposed. He first wrote to one of their leaders, with whom he was acquainted; and not receiving any answer he rode out alone to their camp. They met him in a friendly manner, and he succeeded in persuading the leaders of the party to accompany him to Graaff-Reinet, where the affair was peaceably settled.

Soon after this, Dr. Vanderkemp paid another visit to Kaffirland, but there appeared so little prospect of hopeful work there that he speedily returned to Graaff-Reinet to resume his labours among the Hottentots. Although he had very little visible success among the Kaffirs, the disinterestedness of his character made so strong an impression on them that they were favourably disposed to receive the missionaries who came to them in after years.

The Boers, ready to seize upon every pretext for showing their enmity to the missionaries, now represented the late journey of Vanderkemp into Kaffirland as intended to stir up Geika against them, and again appeared in arms. They completely surrounded the village of Graaff-Reinet, and took possession of some of the houses, firing upon the inhabitants and the soldiers. Many balls were deliberately aimed at Vanderkemp, but he escaped unhurt. Soon after this the Doctor received a communication from the Governor, General Dundas, in which he expressed his

desire that a missionary institution for the Hottentots should be formed on the borders of the colony, promising at the same time any piece of ground in the disposal of Government which might be thought suitable. Encouraged by this offer the missionaries left Graaff-Reinet with a hundred and nine Hottentots. Stragglers joined them on the road, and increased this number to two hundred and twenty-one. Their temporary residence was fixed at Botha's farm, about seven miles west of Algoa Bay, where they continued with the Hottentots for nearly eight months, working under considerable difficulty. The Doctor was for some time confined to his bed with rheumatism; and the country was in a very disturbed state owing to roving bands of Hottentot marauders. Not long after their settlement at Botha's farm, one of these bands attacked them by night. All endeavours to persuade them to a friendly agreement were in vain; they only answered by firing at any one who showed himself. A Hottentot was sent out to make overtures of peace, but they cried: "Look! there comes a peace-maker! Kill him! shoot him!" and he received a ball in his leg. The chief of the banditti, however, being shot, the rest of the band fled, but renewed the attack two or three times afterwards. These successive attacks induced Vanderkemp with his followers to take refuge for a while in Fort Frederick, where, as usual, he found the colonists very unfriendly.

By the peace of Amiens in 1802 it was stipulated that the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope should revert to the Dutch, and the interval between the departure of the English garrison from Algoa Bay and the arrival of the Dutch was to the missionaries a time of great anxiety.

General Dundas was so much impressed with a sense of the danger to which the missionaries would be exposed that he used every argument to induce them to suspend their labours and accompany him to Cape Town, and when he could not prevail upon them, "he considered us," says Dr. Vanderkemp, "as dead men." The new Governor, General Janssens, arrived at Algoa Bay in 1803. On his arrival, the frontier Boers proposed that all the Hottentots should be seized, that each should have a chain attached to his leg, and that they should be distributed among them as slaves. Public opinion in Europe would not have permitted, even if the General had been so inclined, such a direct method of enslaving the people. But the General had been acquainted with Vanderkemp in former days in Holland, and was friendly to him. He agreed to grant him another site for his settlement, and Vanderkemp gave it the name of Bethelsdorp, since well known in the missionary annals of South Africa.

A contemporary traveller, Lichtenstein, has given us a graphic picture of Vanderkemp at this time. "On the day of our arrival at Algoa Bay," he writes, "we received a visit from Vanderkemp. In the very hottest part of the morning we saw a waggon, such as is used in husbandry, drawn by four meagre oxen, coming slowly along the sandy downs. Vanderkemp sat upon a plank laid across it, without a hat, his venerable bald head exposed to the burning rays of the sun. He was dressed in a threadbare black coat, waistcoat, and breeches, without shirt, neckcloth, or stockings, and leather sandals bound on his feet, the same as are worn by the Hottentots."

As time went on Vanderkemp become more and more the champion of this oppressed people against the tyranny

both of Boer and English colonists. In 1804 he wrote to the Governor stating that his conscience would not permit him any longer to encourage Hottentots to enter into the service of the farmers, because of the cruelty and injustice with which they were treated, without any relief being afforded them by the magistrates. The farmers were so incensed at the missionary that one of them went to Cape Town, and without ceremony requested from the Governor leave to shoot him. General Janssens replied by asking significantly if he had seen the gallows on his entrance into the town.

In the year 1806 the colony again reverted to the English. The fleet which brought English soldiers brought also the celebrated missionary Henry Martyn, on his way to India. He has described in his journal how he found Dr. Vanderkemp outside his house looking at the stars, and the veneration with which the veteran missionary inspired him. Strikingly different as the two men were in almost every respect, they were alike in devoting intellectual powers of the highest order to the instruction of some of the most degraded of the human species,—Hottentots and low-caste Bengalis.

No sooner was English rule re-established than General Sir David Baird sent for Vanderkemp to consult him on the best method of treating Hottentot prisoners of war, and soon after gave him full permission to resume his labours at Bethelsdorp. This had now become a flourishing settlement. The fields, once a barren wilderness, were grazed by twelve hundred head of cattle, besides sheep and goats; and in the year 1810 the number of persons at Bethelsdorp amounted to nearly one thousand. Industry continually increased. Mats and baskets were

made in considerable quantities and sold in the country round. The manufacture of salt was encouraged, and it was bartered in the neighbourhood for wheat and other useful articles. Soap-boiling, sawing and wood-cutting for waggons became also means of support.

Anxious to keep down as far as possible the expenses of the mission, Vanderkemp generally supported himself with little or no cost to his society. He also at various times ransomed Hottentot slaves, paying the purchase money out of his own private fortune. In the course of three years he redeemed seven of these at no less a cost than £800. It is sad to record that up to the end his soul was tortured by the heartless cruelties inflicted on the natives. A few months before his death he wrote: "I would go anywhere to escape from my present situation: I cannot remain much longer at Bethelsdorp; my spirits are broken, and I am bowed down by the Landdrost Cuyler's continual oppression of the Hottentots."

He died in 1811 at Cape Town, whither he had been summoned by the Governor to give evidence concerning some of these very cases. Shortly before his death he had projected a mission to Madagascar, and he seems to have had some prescience of the success which Christian preaching was to meet with in that country. He was an accomplished linguist, being able to read and write in sixteen languages. It was undoubtedly his work in South Africa which laid the foundation for the labours of Moffat and Livingstone.

CHAPTER XI

ROBERT MOFFAT AND THE BECHUANAS

A dismal prospect—Africaner the terrible—Sheep scared by a hyena—Between a tiger and a serpent—A frail shelter—Short commons—A happy transformation—Moffat poisoned—The frightened Boer—Further afield—Mischievous natives—A Bechuana virago—A stone for dinner—Cunning rain-makers—Facing death—A timely warning—Savage warfare—" Moving houses."

BEFORE the year 1817, very little progress had been made by missions in South Africa, owing to the obstructions thrown in the way by the Cape Government, and also by the Boers, who preferred to keep the natives in the condition of slaves. In that year Moffat landed at Cape Town, having been sent out by the London Missionary Society. He had intended to proceed to Namaqua-land, but permission was for a long time refused by the Cape authorities, who said that as many slaves had already run away from their masters to the mission station at Griquatown, it was not desirable that any more mission stations should be established.

After persistent applications, however, by Mr. Thom, a Dutch Reformed minister at Cape Town, the Governor at last consented that Moffat should proceed. An account which the missionary received from a traveller of the region he was about to pass through, was not encouraging: "You will find," he was told, "plenty of sand and stones, a thinly-scattered population always suffering from want of water,

plains and hills roasted like a burnt loaf, under the scorching rays of a cloudless sun."

Besides all this, the region he was about to approach was dominated by the terror of an outlawed Hottentot chief named Africaner. He had formerly been servant to a Boer farmer, who had ill-treated him and had been shot dead by his brother Titus. On this a price of 1000 dollars was set by the Cape Government on the head of Africaner, who dared any one to approach his territories. He threatened to destroy the mission station of Warm Bath, where he himself had formerly received Christian instruction. For a whole month the missionaries were in constant terror, expecting the threatened attack. On one occasion they dug square holes in the ground about six feet deep, that in case of an assault, they might escape the bullets; there they remained buried alive for a week, having the tilt sail of the waggon thrown over the mouth of the pit to keep off the burning rays of a vertical sun. Finding it impossible to remain in circumstances of such danger, they retired to Cape Colony. The mission station was soon afterwards burnt to the ground by Africaner's followers.

When the Dutch farmers heard of Moffat's intention to proceed to Namaqualand, they predicted his speedy death at the hands of Africaner. One said that he would set him up as a mark for his boys to shoot at; another that he would strip off his skin and make a drum of it to dance to, another consoling prediction was that a drinking cup would be made of his skull. One old lady wiping her eyes, bade him farewell, saying: "Had you been an old man, it would have been nothing, for you would soon have died, whether or no; but you are young and going to become a prey to that monster."

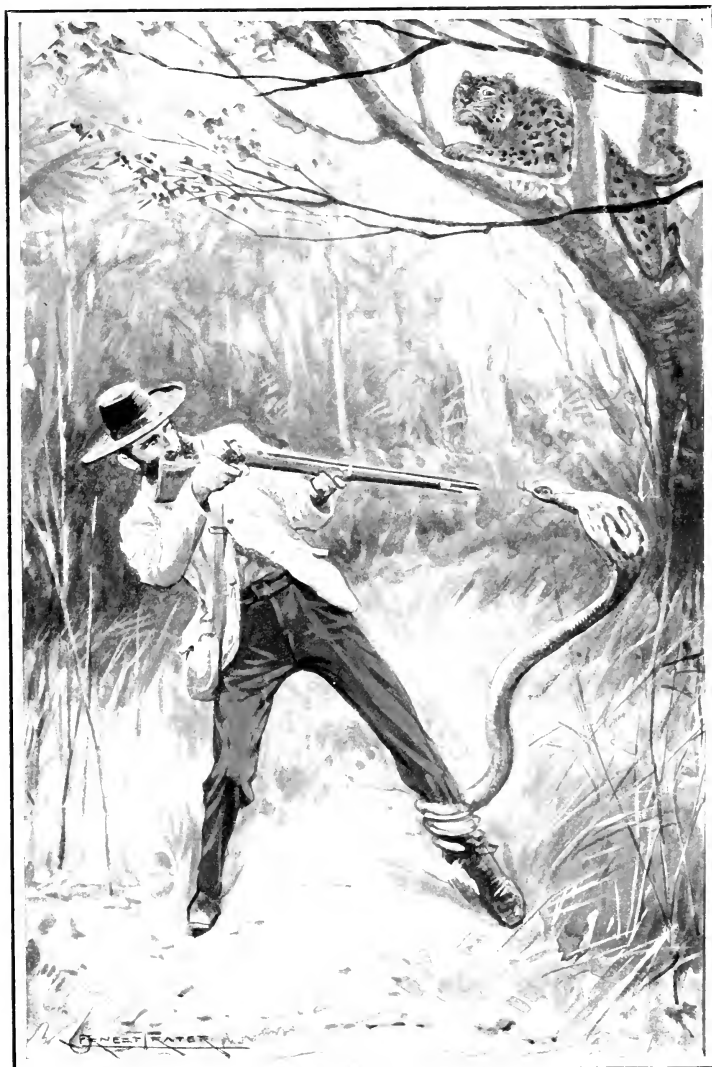
The difficulties of the journey were also considerable. The waggons were drawn by eight or ten oxen, and only went about two and a half miles an hour. The task of driving the loose cattle was not an easy one, for frequently the oxen would take one course, the sheep another, and the horses a third. Sometimes the unearthly howl of a hyena would make the sheep take to their heels, and the missionary, dreading the loss of his mutton, had to pursue them. At other times, after heavy rain, the oxen would sink in the mire and the waggons had to be unloaded and dragged out backwards. When there was a succession of dry days, their troubles were of an opposite kind. The oxen would toil along, their tongues lolling out with thirst, till they came to a dead stop and declined to go any farther. Moffat and his companion, Kitchingman, after digging an immense hole in the sand, would find a scanty supply of brackish water which scarcely sufficed for their needs.

They were also often exposed to danger from lions, which frequented the pools, and some of the party had many hair-breadth escapes. One night they were quietly seated at evening worship by a small pool, and the closing notes of a hymn had just died away when the terrific roar of a lion was heard; the oxen, which before were quietly chewing the cud, rushed upon them and over their fires, leaving them prostrate and in a cloud of dust and sand. Hats and hymn-books, Bibles and guns, were all scattered in wild confusion, but no serious injury was sustained. At another time, Moffat had a narrow escape from a spotted tiger and a serpent together. He had left the waggon, and wandered to a distance among the coppice and grassy openings in search of game. He had a small double-barrelled gun on his shoulder which was loaded with a ball and small

shot; an antelope passed, at which he fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, he saw a tiger standing staring at him from between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tail just like a cat going to spring on its prey. This was a critical moment, as he had not a bullet in his gun. If he turned his back and ran, the tiger would be on him, so he moved about as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat and reload at the same time. After getting, as he thought, to a suitable distance, he turned his back, and moved somewhat more quickly, but in his anxiety to escape what was behind, he did not see what was before, till he was startled by treading on a large cobra asleep upon the grass. It instantly coiled its body round his leg on which he had nothing but a thin pair of trousers. He leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous and enraged reptile after him, and while it was in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, he shot it. Taking it by the tail, he brought it to his people at the waggon, who, on examining the bags of poison, asserted that had the creature bitten him he could never have reached the waggon. The serpent was six feet long.

When Moffat arrived at Africaner's kraal, things looked by no means propitious. The chief ordered the women to build him a hut, but himself preserved a cold and distant demeanour, while his brother Titus angrily insisted on the departure of Mr. Ebner, Moffat's companion.

The hut Moffat lived in was a frail structure composed of reeds and mats. If a dog wished for a night's lodging, it would force its way in and frequently steal his food; and more than once he found a serpent coiled up in the corner.



Two against One

Moffat suddenly saw a spotted tiger about to spring. Scarcely had he begun to retreat carefully when to his horror he trod on a huge sleeping cobra. It instantly curled itself round his leg, and he only just succeeded in shooting it as it was preparing to bite.

As the cattle belonging to the village had no fold, but strolled about, he was sometimes compelled to start up from a sound sleep and try to defend himself and his dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of two bulls which had met to fight a nocturnal duel.

Besides this, he often had to suffer from absolute want of food. His salary was only £25 a year, and he was confined to a diet of milk and meat, no vegetables being procurable owing to the want of water for the cultivation of the ground. This proved extremely injurious to his health, and brought on an attack of bilious fever, to which he nearly succumbed.

He was rewarded for his trials, however, by seeing a marked change come over Africaner, who would sit for hours studying his Testament and asking questions. Gradually, to Moffat's joy, he became an enlightened Christian, and proved a great help to him on his missionary itinerations.

These were attended by considerable privation and hardship. On one occasion, coming thirsty to a pool, Moffat drank heartily, but, finding an unusual taste in his mouth, discovered that the water had been poisoned by the Bushmen for the sake of killing game. He began to feel giddy, and his pulse beat with extreme rapidity. Fortunately his constitution was sufficiently robust to throw off the poison, and he recovered after some days. That the danger was serious, however, was shown by the death of some zebras which had drunk of the same water the preceding day.

In 1819 Moffat went to Cape Town to meet his future wife. He proposed to Africaner that he should accompany him, but the chief at first did not believe that he was in

earnest. "I had thought you loved me," he said, "and do you advise me to go to the Government to be hung up as an example of public justice? Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that 1000 dollars have been offered for my head?" However, after a time he yielded to Moffat's persuasions, and they set out on their journey to Cape Town.

Their appearance at the various farms on the way created the profoundest astonishment. One farmer seeing Moffat, put his hand behind him, and inquired rather wildly who he was. When Moffat told him, he said, "Moffat! it is your ghost!" and moved some steps backward. "Don't come near me," he exclaimed, "you have been long murdered by Africaner. Everybody says you were murdered, and a man told me he had seen your bones." At length he extended his trembling hand, saying, "When did you rise from the dead?" His astonishment, if possible, was increased on seeing Africaner in his new character as the missionary's friend, especially as his own uncle had fallen a victim to the chief's ferocity in former days.

On reaching Cape Town, Moffat went with Africaner to visit the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, who was much struck with this successful result of missionary enterprise, and presented Africaner with a waggon worth £80.

During his stay at Cape Town, Moffat was appointed by his society to the Bechuana mission. This work, upon which he entered in 1821, proved to be even a severer trial of patience than that in which he had been hitherto engaged. The people were absolutely devoid of religious ideas, and had not even risen to the level of idolatry. They were also extremely mischievous. The Moffats were often left without any water for their vegetables, as the women

would cut the watercourse which they had made from the Kuruman River, leaving them on a thirsty plain for many days without a drop of water, and with the thermometer at 120°.

The savage temper of the Bechuanas was a severe trial to the missionaries. On one occasion Mrs. Moffat, with a babe in her arms, humbly begged a woman to be kind enough to move out of a temporary kitchen, that she might shut it as usual before going to church. The woman seized a piece of wood to hurl at Mrs. Moffat's head, who was obliged to make her escape, leaving her in undisputed possession of the kitchen, and free to appropriate its contents to her own use.

Thefts of their property were indeed of daily occurrence, from cattle and sheep, which were carried off at night, to tools and utensils. Sometimes on returning from preaching the missionary would find a stone left in the pot instead of the meat on which he had hoped to dine.

Occasionally the natives hinted that the missionaries had left their own country for some crime. "What is the reason you do not return to your own land?" asked a chief whom Moffat had begged to help him recover his knife, which had been stolen from his jacket, laid down while he was preaching. "If your land was a good one, or if you were not afraid of returning, you would not be so content to live as you do, while people devour you," said another.

Besides their natural stupidity, the superstitious reverence paid by the natives to supposed "rain-makers" formed a great obstacle to missionary labours. No device was too grotesque or absurd for the natives to carry out at the command of the rain-maker, in order, as they hoped, to

obtain rain. On one occasion he told them to catch a baboon and bring it without a single hair missing, on another to kill a lion and bring its heart. Neither of these methods had any result; and the rain-maker then declared that Moffat and his brother missionary Hamilton frightened away the clouds by looking at them. Eventually Moffat had to intercede for the life of the rain-maker, whom the disappointed natives were preparing to kill. He succeeded in getting him off safely, but they then directed their anger against himself, saying that the missionaries' residence among them was the cause of the long-continued drought, and that they must leave the country. One day a chief, brandishing his spear, came to Moffat's door with a threatening message to this effect. Moffat came out and confronted him, while his wife looked on from the doorway with her infant in her arms. To his threats the missionary replied, "If you are resolved to rid yourselves of us you must resort to stronger measures. You may shed blood or burn us out. Then shall they who sent us know, and God, who sees and hears us shall know that we have been persecuted indeed." At these words the chief looked at his companions, remarking with a significant shake of the head, "These men must have ten lives when they are so fearless of death; there must be something in immortality." The threatening group then broke up, and the missionaries were left for the time in peace.

At last the day came when the Bechuanas were to learn the value of Moffat. For some time past rumours had reached Kuruman that a savage tribe named the Mantatees were about to attack the Bechuanas. Moffat had been preparing for a visit to a distant chief, Makaba, head of the Bauangketsi, in order to open up friendly

relations with him. Notwithstanding the dissuasions of the Bechuana chief, Mothibi, who refused to lend him any men for the journey, he persisted in carrying out his plan.

After some days' journey he came in sight of the Mantatees, who were preparing for the attack on the Bechuanas. Moffat hurried back to Latta Koo, the Bechuana headquarters, and advised Mothibi to send for help to Griquatown. He followed the missionary's advice, and, after eleven days' waiting, about one hundred armed horsemen came.

Moffat and the Griquas proceeded to reconnoitre, and soon came in sight of the enemy. They were also seen by the latter, and a few warriors hurled their spears at them, which, however, fell short. Moffat then went forward ,unarmed, with one of the Griquas, to parley with them. They had approached within a hundred yards of the enemy, and were just about to dismount, when the savages uttered a hideous yell, and several hundred men rushed forward flinging their weapons with such velocity that Moffat and his companion had scarcely time to turn their terrified steeds and gallop away. Seeing no possilbe means of bringing them to a parley, they retired to a height at a short distance but within view of the enemy. At sunset Moffat rode back to confer with the Griqua chiefs, and to devise some way of bringing the enemy to terms, and avoiding, if possible, the dreadful consequences of a battle.

Next morning they were all in motion before day-break, and the hundred horsemen rode up to the invaders hoping to intimidate them by their imposing appearance, and bring them to a parley. But when they had ap-

proached within one hundred and fifty yards the Mantatees set up their terrible howl and flung their spears and javelins, whereupon the Griquas fired and shot several of their warriors. It was confidently expected that the Mantatees, never having seen fire-arms, would be daunted by this, but it only seemed to inflame their rage. Those who had flung their spears snatched weapons from the hands of their dying companions, and sallied forth in such numbers that the Griquas were compelled to retreat. At length, finding their ammunition failing, they charged the enemy, who gave way in their turn.

During the battle the Bechuanas came up and began to plunder and despatch the wounded men, and to butcher the women and children with their spears and war-axes. Seeing this Moffat galloped in among them, and by entreaties and remonstrances turned many of the Bechuanas from their murderous purpose. At last, after many hours' fighting, the Mantatees were finally repulsed, and the threatened attack on Kuruman was averted.

Mothibi, the Bechuana chief, recognising that this deliverance was due to Moffat's having persisted on his journey in spite of the chief's dissuasions, and so having discovered the enemy, expressed his gratitude in lively terms. His people also seemed at last to become sensible of the deep interest the missionaries had taken in their welfare, standing by them in troublous times when they might have escaped to the colony with comparative little loss of property. After nine years' patient waiting the tide began to turn in the missionaries' favour. But though numerous candidates for baptism came forward, Moffat and Hamilton, with true Scottish caution, at first only admitted six to the rite.

About this time Moselekatse, the chief of the Matabele tribe, sent ambassadors to the Bechuanas to ascertain the nature of the improvements among them, of which a rumour had reached him. When the ambassadors saw the houses which had replaced mud huts, the walls of the folds and gardens, the canal conveying water from the river for irrigation, and the smith's forge, they were loud in their exclamations of delight and admiration. "You are men, we are but children," said one; while the other observed: "Moselekatse must be taught all these things."

The ambassadors being apprehensive of attack on their way home, Moffat accompanied them, and earned their heart-felt gratitude by doing so. On reaching Moselekatse's outposts Moffat was preparing to return, but the ambassadors pleaded with the utmost urgency that he should accompany them to the King's presence in order to save their lives. Pointing to the blue mountains on the horizon, they said, "Yonder dwells the great Moselekatse, and how shall we approach his presence if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us, for when we shall have told our news he will ask why our conduct gave you pain to cause you to return; and before the sun descends on the day we see his face, we shall be ordered out for execution because you are not with us."

Overcome by their importunity, Moffat proceeded to the King's town. Here in a large circle composed of warriors whose kilts were of ape-skins, and their legs and arms adorned with the hair and tails of oxen, the King gave him a friendly reception, saying, "The land is before you! you are come to your son. You must sleep where you please." When the "moving houses," as the waggons were called, drew near, the King, having never seen such

things, grasped Moffat's arm and drew back in fear, doubting if they were not living creatures. He treated Moffat with great kindness during his stay, and on his departure accompanied him in his waggon a whole day's journey. This visit of Moffat's led to the foundation of a mission to the Matabeles, which has lasted through various vicissitudes to the present time.

Moffat's own energies were mainly devoted to the Bechuana mission at Kuruman, where he worked till 1870, and was rewarded by seeing the steady rise of this people out of savagery, and their progress in Christianity and the arts of peace.

CHAPTER XII

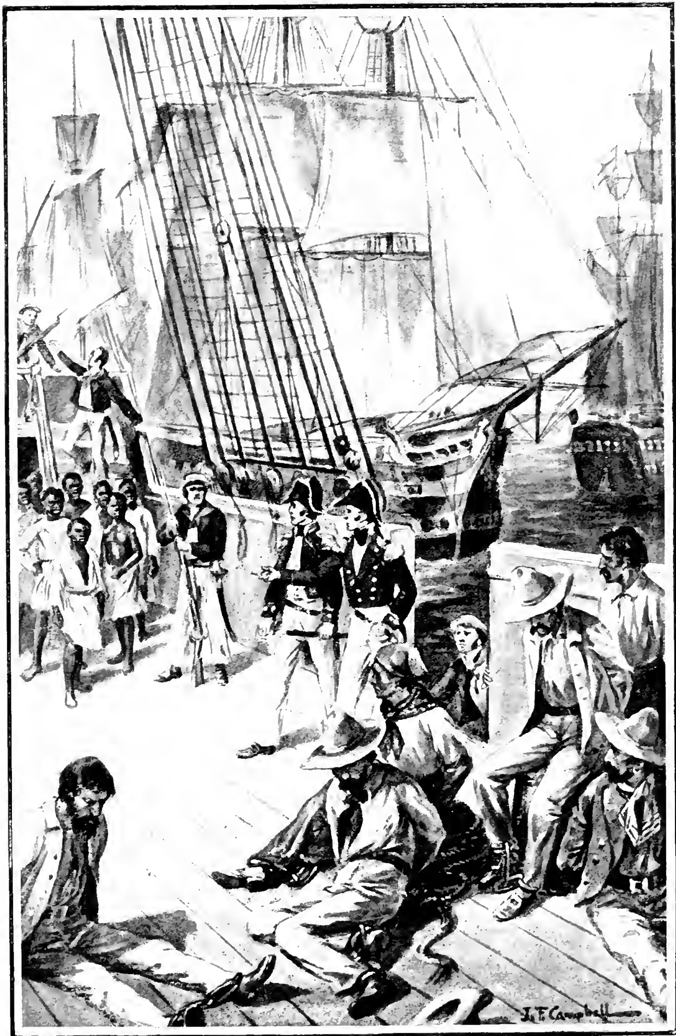
FROM SLAVE TO BISHOP

Captured by slave-dealers—On an English man-of-war—Exploring the Niger—Murders of twins—Training in London—Journey to Abeokuta—Mother and son—Persecution of converts—The surrendered idol—Queen Victoria's gift—Human sacrifices—Abeokuta attacked by the King of Dahomey—Second voyage up the Niger—The black bishop—A negro martyr—Generous native contributions.

BISHOP SAMUEL ADJAI CROWTHER'S career strikingly illustrates in its earlier stages the evils of slavery as they still too largely exist in Africa. He was born about 1810 in a town of the Yoruba country called Ochughu, about a hundred miles inland from the Gulf of Benin. One morning, when he was about eleven years old, a hostile tribe made an attack on the town. Adjai's father seized his bow and arrows, and hurried out to meet the enemy, urging his family to flee into the woods, and they never saw him again. The town was quickly set on fire, and the women and children ran in every direction, trying to hide themselves in the forest round the town. Adjai, with his mother and two sisters, fled to the woods, but they were soon pursued and caught by their enemies, who fastened ropes round their necks and drove them off to a town called Tschi, about twenty miles from Ochughu. They passed on the road heaps of ruins and ashes, the remains of other towns and villages which had been destroyed like their own. The next morning the cords were taken off their necks and they were divided among their captors; Adjai and his sister

fell to the share of the principal chief. A little later in the day Adjai was exchanged for a horse by this chief, but as the horse did not suit him he sent it back and desired to have Adjai returned. He then took him to a town called Daddah, where, to his delight, he met his mother and sister once more. After he had been there about three months, however, he was ordered to go to a house in the town under the pretence of receiving some money, when to his surprise and horror he was seized and added to a party of slaves, all of them in fetters, who were to be led away early the next morning to be sold in a distant slave-market.

On the morrow the slave-dealers loaded the men slaves with baggage, chained one hand of each to his neck, and drove them off. After a few days' journey from Daddah they arrived at Ijahi, and Adjai was sold to a Mohammedan woman, who took him to the town of Toko. Here he had some little liberty, as his mistress allowed him to walk about with her son, it being so far from his home that she was not afraid of his trying to find his way back. In this way he passed from owner to owner till he fell into the hands of a Portuguese slave-dealer, and presently found himself at sea in a slave-ship with 180 other slaves. On the very next evening after their embarkation the slave-ship was surprised and taken by two English ships of war, and in the morning they found themselves in the hands of their new captors. When their fetters were taken off, and they were brought up from the hold of the slave-ship, they were astonished to see around them two very large men-of-war and several smaller ones. They found the Portuguese slave-dealer and all his men bound on the deck. The slave-boys were divided between the English ships, and were much alarmed at first, not knowing what would be done



A Timely Rescue

A slave ship, carrying Crowther and 180 other slaves, was captured by two British men-of-war. When the missionary was released and brought on deck he found the Portuguese slave dealer, to whom he belonged, a prisoner with all his men.

with them. Adjai and five others were taken on board one of the men-of-war, called the *Myrmidon.*

They were kindly treated by the sailors, who each took one of them to be his own servant during the voyage. They found the tables turned on their former owner, the Portuguese slave-dealer, who was brought into the same ship and put in chains.

After cruising along the coast for about two months, Adjai and the other boys were landed at Sierra Leone in June 1822, and were sent at once to Bathurst, one of the Church Missionary stations among the mountains; and thirty other African boys, lately brought into Sierra Leone from other slave ships taken by the English cruisers, were sent with them.

At first the news that they were no longer slaves seemed too good to be true, and they were alarmed at hearing that they must go to Freetown to give evidence against their former owner. This proved to be nothing formidable, and Adjai applied himself to learning to read and write, and was baptized in 1825. Subsequently he was sent to study at Fourah Bay College, and became for some years a schoolmaster.

In the meanwhile an expedition, consisting of three ships, had been prepared to sail up the Niger, and to try to persuade the chiefs of the various inland tribes to give up the practice of burning each other's towns, and of men-stealing, and to learn how to raise cotton, sugar, and corn as articles of traffic instead of slaves. Adjai, who was now known as Samuel Crowther, was invited to join this expedition in order to act as interpreter between the English and the natives of the Yoruba country, to which he originally belonged. As the ships passed up the river Niger, they

found the banks near the mouth lined with thick mangroves, which were succeeded by palms, bamboos, and cotton-trees, and then by plantations of bananas, plantains, sugar-cane, and cocoa, with native huts interspersed. The natives were so timid that they several times pulled their canoes ashore, and ran away into the bush, where they hid themselves among the grass and peeped at the steamer with fear and great astonishment.

When the leading ship came opposite to a village, containing about seven or eight huts, the inhabitants armed themselves with sticks and country bill-hooks, and ran along the bank to a neighbouring village to apprise the villagers of the dreadful approach of these wonderful and self-moving habitations. These villagers also followed the example of their informers: having armed themselves in like manner, they betook themselves to the next village to bring them the same tidings. When they were encouraged to come on board, it was difficult to find persons brave enough to do so. Those who ventured to come near took care not to go so far from the shore that they could not reach it by a leap from their canoe if necessary.

When they reached the town of Ibo the King received them in a friendly manner, and declared himself willing to give up slavery. "If the white men," he said, "give up buying, we will give up selling." He also asked for a native teacher to be left with him, and was much impressed by seeing one who had been a slave able to read. At this and other places, a terrible custom was found—the slaughter of every pair of twins as soon as born; the mother being ever afterwards regarded as an outcast.

Great sickness and mortality prevailed among the members of the expedition, and Mr. Crowther recorded in

his journal the opinion that native missionaries and not European should be chiefly employed in that region, an opinion which the subsequent history of the Niger mission has confirmed. The expedition, however, was successful in making treaties with two of the African kings, who ruled over vast territories, for the abolition of the slave-trade, and in proving to them that legitimate commerce with Europeans in cotton and other goods would be more profitable.

On his return from the Niger, Mr. Crowther was summoned home by the Church Missionary Society's Committee, and, after a course of study at Islington College, was ordained by Bishop Blomfield in 1843, and assigned to the Abeokuta mission, the chiefs of which place had been asking for a missionary. He arrived at Sierra Leone on December 2, 1843, and for the first time preached to his countrymen in their own language. Some delay, however, ensued in his proceeding to Abeokuta, as the friendly chief there had died and a war had broken out between the tribes. He therefore commenced mission work at Badagry, on the coast, occupying himself in preaching and in translating the Scriptures into the Yoruba language.

When the country had become more settled in 1846, Mr. Crowther and another missionary named Townsend set out on their journey of sixty miles to Abeokuta. It was a painful journey, in a country where the tracks through the forests were scarcely to be called roads, especially as the rainy season had set in. Neither bridges nor boats were available, so they had to take a large bathing-tub in which to cross the streams.

When they arrived near Abeokuta several messengers from the chiefs came to conduct them into the town and led them through every market-place and most of the

streets, in order that all the people might see them, to the Town Hall, where the chiefs gave them a friendly greeting. Many presents were made to the missionaries, and land was readily granted to them on which to build a church and houses for themselves.

Mr. Crowther had only been in Abeokuta a short time when he had the joy of meeting his mother, whom he had not seen for twenty-five years. In his journal he thus graphically narrates their meeting—"When she saw me she trembled. She could not believe her own eyes. We grasped one another, looking at each other with silence and great astonishment; big tears rolled down her emaciated cheeks. A great number of people soon came together. She trembled as she held me by the hand and called me by the familiar names by which I well remembered I used to be called by my grandmother, who has since died in slavery." She was inclined to give the credit of their meeting to her idols, but under her son's influence she soon embraced Christianity, and was the first adult baptized in Abeokuta. At first the mission prospered, but presently the heathen natives began to persecute the converts. They threatened to kill all who would not worship their deceased forefathers; then they attempted to poison them, but there were so many of the idolaters whose relations had become Christians that this was given up. Urged on, however, by the idol-priests, who saw that they were likely to lose their power, the heathen members of each family endeavoured to prevent their relatives from going to church, and if they refused to comply brought them before the council to be punished. A female candidate for baptism was threatened with death by her brother if she did not give up going to church, and on refusing to do so she was put in the stocks. A man

of Mr. Crowther's congregation was offered a razor with which to kill himself or to try to defend himself. He answered, "I have two knives about me, and they would have done as well, but I have been taught 'Thou shalt not kill.'" So he rose up and quietly went with them, and was kept in the stocks five days, a number of the priests constantly trying to persuade him to give up the new religion. Finding their efforts fruitless, they at last desisted and let him go. Many of the converts were beaten nearly to death, their feet made fast in stocks, exposed to scorching sun by day and floods of rain by night for five days together. Gradually the active persecution slackened, and other means of seducing the converts were tried. One of these was a resolution by the heathen to refuse their daughters in marriage to any man who would not offer up sacrifices to their gods and purchase idols for their intended wives, according to the custom of the country.

The chiefs took no part in these measures, which probably accounts for the comparative mildness of the persecution. A chief told Mr. Crowther how a servant of his had risked his life to save an idol from his master's house when it was on fire. Mr. Crowther made the obvious answer, "If the idol could not take care of himself, he could not possibly take care of you." The chief was much struck with this, and, being a man of good sense, said he "would think about it," and in a few days he brought the block of wood to Mr. Crowther, declaring that he would never again worship idols, and desired to be received as a candidate for baptism.

In 1848 Mr. Crowther's colleague, Mr. Townsend, being about to proceed to England, the chiefs of Abeokuta sent a message by him to Queen Victoria, begging that slavery

might be checked and trade opened up with the coast. The Queen sent a gracious reply through the Earl of Chichester, President of the Church Missionary Society, and also an Arabic and an English Bible, to which Prince Albert added a steel corn-mill.

The Queen's letter and the gifts were presented to the chiefs on May 23, 1849. Mr. Crowther read the letter in the presence of all the people, translating it into their own language as he went on. After this the mill was fixed. Some Indian corn, prepared for the purpose, was put into the funnel before them, and they were greatly astonished to see it come out as fine flour when the handle was turned.

Less than a year before this Mr. Crowther had vainly endeavoured to prevent the last human sacrifice in Abeokuta. The victim, who had been kidnapped from some distant tribe, was dressed in palm leaves split into small strips, and led about the district in honour of the god with singing and shouting. After that he was led into the fetish-grove and murdered. The war-chief of the district sent to tell Mr. Crowther that, if he had known four or five days before, it should have been prevented; but he promised that such a sacrifice should never be repeated, and that bullocks should be offered instead of human beings.

A heathen reaction, however, began in Abeokuta, reinforced by Gezo, king of the neighbouring country of Dahomey, and a great supporter of the slave-trade. He had seen with dismay the success of the English cruisers along the coast in capturing slave-ships, and he resolved to attack Abeokuta and to drive out the missionaries. Accordingly, in March 1851, he made a fierce assault on

the town with an army of 16,000 men, but was driven off with great loss.

Mr. Hinderer, an English missionary then at Abeokuta, rode out to the battlefield, and found among the fallen Dahomians an immense number of female warriors whom the savage king forced to fight in front of his army. The ground was also strewn with beheaded corpses of Yoruba farmers, whom the King of Dahomey's forces had taken prisoners, and, not being able to carry them away in their flight, had decapitated.

Shortly after this Mr. Crowther came home, and was accorded the honour of an interview with Lord Palmerston, in order to explain to him the state of affairs in the Yoruba country. After his departure from England, Lord Palmerston wrote to him, telling him to assure his fellow-countrymen of the interest which the Government took in their welfare, and in the progress of Christianity and civilisation among them.

After working for a time in Yoruba, Mr. Crowther went up the Niger on a second expedition with Dr. Baikie. This expedition was more successful than that of 1841, as, though it lasted much longer, none of its members died. It had occurred to Mr. Crowther that the number of deaths during the first expedition might have been due to miasma generated by the raw and green wood for fuel kept in the bunkers for days together. He suggested to Dr. Baikie that a supply of fuel might be kept in the canoes which accompanied them, and used as occasion required. To this suggestion he attributed the good health enjoyed by the party.

This expedition explored a great part of the Niger which had been hitherto unknown, and many openings

were found for locating native teachers. As the whole of the Niger district was very unhealthy for white men, native agents had to be principally employed. Between 1854 and 1863 Mr. Crowther ascended the Niger several times to hold communication with the chiefs and open new stations.

In 1864 he was consecrated first Bishop of the Niger Territories by Bishop Blomfield in Canterbury Cathedral, being the first African to be appointed to such an office. Under his superintendence the Niger mission steadily expanded, and new stations were planted in the Niger Delta. One of these was at a place called Bonny, which had been the scene of much degrading superstition and fetish worship, the temple being paved with the skulls of those who had been killed and eaten. The principal objects of worship there were sacred lizards. In this place Bishop Crowther conducted his first service in an old abandoned hulk named the *Princess Royal.* The King took his part against the idolaters, and issued a decree for the destruction of the sacred lizards, which was carried out. But the first baptisms which took place were the signal for a fierce outburst of persecution, in which one of the converts suffered martyrdom.

The heathen held a sacrifice to propitiate the gods on behalf of two canoes about to set out to the markets to bring down oil. The convert was asked to partake of the sacrifice cooked and shared among those who were to be the rowers in the canoes. He took a portion, but would not eat on the ground that he was a Christian. They insisted on his eating, and, as he continued to refuse, they brought him before their chief. As he still would not give way the chief ordered him to be bound

and taken to the plantations. Here the keepers received strict orders not to give him a morsel of food or a drop of water. This injunction was obeyed, and the convert was starved to death.

In 1878 the persecution ceased, and in January 1887 Bishop Crowther opened a church built from native contributions, at a cost of nearly £2000, which received the name of St. Stephen's Cathedral.

The throne for the Bishop, who had once been a little slave-boy, was subscribed for by the Bonny school children. It was carved out of teak-wood taken from an old wreck. It was computed that 2500 found sitting-room in the building on this occasion, and that at least twice that number remained standing outside. St. Stephen's proving insufficient to hold the crowded congregations, the people raised £900 towards a new church.

At Brass, another station in the Delta, after a similar persecution, the King delivered up his idols to Bishop Crowther, and was subsequently baptized. Notwithstanding many difficulties, due to the nature of the country, which consists largely of mangrove swamps, and to the often unsatisfactory character of native agents, the Bishop worked faithfully at his post till his death in 1891. The committee of the Church Missionary Society, in conveying a message of condolence to his relatives, placed on record their sense of "his unwearied industry, his absolute indifference to personal considerations, his unflinching performance of all he believed to be his duty, and his unvaried kindliness towards all in thought and deed." It is certainly remarkable that, even before India, Africa should have produced the first Native Bishop.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR

The usurping Queen—Expulsion of missionaries—A fanatical reformer—First mutterings of the storm—The poison ordeal—Proscription lists—Destruction of books—Rasalama the proto-martyr—The martyrs' rock—Hiding for life—In the slave-quarries—Conversion of Prince Rakoto—End of the persecution—Proclamation of liberty.

THE London Missionary Society first sent missionaries to Madagascar in 1818. In its early stages the mission had to encounter the jealousy of the natives, in whose minds all Europeans were associated with the slave-trade. Some of the people imagined that the schools were nurseries for making their children more valuable when sold into slavery, and others fancied that their offspring were purchased by white men as articles of food. During the first fifteen years of this mission, besides other missionary efforts, the whole Bible was translated, corrected, and printed in the native language at the capital.

The King of Madagascar, at the time of the landing of the missionaries, was named Radama. He encouraged their labours, and sought to civilise his subjects by establishing schools. But in 1827, when visiting the eastern coast of the island, he was entertained with great feasting, and indulged in a course of intemperance which hastened his end. The legitimate heir to the throne was his sister's son, Rakotobe. But Ranavalona, one of the wives of Radama, on hearing of the King's death, sent for two military officers, and promised that if they would devote

themselves to her interest, and secure to her the throne, she would advance them to the highest rank and reward them with riches. Having first secured, as she supposed, the favour of the gods by collusion with the diviners, she succeeded in putting to death four officers of the late King, who declared that he had named Rakotobe to succeed him. She soon after murdered Rakotobe, his mother, and other relatives of Radama, some of whom were starved to death and others openly speared. Such a monarch was not likely to show much favour towards missionaries. Her jealousy was aroused by the idolatrous party, who represented the missionaries as having some political designs. She abruptly ordered one missionary, Mr. Griffiths, to leave the country, on the ground that the period of five years to which his leave to remain extended had expired. Towards the close of 1831 the permission which had been previously given for the administration of the sacraments was withdrawn. The next year the teaching of slaves to read and write was prohibited.

In 1834 an incident occurred which tended still further to prejudice the mind of the Queen against Christianity, and to hasten the crisis. A half-taught inquirer into Christianity, whose zeal outran his discretion, began preaching to the inhabitants of his native village. He imagined himself raised up as a reformer, and professed to receive immediate revelations. In the course of two years he had gained two hundred followers. This man now sent a message to the Queen to say that he had an important revelation for her. His message was received by Rainiharo, the principal officer, who was informed that this man's followers were very numerous. This roused the jealousy of the Government, and the whole

party was summoned to the capital. When they arrived they declared that they had a message from God to the Queen, to the effect that she was to be the sovereign of all the world; that the dead would rise, and the living never die; that there would be an end put to divination, murder, wars and contention; and they offered to forfeit their heads if these things were false. After an examination of two or three days, the man and three of his principal followers were condemned to death, and led to the north end of the town, where they were put head downwards in a rice-pit and boiling water was poured on them; after which the pit was closed upon them and filled up with earth. A number more of the party were cruelly put to death, and the rest sold into slavery and their property confiscated, which yielded a profit of several thousand dollars to the Queen, officers, and judges, thus giving them a taste for plunder. Soon after this she was told that many of the Christians, and among them a near connection of one of her chief ministers, had spoken disrespectfully of the idols. About the same time another incident came to her knowledge which fanned the flame of her anger. A young man who had become a Christian, while visiting some friends in a village where an idol was kept, ventured rather freely to express his surprise that any person could be so ignorant as to put his trust in a senseless log of wood; and his offence was aggravated by the fact that he would not swear, nor work on the Sabbath, and that at night he collected people for prayer. These crimes were alleged against him before the judge, who reported them to the Queen. That the guilt or innocence of the prisoner might appear, he was required to drink the "tangena," the poison-water ordeal. He

passed through it without injury, and to express their joy at his deliverance several Christians residing in the capital imprudently marched in procession through the streets. This was reported to the Queen, and increased her anger.

Just about this time an influential chief, having obtained admission to her presence, thus addressed her: "I am come to ask your Majesty for a spear—a bright and sharp spear; grant my request." Being asked for what purpose he wanted the weapon, his answer was, that the idols, the guardians of the land, were dishonoured; that the hearts of the people were turned from the customs of their ancestors, and that ruin would come on the land unless these evils were speedily suppressed; and "as," he added, "I do not wish to see that calamity come upon my country, I ask for a spear to pierce my heart before the evil day comes." Greatly moved with grief and rage, the Queen first wept, then sat in silence for about half-an-hour, and at length solemnly declared that she would put an end to Christianity if it cost the life of every Christian in the land.

On Sunday, February 22, 1835, she ordered the women whom the lady missionaries had taught to sew, to meet in the courtyard to sew for her. Passing by them, she said with a sneer, "You had better go and ask permission of the Europeans to come and sew for me on the Sabbath. *You* observe the day like the English; I do not." In the evening of the same day, as she was returning home from a bull fight, she passed the chapel, and, hearing the singing, she said, "These people will not leave off till some of their heads are taken from their shoulders."

The next Tuesday orders were given to procure a list of all the houses where prayer-meetings were held, and the names of all the baptized persons. The Queen was astonished at their numbers, and swore she would put to death the owners of the houses. On Thursday the missionaries received a letter from the Queen forbidding them to teach Christianity to the natives, but allowing them to teach the arts and sciences. To this they replied remonstrating against the order, but without effect. On Sunday, 1st March, the people were summoned to the capital to hear the Queen's proclamation. They flocked in from all quarters amid the parade of troops and the roar of artillery. The Queen sent a message, couched in bombastic Oriental terms, in which she called on all who had been baptized, or who had attended places of Christian worship, to come and accuse themselves, threatening with death all who refused, and forbidding the people to join in Christian worship or change the customs of the country.

Many proved compliant, confessed, and made their submission; but the majority stood firm. In the course of the second week in March orders were issued that all persons who had received any books from Europeans should deliver them up, and not conceal even a leaf, on pain of death, and orders were sent to all the outposts to collect the books. They were delivered up with the greatest reluctance by the Christians, and it is supposed that many were retained and concealed.

Before the end of 1835 it became obvious that the missionaries could not profitably remain in Madagascar, as they were entirely prohibited from teaching or preaching Christianity, and other countries were needing labourers. Two of them waited for twelve months more in the hope

that the severity of the prosecution might relax, but as they saw the hope was vain they left the country with heavy hearts in July 1836.

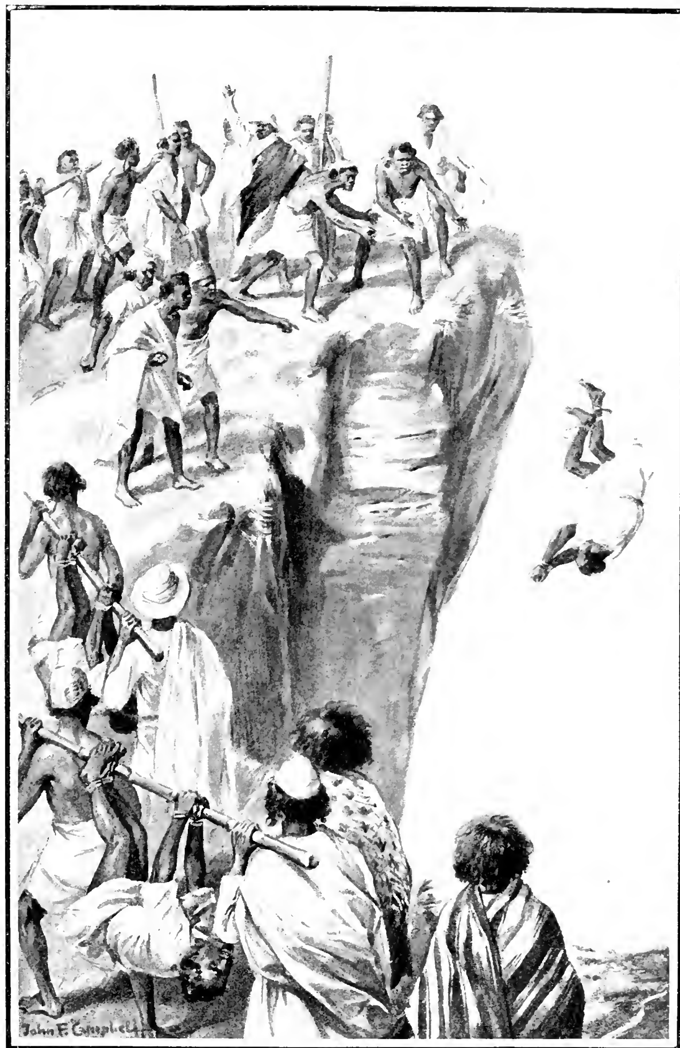
Finding that the Christians persisted in holding secret meetings in their own houses and on the tops of mountains, from whence they could see any one approaching, the Queen proceeded to more severe measures. An accusation was lodged against ten of them, who were apprehended and condemned to perpetual slavery. One of these was Rafaravavy, a woman of high position, whose house was razed and her property seized under an order from the Queen. Sentence of death was passed upon her, and she was loaded with chains. The execution was to be on the following morning; but during the night a fire broke out in the capital, which aroused the superstitious fears of Ranavalona, and saved Rafaravavy's life. The honour of being the protomartyr of Madagascar was reserved for another.

Amongst the ten who were now imprisoned was a young woman named Rasalama. While in confinement she was overheard to express her astonishment that she and her friends should be so strictly guarded, and said : "When the Tsitialaingia (the silver lance borne by the Queen's officer when arresting accused persons) came to my house, I was not afraid, but rather rejoiced." This utterance having been reported to the judges, she was ordered to be put into irons and severely beaten. Her firmness and fortitude confounded her persecutors, and astonished the people; and the only solution of the mystery which they could imagine, was that she was under the influence of some mysterious charm.

During the afternoon preceding the day of her execution the ordinary chains she wore were exchanged for others,

consisting of rings and bars fastened round her feet, hands, knees, and neck, so as to force her into a constrained position which caused great suffering. She, therefore, welcomed her release at the hands of the executioner. One young man, stimulated by her example, forced his way through the guards who surrounded her on the way to the place of execution, exclaiming, "My sister, I will not leave you till the end." On reaching the fatal spot she knelt down, and was pierced to the heart by the spears of the executioners; her body was left to be devoured by the dogs. This first victim was soon to be followed by many more. Those who were condemned to die were treated with the greatest indignity. Old torn and dirty mats were wrapped round them, and rags were stuffed into their mouths. Seventeen of them were tied along poles, and each carried between two men bearing the pole on their shoulders to the place where sentence was to be pronounced. Four of them being nobles, they were sentenced to be burned. At the place of execution, life was offered them if they would take the required idolatrous oaths. Declining to do this, they were bound and laid on the pile of wood, or placed between split poles, more wood being heaped upon them, and the pile then kindled.

The remaining thirteen were taken to a place of common execution, whither a number of felons who had been sentenced to death were also taken to be executed together with the Christians. The latter were put to death by being thrown over a steep precipice. Each one was suspended by a cord on or near the edge of the precipice, and there offered life on condition of renouncing Christianity and taking the required oaths. One of them was a young woman, who, it was hoped, would be induced to



THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR

The condemned native Christians were tied to poles and carried up to the top ot a precipice. They were offered life if they renounced their faith, but none faltered. One of them, a young woman, was compelled to see the others hurled over the fatal rock, but not even she was intimidated, and indeed begged to be thrown after her friends.

recant. With this view, she was, according to orders, reserved till the last, and placed in such a position as to see all the others, one after another, hurled over the fatal rock. So far from being intimidated, she begged to follow her friends. The idol-keeper struck her on the face, and urged her to take the oath, and do reverence to the idols, but the executioner said, "She is an idiot, and does not know what she says." She was then taken from the place, and afterwards sent to a distant part of the country.

Several of the accused escaped, and wandered about homeless in the wilds and forest. One fugitive, in a narrative of their wanderings, says: "We then entered a thicket of small bamboos where there was water up to the knees, and there were many crocodiles in the water. It was all water and marshy ground, and we found no place to lie down and sleep on, except when we came to a tree or a piece of ground somewhat raised and dry. We frequently came upon crocodiles, sometimes we trod upon them, and when we lay down at night we smelt them near us."

"We did not expect to live or ever see men again, for we thought we should die in that swamp. But after nine days we came to an open country, and found great numbers of water-lilies growing. We gathered and ate the leaves of the lilies, and remained five days in the place where we found this food. When we went on again we soon came to a broad water, where we stopped two days, and cut a large quantity of long coarse grass, which we tied in a bundle to serve the purpose of a raft; we also made a rope of long grass with which to draw the raft across the river. Then I swam with one end of the rope to the other side of the river. My wife and another woman pushed the bundle of grass into the water, placed their bundles and

the little child on the top of it, and I pulled it across; while the women swam one on each side of the raft, to keep it steady; and so all reached the shore safely, though the stream was rapid and there were numbers of crocodiles in the river."

Very many who neither escaped nor were killed were forced to work as slaves. Some who had been officers in the army were reduced to the rank of common soldier, and to add to the punishment they were ordered to build a stone house. This was a severe task, especially for men altogether unused to such labour, for they were compelled to go into the quarry, to dig out the blocks of stone, and then to carry them to the site of the building. Task-masters were placed over them; they had scanty clothing and little food; and they were branded with the name "Tsihiaharana," which means "that which is not to be imitated." As soon as they had completed one heavy task they were set to others equally laborious. Thus, as soon as the house had been built, the same band of Christians was sent into the forest to fell large trees, and, though there were no roads, to drag them over hill and dale to a considerable distance. Some were despatched to fight against a wild tribe called Sakalaves, and to remain in the enemy's country during the wet season, when fevers prevailed.

The only check on the savage Queen was the conversion of her own son, Rakoto, to Christianity. Though only a youth of seventeen, he exerted his influence in behalf of persecuted Christians, and succeeded in saving some. In defiance of the laws he joined them for worship in their places of retreat, and when their lives or their liberty were threatened he used all the means in his power to warn them

of the impending danger and to assist their escape. The Prime Minister appealed to the Queen, and said, "Madam, your son is a Christian; he prays with the Christians, and encourages them in this new doctrine. We are lost if your Majesty do not stop the Prince in this strange way." "But," replied the Queen, "he is my only son! Let him do what he pleases; if he wishes to become a Christian, let him."

Notwithstanding this, the laws against Christianity continued unrepealed till the Queen's death in 1861. Shortly before that event there was a last and savage outburst of persecution. Ten Christians were publicly executed, and their death was accompanied with frightful tortures. On the way to the place of execution the soldiers goaded them with their spears, and the blood-stained path along which they had been driven showed with what cruelty the weapons had been used. For some special reason it was ordered that they should not be executed according to any of the accustomed modes. It is probable that, as the previous martyrdoms had been fruitless of result, the Queen resolved to strike terror by a new and strange method. They were therefore sentenced to be stoned, but not to death; and before life was extinct their heads were to be severed from their bodies and held up to the view of the multitude. These were the last of the long line of Madagascar martyrs.

As soon as the Queen's son came to the throne with the title of Radama II., he proclaimed complete freedom of worship, and sent his officers to knock off the fetters from all the captives. He despatched others to recall the remnant of the condemned ones from the remote and pestilential districts to which they had been banished, and

in which numbers had died from disease, or from exhaustion caused by the heavy bars of iron with which they had been chained together neck to neck. The exiles hastened home; men and women worn with suffering and want reappeared in the city to the astonishment of their neighbours, who had deemed them long since dead, and to the grateful joy of their friends.

The case of Madagascar is unique in the history of Christian missions. No single heroic figure, like Judson or Livingstone, occupies the foreground: we have instead a number of heroic but obscure sufferers. A few Christians only were known to exist in 1836, when the last of the missionaries left the island; yet, in 1861, though entirely cut off from all outer aid, their number had swelled to 7000. The reason of their tenacity in holding to the truth, and of their zeal in spreading it is not far to seek. They did not ask for money, though they were poor; to ask for missionaries they knew to be useless; but every cry they sent to England was for more Bibles. Men of business, men in office, would entreat for one copy—only one of the New Testament. When a ship was expected to bring some copies of the precious book, men would toil through a twelve days' journey from the capital to Tamatave, and would linger on the shore for whole days, watching with longing eyes for the first glimpse of the sails of the vessel which was to bring them what they valued more than food. Never perhaps in history has there been a more striking exemplification of the fact that "Man doth not live by bread alone."

CHAPTER XIV

LIVINGSTONE'S EARLY EXPLORATIONS

The happy warrior—Adventure with a lion—Marked for life—The alarmed chieftain—Sechelé and his whip—Obstructive Boers—Discovery of Lake Ngami—The waterless desert—Death of Sebituane—From Linyanti to Loanda—Petticoat government—An athletic princess—Terrors of the magic-lantern—Mice for supper—Swimming for life—First sight of the sea.

WORDSWORTH'S well-known poem of the "Happy Warrior" reads like an unconscious prophecy of Livingstone, especially the two lines:

> "Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim."

In Livingstone's case that aim was to open up Africa to civilisation and Christianity. When he landed at Cape Town in 1841, he found the missionaries massed together at the southern extremity of the continent, while inland lay vast regions utterly unexplored. After residing for a time at Kuruman, where he married Dr. Moffat's daughter, and secluded himself for six months among the natives in order to learn the language perfectly, he removed to Mabotsa. Here his famous adventure with a lion took place. He was shooting at the animal when it sprang at him and caught him by the shoulder, and they both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, the lion shook him as a terrier dog shakes a rat. Fortunately a native firing at him distracted his attention. He left Livingstone to attack the native, and bit him in the thigh, but soon

afterwards fell dead from the musket-balls which he had already received. Eleven of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of Livingstone's arm, and had crunched the bone into splinters. So serious was the injury that a false joint had to be made, and this served to identify his body when it was brought home from Africa to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Not long afterwards he moved to Kolobeng, the head-quarters of a chief named Sechelé, with whom he became very friendly. When he first heard from Livingstone the truths of Christianity, he said, "You startle me; these words make all my bones to shake. I have no more strength in me; but my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it they did not send them word about these things sooner." When Livingstone spoke of his intention of carrying the Gospel to the regions beyond, the chief said, pointing to the great Kalahari desert: "You never can cross that country to the tribes beyond; it is utterly impossible even for us black men, except in certain seasons, when more than the usual supply of rain falls, and an extraordinary growth of water-melons follows."

His first idea of the way to spread Christianity among his followers was certainly naïve: "If you like I shall call my headman, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide we will soon make them all believe together." After instructing him for a considerable time, Livingstone baptized him. Great numbers came to see the ceremony. Some thought, from foolish rumours which had been circulated, that converts to Christianity were made to drink an infusion of dead men's brains, and were astonished to find that only water was used.

Unfortunately at this time a severe drought took place,

and the natives, as usually happens in such cases, attributed it to the presence of the missionary. "We like you," said the uncle of Sechelé to him, "as well as if you had been born among us; you are the only white man we can become familiar with; but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying: we cannot become familiar with that at all." They were confirmed in this prejudice by the fact that rain often fell on the hills ten miles away, while not a drop reached them.

Another and more serious obstacle was the treatment of the natives by the Boers, who believed, or professed to believe, that the natives had no souls, and therefore impressed them as slaves without scruple. They told Livingstone that he might as well go and preach to "the baboons on the rocks." Their animosity was further aroused by the fact that the English traders sold the natives arms and ammunition. They were actually planning an attack to seize these, when Livingstone went to the Boer commandant and prevailed upon him to defer it. But later on, in Livingstone's absence, the Boers made an attack on Kolobeng and plundered his house in revenge, smashing his stock of medicines, and tearing his books to pieces. Finding his work so hindered by the Boers, Livingstone prepared for his first long journey, in the hope of discovering Lake Ngami, of which rumours had reached him. He was accompanied by two English travellers, Oswell and Murray, and left Kolobeng on 1st June 1849. A neighbouring chief, Sekomi, sent a message of strong dissuasion. "Where are you going? you will be killed by the sun and thirst, and then all the white men will blame me for not saving you." Other natives were not behind in expressing their surprise at the three travellers daring to enter the waterless region.

"Have these hunters, who come so far and work so hard, no meat at home?" They had immense difficulty in crossing the desert, owing to the scarcity of water, and were often tantalised by mirages, which appeared so real, that not only the Europeans but the natives were deceived by them. On the 1st August, they reached the shores of Lake Ngami, which had never before been seen by European eyes.

Livingstone would gladly have gone farther north, but was forced to return to Kolobeng by the want of supplies. In April 1850, he again started for the lake with Mrs. Livingstone and her three children. They had a terrible experience in crossing the desert, as the supply of water in the waggons had been wasted by the carelessness of their servants. For four days they could find none, and the children nearly died of thirst. "Not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother," says Livingstone, "though the tearful eye told the agony within. In the afternoon of the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some of the men returned with a supply of that fluid, of which we had never before felt the true value." The difficulties of the desert march were increased by the presence of the tse-tse fly, which destroyed forty-three fine oxen.

Arrived at the north of Lake Ngami, Livingstone made the acquaintance of Sebituane, chief of the Makololo, a remarkable man, who, by his courage and audacity, held all the surrounding tribes in awe. He was pleased with the proof of confidence the missionary had shown in bringing his children. Unfortunately, he was soon taken ill, and Livingstone was afraid to treat him medically, lest in the event of his death he should be blamed by his people. To Livingstone's distress, this occurred soon afterwards, and Sebituane was succeeded by his

son, Sekeletu, who also became a warm friend of the missionary.

During this expedition Livingstone discovered the Zambesi, which had previously been supposed to rise much farther to the east. Not being able to find a healthy station where to settle Mrs. Livingstone and his family, Livingstone resolved to send them home before he proceeded further inland. Accordingly, he accompanied them to Cape Town in 1852, and set out again with a very sorry equipment of waggons and oxen, owing to scarcity of funds, for the interior. He crossed the Kalahari Desert again to the west, giving the Boers, who were violently opposed to his missionary explorations, a wide berth. The Makololo were startled at his coming again among them, and said: "He has dropped among us from the clouds. We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird." They took the waggons to pieces and carried them across the river on a number of canoes lashed together. The whole population of Linyanti, the chief town of the district, numbering between six and seven thousand, turned out to see the waggons in motion, having never seen such a thing before. Sekeletu sent the court herald to greet them, who, leaping and shouting at the top of his voice, roared out: "Don't I see the white man? Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane? Don't I see the father of Sekeletu? We want sleep. Give your son sleep, my lord!" (sleep meaning security from foes). Soon after his arrival at Linyanti, Sekeletu asked him to mention anything he wanted, offering to give him freely any object required. When Livingstone said his object was to teach him and his people Christianity, the chief replied that he

did not wish to learn the Book, "for he was afraid it might change his heart, and make him content with only one wife like Sechelé."

At one of the religious services which Livingstone held for the natives, the women behaved with great decorum, but in kneeling down many bent over their little ones, and the children, in terror of being crushed, set up a simultaneous yell. Sekeletu was urgent in pressing Livingstone to take presents, but he refused, as he did on other occasions, from the conviction that it was degrading for a religious teacher to take gifts from those whose spiritual welfare he professed to seek. Failing to find a healthy spot for a settlement near Linyanti, Livingstone determined to open up a way to Loanda on the west coast, or, as he wrote to his father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, "perish in the attempt." A "picho" or native assembly was held to deliberate on the arrangement for his march. One diviner tried to frighten his followers from accompanying him, and said: "Where is he taking you to? The white man is throwing you away? Your garments already smell of blood." Sekeletu, however, laughed at him, and twenty-seven men were deputed to accompany Livingstone. He was convinced that no permanent elevation of a people can be effected without commerce, and that the opening of a route to the coast was therefore of the greatest importance.

Only a man of indomitable courage would have undertaken such a journey, through utterly unknown regions and tribes for eight hundred miles, being already weakened by constant attacks of fever. If he looked up quickly, he was seized with a strange giddiness; everything appeared to rush to the left, and if he did not catch hold of some support, he fell heavily to the ground. "But," he says

in his journal, "I had always believed that if we serve God at all, it ought to be done in a manly way, and I was determined to succeed, or perish in the attempt to open up this part of Africa. The Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, had saved me the trouble of making a will."

To avoid heavy loads, he only took a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty of coffee. One small tin canister about fifteen inches square was filled with spare shirts, trousers and shoes, to be used when he reached civilisation again; another of the same size was stored with medicines; a third with books, and a fourth box contained a magic-lantern, which was found of much service.

Proceeding up the Zambesi in canoes, he arrived among the Balonda tribe ruled over by a female chief, Nyamoana. She sent her daughter Manenko, a strapping young woman of twenty, to escort him to her brother, the chief Shinté. Manenko was something of a virago. When Livingstone was making ready his packages, she said the men whom she had ordered for the service would not arrive till the next day. Annoyed at the delay, Livingstone ordered the packages to be put into the canoes at once; but Manenko was not to be circumvented in this way. She came forward with her people, seized the luggage, and declared she would carry it in spite of him. His followers laid down their load, and Livingstone, left powerless, was moving off in high dudgeon to the canoes, when she placed her hand on his shoulder and said: "Now, my little man, just do as the rest have done." Amused at her masterfulness, he forgot his feelings of annoyance, and went off with his gun to spend the time in trying for some game.

When they started, this stalwart princess marched in front as leader, and at a pace with which few of the men could keep up. Livingstone, mounted on ox-back, followed close behind, and asked her why she did not clothe herself, as it was raining. She answered that a chief ought not to appear effeminate, but must always wear the appearance of robust youth, and bear hardships without wincing. His men, in admiration of her pedestrian powers, kept remarking, "Manenko is a soldier," and they were all glad when she proposed a halt to prepare their night's lodging on the banks of a stream.

As they went north, they found themselves in the dense gloom of the Central African forest, through which they had to pass by a narrow way cut by the axe. Immense climbing plants entwined themselves like boa-constrictors around gigantic trees, and often stood erect by themselves, having choked the trees by which they had been supported. Although drenched with rain and often suffering from fever, Livingstone says he found this dense gloom refreshing after the scorching glare of the Kalahari Desert. Even here, he could never see water thrown away without feeling that they were guilty of wasting it, having so often in the desert experienced the enormous difficulty of finding it.

At Shinté's town, he came upon Portuguese slave-traders for the first time. His followers, who had never seen these men-sellers before, exclaimed: "They are not men; they are beasts who treat their children so."

At the place of audience, they found the chief Shinté on a sort of throne covered with a leopard's skin. He was dressed in a check jacket and a kilt of scarlet baize, edged with green: strings of large beads hung from his neck, and his limbs were covered with iron and copper

armlets and bracelets; on his head he wore a helmet of beads neatly woven together, and crowned with a great bunch of goose-feathers by way of crest.

On learning that "Shinté's mouth was bitter for want of ox-flesh," Livingstone presented him with an ox, to his great delight, but the masterful Manenko hearing of it, came up with the air of an injured person, and explained that, "The white man belonged to her; she had brought him here, and therefore the ox was hers, not Shinté's." Upon this she ordered her men to bring it, had it slaughtered, and presented her uncle with a leg only. Shinté did not seem at all annoyed at her interference.

Here Livingstone exhibited his magic-lantern. The first picture shown was the sacrifice of Isaac, and the women listened silently to his explanation of it, but as the slide was being withdrawn, the uplifted knife seemed moving towards them, and they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's. They all shouted: "Mother! Mother!" and rushed off, tumbling pell-mell over each other, and nothing would induce them to return. Shinté, however, sat bravely through the whole, and afterwards examined the instrument with interest. It was the only mode of instruction Livingstone was ever pressed to repeat. The people came long distances to see the pictures and hear the explanations.

When Livingstone took his departure, Shinté, as a sign of friendship, hung a conical shell round his neck, "an article in regions far from the sea of as great value as the Lord Mayor's badge is in London." He also gave him a native guide named Intemese, who proved a great plague to the traveller, and lied on all occasions to save himself trouble.

The serious difficulties of the march now began. They entered a region where no animal food was to be procured. One of the guides caught a mole and two mice for his supper, and the care with which he wrapped them up in a leaf and slung them on a spear, showed that there was little hopé of finding larger game. The chiefs through whose country they were now passing proved covetous, and demanded toll. Livingstone pacified one by sending him the worst shirt in his stock. Another chief named Njambi, of the Chiboque tribe, was not so easily satisfied. He sent an impudent message demanding either a man, an ox, a gun, powder, cloth or a shell; and, in the event of refusal, intimated his intention of preventing their further progress. When this demand was refused, he collected his people and surrounded their encampment, evidently intending to plunder them of everything. Livingstone's men seized their javelins and stood on the defensive, while he sat on his camp-stool with his double-barrelled gun across his knees. Njambi came for a parley, and sat on the ground in front of him. After a lengthy discussion, Livingstone gave him one of his shirts. On Njambi's followers showing dissatisfaction at this, he added a bunch of beads, and again a large handkerchief. The more he yielded, however, the more unreasonable they became. At every fresh demand they shouted and rushed towards him, brandishing their weapons.

In the meantime, Livingstone's Makololo followers, outnumbering the Chiboque party, had quietly surrounded them and made them feel there was no way of escaping their spears. Livingstone then said that as everything had failed to satisfy them, it was evident that they wanted to fight, and that if so, they must begin first and bear the

guilt. Calming down at this, and seeing his party outnumbered, the chief said: "If you give us an ox we will give you whatever you wish, and then we shall be friends." Accordingly the ox was given, and in return, two or three pounds of its flesh were sent back with a very small basket of meal! Livingstone adds: "It was impossible to avoid laughing at the coolness of these generous creatures."

Added to these difficulties was the nature of the country and the season of the year. It was during the rains, and they had to flounder through several rivers, holding on by the tails of the oxen. Crossing the river Loke, Livingstone became separated from his ox, and was obliged to strike out for the opposite bank alone. His followers were greatly alarmed on seeing this, and about twenty of them made a simultaneous rush into the water for his rescue. Just as he reached the opposite bank one seized his arm and another clasped him round the body. They expressed great pleasure on finding that he could swim.

Owing to the constant exactions and attacks of the tribes through whose territory they were now passing, Livingstone's men began to get disheartened. Some of them proposed to return home, but he could not endure the prospect of returning when just on the threshold of the Portuguese settlements. After using all his powers of persuasion, he declared to them that if they returned he should go on alone, and retired to his little tent. Thither he was soon followed by the headman, who said "We will never leave you. Do not be disheartened. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were made only on account of the injustice of these people."

Others followed, and with the most artless simplicity of manner told him to be comforted. "They were all my children; they knew no one but Sekeletu and me, and they would die for me; they had just spoken in the bitterness of their spirit, and when feeling that they could do nothing." At last they arrived at the edge of the high land on which they had been travelling. At the depth of a thousand feet below lay the magnificent valley of the Quango. Livingstone had been so weakened by twenty-seven attacks of fever that in going down the descent he had to be supported by his companions. "Emerging from the gloomy forests of Londa," he says, "this magnificent prospect made us all feel as if a weight had been lifted off our eyelids." Here a Bashinje chief made an attempt at extortion before he would let them pass to the river, but Livingstone, disregarding him, told his men to move on, which they did, though the hostile party opened fire on them, without, however, doing any damage.

Not long afterwards they beheld the sea from the elevated plains of Loanda. The Makololo were much impressed, and in describing their feelings afterwards they remarked, "We were marching along with our father believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us: 'I am finished; there is no more of me.'"

The large stone houses and churches of Loanda struck them with little less awe. One of them before this had said of Livingstone's house at Kolobeng: "It is not a hut; it is a mountain with several caves in it." Visiting one of the ships in harbour with Livingstone, they said,

"It is not a canoe at all, it is a town! And what sort of a town that you climb into with a rope?"

Thus successfully ended the first of those long journeys by which Livingstone, as he said, was resolved "to open up Africa or perish."

III

IN INDIA AND THE EAST

CHAPTER XV

SCHWARTZ IN SOUTH INDIA

The Rajah of Tanjore—Power of the Brahmins—Schwartz as diplomatist—The Lion of the Carnatic—In the Indian jungle—Cruelties at Seringapatam — Preaching in the Palace — Hyder's invasion — A second Joseph—The bankrupt Rajah—A treacherous guardian—The prince-poet—A double memorial.

CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH SCHWARTZ, a native of Sonnenburg in Prussia, received Lutheran Orders at Copenhagen, and after spending some time in England to acquire English, sailed for India under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He arrived in Tranquebar on the Coromandel coast in July 1750. Here in a few months, after intense and unremitting study, he delivered his first sermon in Tamil, in the church that had been built by Ziegenbalg, the first Protestant missionary in India. After some years of persevering but uneventful work at Tranquebar, he was transferred to Trichinopoly. Here, besides missionary work, he ministered to the soldiers and officers of the English garrison. From this place, he paid several visits to Tanjore, the Rajah of which received him in a friendly manner, but was not at that time disposed to grant a piece of ground for the erection of a church, as Schwartz desired. This was doubtless due

to the influence of the Brahmins, who were strongly opposed to the introduction of Christianity. He witnessed a striking instance of the veneration in which they were held during an interview with the Rajah. A Brahmin entered; the Rajah prostrated himself before him on the ground, and afterwards stood before him with his hands folded; while the Brahmin placed himself on an elevated seat: the Rajah made signs to the missionary to enter into discourse with the priest, who heard all with seeming attention, but made no reply.

Schwartz had been labouring in South India for nearly thirty years when one of the most striking incidents in his life occurred.

In 1779 the garrison at Tanjore being numerous, Schwartz addressed a letter to the Governor and Council at Madras, and obtained their public sanction and contributions for the erection of a church. The first stone of this edifice was laid by General Munro, but the funds running short, Schwartz applied to the Council at Madras for further aid. He was desired in reply to come with all possible speed to Madras. He did so, and on being introduced to the Governor, Sir Thomas Rumbold, was addressed as follows: "There is reason to believe that Hyder Ali (the ruler of Mysore) meditates warlike designs. We wish to discover his sentiments in this weighty affair with certainty, and think you are the fittest person for this purpose. You will oblige us if you will make a journey thither, sound Hyder Ali, and assure him that we entertain peaceable thoughts. As the intention of the journey is good and Christian, namely to prevent the effusion of human blood, and to preserve this country in peace, this commission militates not against but highly becomes your sacred office,

and therefore we hope you will accept it." This is probably the only occasion on which the Government of India has requested the aid of a missionary for political service.

After some time for consideration, Schwartz accepted the proposal, and in August 1779 set out for the capital of Mysore. It was a bold step, for Hyder Ali was a cruel despot and a breaker of all bonds and treaties. In one village Schwartz had to wait many days to receive an answer to his request for permission to proceed; it was favourable, and he again set out. Soon afterwards they had to pass a wood and a mountain much infested with wild animals; often at night when composing himself to sleep in his tent he was disturbed by the shrill mournful cry of the jackals or the roar of the tiger. He was now among the passes of the Eastern Ghauts; narrow and wooded glens; tracts covered with thick jungle grass so high as to hide the precipices close at hand, as well as the wild beasts who there made their lair. The voice of waters was heard among the woody heights around, and the travellers longed to drink of these rivulets, but often feared to do so, lest they should fall into the clutches of some beast of prey.

On the 14th of August the party arrived at a small town, after a long and weary day's journey at the foot of the mountains. There was a fort in the neighbourhood built on a high rock, which had been captured a few years before by his friend, Colonel Wood. These forts were generally built on isolated rocks that rose several hundred feet above the level of the plain. On the 17th they arrived at Guzzulhutty; where, he says in his journal, "the heat was intense, and the formidable mountains were still before us. A multitude of men accompanied us. Many carried a piece of wood which they kindled not only to

render the path more discernible, but chiefly to deter the tigers. It was very solemn as we entered the passes, the light of the torches being cast on the trees and rocks; if one looks down into the abyss, the head becomes quite giddy, for the daylight was so dim that we saw only a frightful void. The path is frequently so narrow that if you begin to slip, it is all over with you. When we had ascended about half-way up the hill, the sun arose; then we beheld the numerous heights and depths with astonishment. The eye is unable to satiate itself with gazing, so that the dread of tigers is forgotten."

On his arrival in Seringapatam, a tent was pitched on the glacis of the fort for his residence. Things wore a hostile appearance, for a large body of troops was encamped without the walls, who only waited the signal to march. From the tones as well as the looks of the people, it was evident that war was at hand. On the eastern extremity of the island on which the city stood were the prince's palace, and the gardens, laid out in shady walks, with the river Cauveri flowing beside them. Schwartz was visited in his tent by officers and judges of the court, as well as by Brahmins curious to know what the doctrine thus brought for the first time to the capital of Mysore might be.

At last he had an audience of the prince, who requested him to sit by his side. The floor was spread with beautiful carpets. A greater contrast could hardly be imagined than that between the blood-stained Oriental despot and the German pietist whose life was "one constant calm." Hyder Ali listened attentively to Schwartz, and then upbraided the English, who had promised to aid him in his war with the Mahrattas, but had failed to do so. He professed, however, to be desirous to live at peace with

them. He then gave audience to others on the affairs of his empire. His rapidity in transacting business greatly surprised Schwartz.

The missionary was now invited to stay in the palace, where the cries of tortured victims were often to be heard. "Here," says Schwartz, "the nearest friends do not trust themselves to open their hearts. Within the palace Hyder's ancient friend, Kundee Row, is confined in an iron cage, and fed with bread and milk; by which means the former kept his vow that he would treat him like a parrot. Dreadful punishments take place daily. I am hardly sure whether I ought to describe how one of his official servants was punished. The poor man was bound; two persons approached with whips, and mangled him shockingly. His flesh was then torn with pointed nails, and then he was flogged again. His shrieks were awful." Schwartz often conversed with Hyder in a splendid hall that was cool during the heat of the day. The roof was supported by a double row of lofty pillars of marble, with capitals carved in the form of palm leaves; a flight of steps led to a light gallery, that ran along the walls. "I frequently sat with him," he says in his journal, "in this hall, which opened into a garden with rows of cypresses, fountains, &c."

There could be few things in common between the two, though Schwartz held religious conversations with Hyder, who told him, "that he had his free permission to convert any of his people to his religion, if he thought he could succeed; for he was sure he would say nothing improper to them or that would tend to injure his authority." One evening his curiosity was roused, and he desired Schwartz to speak in Persian before him as he had done to his people. Schwartz complied: officers, and ministers and others stood around.

Never was there a more hushed or awe-struck auditory: this was not due, however, to any religious impression, but to the fear of Hyder, whose every glance and varying expression was watched with deep anxiety. "It was in vain," writes Schwartz; "Hyder is quite unconcerned about religion; he has none himself, and leaves every one to his own choice."

Schwartz spent three months in Seringapatam occupied in missionary work, when not engaged with the prince. Often in the evening, when the air came fresh from the river and the mountains on the eastern shore, he repaired to the glacis of the fort, and there preached to a motley audience, both of high and low, of whom some few became converts. That the darkest natures are not without a solitary virtue was evinced one day when Schwartz, who was in the splendid hall of the palace, observed a crowd of well-dressed children busied in the garden. On inquiring who they were, he was told they were orphans for whom no one else would provide; and Hyder was resolved that the fatherless should not be deserted in his dominions. Schwartz was so impressed with the scene that on his return to Tanjore he prevailed on the Rajah to erect a dwelling about two miles from the city for the reception of orphans, which he ever after carefully tended.

When the time for his departure came, Hyder sent commands to all his officers between Seringapatam and Tanjore "to permit Padre Schwartz to pass unmolested and show him respect and kindness, for he is a holy man, and means no harm to my government." But notwithstanding his friendly reception of Schwartz, Hyder had by no means renounced his plans of revenge on the English, urged on by his own ambition and by the intrigues of the French, who were at this time again at war with England.

SCHWARTZ IN SOUTH INDIA

In the month of June 1780 Hyder invaded the Carnatic with an army of nearly one hundred thousand men, a third part of which were cavalry. The first warning to the supine government of Madras that an enemy was drawing near was given by the black columns of smoke seen on the horizon from the Mount of St. Thomas, a few miles from the city. The villages were burned, the fields wasted, and all the crops perished. Hyder had a corps of 5000 pioneers, who levelled the woods and jungles as they marched along. Crowds of people from every part of the country flocked into the towns for relief. Tanjore and Trichinopoly were filled with multitudes whom famine soon began to stare in the face. The number of dead that lay in the streets threatened to add pestilence also. They were daily collected in carts and carried to large trenches made outside the town. "Here and there might be seen," says a contemporary description, "groups of the wretched devouring bones, shells, leaves of trees and grass: the sick and weary, sunk down from absolute weakness, lay under the rays of a burning sun and died." Many begged to be taken as slaves for a little food. Parents of the highest classes offered to sell their children for a mere trifle, but no one would purchase them. In this extremity Schwartz played the part of a second Joseph. There was grain enough left in the country, but there were no bullocks to bring it into the fort, for all confidence was lost; the inhabitants of the country, in consequence of former oppressions, drove away their cattle and refused to assist the town. Even the orders and entreaties of the Rajah were in vain. At last he said to one of his chief officers: "We all, you and I, have lost our credit; let us try whether the inhabitants will trust Mr. Schwartz." Accordingly he sent him a blank paper empower-

ing him to make any proper terms with the people. There was no time to be lost. The Sepoys were falling down like dead men, being emaciated with hunger; and the streets were lined with corpses every morning. Schwartz sent letters around, promising himself to pay any sums due; and in one or two days he got above a thousand bullocks, and eighty thousand "kalams" of grain. The people made all possible haste, so many lives being at stake, and thus the town was saved. When all the necessary supplies had been brought in he paid the people, and sent them home.

Apprehensive of the renewal of war, he bought a quantity of rice when the price was moderate, and also persuaded some European merchants to send him a supply monthly. With this food he preserved numbers from perishing who were lying about in the open roads. The fort of Trichinopoly also afforded an asylum to many of the people who fled thither from the enemy. About this time Schwartz paid a visit to the camp of the British commander, Colonel Fullarton, who was greatly impressed by him, and wrote to the Marquis of Cornwallis: "The knowledge and integrity of this irreproachable missionary have retrieved the character of the Europeans from imputations of general depravity."

Not long after the restoration of peace the Rajah of Tanjore died. Being childless, he had adopted a boy as his successor according to Hindu custom. On his deathbed he conjured Schwartz to guard the life of the orphan, when he should be no more, from the intrigues of his enemies. Thus adjured, Schwartz consented after much painful hesitation, for he foresaw the difficulty of the charge. On the following day the Rajah felt he had not long to live, and sent for Schwartz once more; his couch was surrounded by his chief

officers and ministers watching the dying man in deep and silent anxiety; beneath a pavilion were seated his brother, Ameer Singh, and Serfojee, the Rajah's adopted heir. The dying Rajah said, "I have followed the advice given me by Mr. Schwartz. I appoint my brother to govern the country till the orphan is grown up; he is to act kindly to him." On the Rajah's decease, in reply to Schwartz's representations of the oppressions suffered by the people, Ameer Singh promised him that he would be a father to them, would relieve their burdens, and personally inspect the country, without too much reliance on subordinates.

As usual with Orientals, these promises meant nothing. Ameer Singh treated Serfojee barbarously, keeping him in close confinement, deprived of instruction and exercise. After some time, Mr. Schwartz being asked by the British Resident to see how he was being treated, found him in a dark room, with a lamp, with his sinews contracted from want of exercise. Schwartz was not slow in expressing his indignation to Ameer Singh. On the next day the British Resident had the youth removed to better quarters, and, finding that Ameer Singh still continued to persecute him, the authorities had him removed to Madras. Here Schwartz visited him as his legal guardian, and found him an affectionate and docile pupil. Schwartz's representations had so much effect on the mind of Lord Cornwallis that he wrote home to the East India Company, adding his own opinion in favour of Serfojee. A mandate was sent from England to place the youth on the throne of the deceased Rajah, and to depose Ameer Singh, which was soon after done.

Serfojee fully reciprocated the kindness of Schwartz. Although he never became a Christian, he listened attentively to his teaching, and on the missionary's death in 1798 he

wrote home to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, requesting them to send out a monument in memory of him to be set up in the church where Schwartz used to preach. He himself composed some lines, which were engraved on the missionary's tomb. Rude as they are, they breathe a spirit of sincerity.

> "Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
> Honest, pure, free from disguise;
> Father of orphans, the widows' support,
> Comfort in sorrow of every sort.
> To the benighted, dispenser of light,
> Doing and pointing to that which is right.
> Blessing to princes, to people, to me,
> May I, my father, be worthy of thee!
> Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabojee."

The monument was designed by Flaxman, the famous sculptor, and when it was sent out, the Rajah was so pleased with it that he kept it for two years in the hall of his palace before he allowed it to be erected in the church. A gentleman who visited him at that time reported that every morning as soon as the prince rose, and before he went to his council, he approached the monument, folded his hands on his breast, and bowed before it. Several years afterwards the prince, to perpetuate the memory of his friend, erected a very extensive and costly building sixteen miles from Tanjore for the benefit of travellers. In a neighbouring village he also founded an establishment for the support and education of fifty poor Christian children.

The Directors of the East India Company also sent out a monument to be erected in the Church of St. George at Madras to Schwartz's memory. On Europeans and natives alike the impression he produced seems to have been unique

in its depth and durability. Bishop Heber, a sober-minded judge, visiting Tanjore in 1824, shortly before his own death, wrote: "Of Schwartz and his fifty years' labour among the heathen, the extraordinary influence and popularity he acquired both with Mussulmans, Hindus, and contending European governments, I need give you no account except that my idea of him has been raised since I came into the South of India. I used to suspect that, with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character; that he was too much of a political prophet, and that the veneration which the heathen paid and still pay him—putting crowns and burning lights before his statue—was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices. I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless as he was one of the most successful missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles."

CHAPTER XVI

AT THE MERCY OF AN EGYPTIAN PASHA

John Antes—A thunderstorm in Cyprus—Arrival in Cairo—Up the Nile—The annual inundation—Alone in the desert—Caught by Mamelukes—The rapacious pasha—Bastinadoed—An accomplished liar—The fleeced missionary.

IN 1752 Count Zinzendorf, the leader of the Moravian Church in Saxony, desiring to open up relations with the Patriarch of the Copts in Egypt, sent Dr. Hocker with a letter which was favourably received. A Moravian mission was commenced in Egypt, with the view of eventually obtaining a footing in Abyssinia. The experiences of one of the recruits of this mission, John Antes, throws a vivid light on the unsettled state of the country at that time.

Even before he reached Egypt he had an unpleasant experience in the island of Cyprus, where he had stopped for a time. Not being able to obtain a passage to Egypt from that place, he at length heard there was a vessel at Limasol, a port about fifteen leagues from where he was, bound for Alexandria, and though he was then very ill of an ague which he had caught immediately after his arrival, he crept out of bed, packed up his luggage during an interval of the fever, and prepared to take his departure. As his conductor spoke no language but Greek, the English consul procured him a muleteer who understood Italian to carry his luggage and provisions. He cautioned him, how-

ever, against his two guides, telling him they would murder their own parents if they could make anything by it. The muleteer in particular had so much the aspect of a villain that Mr. Antes charged a pair of pocket pistols before his eyes, and placed them in his belt to show him that he was perfectly on his guard.

Thus equipped, he left Larnica in the dusk of the evening; but he had scarcely proceeded a mile before a most furious storm of rain came on, with vivid flashes of lightning and frequent peals of thunder. As he was badly protected from the rain in his Turkish dress, he threw a bed-quilt which he had in his saddle over his head, and was thus led, in a manner blindfolded, and entirely at the mercy of his guides.

After they had travelled three or four hours through a desert country, the muleteer who had the charge of the luggage and the greater part of the provisions discovered among them a bottle of spirits, with which he made so free that he lost the command of his mule, and the animal, taking advantage of his driver's condition, ran back to the place from which it came with the whole of its load. The other guide endeavoured to assist in catching it, but Antes, from the manner in which he was covered, did not at first discover his solitary situation. When after some time he no longer heard his companion following him, he took the quilt from his head; but it was so extremely dark that except by the flashes of lightning he could see nothing, even at the distance of a yard.

He then dismounted and tied his mule by the bridle to some brushwood near the path, which was only like a sheep's track, and began to walk back in the hope

of finding at least one of his guides; but, reflecting on the little probability there was of success, he returned to the place where he left his mule, only obtaining an occasional glimpse of the road when the lightning flashed. When at last he got near the spot, the animal gave a sudden spring, broke loose from the brushwood, and ran away; but as it had come from Limasol, it naturally took the way to that place.

After standing a considerable time, he perceived by means of the lightning a rider coming towards him, but he soon discovered with regret it was neither of his guides. The stranger on approaching him muttered something in Greek, but not finding himself understood he proceeded on his journey.

After Antes had remained long in a state of painful suspense, his conductor returned; but as neither knew the language of the other, he could give him no information about his luggage. Seeing, however, that his mule had run away, the man dismounted from his own beast and made Antes get upon it, while he himself trudged by his side through deep mire and under constant rain. Presently they discovered the runaway mule on the path before them, and were at length successful in catching it.

About midnight they reached a mud-built cottage and knocked at the door. Never in his life was Antes so happy to get under a roof; but on entering it he found it was merely a shed, quite open on the other side. There was, however, a fire, and some men were lying on the ground around it. The only bed procurable was a chest covered with a clean sheet. However, he was so exhausted that he fell asleep on it. The next day he arrived at Limasol, from which place he embarked

for Alexandria. Here the plague was raging, so he set out in a boat for Cairo. The boat was old and crazy, and the rain penetrated into his cabin so that he could not find a dry spot to sit in. In a short time his bed got soaked, and he was obliged to suspend it with a cord to allow the water to run off underneath. He had, moreover, to subsist on the rice bread of the Arabs, which, he says, "was hardly to be distinguished from black clay." The wind was often contrary, and so boisterous that they repeatedly lay at anchor before some paltry village for four or five days together.

At last he arrived at Cairo, where he received a warm welcome from the other missionaries, Hocker and Danke.

In the spring of 1773, the celebrated traveller Bruce returned safely to Cairo from Abyssinia. Antes became intimately acquainted with him, and was very often in his company. Bruce spoke freely of his perilous journeys, and gave the missionary the best information as to the state of Abyssinia and the prospect of doing good there. He told him that if he went into the country and opened his mouth about spiritual things, he would be stoned to death; that he himself was often in danger of persecution on account of his religion; he could not indeed have escaped had he not been constantly at court, and protected by the King himself. These accounts, which were afterwards confirmed by several natives of Abyssinia, obliged him to defer his attempt to visit that country.

He now began to enter on his work in good earnest, and set off on an expedition to Upper Egypt. The Nile was then in the time of its overflow, and Antes dwells in his journal on its extraordinary appearance. The whole population was full of life and activity: it was their

time of festival, and they greeted with joy the inundation which in our country would be looked upon as a calamity. The rushing of waters was delicious to their sight and hearing. The people lined the banks on every side with loud cries of joy, and even the children ventured forth on logs of wood.

He came at last safely to Upper Egypt, where he remained a long time, going about from one village to another. During his night voyages on the Nile, his boat was several times attacked by robbers, who approached by swimming under water, snatched whatever happened to be within their reach, and then disappeared with their booty.

On more than one occasion he went some distance into the desert to visit villages. Mounting his mule, he travelled all day over the sand, stopping only to drink at the wayside wells; at night he kindled his watch-fire and boiled some coffee, and then lay down on the ground to rest. In those distant and sequestered hamlets, he was received with a warmer welcome than on the shores of the Nile, for a stranger's visit was rare, and the people were delighted at his coming. They contended who should have the pleasure of lodging him, and gathered at evening to listen to his conversation and teaching. After spending a considerable time in these itinerations, Antes returned to Cairo to see his friends, and to receive intelligence from Europe.

At that time, owing to the excited state of the populace consequent on the war with Russia, Europeans could hardly pass through the streets of Cairo without insults, or even blows, of which the missionaries received their full share. They lived in a confined part of the city, not far from

the Great Canal, which from October to June was very offensive owing to the want of any proper drainage. Antes soon found himself obliged to take frequent exercise in the open air, but as at that time it was not safe to meet the Egyptian pashas and other powerful men, who were in the habit of forcibly extorting money from strangers, he did his best to avoid them. This was comparatively easy, as in such a level country any body of men such as accompanied the pashas could be discerned from a long distance.

It happened, however, on 15th November 1779, that Antes had been walking out with the Venetian Consul, and, as they were returning, about half-an-hour before sunset, being near the city gate, they were observed by some Mameluke soldiers belonging to a Pasha named Osman Bey. Two of them came in full gallop towards Antes and his companion, followed by some footmen. They stripped them of what they had of any value, and demanded one hundred "maktubs" (each in value about seven shillings and sixpence), threatening to take them before their master unless the money was immediately produced. Antes told them that he had no such sum, and, taking out his purse, offered it to them. Finding it contained only twenty-five shillings in small silver pieces, they threw it back in disdain, crying, "*Dahab!*" *i.e.* "Gold!" Antes told them that he had no gold, but that, if they would go with him to his house, he would give them some. Upon this they cursed him, and ten more on horseback who had joined them made the same demand. Antes again promised, as before, that if they went with him they would get some.

At last their principal man said, "Go home and

fetch your gold, but we will keep your companion here as a hostage, and, if you do not soon return, we will cut off his head."

As the poor Venetian, who could not speak a word of Arabic, was overwhelmed with fear and trembling, Antes could not leave him in the hands of these blood-thirsty ruffians, and generously replied that his friend might go and bring the money, but that he would remain with them. The Venetian, however, had scarcely gone a few steps when the servants fell upon him and stripped him of his clothes, so that he was obliged to flee nearly naked into the city.

By this time the sun had set, and as the Mamelukes dared not stay away from the Pasha till the Venetian could return, one of them rode up to their master and told him they had seized a European from whom some money might be obtained. By his order they soon re-turned, and, taking Antes between their horses, dragged him before Osman Bey.

When Antes came near he addressed the Pasha with the usual phrase: "I am under your protection;" to which, if they are not maliciously inclined, they answer, "You are welcome!" But, instead of answering at all, the Pasha stared at him furiously, and said, "Who are you?" Antes replied: "I am a European." "What are you doing here in the night?" said the Pasha; "you must be a thief. Aye, aye, most likely the one who did such a thing the other day." Antes protested, "I was entering the city gates half-an-hour before sunset, when I was taken by your Mamelukes and detained till now, when it is dark, but yet not an hour after sunset, which is the regular time for shutting the gates." Without

saying anything in reply the Pasha ordered him to be taken to the castle, a building at some distance out of the town, situated in a wide sandy plain, where most of the Pashas had houses and exercised their Mamelukes.

Every month one of the Pashas in rotation took his station at that place in order to guard the city by night against the depredations of the wandering Arabs.

Before he was removed Antes tried to say a few words more in his own behalf, but was prevented by a horde of servants glad of an opportunity to insult a European. One gave him a kick on one side, another on the other; one spat in his face, while another put a rope about his neck made of the filaments of the date-tree, which are much rougher than horse-hair. By this rope a fellow in rags, with another armed with a pistol and sword to guard him, was ordered to drag him along.

On their way to the castle they passed a gentle slope with a large garden surrounded by a mud wall on the left; and as the garden here consisted chiefly of irregular plantations of orange, lemon, and prickly pear, through which no horse can pass, it occurred to Antes that he might cut the rope by which he was held and escape over the wall; but on searching for his knife he found it was gone.

Soon after the fellow in rags advised him to give money to the guard, who would then let him escape. The word "money" operated like an electric shock on the guard, who galloped up to him and asked if he had any money left? Antes replied that he would give him what he had if he would let him go. Accordingly he gave him the purse which the Mamelukes had refused.

Having looked at it, he put it into his pocket without saying a word, still driving his prisoner forward, till they arrived at the castle. He was then thrust into a dungeon, a large iron chain was put round his neck, secured by a padlock, and the other end fastened to a piece of timber. The servants, hoping to be rewarded, supplied him with water; but no entreaty could prevail upon them either to let him have pen and ink, or to take a letter from him to his friends to inform them of his situation; neither indeed could they have gratified him without peril to themselves.

In about half-an-hour the Pasha himself arrived with his retinue, lighted flambeaux being carried before him. He alighted, walked upstairs into a room, and sat down in a corner while all his people placed themselves in a circle round him.

Antes was then sent for, unchained, and led upstairs by two men. In going upstairs he heard the rattle of the instruments used for the bastinado, and guessed what was before him.

On entering the room he found a small neat Persian carpet spread for him. This was a mark of civility due only to a gentleman, for the common people when about to receive the bastinado are thrown upon the bare ground.

After asking him a question or two the Pasha exclaimed, "Throw him down!" Antes then inquired what he had done. "How, you dog!" answered the tyrant—"Dare you ask what you have done? Throw him down!" The servants immediately threw him flat on his face and with a strong staff about six feet long, having a piece of iron chain fixed to each end, confined his feet above the ankles. Two of them then twisted the staff and chain together

so as to turn up the soles of his feet; and being provided with what is called a "corbage," which consists of a strap of the skin of the hippopotamus about a yard in length, somewhat thicker than a man's finger and very tough and hard, they waited for the orders of their master. When they had placed him in this position an officer came and whispered in his ear: "Do not suffer yourself to be beaten; give him a thousand dollars, and he will let you go." Mr. Antes, however, reflected that, should he now offer anything, the Pasha would probably send one of his men with him to receive it, and that he would be obliged to open in the presence of this officer his strong chest in which he kept not only his money, but considerable sums belonging to others which he had received in payment for goods belonging to different merchants. The probability was that the whole of this would be taken from him.

Being determined, therefore, not to involve others in his misfortunes, he answered, "I have no money to give," upon which the word was immediately given for them to begin. This they did moderately at first, but Antes gave himself up for lost, knowing that his life depended entirely upon the caprice of an unfeeling tyrant; and, not expecting to fare better than others who had been victims of this barbarity, he had no resource but prayer.

After they had continued beating him for some time the officer again whispered into his ear the word "money"; but now the sum was doubled. Mr. Antes answered again, "I have none here." They then laid on more roughly, and every stroke felt like the application of a red-hot poker. At length the same officer, thinking that though he had no money he might have some costly goods, whispered something in his ear to that effect.

As Antes knew that English fire-arms often attract their fancy even more than money, he offered them an elegant blunderbuss richly mounted with silver, which he could get without opening his strong chest. The Pasha having inquired what he said, the officer answered with a sneer, "Only a blunderbuss!" To this the tyrant replied, "Beat the dog!" They began accordingly to strike with all their might. The pain was at first excruciating beyond conception, but after some time all sensation ceased.

When at length the Pasha saw that no money could be extorted from him, he probably thought that the prisoner might after all be a poor man, and therefore ordered them to take him away. He was now obliged to walk down to his prison, the chain being again put about his neck.

In about half-an-hour a messenger came with orders to bring him up again. The servants then took off the chain, and, after carrying him till he was near the door, told him to walk in or the Pasha would have him beaten again. Antes was afraid some one had told him that with a little more beating money might yet be obtained. There are indeed instances of the bastinado having been repeated for three days successively to the number of two thousand strokes, when the feet are rendered past all cure. Persons of very strong constitution may yet survive, but generally after about five or six hundred strokes the blood gushes out of the mouth and nose and the victim of their cruelty dies either under or immediately after the torture.

When Antes entered the chamber, the Pasha said to one of his officers, "Is this the man of whom you told me?" The fellow having stepped up to the prisoner,

and stared him in the face as if narrowly to inspect his features, on a sudden lifted up his hand and exclaimed, "By Allah! it is! Why, this is the best man in all Cairo, and my particular friend. Oh! how sorry I am that I was not here before to tell you so," with other expressions of a similar kind. The Pasha answered, "Then take him! I give him to you; and if he has lost anything, see to get it restored."

Antes had never in his life seen the officer before, and he soon perceived the whole thing was merely a trick to get rid of him in a decent manner, and to put a little money into the pocket of his pretended deliverer. He was obliged to walk once more till he was out of the Pasha's sight, when the servants of his pretended friend took him up and carried him to the man's home, which was at a considerable distance.

Here the officer gave him something to eat and made him a tolerably decent bed, which was the more welcome to him as he had lost most of his clothes and felt extremely cold. Antes asked him whether what he had suffered was a proof of the boasted hospitality of Mohammedans to strangers. But he only got the usual answer, "Min Allah! Maktub! Mukkader!" "It is from God! It is written in the Book of Fate, which cannot be altered." He, however, anointed his feet with some healing balsam and tied rags round them. Antes lay down to rest, but spent a very miserable night, suffering, as might be expected, excruciating pain.

In the morning the officer asked him whether he was acquainted with the master of the customs, and, being answered in the affirmative, he offered to carry him to his house. Having set him on an ass, while he himself

mounted a horse, they proceeded towards the city accompanied by another soldier. On approaching the gate the officer told him to take off his rags, as it would be a disgrace to him to ride into the city in that condition. "No disgrace to me," said Antes, "but to him who has treated me so shamefully." "It is from God," the officer answered.

When they arrived at the master of the customs' house, Mr. Antes requested that official to settle everything for him with his pretended deliverer, and found he had to pay about £20, the whole farce being intended to bring a little money into the hands of the Pasha's officer.

He was then carried home and put to bed, where he was confined about six weeks before he could walk on crutches, and for more than three years afterwards his feet, which had been much hurt by the twisting of the chain, were liable to swelling painfully.

This instance of Moslem barbarity shows in a graphic way what a boon to missionaries in Mohammedan lands such as Algiers and Egypt a European protectorate is. Complaints are often heard that European authorities obstruct missionary work, but without their protection overt missionary work would often be impossible, as it is to this day in Constantinople and Cabul.

CHAPTER XVII

DR. JUDSON IN BURMAH

Dr. Judson—Driven from Calcutta to Burmah—Breaking ground—The first baptism—Outbreak of persecution—Voyage up the Irrawaddy—Interview with the Emperor—Dr. Judson arrested as a spy—The death-prison—Sufferings of Mrs. Judson—The starved lion—A rapture of release—Linguistic labours.

FEW missionary biographies are fraught with more romantic interest than that of Dr. Judson, the pioneer missionary to Burmah. During his youth he was infected by the scepticism which was prevalent in America at the time of the French Revolution, but the death of an intimate friend gave his thoughts a more serious direction. He first sailed to England to consult the directors of the Congregational Missionary Institute at Gosport with regard to his destination. On the way he had a foretaste of missionary hardships, as the ship in which he sailed was captured by a French privateer. For some days he was confined in a French prison, and comforted himself by translating verses from his Hebrew Bible into Latin. An Englishman discovered him, and obtained his liberty by bribing the jailor. He subsequently returned to America, and after marrying Ann Hasseltine sailed for Calcutta in 1812. The English Government at that time was extremely distrustful of missionaries, and ordered the Judsons to leave at a few days' notice. William Carey, the first Protestant missionary in India, recorded his impression that they looked too delicate for missionary work, though

he little thought of the hardships which lay before them. They sailed for Mauritius, and while there contemplated a mission to Madagascar. This, however, proved impossible at the time, and they finally took ship for Rangoon, then a mere collection of wooden huts and pagodas. Their spirits sank on first landing, as they felt alone in a land of strangers. Dr. Carey's son, Felix Carey, who had been sent to commence a mission at Rangoon, was absent in the interior.

Before engaging in any kind of preaching Dr. Judson had to devote himself for some years to the laborious acquirement of the language, an extremely difficult one. The difficulty was increased by the fact that he had to make his own grammar and dictionary. Not till 1817, as Dr. Judson was sitting with his teacher, did an inquirer appear with the momentous question, "How long a time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?" This inquirer had been attracted by seeing two little books published by Dr. Judson. The missionary, overjoyed at the interest exhibited, gave him the two first half-sheets containing the first five chapters of St. Matthew. This inquirer did not appear again for a long time, but others began to come in.

Dr. Judson had caused a bamboo shed with a thatched roof to be built under the shadow of one of the great pagodas. In this he sat daily, like St. Paul, "disputing with all those who came to him." Being Buddhists, the natives were of a keen and philosophic turn of mind, and would demand the definition of the simplest terms, such as "man," before proceeding any further.

Just about this time Dr. and Mrs. Judson were obliged to undergo a severe trial of patience. At the end of the year 1817, in the hope of recruiting his health, which had suffered severely from too close application to study, and

also of obtaining a Burmese-speaking Christian helper, Dr. Judson set sail in a ship for Chittagong, on the north-east coast of Bengal. Owing, however, to the incompetence of the captain, they were kept tossing up and down in the Bay of Bengal for three months and then landed at Madras. Here for two or three months longer, Dr. Judson was kept in a state of enforced idleness, while chafing to be at work again, as very few ships sailed from that port to Rangoon. All this time Mrs. Judson had to suffer tortures of suspense, as she received no news whatever of her husband. She was herself on the point of embarking for Bengal when fortunately she heard of his arrival at the mouth of the river Irrawaddy, and they were re-united after a separation of eight months.

At last in June 1819, after six years of patient preliminary seed-sowing, Dr. Judson had the satisfaction of baptizing his first convert, Moung Nau. The ceremony took place without disturbance in a large pond, the bank of which was graced with an enormous image of Gautama Buddha. This convert became an invaluable assistant in the "zayat" or preaching shed, being familiar with the terms necessary for conveying spiritual truth to the Burmese mind.

But this hopeful commencement began to be darkened by gloomy forebodings. One day the Viceroy of Rangoon, seated on a huge elephant, and attended by a numerous suite, passed the zayat. He said nothing, but eyed the missionary very narrowly and the little group of natives with whom he was conversing. He subsequently showed his hostility to the new religion by issuing an order that no one wearing a hat, shoes, or umbrella, or mounted on a horse, should approach within the sacred ground belonging

to the great pagoda, which extended on some sides half a mile. This obliged Dr. Judson to make a long détour through the woods to get to his usual place of resort. This pagoda, called the Shwaay Dagon, had been newly gilded, and was considered the most sacred in the whole country on account of its containing six or eight hairs of Gautama.

Towards the end of the same year Dr. Judson was encouraged by the baptism of two more converts. They were somewhat timid, and requested that the baptism might take place in the evening, and their wish was complied with; but the majority of the inquirers had been frightened away by the Viceroy's action, and Dr. Judson had the mortification of sitting whole days in the zayat, without any one coming for conversation, though numbers were constantly passing. Seeing that no further progress could be hoped for until the Emperor's permission to preach Christianity freely was obtained, Dr. Judson presented a petition for leave "to go up to the golden feet and lift up his eyes to the golden face," which was granted.

Accordingly Dr. Judson and Mr. Colman, a newly arrived missionary, prepared for the long voyage of 350 miles to Ava up the Irrawaddy River. They had to take guns with them, as the banks of the river were infested with robbers, and on one occasion a gun had to be fired over the heads of a boat-load of men which was approaching them with apparently hostile intent. It had the desired effect of frightening them away.

On arriving at Ava they laid their request before one of the ministers of state; but they found that they had arrived at an unpropitious time, as the Emperor's mind was full of a military display which he was holding to celebrate his victory over the Cathays. The minister

said to them: "How can you propagate religion in this empire? But come along." They were conducted into a spacious hall, the vault and pillars of which were completely covered with gold. Presently the emperor's form was visible between the pillars as he strode majestically into the hall. In his hand he carried the gold-sheathed sword, the symbol of royalty. All present prostrated themselves with their foreheads in the dust except the two Americans, who remained on their knees. "Who are these?" he asked, as he stopped opposite them. "The teachers, great king," Dr. Judson replied. "What! you speak Burmese—the priests that I heard of last night? When did you arrive? Are you teachers of religion? Are you married? Why do you dress so?" After these queries had been answered the King sat down, with his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, looking towards the missionaries. Their petition for toleration for themselves and their converts was then read aloud by the minister of state. The Emperor himself also read it through, and then put out his hand for a tract which the missionaries had brought. Their hearts beat high with mingled hope and apprehension as they prayed silently for a favourable result. To their dismay, the Emperor, after reading the first two or three sentences, dashed it down to the ground in disdain. In vain one of the ministers of state made an effort in behalf of the missionaries by displaying one of the volumes of the Bible in a binding covered with gold leaf, which they had brought for presentation to his Majesty. All the reply they received was: "In regard to the objects of your petition his Majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his Majesty has no use for them; take

them away." The Emperor then, after directing that Colman should be examined with a view to ascertaining whether his medical knowledge would be of any value, strode to the end of the hall, where he threw himself on a cushion, listening to the music, and gazing at the parade before him.

Notwithstanding the keenness of the disappointment, Dr. Judson bravely wrote in his journal: "Arrived at the boat, we threw ourselves down completely exhausted in body and mind. For three days we had walked eight miles a day, most of the way in the heat of the sun, which, even at this season in the interior of these countries, is exceedingly oppressive, and the result of our travels and toils has been—the wisest and best possible —a result which, if we could see the end from the beginning, would call forth our highest praise."

Their fears for their converts were increased at this time by the story of a former Roman Catholic convert which they heard from an English resident. This man, after his baptism, had been to Rome to receive further instruction. On his return he was accused by his nephew, a clerk in the high court of the empire, of having deserted the established religion. Whereupon he was subjected to the torture of the iron mall, *i.e.* hammered from the ends of his feet to his breast. At each blow he repeated the name of Christ. At last some persons, pitying his condition, went to the Emperor and represented that he was a madman, on which he was let go, and sent by the Portuguese to Bengal, where he died. This and other considerations made Dr. Judson and Mr. Colman contemplate removing to Chittagong, which was under British protection; but the little band of converts and inquirers

begged so hard not to be left, that Dr. Judson decided to remain at Rangoon, while Mr. Colman went to Chittagong.

About this time an inquirer of superior rank and intellect, named Moung Shway-gnong, was baptized. The ceremony took place at night by lantern-light, the first Burmese woman convert being baptized at the same time. Moung Shway-gnong's baptism caused considerable stir among the Buddhists, and a complaint was made to the Viceroy that "he was turning the priests' rice-pot bottom upwards." "What consequence?" said the Viceroy; "let the priests turn it back again." A second complaint, however, against this convert, made by the priests to the Viceroy, threatened to have more serious consequences. The Viceroy replied to the priests that if he was indeed endeavouring to subvert the Buddhist religion, he was deserving of death. On hearing this Moung Shway-gnong fled by boat to his own village, where he continued to distribute Christian tracts.

So much alarm was caused by this first open manifestation of a persecuting spirit, that Dr. Judson was obliged to close the zayat and betake himself to translation work. In the meantime a medical missionary, Dr. Price, arrived at Rangoon, and the Emperor, hearing of his arrival, sent an order for both of them to proceed to Ava. They left Rangoon in August 1821, Dr. Judson having in the eight years of his residence there baptized eighteen converts.

Arrived at Ava, they found the Emperor more willing to listen than before. He was especially interested in a galvanic battery brought by Dr. Price, and requested Dr. Judson to give a specimen of his preaching in Bur-

mese. The Emperor's brother also requested to see the "sacred books"—the Bible which had formerly been refused—and held long conversations with Dr. Judson on the subject of Christianity.

In 1824, however, this bright prospect was clouded over by the breaking out of war between England and Burmah. The Burmese were at first astounded at the white strangers' audacity in attacking Rangoon, and the only fears expressed at the palace in Ava were lest the English should escape before they could be captured as slaves. "Send to me," said one of the ladies of a Woongyee (or high official), "four white strangers to manage the affairs of my household, as I hear they are trustworthy." "And to me," said a gay young sprig of the palace, "six stout men to row my boat." The Burmese army went down the Irrawaddy in large gilded boats to execute these orders, with warriors singing and dancing in high spirits. Few of them, however, were destined to return home again. As soon as the army was despatched to Rangoon, suspicion fell upon the Americans of being spies of the English. This suspicion was increased by the fact that Dr. Judson had received sums of money through Mr. Gouger, an English resident. On the 8th of June 1824, to Mrs. Judson's horror, a number of men rushed into their house, and one whose spotted face denoted him as the public executioner, flung Mr. Judson on the floor and tied his arms tightly behind him. Mrs. Judson vainly offered money for his release. He was led away, she knew not where, and she was left, strictly guarded by ten men. Presently a native Christian came with the information that Mr. Judson had been conducted to the death-prison. On the payment of two hundred "tickals" of silver, Mrs.

Judson was allowed a five minutes' conversation with her husband, who hobbled to the door of the prison, but she was soon forced away from him and ordered to depart. She then presented a petition to the Empress, but all the reply she obtained was, "He is not to be executed; let him remain where he is."

During the next seven months Mrs. Judson, with marvellous persistency, kept applying to one after another of the members of the Government, being exposed to continual rebuffs and insults. On one occasion a Burmese grandee seized her silk umbrella, and when she begged that he would at least give her a paper one instead, he replied that she was too thin to suffer sunstroke, and drove her away. She managed to communicate with her husband by writing on a flat cake and burying it in a bowl of rice, while he, in return, wrote on a piece of tile, on which, when wetted with water, the writing became invisible, but when the tile was dry became legible. Afterwards she found it more feasible to write on a sheet of paper, which she then rolled up and inserted in the spout of a coffee-pot.

The news of the defeat of the Burmese army by the English, and of the advance of the latter, only made matters worse for the unfortunate prisoners. They were thrust inside the common prison, with five pairs of fetters each, and so crowded that there was not room to lie down. There were at one time a hundred prisoners in one room without a window for the admittance of air. At last Mrs. Judson received an order from the Governor of the city to remove Dr. Judson from the common prison into a little bamboo room, six feet long and four wide. Under the circumstances this seemed a great alleviation.

Soon, however, their sufferings recommenced. An official

called the Pakan-woon came into power, and by his orders the prisoners were suddenly removed to a place called Oung-pen-la, with the intention of sacrificing them to secure the success of the Burmese army. One morning, when Mrs. Judson had brought her husband's breakfast as usual, she was summoned to the Governor's, and detained a considerable time. On her return she found the little bamboo shed torn down and the prison empty. Wild with nameless anxiety she hurried back to the Governor, who declared he was ignorant of their fate. He only said in an ominous way, "You can do no more for your husband, take care of yourself."

The next day she obtained a pass from the Government to follow Dr. Judson with her three-months-old infant and a faithful Bengalee servant. When she arrived at Oung-pen-la, ten miles off, she found him half-dead with suffering and fatigue, and his first words were: "Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here."

She learnt that as soon as she had left him at the Governor's summons, one of the jailors had rushed into Mr. Judson's room, and stripped off his clothes, except his shirt and trousers. In this state the prisoners were driven, fastened by twos with ropes round their waists, under the burning tropical sun.

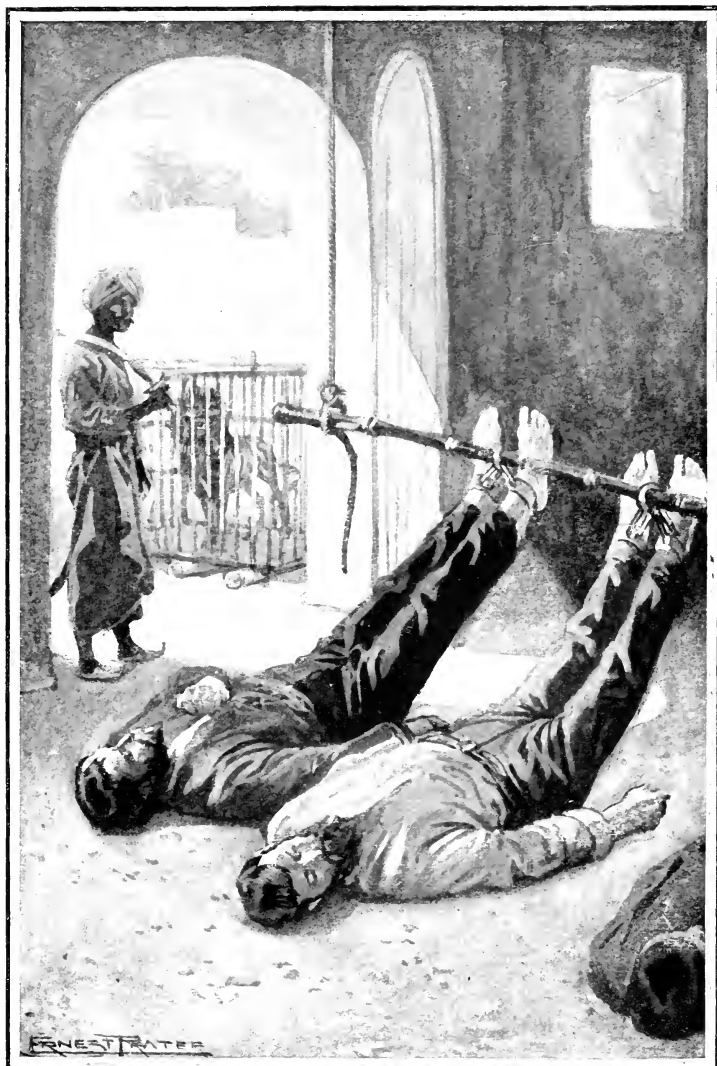
Dr. Judson's feet were lacerated by the stones and gravel. He obtained a little relief by leaning on the shoulder of his fellow-prisoner, Captain Laird, but the latter soon found the burden insupportable. So great was Dr. Judson's agony that on crossing a river he would have gladly flung himself into it had not the thought of the guilt of suicide prevented him. A kindly servant

tore a strip of cloth off his turban and wrapped it round his wounded feet. In this state he hobbled the remaining distance.

The prison at Oung-pen-la presented a similar scene of horror to that at Ava. The keepers of the prison were all branded criminals, some bearing the name of their crime branded into the flesh of their foreheads or their breasts. At night a long bamboo pole was passed through the ankle-fetters of the prisoners to preclude the possibility of escape, and raised to a considerable height. So suspended, they had to pass the night tortured by the mosquitoes, which bit their bare feet, and which it was impossible to drive away. In the morning the pole was lowered nearer the floor, and the blood flowed slowly back into their benumbed limbs.

A revolting feature of grotesqueness was added to all this horror by the sight, in a bamboo cage close to the prison, of a lion which was being slowly starved to death. It had originally been presented by some foreigner to the Emperor, and was a favourite with him. But when the war with the English began it was whispered about the court that the English bore a lion on their standard, and that this unfortunate beast was in some mysterious way their ally. Accordingly it was sent to the death-prison and slowly starved, while its roarings filled the jail, in the hope that its sufferings would somehow tend to the weakening of the British force. On its death Dr. Judson obtained the reversion of its cage during the day-time, which was a considerable relief to him.

At last, after twenty-one months of misery, from June 1824 to March 1826, Dr. Judson was released on the nearer approach of the British forces, and sent down the river to



DR. JUDSON IN A BURMESE PRISON

A bamboo pole was passed through their ankle fetters and then hoisted up. In this most painful position they had to pass the night tortured by mosquitoes.

act as an interpreter in drawing up the treaty with the English. The rapture of release was indescribable. As Dr. Judson said afterwards, when one evening people were comparing different degrees of delightful experiences: "What do you think of floating down the Irrawaddy on a cool moonlight evening, with your wife by your side and your baby in your arms, free, all free? I can never regret my twenty-one months of misery, when I recall that one delicious thrill."

But in a few months Dr. Judson was called again to sorrow. He had gone to Ava to act as interpreter for the English Embassy, while Mrs. Judson remained alone at Amherst. There she sickened and died, with only a few native attendants around her.

Nearly a quarter of a century of labour still lay before her husband. He lived to see the mission which he had begun single-handed spread its branches over a considerable part of Burmah. For several years he laboured assiduously in translating the Bible into Burmese, a translation which competent judges consider one of the best ever made in an Eastern language. He also compiled a Burmese English dictionary.

During his thirty-eight years of missionary service he only once went home to America, on a nine months' visit, and was distressed rather than gratified at the ovation he received. At last, worn out with toils and sufferings, he died at sea, April 12, 1850, during a voyage he had taken for his health. Never more fitly was the title of "Apostle" bestowed than in terming him "the Apostle of Burmah."

CHAPTER XVIII

DR. WOLFF IN CENTRAL ASIA

Wolff's early wanderings—First journey to Bokhara—Attacked by brigands—Outwitting the robbers—Preaching in rags—Half-starved in prison—The Khan's rapacity—Defying a bully—Discussions with Jews and Mohammedans—Threatened by fanatics—A last resource—A welcome present—First evangelist in Cabul—Second journey to Bokhara—Welcomed by the populace—A remorseful despot—In peril of life—A blood-thirsty Afghan—Home again.

THE title of Dervish has been given to Joseph Wolff, as among all missionaries he seems to have been the greatest wanderer. Abyssinia, Mesopotamia, Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan, Arabia, by no means exhaust the list of the countries which he visited. A Jew by birth, he was a striking example of the fact that Jewish missionaries are the best fitted to deal with Easterns.

Wolff was baptized by Leopold Zolda, Abbot of the Benedictines of Emaus, near Prague, but becoming dissatisfied with the Church of Rome, he came to London, where he made the acquaintance of Edward Irving, who introduced him to his future wife, Georgiana, sixth daughter of Horatio Walpole, Earl of Orford. He applied himself ardently to the study of Eastern languages, Arabic, Syriac, Chaldee, and Persian. Hebrew he could speak fluently.

The two chief expeditions he undertook were to Bokhara, the first in 1830, with the idea of finding the ten lost tribes, and the second in 1843. During both of these expeditions he was assiduous in preaching to Jews and Mohammedans, and roused much inquiry among them.

On his first expedition he proceeded through Armenia and Persia. Arriving in Khorassan, at a village named Sangerd, the caravan he was travelling with was attacked by Turkoman brigands, who stripped the travellers of all their clothes, and, according to their custom, tied each by a long rope to a horse's tail to be dragged after them. Wolff at first underwent the fate of the rest, and endured the indignity of flogging. Presently, however, the chief took pity on him, and ordered that he should be untied and allowed to ride upon one of the horses. A few rags were also thrown round him, as it was intensely cold.

After travelling some time along a road covered with snow and ice they encamped in a forest, where they made a large fire. Then reckoning up the value of their booty, they proceeded to set a price on the prisoners they had taken. Wolff's servant was valued at ten tomauns (equal to £5), but when they came to Wolff and looked at him they said, "We don't like this fellow at all; he stares at us so." On examining his effects they found several important letters addressed on Wolff's behalf to Abbas Mirza, the Governor of Khorassan. This frightened them, and they debated whether it would not be better to kill him and put him out of the way. But before setting out on this stage of his journey Wolff, foreseeing that something of the kind might happen, had taken the precaution of writing to Abbas Mirza at Nishapoor, so that if he should fail to arrive there, he might be inquired for. Accordingly, he went up to the robbers and said: "I have understood all you have said, and the resolution to which you have come. Your reasoning is very good, but it has one fault, and that is, you are too late; I also knew how to calculate,

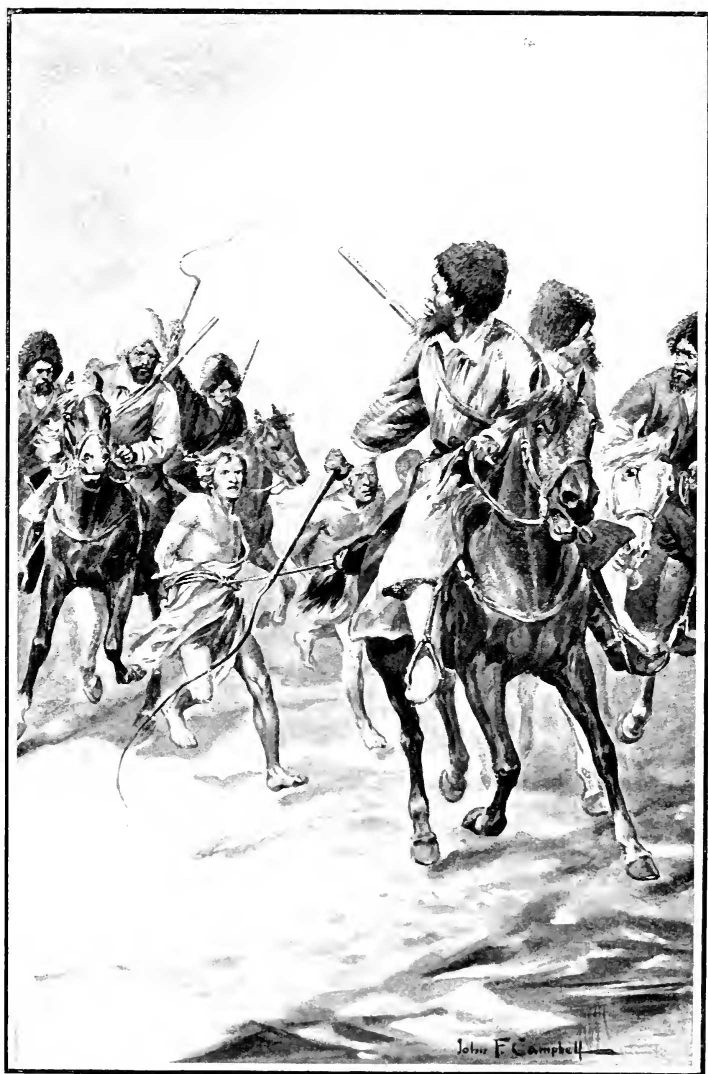
and have laid my plans accordingly." He then told them of his having written beforehand to Abbas Mirza, and promised that if they would let him write to the principal Jews in Torbad-Hydarea, whose acquaintance he had made on a former journey, he would be ransomed for 100 tomauns.

This excited their cupidity, and they let him write to the chief Jews in Torbad-Hydarea, whither they were journeying. In the meanwhile, Wolff had succeeded in making six of the robbers his firm friends by promising to recommend them (if they remained faithful to him) to Abbas Mirza, whose soldiers they wished to become.

Thus they arrived safely at the gates of Torbad-Hydarea. Wolff's Jewish friends came out to meet him, but strongly objected to his paying any ransom. All the robbers had had dealings with them, and owed them money, and they insisted that Wolff should be allowed to go to the house of one of them for the night, leaving everything else to be settled in the morning.

Such a crowd of Jews came round Wolff and his friends that they adjourned to the synagogue, where, although in rags and shivering with cold, the dauntless missionary preached to them, and was listened to with profound attention.

In the morning, however, the robber chief seized him again and put him in a miserable dungeon, chained with fifty other captives. The chief seemed to have formed the design of starving him to death, for he passed Wolff over when apportioning bread to the other captives. However, after he had been about two hours in the dungeon the thunder of cannon was heard, and a voice exclaimed, "Muhammad Izhak Khan has arrived!" This was the



JOSEPH WOLFF A PRISONER OF TURKOMAN BRIGANDS

Wolff was captured and stripped by these rascals, and tied to a horse's tail. To add to his misery the weather was intensely cold, and a cruel whip was frequently applied to his defenceless body.

Khan of Torbad-Hydarea, and a Persian officer of his took summary measures with the robbers, and, coming to the door of the dungeon, inquired if there were not an Englishman there? Wolff shouted "Yes, yes!" and was forthwith released along with his companions, who gratefully attributed their escape to him.

He was now brought to the palace of the Khan, where he saw hundreds of miserable wretches with their eyes put out, and their ears and noses cut off. Muhammad Izhak was a truculent tyrant of great bodily strength, and was said to have killed with his own hand his father, mother, brother, sister, and son-in-law. The Khan, who was eating his dinner when Wolff was brought into his presence, said, "Abbas Mirza has written to me that thou goest about to show to the nations the way of truth. For my part, I have no religion. I have one good quality, and that is, I am a man of justice: I love strict justice; and therefore tell the truth, and you shall see my justice. How much money have these rascals taken from you?" Wolff said: "They have taken from me eighty tomauns." He repeated, "Eighty tomauns?" Wolff said "Yes!" and he answered: "Now thou shalt see my justice." So he ordered the robber chief and all his followers to be flogged until they paid the whole sum. This he counted, and said again, "Now thou shalt see my justice." Then he put the whole into his own pocket, and, turning to the unfortunate missionary, said, "Now, you may go in peace."

Wolff remained a few days longer with the Jews, and then set out with a large caravan for Meshed. On the way he had an unpleasant adventure with one of his companions, a bigoted Mohammedan, who took hold of

Wolff's foot, and beat it with his stick, saying, "Infidel! say 'God is God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God.'" Wolff replied, "I will not tell a lie!" The man put his arms akimbo and exclaimed, "Imagine the boldness of this infidel, who, in the midst of Mohammedans, and before the city of Meshed the Holy, declares our religion to be a lie! What a fool he is!" A respectable Mohammedan who heard this said, "Well, let the fool alone." This quieted the man, who went on his way without molesting Wolff any further.

At Meshed Wolff lodged with one of the principal Jews, and had prolonged religious discussions both with Jews and Mohammedans. He arrived at Bokhara without further mishap, but during an examination before the Ameer's Prime Minister, he was brought into some danger by a Jew, who accused him of being a Russian spy. Wolff, however, succeeded in disproving the charge, and the Prime Minister informed him that he might hold religious discussions with the Jews in Bokhara, but not with the Mohammedans. He accordingly did so, with the happy result that he was able to baptize twenty converts, whom, on his return fourteen years later, he found steadfast in their discipleship. After some time the Prime Minister sent for him, and said that as he had been obedient in not arguing with the Mohammedans, he might hold a discussion with some of them in his presence. This took place, but, as is usual in such cases, without definite result.

Wolff spent altogether three months in Bokhara on this occasion, and the Prime Minister gave him a passport to Cabul, warning him to disguise himself as a Mohammedan in passing through the town of Maazar-

Sherif, the Governor of which had sworn to kill every European he laid hands on. This Wolff sturdily declined to do, and replied, "I guarantee your Excellency that I shall pass safely through Maazar without its being found out who I am, and without telling a single lie." This he did by the simple but ingenious device of telling the Governor of Maazar that he was a native of Ashkenaz, the Hebrew name for Germany.

He was not, however, destined to escape so easily from his next danger. As he neared the range of the Hindu-Kush he found himself among a fanatical sect of Mohammedans, called Kharijis, or "seceders." They took umbrage at his being called "Haji," or "pilgrim," by his fellow-travellers, and said, "How dare you take the name of Haji, as you are not a Mohammedan?" Wolff meekly replied, "All you have to do is not to call me Haji, and I will tell my people not to call me Haji." "But," they said, "the mischief is done, and you must either say 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God,' or we will sew you up in the skin of an ass and burn you alive." This was no idle threat, for an Englishman named Moorcroft had not long before been killed in that region. Wolff bravely replied, "There is no God but God, and Jesus is the Son of God." On hearing this, they at once gave a sign, and all their moollahs assembled in a large cave hewn out of the rock. The Afghans who accompanied Wolff were much alarmed, and said, "Repeat the Kalima [the Mohammedan creed], and the moment you are on your journey again, you may be just what you were before." Wolff replied, "Leave me alone, I will manage them." He then ordered his servants to bring him his writing-desk, and wrote the

following letter to Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General of India, with whom he was acquainted :—

"MY DEAR LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK,—The moment that you read this letter, you must be aware that I am no longer in the land of the living; that I have been put to death. Give to my servants some hundred rupees for their journey, and write the whole account to my wife, Lady Georgiana.—Yrs. affectionate, J. WOLFF."

Wolff gave this paper into the hands of his servants and said, "Now, I will make one more attempt to save my life. If I succeed, well! If not, go as far as Loodhiana, and the first redcoat you see give it to him, and he will bring you to the Governor-General, and you will be rewarded. Now bring me my firmans (passports) from the Sultan of Constantinople." They did so, and Wolff, with the firmans in his hand, entered the cave where the moollahs were seated with the Koran open before them, and now gave their decision that he must be put to death. Wolff said, "You cannot dare to put me to death! You will be putting a guest to death." They replied, "The Koran decides so." Wolff said, "It is a lie. The Koran says, on the contrary, that a guest should be respected even if he is an infidel; and here see the great firman which I have from the Khalif of the whole Mohammedan religion at Constantinople. You have no power to put me to death."

Wolff's bold bearing impressed the superstitious mountaineers, and they said, "Then you must purchase your blood with all you have." Wolff answered, "This I will gladly do, for I am a dervish, and do not mind either money, clothing, or anything."

Thus he had to surrender everything, and was dismissed as he says: "without even an apron of leaves to dress himself with." When his Afghan companions saw him, they were astonished and thanked God for his escape.

Having a very robust constitution he survived the journey to Cabul, though it was winter time, and the Afghans more than once had to pull him out of the snow drifts, into which he had fallen. When he arrived near Cabul, a native met him with a letter addressed to "The Reverend Joseph Wolff, Missionary to the Jews, coming from Bokhara." The writer of the letter was Alexander Burnes, then British Resident at Cabul.

The letter was to tell him that the Resident had been instructed to look out for him by Lord William Bentinck, and was accompanied by an Afghan suit of clothes. When he arrived at Cabul, Wolff was summoned before the Ameer, Dost Mohammed Khan, and by his order had a religious discussion with a moollah in his presence. He thus enjoys the distinction of being the first and hitherto probably the only missionary who has publicly disputed with Mohammedans at Cabul and Bokhara.

The Ameer sent him safely on his way to Peshawar, then in the possession of Dost Mohammed Khan, where he had further discussions with moollahs, and presently he arrived in British India, where he was kindly received by Lord and Lady William Bentinck.

He proceeded home by way of Arabia and Abyssinia, preaching continually to Jews on the way. He then visited the United States, and in 1837 was ordained by the Bishop of New Jersey. For some years he was engaged in clerical work in England, but the news of the imprisonment of two British officers, Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart, in

Bokhara, induced him to set out there again in 1843, in the hope of being of some use, and of resuming missionary work among Jews and Mohammedans.

Travelling by the same route as before, when he arrived in Khorassan, he was apprehensive of being again attacked by robbers, but, to his agreeable surprise, he found the name of Englishman had become a passport in those regions. This he attributed to the war with Afghanistan, which had ended in the partial destruction of Cabul by the avenging army of General Pollock.

On his arrival at Merv, his Jewish friends came to him and said: "Joseph Wolff! Joseph Wolff! you are a son of death as soon as you enter Bokhara. For God's sake do not enter. There is still time to retrace your steps." They informed him also that Stoddart and Conolly had both been put to death by the Ameer. Wolff, however, replied, "I shall go on; I must be more certain as to this."

Bokhara was entered after a week's journey, and Wolff thus graphically describes his reception: "Shouts of 'Salaam Aleikoom' (Peace be to you) rang upon my ear. It was a most astonishing sight; people from the roofs of houses, the Nogay Tartars of Russia, the Cossacks and Girghese from the deserts, the Tartars from Yarkand or Chinese Tartary, the merchants of Cashmere, the grandees of the Ameer on horseback, the Afghans, the numerous water-carriers, stopped still, and looked at me; Jews with their little caps—the distinguishing mark of the Jews of Bokhara, the inhabitants of Khokand politely smiling at me, the moollahs from Shikarpoor and Scinde looking at me and saying, 'Inglese Sahib;' veiled women screaming to each other, 'Englees Eljee' (English ambassador), others coming

by them and saying: 'He is not an Eljee, but the grand Dervish of Englistaun.'"

Wolff was accorded a friendly reception by the Ameer of Bokhara, who, at the same time, told him that he had put the officers Conolly and Stoddart to death. He seemed interested in religious matters, and asked Wolff whether he could raise the dead, possibly thinking of his victims, and when Christ would return. Wolff was also allowed to read and expound several passages of Scripture, his expositions being written down by the Ameer's servants. The Ameer himself then read them to a great number of moollahs of the colleges of Bokhara. After Wolff had departed from the royal presence, he was informed that the Ameer said: "How wonderful! I have in my empire two hundred thousand Persian slaves, and no soul ever came from Persia to ask after any one of them; and here I have killed a few Englishmen, and Joseph Wolff comes with a Bible in his hand, and enters my capital without a sword and without a gun, and demands those two Englishmen. I wish Wolff could make them alive again; his coming here has inflicted on me a wound which will never be healed."

The Ameer seemed more open-minded in religious matters than Mohammedan despots generally are, and the reason was that he had a marked predilection for the Jews, of whom there were great numbers at Bokhara, and used to attend their religious ceremonies. He asked Wolff to write down proofs of the Christian religion, and also a brief history of Mohammed from the European point of view, which he caused his moollahs to read.

Notwithstanding the Ameer's outward kindness, however, Wolff found that he was kept under strict surveillance and that the despot was not inclined to let him go. He was

lodged in the home of Nayeb Samut Khan, one of the Ameer's chief officers. This man, as Wolff found subsequently, had instigated the murder of Conolly and Stoddart, and would have been pleased to have had him put to death also.

Presently he was removed to the same room which the English officers had occupied before their execution, and this seemed a bad omen. The Ameer allowed Jews to visit him, and they came in great numbers and held lengthy religious discussions. As they conversed in Hebrew, Wolff was enabled to learn many particulars of the conduct of the Ameer towards Conolly and Stoddart in spite of the presence of his guards.

One day a moollah came and asked him, in the Ameer's name, whether he would become a Mohammedan. Wolff replied: "Tell the Ameer, never, never, never." The moollah asked: "Have you not a more polite answer for the Ameer," but was answered in the negative. A few hours after, the same executioner who had beheaded Stoddart and Conolly came and said: "Joseph Wolff, to thee, it shall happen as it did to them," making, at the same time, a motion at his throat. Fortunately that very day, the Persian ambassador in Bokhara presented a request from the Shah, probaby at the instance of the British Resident at Teheran, for Wolff's release. To this the Ameer with an ill-grace consented. After perusing the Shah's letter, he said: "Well, I make a present to you of Joseph Wolff, he may go."

There is no doubt that Wolff's life had been in serious danger. Shortly afterwards a truculent Afghan said to him, "Ay, you infidel, have you succeeded in cheating the Ameer, so that he has let you go? If he had only given

you into my hands I should soon have made an end of you with my javelin."

Before leaving Bokhara Wolff waited on the Ameer, accompanied by the Persian ambassador, and received presents from him, a robe of honour, fifty ducats, and a Persian manuscript with the Ameer's autograph. The inhabitants crowded the streets at his departure, exclaiming, "Thou hast been born again!" in allusion to his escape from death.

He was not yet altogether out of danger, however. The caravan in which he travelled was a large one, and before he left Bokhara his Jewish friends informed him that it included ten assassins who had been hired to murder him. But the Persian ambassador, who accompanied the caravan and was friendly to Wolff, kept a vigilant watch over him, and baffled the conspirators.

Wolff reached England without further mishap, and spent the rest of his days in the seclusion of a Somerset vicarage. Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Scinde, a personal friend of his, said that he had undergone more dangers in teaching the Christian faith than any of his contemporaries. However that may be, there is no doubt that Joseph Wolff, with his striking combination of linguistic power, enthusiasm, devotion, and courage, is a unique figure among missionaries.

CHAPTER XIX

DR. GRANT AMONG THE NESTORIANS AND KURDS

The Nestorian Church—Its ancient triumphs—Its decadence—Help from America—Encountering a ruffian—The threatened missionaries—"Onward to the mountains"—A Kurdish stronghold—Flight of Nestorians — On the precipice edge — The Emir's castle — The massacre—A premature death—"The Good Doctor."

FEW chapters in ancient Church history are more striking than those which contain the story of the Nestorians. They were honourably distinguished by their missionary zeal above all other ancient Churches. In the words of Gibbon, "their zeal overleaped the limit which had confined the ambition and curiosity of the Greeks and Romans, pursued without fear the footsteps of the roving Tartar, and insinuated themselves into the camps of the valley of Imaus and the banks of the Selinga." For centuries they maintained missions in Tartary, China, and other Eastern regions. Their churches extended from Syria and Cyprus to Pekin and from the coast of Malabar and Ceylon to the borders of Siberia. An interesting proof of this is the celebrated monument inscribed in Syriac and Chinese (the former being the language used by the Nestorians) discovered at Si-gan-fu in China by the Jesuit missionaries in 1625. At one time the Nestorian Patriarch residing at Bagdad ruled over twenty-five provinces extending from Jerusalem to China.

The Tartars at first favoured the Nestorians, but on

embracing Mohammedanism became their bitter persecutors, and towards the close of the fourteenth century the Nestorians were almost exterminated by the merciless Timur. From that time the Nestorian Church of the Middle Ages has dwindled to a persecuted and illiterate remnant in the mountain region of Kurdistan, west of Lake Oroomiah. Yet for the little they know, they are willing to surrender comfort, and sometimes life itself, and have resisted all attempts on the part of the savage Kurds to make them Mohammedans.

The district of Oroomiah is extremely picturesque. It is about fifty miles long and from five to twenty broad, skirting on the east the lake of the same name, which is spread out as a crystal mirror. West, north, and south the plain is surrounded by the wild Kurdish mountains, whose higher summits are crowned with perpetual snow.

In the hope of reviving the ancient missionary spirit in this Church, which, strategically situated between Turkey and Persia, might exercise, if revived, a powerful effect upon the surrounding Mohammedans, the American Board of Missions sent in 1833 Mr. Justin Perkins, and two years afterwards Dr. Grant, the first medical missionary in Asia. At that time no European had resided in Urmia, but Dr. Grant's medical knowledge made him welcome among all classes. "Your coming here," a Persian noble said to him, "is like the rising of the sun upon the world." The Nestorian Bishop, in contrast to the Armenian, welcomed the missionaries heartily, galloping out to meet them. Dr. Grant commenced a school for Nestorian youths, and strangely enough this excited the jealousy of the Mohammedans, who resentfully asked: "Are we to be passed by?" To quiet their minds he was obliged to

devote a few hours each day to teaching a school of Mussulman boys.

As they grew better acquainted with the people and the language, Mr. Perkins and Dr. Grant began to visit the villages round. These excursions were not without danger. On one occasion the two missionaries, with their wives, and a Nestorian priest named Abraham, were walking through a village when three ruffians, of a class named Lootees, placed a horse across their path to provoke an affray. The thick hedges on both sides of the path prevented their going round it, and Priest Abraham stepped forward mildly requesting them to remove it. Their only answer was an attempt to stab him. Seeing the inoffensive priest in such danger, Mr. Perkins instinctively sprang forward, and the assassin at once turned on him. Being weak from a recent illness he fell, and his fall probably saved him from instant death. As it was, the dagger cut through his clothes and punctured his side, without, however, inflicting serious injury. Seeing his associate thus hard beset, Dr. Grant, who was behind, flew to the rescue, and, unarmed as he was, struck the villain so sharply with his riding-whip as to turn his fury upon himself. In the subsequent confusion the whole party escaped into a house and barred the doors. Through the efforts of the British ambassador, the Lootee received so severe a chastisement from the Persian authorities as made people careful afterwards how they injured any member of the mission.

In April 1839, Dr. Grant undertook a somewhat perilous journey to Erzeroum to meet a missionary, Mr. Homes, who was on his way thither from Constantinople. Much snow had fallen, and for more than two hundred

miles it was from two to four feet deep. On the plain near Mount Ararat he encountered a terrible storm, and almost perished in the mountains beyond. There for twenty miles he did not find a single human habitation. His guide was of no use, and where the path was not swept bare by the wind he had to trust to his recollections of his journey four years before. In descending the mountains he could only determine when he was off the path by the depth to which he sank in the snow.

In the pass of Dahar, near the sources of the Euphrates, the wind blew a gale, and the snow was so deep that the horses could not advance. Just then four mountaineers came tramping over the snow, and one of them, consenting to turn back, helped them to pass safely on foot —trampling down the drifts for the horses, and exploring the path by thrusting his long staff deep into the snow. On the way to Diarbekr Dr. Grant crossed some of the mountain torrents on solid bridges of snow, and was ferried over the Euphrates at Paloo on a raft supported by inflated goatskins. Arriving at Diarbekr he found the city awaiting in suspense news from the battle of Nizib between the Turks and the Kurds. The defeat of the Turks was soon manifest in the arrival of hundreds of fugitives completely stripped by the Kurds. From that moment anarchy reigned. Robbery and murder were the order of the day. When Mr. Homes arrived, he and Dr. Grant not only heard themselves cursed on the streets, but the people openly declared their purpose of killing every European in the place.

Finding Diarbekr unsafe, both from anarchy and the unhealthy climate, the thermometer being 98°, they left for Mardin with an escort of thirty horsemen sent by

the Pasha. But here also they had no peace. Their lives were threatened only a few days after their arrival. The Governor offered them a guard, but this they declined, thinking it best not to show alarm; and for a time the excitement died away.

Two months after, while Dr. Grant was riding outside the city with Mr. Homes, a mob of Kurds killed the Governor in his palace in open day, and, after putting several leading men to death, rushed to the lodging of the missionaries with their bloody weapons. Fortunately for the latter, who were still outside the city, the Kurds had shut the gates to prevent the entrance of Government troops. The missionaries escaped to the convent of the Syrian Patriarch, some miles distant, which their enemies did not dare to attack.

Surrounded by so much danger, and with such little prospect of usefulness, Mr. Homes, by the advice of the missionaries at Constantinople and Smyrna, resolved to return. Dr. Grant acquiesced, and in one of his letters describes their parting. "Within the ruined walls of an ancient church, which stands in a lonely ravine overlooked by the town, I exchanged the parting embrace with my brother and companion in tribulation. In my loneliness I had learnt to prize the company of a Christian friend, and it was not without a struggle each tore himself away from the other. But while Providence called him back to Constantinople, to me it seemed to cry "Onward to the mountains!""

Disguised in an Oriental dress he returned to Mardin, and shortly afterwards proceeded to Mosul. On the 7th October 1839, he left Mosul for the unexplored regions of Kurdistan, accompanied by two Nestorians from Persia,

a Kurdish muleteer, and a kavass (police-officer) from the Pasha of Mosul, who was to escort them to the dwellings of the mountain Nestorians. "To the borders of their country," the Pasha said to him, "my head for yours. Carry gold on it and fear not; but I warn you that I can protect you not a step beyond. These infidels know neither pasha nor sultan, but from time immemorial every man has been his own master." As he approached Duree, after a weary ride of seven hours over the rough passes, he was hailed by the questions: "Who are you? What do you want? Where are you going?" The demand was echoed from every side, and seemed to issue from the rocks above him. The deep Syriac gutturals of their stentorian voices would have startled a less fearless heart. The fierceness bereft the kavass of all the courage he had left, and the poor man was glad when Dr. Grant consented to his return.

Finding that he spoke their language, the people gathered round the missionary as though he had been one of themselves. They were bold and outspoken, and in their own rough way welcomed him to their mountain home.

The Nestorian Bishop also showed friendliness, and lent him his hair sandals to wear instead of Turkish boots, in order to avoid a slip on the narrow mountain ledges. After some days among them he proceeded on his perilous journey, having to cross raging torrents on crazy bridges. In eight days he arrived at Chumba, where the Nestorian Patriarch resided. He presented a dignified appearance, wearing a Kurdish turban and long flowing robes. "Why," said he, "do not the Europeans come and deliver my people from the

Moslem oppression that confines us within these mountain fastnesses?"

Dr. Grant remained with the Patriarch five weeks, and then set out for Urmia. The route to Urmia led him through Jularnerk, the residence of the Emir of the Hahkary tribe of Kurds. This man had recently murdered a German traveller named Schultz, so that the journey was a dangerous one for the Doctor. When he arrived at Jularnerk, he found the Emir was at a castle two days' distant, where he had been seized with fever. The doctor proceeded thither, and after giving him medicine returned to his lodgings. At midnight, he was again hastily summoned to the bedside of his patient, and was led up a winding path between sentinels who shouted the Kurdish watch-cry. Through an outer court and doors cased in iron, and long dark passages, he was conducted to the chamber of the chief. There, stretched on a bed, with guns and daggers hanging on the wall, lay the dreaded patient. The physician well understood that his own life depended on his success or failure. The calm and fearless bearing of Dr. Grant convinced the patient of his trustworthiness, and, taking a more powerful dose, he was much relieved in the morning. The Doctor accordingly became a great favourite with the Emir, who tried to persuade him to remain, or to return later and reside permanently with him.

At that time, Dr. Grant was obliged to go on to Urmia, but on his return a year or two later, he found the Emir at his favourite castle of Charreh, perched on the summit of an isolated rock, near the river of the same name. The green banks of the stream were now dotted with the tents of more than a dozen chiefs, assembled to meet the Emir. He had come in state with two hundred attendants, at the

instance of the Persian Government, which sought his aid in an expected war with Turkey, and he swore on the Koran perpetual allegiance to the Shah.

In such circumstances, Dr. Grant was cheered to find the Emir still regard him as his physician and friend, and urge him to accompany him to Julamerk. Dr. Grant now fully explained his plans and projects to him, and he in his turn promised to protect the missionary and his associates, and to permit them to erect buildings for themselves and their schools, as they should be needed.

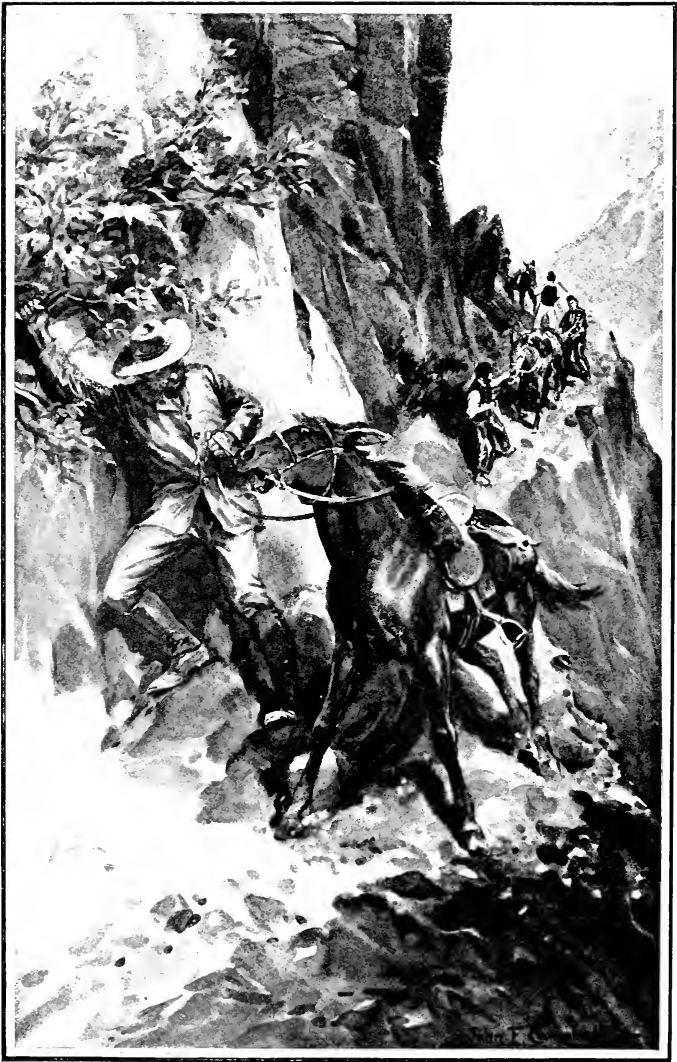
Unfortunately, at this very time the Turks, in alliance with the majority of the Kurds, were preparing to destroy the independence of the mountain Nestorians. In a few days the roads up the mountains were crowded with frightened fugitives—men, women, and children pressing on one another, terror visible in every feature. The little ones, packed on the loaded animals, or slung in large sacks fastened together across the backs of the cattle, were crying as they went. Women on foot urged with cries and blows the slow-footed beasts loaded with their baggage, leaving husbands and brothers to drive the flocks. Some whose loads had fallen in the road were jostled by the rest, none caring to stop long enough to help them. Dr. Grant's Kurdish guides could not resist the temptation of purloining a stray colt, but the Doctor compelled them to give it up, and incurred their anger in consequence.

Leaving a supply of medicine with the Emir, and directions how to use it, Dr. Grant proceeded to visit various mountain villages, with the view of establishing a mission station. Some of the villagers told him his mules could not possibly get over the road before him, but taking additional help from the village, he kept along the mountain

side, and, with the exception of some places where the avalanches had obliterated the path, leaving a smooth and steep slope to the very edge of the precipice, he did not find much trouble. At these places the villagers did admirable service; some taking the mules by the head and others by the tail, and so keeping them from falling till they reached a place where they could take care of themselves. Fatigued beyond endurance, the Doctor rode even where he knew it was dangerous, on the principle that further exhaustion was the greater danger. He had a narrow escape, however, for his foot struck against a rock and threw the mule off his balance; and had he not instinctively leaped off on the side next the mountain, and grasped a bush that enabled him to hold on to the mule, now trembling in every limb, both would have rolled together to the bottom.

Amid these difficulties, he reached Chumba, and, after spending some time with the Patriarch there, received a summons to return to the Emir. He had heard that the Nestorians and Kurds were collecting for a skirmish on the road before him, but he kept on his way, and the next day, as the bridge was gone, crossed the river Zab on some frail poles resting on rocks about twenty feet above the water. After he had prescribed for the most needy of a crowd of patients in the Kurdish village of Dizza, his attendants led him out of the usual road along a solitary footpath, to the very summit of the mountain. This was a device of theirs to avoid any ambush that might have been laid for him, and was carefully concealed even from himself, till it was too late to turn back.

He entered the castle of Julamerk just at dusk, and was led through iron-bound doors and long winding passages



A Narrow Escape

When riding along the edge of a precipice, Dr. Grant's foot struck against a rock, which threw the mule off its balance. Instinctively the missionary leaped off on one side away from the abyss, and grasped a bush. This enabled him to hold up the mule, now trembling in every limb.

to a vaulted room assigned him by the chief. Exhausted and faint, he threw himself upon a rug in one corner, wondering whether it were not his prison.

His apprehensions were, however, dispelled, when he was summoned to the presence of the Emir, who received him cordially. He found him in a spacious apartment spread with rich Persian carpets, and ornamented with a profusion of arms and porcelain intermingled. The Emir sat on a yellow satin divan, bolstered up with pillows of the same material. He seemed glad to see the Doctor, and expressed much gratitude for the trouble he had taken to come and see him. After prescribing for him, he was asked to prescribe for the ladies of the harem. These were adorned with a profusion of ornaments of massive silver from the round disc of silver which they wore on the head to the tinkling ornaments of the feet. Their wrists were so loaded with bracelets, that the doctor found it difficult to feel their pulse. Their silk tunics were quilted so thick that they might have stood alone.

Dr. Grant found that the Emir, with another Kurdish chieftain, was plotting the subjugation of the Nestorians, whose independence as Christians was intolerable to the haughty Moslems.

After Dr. Grant's return to his mission station of Ashitha the storm burst. The first victims were the tribe of Diss, where the Patriarch's family resided. The leading men were slaughtered at a council to which they had been summoned under pretence of settling terms of peace. The Kurds flung themselves like wild beasts upon the hapless survivors. Neither age nor sex was spared. The bodies of hundreds of victims filled the valleys and stopped up the mountain streams.

Dr. Grant, seeing he could do no good, retired to Mosul in the plain, but according to the promise of the Emir, the village of Ashitha, where he had built his mission-house, was untouched amid the surrounding devastation. Some of his personal property even which fell into the hands of the Kurds was restored. The Patriarch, who had made his headquarters in Ashitha, was summoned to surrender himself on penalty of being slain wherever found. He succeeded in effecting his escape to Mosul, where he put himself under the protection of the British flag.

The districts of the Nestorians were turned into a desert. Travellers who visited the mountains soon afterwards saw on every hand the ruins of deserted villages, fragments of rotting garments, long plaited tresses of hair, skeletons of infants, and heaps of mouldering bones.

The exposure and hardship which Dr. Grant had undergone hastened his end. After he reached Mosul all his energies were directed to the work of relieving the wretched fugitives who crowded the city. In the spring of 1844 he was looking forward to return to his native land. But the malady from which he had suffered during his whole residence in the East was aggravated by his recent hardships. After a brief illness he died on the 24th of April. The people wept aloud as the funeral procession passed. Even the Turkish Governor could not restrain his tears. Jacobite and Nestorian priests assisted at the funeral, and the sobs of grateful mountaineers were mingled with the prayers that rose around his grave. Long after his death his associates heard his name repeated with grateful veneration by Nestorians and Mohammedans, in the castles of Kurdish chiefs and in the hovels of the mountaineers. Sir Henry Layard, the celebrated explorer, who was at that time

engaged in investigations at Nineveh, wrote as follows to his biographer: "I have heard Mussulmans bear witness to his charitable and truly liberal character, which led him to extend the benefit of his skill to all without reference to sect or prospect of reward, and I have frequently heard him designated, both by Kurds of the wild districts of the mountains and by the Mussulmans of Mosul, as 'the Good Doctor.'"

CHAPTER XX

KRAPF IN EAST AFRICA

Expulsion from Abyssinia—A wife's grave—Discovery of Mount Kilimanjaro—The unknown lake—Attacked by robbers—A breathless flight—The pinch of hunger—Breakfast on ants—Churlish hospitality—Escape from the village—Welcome at Yata—Value of Krapf's journeys—His hope for Africa.

THE flourishing missions of the Church Missionary Society in East Africa and Uganda are largely due to the enterprise and energy of Dr. Ludwig Krapf. This distinguished missionary was sent out in 1837 by the Church Missionary Society to reinforce the mission in Abyssinia. But after three months he was expelled through the jealousy of the Abyssinian priests. Nothing daunted, Krapf entered the southern Abyssinian province of Shoa, where he was received in a friendly manner by the King, whom he accompanied on three of his military expeditions. But on his return to Shoa after a temporary absence in Egypt, he again found the door closed against him by the opposition of the priests.

This was the turning-point, and upon Krapf's decision hung the eventual success of the East African mission. All the other missionaries were transferred to other missions at their own request, but Krapf would not relinquish the enterprise while the faintest hope of establishing an East African mission remained. He proceeded down the coast to Zanzibar to obtain the permission of the Imam of Muscat to establish a mission which he proposed to commence at

Mombasa. The Imam, with considerable liberality for a Mohammedan, wrote a letter to the governors on the coast in these words: "This note is given in favour of Dr. Krapf, the German, a good man, who desires to convert the world to God. Behave ye well towards him, and render him service everywhere."

Soon after settling at Mombasa in May 1844, he and Mrs. Krapf were attacked with fever, and to her the attack proved fatal. Whilst she was breathing her last he lay on his couch beside her, so prostrated with fever that it was only with the greatest effort he could raise his head a little to convince himself that she was dead. Her grave marks the starting-point of missions in East Africa.

For two years Dr. Krapf laboured alone in Mombasa, but in 1846 he was joined by Mr. Rebbman. They undertook several explorations in the interior, during one of which Mount Kilimanjaro was sighted for the first time by Europeans. A great stimulus was given to their explorations by the constant rumours of a large inland sea which reached them, and which was subsequently discovered by Speke, and named the Victoria Nyanza. Krapf's great wish was to commence a chain of missions which should unite the East and West African coasts. With this view in 1851 he undertook a journey to Ukambani, more than five hundred miles from the coast.

On arriving at Ukambani, he found a friendly chief, Kivoi, who, after entertaining him hospitably for some days, asked him to accompany him on an expedition to the river Dana. Nothing remarkable occurred till, when they were within a league of the Dana, Kivoi's slaves on a sudden pointed towards the forest towards which they were marching across the grassy and treeless plain. Dr. Krapf ran

to Kivoi's side, and saw a party of about ten men emerging from the forest, and soon afterwards other and larger parties came from another side, evidently with the object of surrounding them. The whole caravan was panic-stricken, and the cry "Meida" ("robbers") ran through the ranks, upon which Kivoi fired off his gun, and bade Dr. Krapf do the same.

After they had fired thrice the robbers began to slacken their pace, probably because they heard the whistling of bullets through the air. They were also obstructed by the grass which Kivoi had set on fire, that the wind might blow the flames in their faces. When at last they had come within bow-shot Kivoi called to them to stop, and not to approach nearer. He then ran towards them, and invited them to a parley, upon which they ran up and down brandishing their swords and raising a shout of triumph. After a few minutes Kivoi succeeded in persuading three of them to come into his encampment, and seat themselves upon the ground. Kivoi now made a speech, telling them who he was and whither he was going, and after he had finished his address the spokesman of the opposite party laughed, and said, "You need not be afraid; we have no hostile design; we saw the grass on fire, and only wished to know who the travellers were that had set it on fire." The men still remained seated while Kivoi and Dr. Krapf and their followers continued their march.

On the way, however, Kivoi was troubled, and said that the conference was unsatisfactory, and that the people were robbers. At last they entered the forest, the pathway being shut in on either side by trees and bushes, and whenever the caravan rested for a little, the robbers were seen following. By-and-by five natives came to them, and said, "This is

the way to the river, follow us," but as they were following, suddenly their treacherous guides wheeled round, set up a war-shout, and began to discharge their arrows. A great confusion arose; Dr. Krapf's men threw away their burdens, and began shooting arrows at the robbers, begging him to fire as quickly as he could. He fired twice, but in the air, not wishing to cause bloodshed. Right and left the arrows fell at his feet, but without touching him. When his men saw that they could not cope with the enemy, one hundred and twenty in number, they took to flight, and left him absolutely alone.

He thought it was now time for him to escape also, so he set off at a run, but scarcely had he gone some sixty paces when he came to the dried-up bed of a stream about ten feet deep and four or five feet wide. The fugitives had thrown their loads into it, and leapt to the opposite side, but when Dr. Krapf made the attempt he fell into it, breaking the butt-end of his gun and wounding his thigh. As he could not climb up the steep bank of the river-bed, he hurried along the bottom till he came to a place where the bank was lower, and when he had gained level ground he ran as fast as he could after the fugitives, pursued by the arrows of the robbers. But as his gun and the ammunition in his pockets impeded his progress he was left farther and farther behind, and presently found himself all alone in the forest.

All at once he came to a glade where he saw a number of men some three hundred paces distant. Thinking them to be his people, recovered from their terror and collected again, he hastened to join them. But having some misgivings he took his telescope, looked through it, and discovered to his horror that they were the robbers, who

were carrying off the booty plundered from the caravan. He immediately retreated across the brook again, without being observed by the "Meida," although he could see them with the naked eye.

As he was re-entering the wood, he suddenly saw two large rhinoceroses in front of him, some fifteen to twenty paces away, but they soon turned aside and disappeared in the forest. For eight or ten minutes he resumed his flight at a run, till he thought he was out of the robbers' reach, and emerged again into an open and grassy plain where he lay down beneath a tree. His situation was perplexing in the extreme. How was he without a guide, without food, and without a knowledge of the water-stations, to make a journey of over one hundred miles back to Kivoi's village? His most pressing and immediate want was water, for he had had nothing to drink all day, and was extremely thirsty. He knew that the Dana was near at hand, and seeing at some distance very lofty trees he conjectured that the bed of the river was there, and determined to press forward to it, not now impelled by geographical curiosity but by extreme thirst. As the country through which he was now passing was without either tree or brushwood he was afraid of being seen by the robbers; yet the river had to be reached at any cost.

After a short march he came to a trodden pathway which he followed, and soon saw with indescribable delight the gleam of the river through the bushes on its banks. The water was cool and pleasant, for the banks were steep and lofty. After his thirst was satisfied, he thought how to obtain a supply, and having no water-bottles, he filled the leather case of his telescope, and the barrels of his

gun, which, being broken, was now useless. He stopped up the muzzles of the gun-barrel with grass and with bits of cloth cut off his trousers.

Revived by the water of the Dana, he began again to think of his return journey, and as it was still daylight, he concealed himself behind the bushes and waited for nightfall. Then, not being able to see the path in the darkness, he steered as much as possible against the course of the wind. For as it was at their backs as they came, he judged that in returning he should have it in his face. He made his way through thick and thin, often tumbling into little pits, or over stones and trunks of trees; but the thorns and tall grass impeded him most of all, and he was troubled by the thought of the many wild beasts known to be in the neighbourhood of the Dana. He was so impeded and wearied by the tall grass that he was tempted to take his chance of them, and to lie down and sleep, fearing he should never reach the coast again, but rallying his powers, he pressed forward as swiftly as he could.

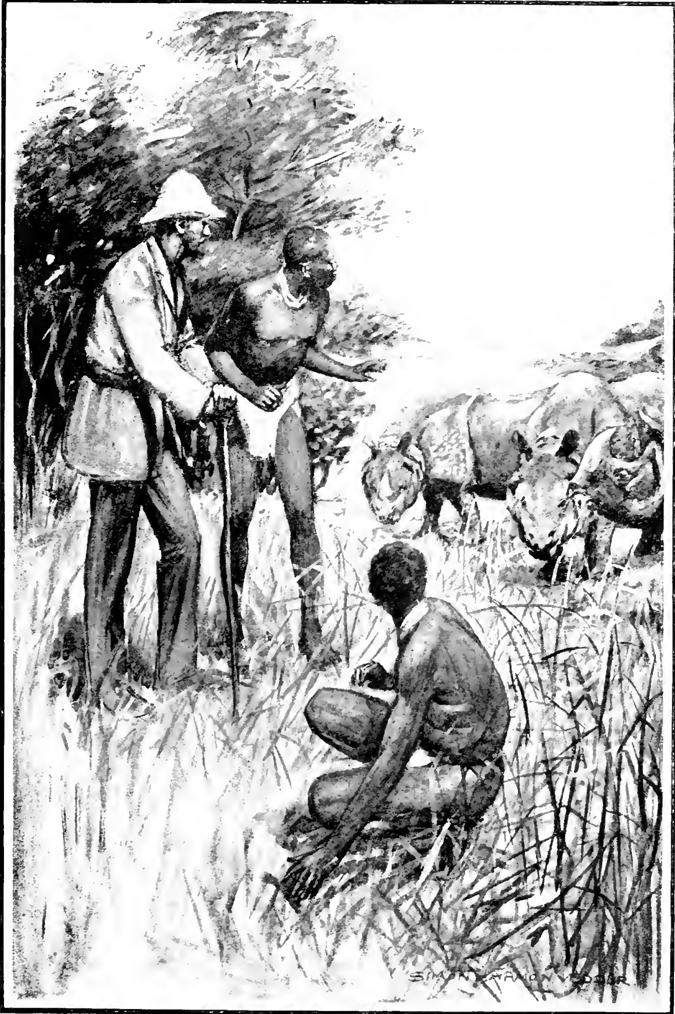
After a time he emerged from the jungle, and reached the great plain in which Kivoi had set fire to the grass. He now felt in better spirits, as he could proceed more quickly and with fewer obstructions. Presently, however, he found himself obliged to lie down behind a bush, for he was so wearied out that he could scarcely keep his feet. For protection against the keen wind that blew over the plain, he cut some dry grass and spread it over him. Awaking after a few hours, he saw to the east a hill apparently on fire, the flames lighting up the whole country round. It occurred to him immediately to make for that hill, fearing lest at daybreak he should be seen

in the plain by the robbers, while he hoped to be unobserved in the mountain jungle, which he would be sure to find there. The result proved that he was right, as he afterwards heard that the robbers kept up the pursuit of the flying Wakamba all through the next day.

After he had started again he felt the pangs of hunger and thirst; the water in his telescope case had run out, and that in the barrels of his gun had been lost on the way, as the bushes had torn out the grass stoppers, and so he lost a portion of the precious fluid which in spite of the flavour of gunpowder imparted to it by the barrels, thirst had rendered delicious. His hunger was so great that he tried to chew leaves and roots, and when daylight came to break his fast on ants.

Coming to a sand-pit with a somewhat moist surface, he expected to find water, and dug in the sand for it, but only to meet with disappointment. It was now nearly noon, and his thirst had become intolerable. At length he reached the sandy bed of a river, where he heard the chattering of monkeys. It was sweet music to him, for he knew there must be water wherever monkeys appear in a low-lying place. He followed the bed of the stream, and soon came to a pit dug by monkeys in the sand in which he found the priceless water. Having first quenched his thirst, he filled his powder horn, tying up the powder in his hankerchief, then his telescope case and the barrels of his gun. To still the pangs of hunger he ate a handful of powder with some young shoots of a tree which grew near the water; but they were bitter, and he soon felt severe pain in the stomach.

After climbing the mountain, he was startled by observing a man and woman standing on a rock which projected



The missionary and the two natives came upon three rhinoceros.

from it, and tried to conceal himself behind a bush; but they had seen him and came towards him. By the aid of his telescope he discovered that they belonged to the fugitive Wakamba, and like himself had been journeying through the night. The woman, who saw at once that he was famished, gave him a bit of dried cassave about the size of his thumb. Reaching the more open ground, they came upon three rhinoceroses, which greatly alarmed the Wakamba, but Dr. Krapf says he had lost all fear of them, finding them not nearly so dangerous as described in books. The Wakamba ran on so fast that he could not keep pace with them. After a few hours he reached the brook on the bank of which he had bivouacked on the first day of his journey with Kivoi, and he began for the first time to consider himself safe when he reached the nearest Wakamba village. To his dismay the people met him with cold and lowering looks, and gave him only one or two bananas and a few beans, although he was very hungry. This treatment he discovered to be due to a fact unknown to him at the time. Kiovi had been killed in the attack on the caravan, and his relatives were ready to kill Dr. Krapf because he had neither protected Kiovi, nor fallen with him. Knowing the superstitious and capricious character of the people, he resolved to escape by night from the hut of a chief named Kitetu, who had taken him in.

After midnight, about two in the morning, he rose from his hard couch, and with a beating heart opened the door of the hut. It consisted of heavy billets of wood, the Wakamba having no regular doors, but piling up logs above each other in the doorway of the hut. Kitetu and his family did not hear the noise made by the displacement

of this primitive door, and after Krapf had made an opening in it sufficient to let him creep out, he gained the open air and hung the cowhide on which he had been sleeping over the aperture lest the cold wind should waken the inmates.

The moon was disappearing behind the mountains of Kikuyu as he bent his steps towards a village which he had noticed the day before. When he reached it he saw a fire in an enclosure, and heard the people talking and the dogs barking, upon which he struck immediately aside into the fields. When day dawned he sought concealment on the slope of a hill which was covered with trees and bushes, and lay the whole day hidden in the grass.

He thus struggled on for some days, travelling by night and resting by day in some place of concealment. Finding, however, that he made very slow progress, and that he would never reach the coast in this way, he determined to surrender himself to the Wakamba. He accordingly made his way to a village where he met one of Kivoi's brothers, Muinda, with his followers. Dr. Krapf told them that he was in their hands, but that if they put him to death, the Governor at the coast would not allow it to pass unavenged. Muinda allowed him to remain in the village, but he had to ask for everything like a mendicant. Nobody would procure him food, or fetch him water, or kindle a fire for him. Only some hard grains of maize were given to him which he could not masticate. After some days Muinda sent Wakamba with him to escort him to Yata, one of the stations on the way from the coast. At Yata the whole population came out to see him in a state of excitement, as his death had been reported there. Here he found a servant of

his busy opening one of his bags, which he had left behind containing beads, with which to purchase food for himself. He did not seem overjoyed at his master's appearance, as he had supposed him to be dead, and intended to be himself the inheritor of his property.

The people at Yata were friendly, and the chiefs on his departure for the coast took water in their mouths and ejected it upwards, with the words: "We wish thee a prosperous journey: may Mulungu protect thee, and may rain soon fall on our land."

The rest of the journey was comparatively uneventful. In about ten days Dr. Krapf reached the coast at Rabai, to the surprise of his acquaintances there, who had given up all hope of his escape.

This narrative gives some idea of the dangers involved in the explorations undertaken by Dr. Krapf in the interior, which contributed materially to the opening up of East Africa to missionary enterprise. Like Livingstone's, there is something prophetic in his utterances regarding the Dark Continent. When, in 1851, he was about to undertake the journey here described, he had just buried his only colleague, Pfefferle, at Rabai; yet he wrote to a friend in Germany: "The idea of a chain of missions between East and West Africa will yet be taken up by succeeding generations and carried out; for the idea is always conceived decades before the deed comes to pass. This idea I bequeath to every missionary coming to East Africa." Fifty years have seen this idea all but realised, and to Krapf belongs the honour that makes illustrious the names of all those who in darkness and difficulty lay the foundations of great enterprises.

In 1855 Krapf retired from Africa, but always retained a deep interest in the mission. In 1861 he paid a temporary

visit, to settle two missionaries at Ribe, near Mombasa. In 1867, at the invitation of the English Government, he accompanied the Abyssinian Expedition as interpreter, his services being much appreciated by the English officials. Before the expedition was over, however, he was obliged by sickness to return home.

In his later years he lived quietly at his home in Korn-thal in Würtemburg, busying himself with the work of translation, and, like Livingstone, he was found dead upon his knees, November 26, 1881. His funeral was attended by 3000 people from all parts of the country.

XXI

ROBERT CLARK IN THE PANJAB

Sikhs and Afghans—"I am your cow"—Assassination of Colonel Mackeson—The blood-stained pillar—Frontier fanatics—Nearly a martyr—A baptized brigand—A brave confessor—Kafiristan the mysterious—First experiences in Kashmir—A ruffianly mob—Persecuted converts—Founding a medical mission—The Prince of Wales in Amritsar—Clarkabad, the Christian village.

IN May 1849, at the conclusion of the second Sikh war, Lord Dalhousie annexed the vast province of the Panjab to the British crown. "The whole Sikh army laid down their arms and guns before Lord Gough, many a grey-beard weeping as he did it." The Panjab had for centuries been the scene of fierce struggles between the Afghans and Sikhs. In the early part of the nineteenth century the Sikhs under Runjeet Singh had brought the Afghans into subjection, and held the important frontier city of Peshawar. They used to swoop down at irregular intervals on the Afghan villages on the border, burning, pillaging, and looting in all directions. Religious bigotry added to the intensity of their mutual hatred, as the Sikhs were a reformed sect of Hindus, and in former times many of them had fallen victims to Mohammedan fanaticism. In 1820, at Gandgarh, on the Cabul River, the Afghans, in order to infuriate the Sikh army, which was encamped on the opposite side of the river, slaughtered cows in their sight, these animals being held in veneration by the Sikhs. The Afghans supposed themselves to be beyond their reach,

but so great was the fury of the Sikhs at the spectacle that they plunged into the river, and though large numbers were drowned, the remainder got across and made a great slaughter among the astonished Afghans. Some of these put grass into their mouths, and falling down before the enraged Sikhs exclaimed, "I am your cow!" but were butchered without mercy.

The strong hand of the British Raj was needed to give peace to the distracted Panjab, and the Afghans welcomed at first the relief thus afforded them from the heavy hand of their Sikh oppressors, who would not even allow their moollahs to chant the call to prayer from the minarets of their mosques, according to the invariable custom of Mohammedans.

In 1851, two years after the annexation of the Panjab, a British officer, Colonel Martin, stationed at Lahore, promised anonymously 10,000 rupees to the Church Missionary Society on condition that the first missionary for the Panjab should arrive before March 1, 1852. Before this offer reached them the Church Missionary Committee had appointed Mr. Robert Clark, a Cambridge Wrangler, to the newly-annexed province.

After working for a year or two at Amritsar, in the centre of the Panjab, Mr. Clark was invited to the frontier station of Peshawar, where a small band of Christian officers had determined to establish a mission among the fanatical Afghans. The late Commissioner of Peshawar, Colonel Mackeson, had been unfavourable to missionary enterprise, which he considered likely to disturb the peace, and had declared that no missionary should be allowed to cross the Indus and settle in Peshawar while he was in authority. Shortly after this he was seated in the verandah of his

house when an Afghan appeared and presented a petition. As he took it to read, the Afghan stabbed him to the heart.

His successor, Colonel Edwardes (afterwards Sir Herbert Edwardes), took a different view of missionary work, and presided at a meeting held to welcome the first frontier missionary in Peshawar. At this meeting Mr. Clark noticed the marks of Colonel Mackeson's blood still visible on a pillar in the verandah. In his address Colonel Edwardes said: "In this crowded city we may hear the Brahmin in his temple sound his 'sunkh' and gong, the muezzin on his lofty minaret fill the air with the Azán (call to prayer), and the Civil Government which protects them both will take upon itself the duty of protecting the Christian missionary."

Most of the Anglo-Indian residents at the station took rather a sarcastic view of the enterprise. One officer put his name down on the subscription list for "One rupee towards a Deane and Adams revolver for the first missionary." At that time assassinations of officers by fanatical Afghans were comparatively frequent. These "Gazis," or "Warriors of the Faith," as they were called, thought that by such a deed they insured a passport to Paradise. The city of Peshawar, surrounded by high mud walls, was considered so dangerous that no English soldiers were allowed within it, except under very special circumstances. Even so late as 1893 a writer in *The Nineteenth Century*, describing a walk through Peshawar city, says: "The looks of the first half-dozen men you pass, as they sit in their shops or stand in the street, give you a new and strange sensation. You straighten yourself and hold your head up with a resolve of which you are hardly conscious till afterwards that if a knife is plunged into your back you will not flinch. The

eyes about you suggest that if there was no cantonment, no others to ask for an account of you, your throat would be cut and your corpse thrown away, and that the people in the street would look on without moving."

When Mr. Clark began his work, not only the city was dangerous, but no European was safe outside the limit of cantonments. One day as he was walking a few hundred yards outside this limit, Sir John Lawrence and Sir Herbert Edwardes overtook him in a carriage, and, gravely rebuking him for his temerity, made him ride with them.

Mr. Clark had not only to learn Hindustani and Persian, but Pushtu, the special language of the Afghans. In the latter he made sufficient proficiency to compose a controversial work in it, addressed to Mohammedans. The Peshawar Mission, as well as others in the Panjab, was destined to prove that, though extremely difficult, it was not impossible to make genuine converts from among Moslems. The first, whose name was Yahiya Baqir, a few days after his baptism was found lying wounded in the small native house he occupied at the bottom of Mr. Clark's garden, having been set upon by a fanatic who cut off two of his fingers. He happily recovered, and laboured in Central Asia, travelling about as a medical missionary.

Another convert, Dilawar Khan, who had formerly been a brigand, and had a price set on his head by the Government, was baptized at Peshawar in 1858, and used to accompany Mr. Clark to the villages, where he often confuted the moollahs with arguments out of their own books. He subsequently became a native officer in the Queen's Corps of Guides, and Mr. Clark gives this graphic description of the second Afghan convert: "If we wish to picture to ourselves Dilawar Khan we must fancy that we see before

us a shrewd elderly Afghan, with broad muscular shoulders and a very rugged and deeply-lined face, clad in a postin or sheep-skin coat with the long warm wool inside and the yellow-tanned embroidered leather outside, seated on the ground or in an arm-chair in the barrack-yard of the Guide Corps in Mardan. His sword is on his knees or else in a broad leathern belt which is strapped around his waist, and which also contains a pistol firmly attached to it by a strong loose cord to prevent its being snatched away. He is arguing eagerly with both hand and tongue with a Mohammedan moollah who is seated before him, while numbers of excited Mohammedan soldiers are listening all round. You can see by the twinkle in his eye, and by the puzzled angry look of his opponent, that he has the best of the argument. He has got the moollah fast as in a vice and will not let him go."

This man practically died a martyr's death in Chitral, whither he had been sent on a political errand by the British Government: "It is reported that as he was travelling in disguise, a man who had heard him preach in the Peshawar bazaar betrayed him to the judge, who condemned him to be blown away from a cannon as an apostate. During the trial a Christian book dropped from his bosom. The judge took it and tore it in two. The King of the country, however, heard of it and asked to see the book, and having read a part of it pronounced it to be a good book and set Dilawar at liberty. His guides, however, purposely misled him, and he perished in the snow. His last words were, 'Tell the Sircar (Government) that I am glad to die in their service.'"[1]

Dilawar Khan had given the best proof of the reality of

[1] "Dilawar Khan." A sketch by the Rev. R. Clark.

his conversion—for though naturally rapacious, as all the Afghans are—he returned empty-handed from the siege of Delhi, in which he had taken part. Although the men of his regiment had taken their share of the spoil, he abstained altogether, "doubting," as he said, "whether looting was not contrary to the law of Christ."

The British authorities at that time, and ever since, have strictly prohibited missionaries from crossing the frontier, but Mr. Clark endeavoured to find an opening in Kafiristan by sending thither two trusted Afghan converts. Kafiristan is, or was, a curious *enclave* in the middle of Afghanistan, inhabited by the Siah-posh or black-coated Kafirs—"infidels," as their Mohammedan neighbours called them.

According to Sir George Robertson, the recent explorer of Kafiristan, the Kafirs are descendants from the broken tribes of Eastern Afghanistan who, refusing to accept Islam in the tenth century, were driven away by the fervid swordsmen of Mohammed. Their country being extremely rugged and precipitous, they had preserved their religion intact, though surrounded by fanatical Afghans with whom they were at deadly enmity. Mr. Clark's two converts penetrated into this strange region, at the peril of their lives, disguised as women. They brought back an interesting journal of their expedition, written in Pushtu, from which Mr. Clark translated extracts. It is sad to notice that, though the Kafirs subsequently manifested a desire for instruction, the Indian Government would not allow any missionary to proceed thither, and the Kafirs on their conquest by the Ameer Abdurrahman were merged in the surrounding Mohammedanism.

Convinced that an important frontier station should

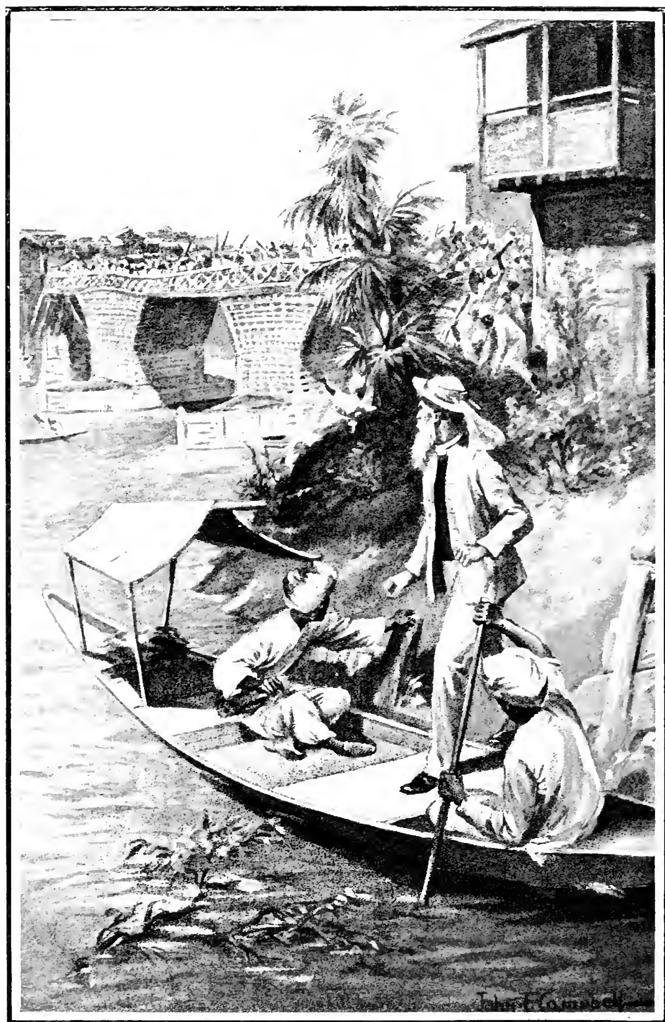
throw out branches, Mr. Clark then turned his attention to Kashmir. He had made an exploratory tour there with a Colonel Martin in 1854, and been kindly received by the Maharajah Gulab Singh, who consented to the commencement of missionary work in rather sarcastic terms. The Kashmiris, Hindus, and Mohammedans alike, he said, were so bad that he was sure the missionaries could do them no harm, and he was curious to see if they could do them any good. Accordingly in 1863 Mr. Clark proceeded to Sirinagar, the capital of Kashmir, where, in the midst of the loveliest scenery, he found the natives of a very degraded and sensual type. "The town of Sirinagar," he wrote, "is quite an eastern Venice, the place being intersected with canals in every direction, and the houses built out from the water. The lake adjoining, with its pretty little island of Chinars and its numberless floating gardens, is like a mirror reflecting the surrounding mountains on its surface, so as quite to give the idea, when passing over in a boat, that one is skimming over the peaks and crags in an aërial machine. At the bottom of these mountains, on the borders of the lake, are the famous gardens of Shalimar and Nishat. Streams from the mountains are made to run through them forming cascades and canals, the chinar trees casting their shade over them."

Mr. Clark's preaching was met with fierce opposition. As soon as he had gathered a few inquirers, they were arrested and subjected to great indignity, being beaten and spat upon by the soldiers, without any other charge being brought against them than that they were inquirers. Men were placed on the bridge before Mr. Clark's house with orders to watch every native who should enter the door, and arrest him on his leaving. Warnings were sent to Mr.

Clark not to attempt preaching in a certain part of the city, for that, if he did, he would be set upon and beaten. A young convert of nineteen years of age was forcibly taken from his house. Having learnt that two inquirers were confined in the house of Raj Kaka, the Minister of Finance, Mr. Clark sought them out and found them sitting in a little dark hole in the side of the gateway. It was all black within, but the door was open. They had been in prison fifteen days, and suffered much from cold, for, although they had their "kangars" or little fire-pots, their guards would not give them any fire to put in them, and their clothing was altogether insufficient. After some time, however, they were released on promising to go no more near the missionary.

At that time Kashmir was independent territory, and by the Maharajah's order all Europeans had to leave the country in winter. This exclusiveness was a long-cherished custom arising from jealousy of foreigners. More than eight centuries ago the Arabic historian, Albiruni, mentions that the passes used to be watched, and few outsiders admitted. Mr. Clark therefore was obliged to go for a time, intending to return the following summer.

Before his return, however, he took the precaution of hiring a house in Sirinagar from the proprietor, Ghulam Hussan of Amritsar, paying 300 rupees in advance. But on his arrival near Sirinagar, whither he proceeded by boat, his servants, whom he had sent on to see if the house was ready, returned, saying that they had been stopped by about 400 men, who had driven them back with threats and stones. Halting therefore for the night, Mr. Clark proceeded next morning to the house, which he reached without molestation. Hardly was he within, how-



A DANGEROUS MOB IN SIRINAGAR

Robert Clark's house was literally besieged by an angry and threatening mob of 1000 or 1500 Kashmiris. As the rioters threatened to become dangerous, the missionary left his house by boat to interview and gain the assistance of the Prime Minister.

ever, than a man called Sheikh Aziz arrived and asked why he had gone into *his* house without leave. Mr. Clark told him of his agreement with Ghulam Hassan, but the man declared that he, and not the latter, was the owner of the house.

He went away, and in an hour or two the house was literally besieged with men and boys. A gong was beaten to collect the people, who gathered by hundreds on the bridge, and lined the river on both sides, shouting out threats. Not a police officer or soldier or official of any kind appeared. The tumult quickly increased, and no efforts of any kind were made to stop it. The people began to throw stones, and some of them broke down the wall of the compound and forced an entrance through the stable. Mr. Clark's servants became greatly alarmed, as the rioters, whose numbers had increased to 1000 or 1500, threatened to burn the house. Mr. Clark now resolved to go to the Wazir or Prime Minister of the Maharajah and appeal to him for protection. He got into a boat by a back door that opened on the river, and was rowed to the palace. It was not till after long delay and much difficulty that he succeeded in obtaining an interview with the Wazir, who at last sent the police to disperse the mob.

Notwithstanding this opposition, Mr. Clark had the satisfaction not long afterwards of baptizing a Kashmiri convert, Mohammed Hussan. He had shown his sincerity by undergoing a painful imprisonment, a ponderous log of wood having been fastened to his legs in such a way as to prevent his standing up. Finding that he remained steadfast, his persecutors at last let him go.

As Kashmir was still semi-independent territory, Mr. Clark was obliged to obey the Maharajah's rule that all

Europeans must leave the country in winter. A young Mohammedan convert named Sumadu, a bookbinder by trade, accompanied Mr. Clark for some distance down the river, but two of the Government officials having heard of this inquirer, took the Maharajah's boats and went in pursuit, and very soon overtook him. The soldiers then violently beat him, and, having pinioned his hands behind him, led him off to prison. On being brought into the principal court he was asked if he had accompanied Mr. Clark of his own free will. He answered, "Yes." He was then sent back to prison, and four days afterwards he was sentenced to be publicly whipped. This shameful sentence was accordingly carried out in the presence of a great crowd of witnesses. He was afterwards put in chains, and kept in prison for three months.

In 1865 Mr. Clark introduced a medical missionary, Dr. Elmslie, into Kashmir. His work was highly valued and his help eagerly sought, and although the Maharajah continued his vexatious tactics, the people began to see that the missionaries were their best friends, especially in times of famine and sickness. The order for missionaries to leave Kashmir in winter was presently rescinded, and missionary work is now carried on without let or hindrance. Mr. Clark had thus the honour of being the pioneer missionary in three important centres, Amritsar, Peshawar, and Kashmir. His missionary career lasted from 1851 to 1900, and he had the satisfaction of seeing the missions he had planted amidst much difficulty grow strong and flourishing. When King Edward VII., then Prince of Wales visited Amritsar in 1876, he had three of the most prominent native Christians introduced to him by Mr. Clark, who afterwards received a letter from Sir Bartle Frere

expressing the Prince's gratification at the address which had been presented to him by the native Christian community.

As years passed on, Mr. Clark became the recognised *doyen* of the Panjab Native Church. His skill as an organiser and administrator was no less great than his enterprise as a pioneer. To few missionaries has it been allowed to persevere in a missionary career, in a tropical climate, of nearly fifty years. In 1850 there was hardly a single native Christian in the Panjab; in 1900, when Mr. Clark died, there were over 6000 in the Church of England Mission alone. At his own request he was buried in the native cemetery of Amritsar, a large number of native Christians accompanying the funeral. During the month of May in the Panjab the earth radiates heat like an oven, and rain is rare. A shower which happened to fall at the time of the funeral was termed by the natives "asmani barakat," "a heavenly blessing."

Shortly before the late Norman Macleod died in 1872 he dreamt that the whole Panjab was Christianised. That this dream is now well on the way to being realised is largely due to the iron will and indomitable energy of Robert Clark.

His memory is kept green in the Panjab by the Clark Memorial Hall in Amritsar and by the Christian village of Clarkabad, named after him, where agricultural and industrial pursuits can be carried on by native Christians without molestation from Mohammedans and Hindus. It is a model village, according to the testimony of observers unconnected with missions, and the Christian orphanages which it contains have been helped by gifts from appreciative Sikhs and Mohammedans.

IV

IN THE ISLES OF THE SEA

CHAPTER XXII

IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS

Deadly climate of Nicobar Islands—The problem of evil—Native confidence in the missionaries—Snake in a lock—Catching snakes—Frightening a tiger—Watched by a crocodile—Raids of the Malays—Facing poisoned daggers—Edible birds'-nests—Mortality of missionaries.

IN 1756 the Danes at Tranquebar in Bengal set up a commercial establishment on the Nicobar Islands, which are situated to the north of Sumatra; and the King of Denmark expressed a wish that some Moravian missionaries would settle there. To this proposal the United Brethren gladly assented, and in September 1778 John Haensel, and another of the Brethren named Wangeman, sailed from Tranquebar for one of the islands, called Nancauwery.

So fatal was the climate that Wangeman died not long after their arrival, and Haensel himself had not been three weeks on the island when he was attacked by fever, and brought so low that he was thought to be dead, and preparations were made for burying him. He, however, recovered, but his recovery was extremely slow; and during the whole time of his residence on the Nicobar Islands he had but little health, being scarcely ever free

from ulcers in his legs. To the end of his life he had every fourth day an attack of intermittent fever, which no remedy or change of climate was ever able completely to cure. The missionaries found the inhabitants of Nicobar extremely ignorant. They ascribed the creation of the world to the "Eewee," or Evil Spirit, and when they did anything wrong and were reproved for it they used to answer, "It was not I; it was the Devil who did it." In answer to exhortations to repent they maintained that they were good by nature and never did any wrong. When the missionaries replied that they had but lately murdered some people, thrusting their spears into them, mutilating them in the most wanton manner, and at last cutting them to pieces, their answer was, "You do not understand the matter. These people were not fit to live; they were cannibals."

But though the inhabitants of the Nicobar Islands were rude and uncivilised, they were always very friendly to the missionaries, and in some instances behaved with a generosity which could hardly have been expected of them. The missionaries used to buy from them such articles as they needed, and to pay them with tobacco at the current price. The natives, however, even when they had nothing to sell, would come for their portion of tobacco, which the missionaries never refused as long as they had any themselves, until, through the non-arrival of the ship, their stock was entirely exhausted. They then told the headman of the village that as they had no more tobacco the people need not bring them any more provisions, for they had nothing to give them in exchange. The headman reported this; but on the next day the missionaries were more bountifully supplied than

ever with the food they wanted. The people did not even wait for the chance of payment; but hung their fruit and meat about the house and went away. The missionaries called after them, and told them how they were situated, to which they generously replied, "When you had plenty of tobacco you gave us as much as you could spare; now, though you have no more of it, we have provisions enough, and you shall have what you want, as long as we have any, till you get more tobacco." This promise they performed most faithfully. Indeed, though an ignorant and uncivilised race, yet in general they were kind and gentle in their disposition, except when roused by jealousy or other provocation, and then their passions hurried them into the greatest excesses.

Besides the unhealthiness of the climate, the missionaries were in constant danger of being bitten by snakes. In a dark part of Mr. Haensel's workroom was a door with a large clumsy lock on it. One evening, as he was attempting to open it, he suddenly felt a prick in his finger, and at the same time a sensation similar to an electric shock. Not thinking of a serpent, he at first imagined that some native boys had in play wound some wire about the handle, and that it was by this he had been hurt; he therefore asked them sharply what they had done to the door. They denied, however, that they had meddled with it; and when he made a second attempt to open it, he was attacked still more violently, and perceived blood trickling down his finger. He then returned to his room and sucked the wound till he could draw no more blood from it; after which he applied to it some spirits of turpentine, and tied it up with a bandage, but being much hurried that evening with other business, took no further notice of it.

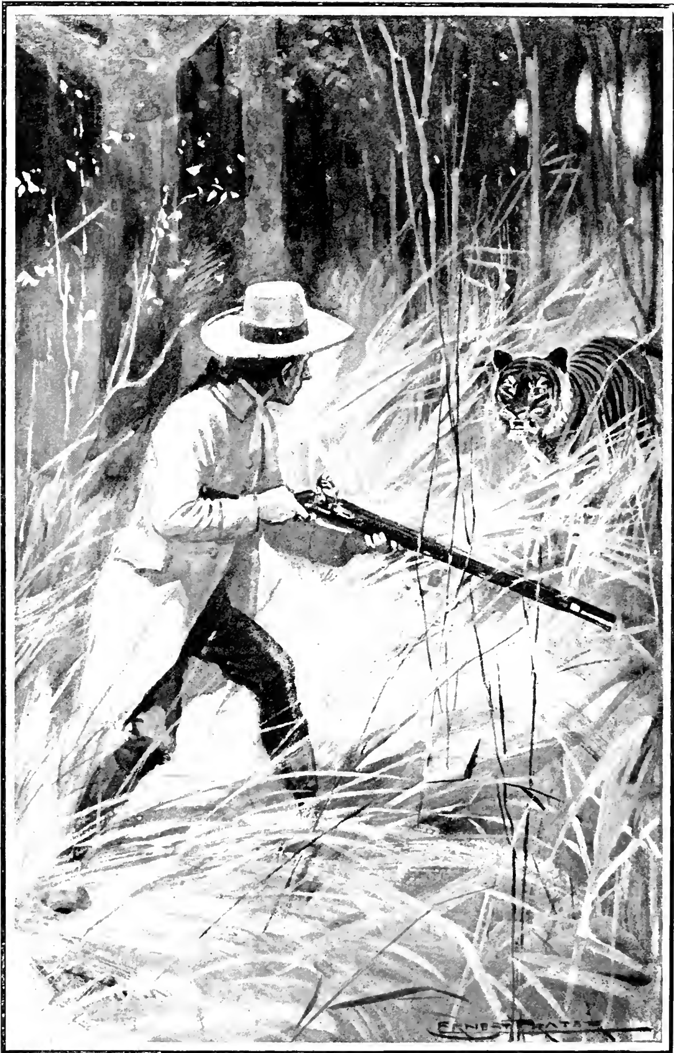
In the night, however, it swelled, and was extremely painful. In the morning, when he went into the workroom, he noticed an unpleasant musky smell, and having procured a candle, he then discovered the cause of all the mischief. About six inches of the body of a young split-snake hung out of the key-hole perfectly dead; and on taking off the lock he found the creature twisted into it, and so much wounded by the turn of the bolt from his attempt to open the door that it had died in consequence. It had been entering the room through the key-hole when he thus accidentally stopped its progress, and was bitten by it. Considering the deadly nature of the serpent's poison, he felt thankful that, though ignorant of the cause of the wound, he had applied proper remedies to it, which had probably saved his life.

Mr. Haensel was ardently interested in natural history, and notwithstanding these dangers went often to look for serpents in the jungles and among the rocks. If he could only prevent them from slipping off into their holes, and irritate them so as to make them attempt to strike him, he was sure to gain his end. As a serpent in such circumstances bites whatever comes first in its way, he forthwith presented his hat to it, which the animal violently seized with its mouth; then instantly snatching it away, he seldom failed to extract the fangs by the sudden jerk; for, as they are curved, they cannot readily be withdrawn, and being loose in the gums they are easily disengaged. He then laid hold on the creature, which was now almost harmless, pinned down its head, and tied it up, and so secured an uninjured skin.

Mr. Haensel, in his frequent excursions along the coast, was sometimes benighted, and could not conveniently

return home; but in these circumstances he was never at a loss for a bed. The greater part of the beach consisted of a remarkably fine white sand, which above the high-water mark was perfectly clean and dry. In this he easily dug a hole large enough to contain his body, and he likewise formed a mound as a pillow for his head. He then lay down, and by collecting the sand over him buried himself in it up to the neck. His faithful dog always lay across his body, ready to give the alarm in case of the smallest danger or disturbance. He was under no apprehension, however, from wild animals; for crocodiles never haunted the open coast, but confined themselves to creeks and lagoons, and there were no ravenous beasts on the island. He never suffered any annoyance except from the nocturnal rambles of an immense variety of crabs, the grating noise of whose armour kept him awake. But they were well watched by his dog, and if any ventured to approach they were sure to be seized by him and thrown to a more respectful distance; or if one of a larger size than ordinary made the dog shy of exposing his nose to its claws, he would bark and frighten it away. Haensel had many a comfortable sleep in this way, though in most tropical countries it would be extremely hazardous for a man to expose himself in this manner, on account of the number of wild beasts with which they abound.

Though the missionaries had little or nothing to dread from wild beasts on the Nicobar Islands, yet in their visits to other places they were sometimes in danger from them. On one of Haensel's voyages to Queda a Danish ship hailed the vessel, and, approaching incautiously, ran foul of the stern and broke the flag-staff. Some of the sailors landed in a creek near a wood to



Both Man and Tiger were Alarmed

The missionary was endeavouring to get some fresh meat, and he soon discovered what he thought was the back of a hare. He took aim, when suddenly the animal rose up, and to his horror turned out to be a tiger. Stupefied with terror he lowered his gun, expecting the tiger to spring. The tiger, however, seemed as much alarmed as the man, for it turned round and crept away like a frightened cat.

cut down a tree to make a new one, and Haensel accompanied them, armed with a double-barrelled gun, with the view of procuring some fresh meat for supper. While they were at work he strolled in the outskirts of the wood eagerly looking for some game, and soon discovered among the high grass an object which by its motions he mistook for the back of a hare. He immediately took aim, and was just going to fire, when the animal rose up and proved to be a tiger. Stupefied with terror, he lowered his gun and stood perfectly motionless, expecting that the animal would instantly spring upon him and tear him in pieces. It seemed, however, as much alarmed as himself, and, after staring at him for a few seconds, turned slowly round and began to creep away, like a frightened cat, with its belly close to the ground; then, gradually quickening its pace, fled into the recesses of the jungle. It was some time before Haensel recovered sufficient presence of mind to retrace his steps with palpitating heart towards the beach.

As he approached the shore there was a piece of jungle, or low thicket, before him, and he was turning to the left to pass round it, instead of going straight to the boat, hoping still to find some game, when he observed the sailors labouring hard to drag the tree they had felled towards the water, and so changed his course and went to their assistance. No sooner had he entered the boat than he discovered on that side of the jungle to which he had been going at first a large crocodile watching their motions, and which he would certainly have encountered had he gone by the way he originally intended. Thankful as he was for this seond deliverance, he could not help discharging his gun at the

reptile's head, and, from the sudden plunge which it made into the water, and the appearance of blood on the surface as it was swimming to the opposite shore, it was evident that the creature was wounded. He saw it reach the land and crawl through the mud into the jungle.

So deadly was the climate that all the officers and soldiers who had accompanied the missionaries to the Nicobar Islands died one after another, and as it was known that the missionaries would not abandon their post, the Government at Tranquebar desired that one of them should act as the Danish Resident, and exercise a kind of presidency in the islands. This office was frequently a source of much vexation, and even danger, to them. The Danes, when they formed their first settlement on one of these islands, which they called New Denmark, had conveyed thither a considerable number of cannon; but, after the death of all the soldiers, the carriages rotted to pieces, and the guns were suffered to lie on the ground. Malays were in the habit of visiting the islands in search of the edible birds'-nests so much prized by the Chinese, and on one occasion a "Nacata," or general of the King of Queda, as he called himself, arrived at Nancauwery with a large Malay "proa" and five of the guns on board. Haensel, being informed of this, considered it his duty as Resident to protest against the robbery, and came down and spoke to him concerning it. The Nacata flew into a violent rage, and began to use threatening language, alleging the orders of his sovereign. Haensel replied that the King of Queda knew very well that as he had laid nothing down there he had no right to take anything up; and said that he

should give notice of it to the King of Denmark. He then left, but was afterwards warned that the Nacata threatened to kill him, and thus prevent him from reporting what he had done. The natives wished to stay and defend him. They accordingly stopped till late in the night, when the missionaries desired them to return home, but could scarcely prevail on them to go away.

After they had gone, and just as the missionaries were preparing to retire to bed, they heard a noise without, and immediately after a violent knocking at the door. On opening it Haensel was surprised to see it surrounded by a great number of Malays; but, though he was alarmed, he assumed an authoritative air, and kept his station at the entrance as if determined not to let them in. The foremost, however, pushed by him, and then the Nacata himself came forward and dragged Haensel into the house. The Malays, armed with their "creeses," or daggers, immediately crowded into the room, and sat down on the chairs and on the floor closely watching him. Though Haensel preserved a firm, undaunted look, he expected every moment to be stabbed. The Nacata then told him that he had come to ask whose property the cannon were to be—the Resident's or his. To this question Mr. Haensel answered, "You have come to the wrong person to make that inquiry; for I am only a servant of the King of Denmark, as you, according to your own account, are the servant of the King of Queda. Neither of us, therefore, can determine who shall have the cannon. Our respective masters, and they only, can settle that point. All now depends on this, whether my King or your King has the best right to give orders

on these islands and to claim the property in question." This answer made the Nacata quite furious, and he began to talk of the ease with which he and his Malays could kill the whole missionary party. Some of them even drew their daggers and showed Mr. Haensel how they were tipped with poison. Suddenly they all rose up, and seemed about to rush on him; but, instead of this, they quitted the room one by one, and left him standing alone in astonishment. As soon as they were gone, and he found himself in safety, he fell on his knees and returned thanks for his deliverance. The other missionaries, who had fled into the wood when the Malays first burst into the house, now returned, and, after they had somewhat recovered from their fright, Haensel went to the village and told the old Nicobar chief what had happened. He thereupon sent a message to all the neighbouring villages, and, in a short time, great numbers of the natives arrived, well armed, and watched at the landing-place all night. Had the Malays, who had put to sea, attempted to return, probably not one of them would have escaped with his life. The Nacata, it seems, had said that the Danish Resident at Nancauwery was a very great sorcerer, for he had tied their hands so that they could do nothing to him.

At another time a man styling himself the Prince of Queda arrived with two large proas filled with ferocious Malays, intending to plunder the missionary's house, where, he had been told, were stored numbers of the highly-priced edible birds'-nests. While the "Prince" was talking with Haensel, the latter happened to take a step towards the door, which his Kaffir servant, who stood near it, interpreted as a signal to call the natives

to his assistance. He ran immediately to the village and called the people together.

Meanwhile, Mr. Haensel talked frankly with the "Prince," rebuking him for some barbarities he had been guilty of, notably the murder of two men at Kar Nicobar who were under Danish protection. The "Prince" immediately flew into a passion, saying he would soon show Mr. Haensel that he had it in his power to seize all his birds'-nests, and as to the two men who had been stabbed at Kar Nicobar, the missionary had no jurisdiction over him.

He had scarcely finished this insulting speech when a party of natives unexpectedly leaped in at the window with drawn sabres in their hands. The "Prince" and his followers, terrified beyond measure, asked what it all meant. Haensel replied, "They come to prevent your committing more murders." In a short time the house was surrounded by natives, both men and women being armed with sabres, spears, and bludgeons, and their numbers continually increasing. The "Prince" and his men now began to beg that Mr. Haensel would take them under his protection, but it was with some difficulty that he succeeded in appeasing the indignation of the islanders against the Malay robbers whom they now had in their power. He succeeded, however, in doing so, and they made of their own accord a passage through their ranks for the Malays. Their appearance was most formidable as they stood on each side armed with their spears and bludgeons, and the Malays were afraid to leave the house, until after much entreaty Haensel himself consented to accompany them to the sea-shore. The "Prince" seized his hand and would not let it go till

he had got into the boat. He left Nancauwery vowing never to return.

The missionaries found the acquisition of the native language a matter of great difficulty. The inhabitants were in general of such an indolent turn that even talking seemed a burden to them. If a stranger entered their houses they sat still and looked at him, or perhaps, pointing to some food, gave him a sign to sit down and eat. There he might remain for hours without hearing a syllable drop from their lips, unless he began himself. Most of the men and women usually had a large piece of the betel or areca nut in their mouths, which rendered their speech so indistinct that it was scarcely possible to distinguish between the sputtering sounds they made.

Most of the missionaries, indeed, in consequence of the extreme unhealthiness of the climate, were cut off before they could learn the language. In eleven years eleven missionaries were buried, and thirteen died after their return to Tranquebar from diseases contracted in the islands. When Haensel at length, broken down in health, was forced to leave Nancauwery, the natives flocked from all the islands to bid him farewell, and took leave of him with many tears.

CHAPTER XXIII

POMARE, KING OF TAHITI

The ship *Duff*—Thievery of Tahitians—Outrage on missionaries—Testing gunpowder—The missionaries between two fires—Departure from Tahiti—Pomare defying superstition—A priest destroys idols—A militant Church—Clemency of Pomare—Eagerness for books—Promulgation of new laws.

THE early voyages of Captain Cook, coinciding as they did with the religious revival in England in the time of Whitefield and the Wesleys, were the means of drawing the attention of those interested in missionary enterprise to the South Sea Islands. In 1796 the London Missionary Society purchased the ship *Duff*, and sent her out under the command of Captain James Wilson (who had retired from the East India Service several years before), with twenty-nine missionaries. It was an unprecedented event, and the vessel attracted much attention as she sailed down the Thames flying a purple flag with the device of three doves bearing olive branches. They reached Tahiti safely on March 4, 1797. On their arrival seventy-four canoes, each carrying about twenty natives, put off from the shore and rowed rapidly towards them. About one hundred of the natives came on board, and began to dance and caper about the deck in the most frantic manner. When their astonishment and delight had in some measure subsided they left the vessel. The missionaries on landing were met by the King and Queen, carried on men's shoulders, as

was the custom with royalty, and were presented by the King with a house built by his father for Captain Bligh, a former visitor to Tahiti—a spacious building 108 feet long and 48 wide.

Captain Wilson, through the medium of a Swede who acted as interpreter, informed Otu, the King, of the object and design of the voyage. The King received the communication with favour, and formally assigned the whole district of Matavai to Captain Wilson and the missionaries, who, however, were not intended to appropriate the ground to their own use to the exclusion of the original owners. The missionaries were not highly educated men, but very capable mechanics, and their skill not only delighted the natives, but raised the missionaries in their estimation and led them to desire their friendship. This was strikingly shown on several occasions when they saw them use their carpenter's tools, cut with a saw a number of boards out of a tree which they had never thought it possible to split into more than two, and make with these chests and articles of furniture. They watched with pleasure and surprise the building of a boat upwards of twenty feet long, and of six tons burden; but when the blacksmith's shop was erected, and the forge and anvil were first employed on their shores, they were filled with astonishment. They had long been acquainted with the properties and uses of iron, having procured some from the natives of a neighbouring island where a Dutch vessel had been wrecked. When the heated iron was hammered on the anvil, and the sparks flew among them, they fancied it was spitting at them, and were frightened by its hissing when plunged in water; yet they were delighted to see the facility with

which a bar of iron was thus converted into hatchets, adzes, fish-spears, and fish-hooks. King Otu's father, Pomare, coming into the forge one day when the blacksmith was busy, after gazing for a few minutes at the work, was so transported at what he saw that he caught the smith in his arms and, unmindful of his dirt and perspiration, most cordially embraced him and saluted him by touching noses.

The Tahitans were adroit thieves, and when the missionaries arranged to watch the house at night by turns, a native managed to dig a large burrow under the palisade which composed the walls of the house, and concealing himself in it while the watch went by, got in as soon as it had passed.

In 1798 the friendly relations with the natives were interrupted, in consequence of the missionaries attempting to assist Captain Bishop, of the ship *Nautilus*, to recover two of his sailors, who had deserted with the ship's boat and taken refuge with King Otu. Four missionaries went to speak to the King about the deserters, but he appeared sullen and taciturn. On their way back, when approaching the bank of a river, they were suddenly seized by a number of natives, who stripped them, dragged two of them through the river, grossly ill-using them and trying to drown them. They were left in a most pitiable state, deprived of their clothing, and some of them severely bruised. But now several of the natives came forward and expressed their pity for the missionaries, and at their request conducted them to Pomare and his wife Idia, whose tent was at some distance. They showed much sympathy with the missionaries, furnished them with food and clothing, and accompanied them on their return to Matavai.

Nor did the matter end here, for the old King, Pomare, subsequently made war upon the inhabitants of Pare, where the missionaries had been plundered, and inflicted heavy chastisement upon them. The people were defeated, fourteen of them killed, and forty or fifty of their houses burnt.

Dread of further punishment hung over them; for five months after the departure of the *Nautilus*, two large vessels were seen standing towards Matavai Bay. As soon as they hoisted English colours the natives were thrown into the greatest consternation, and packing up whatever they could carry away, were seen in every direction running towards the mountains. Being asked their reasons for such a proceeding they answered, that seeing two large English ships they thought they were come to avenge the assault upon the missionaries. It was only after many assurances to the contrary that their fears seemed to be removed.

When the captains came on shore in the evening, they were welcomed by the missionaries and introduced to the chiefs. The ships only remained three days in the harbour, and before they sailed the captains made a number of presents to the chiefs. One of these, named Oripaia, had received a large quantity of gunpowder as a present, and this caused a frightful disaster. The powder being coarser in grain than that which the natives had been accustomed to receive, they imagined either that it was not powder or that it was a very inferior kind. In order to satisfy themselves, Oripaia proposed to one of his attendants to try it. A pistol was loaded and fired, just over the whole heap of gunpowder, round which the chief and his attendants were sitting. A spark fell from the pistol, and the whole of the powder instantly ex-

ploded. As soon as the natives had recovered from the shock, they tried to rub off the powder which was adhering to their limbs, but found the skin peel off with it; they then plunged into the river close by, but found no relief. As soon as Pomare heard of the accident, he begged Mr. Broomhall, one of the missionaries, to visit the sufferers and endeavour to relieve them. The chief was dreadfully scorched with the powder, and in a dangerous condition. Mr. Broomhall employed such applications as he supposed likely to alleviate his sufferings, but without success, and both the chief and his wife attributed his pains not to the effect of the explosion, but to the remedies applied. Native medicines were now used to relieve his sufferings, but after lingering some time in the greatest agony he expired.

In April 1802 a war broke out in consequence of a dispute about a shapeless log of wood called Oro, the Tahitian god. At a large assembly held in Attahura, Otu, the King, after having in vain demanded the idol from the inhabitants of that district, who had it in their possession, took it from them by force. Lest this great god, Oro, should feel indignant at the treatment he had received, a human sacrifice was ordered, and, as they had no captives just then, one of Pomare's own servants was murdered and offered up in sacrifice. Fighting ensued between King Otu's partisans and the Attahurans, in which the former were victorious. During these commotions the missionaries were under no small apprehension for their personal safety. They were under the necessity of destroying their gardens and their chapel, in order to clear the ground about them, and so to guard against an unseen assault.

Not long after this Pomare died. He had retained the regal title "Pomare" till his death, though, being infirm, he had resigned the sovereignty to his son long before. Otu now assumed the title of Pomare II. We have now to follow the fortunes of the new Pomare, the hero of this chapter.

In 1807 a disastrous war broke out from a trivial cause. A man in the district of Atehuru made fish-hooks from some of the bones of a chief who had been slain in battle. This chief had been a special friend of the King, and Pomare determined to have vengeance. The war was very protracted, but in the end Pomare was defeated and driven from his kingdom. He fled to the island of Eimeo, a little to the north-west of Tahiti. The houses of the missionaries were all burnt to the ground, and they themselves compelled to leave the island. All of them, with the exception of one named Nott, embarked for Port Jackson in New South Wales, Nott remaining with King Pomare on Eimeo. Thus was the Tahiti mission wrecked.

But it was not long before the missionaries in New South Wales received letters from King Pomare expressing the deepest sorrow at their absence, and inviting them to return as soon as possible. Accordingly, in 1811, five of them rejoined Mr. Nott at Eimeo. They were received with joy by the King, who during his banishment from Tahiti, and under Mr. Nott's influence, had evinced a sincere interest in Christianity, and had for some time past expressed contempt for the idols of his ancestors.

This change in the King's views had been noticed by his subjects with the most fearful apprehensions. Matters came to a climax one day when a present was brought him of a turtle, an animal which had always been held

sacred, and which it was customary to cook with sacred fire within the precincts of the temple, part of it being invariably offered to the idol. The attendants were carrying the turtle to the temple enclosure when Pomare called them back, and told them to prepare an oven to bake it in his own kitchen, and serve it up without offering it to the idol. The people around were astonished, and could hardly believe that the King was in his right mind. The King repeated his command; a fire was made, the turtle baked, and served up at the next repast. The people of the King's household stood in mute expectation of some fearful visitation of the anger of the god as soon as a morsel of it should be touched. The King cut up the turtle and began to eat it, inviting some that sat at meat with him to do the same; but no one could be induced to touch it. They expected every moment to see him expire or fall down in convulsions; and although the meal was finished without any evil results, they carried away the dishes with many expressions of astonishment, confidently expecting that some judgment would overtake him before morning. Having taken this decisive step, Pomare now requested baptism, but the missionaries judged it expedient to defer it till he had received further instruction.

Soon after the return of the missionaries to Eimeo, two chiefs arrived from Tahiti, and invited Pomare to return and resume his government in the island. After his departure they were cheered by the accounts which they received from time to time of his efforts to enlighten his subjects.

On Eimeo also the missionaries' teaching began to take effect. After preaching one day, Mr. Nott was

followed by Patii, the priest of the temple in Papetoiai, the district where the missionaries resided. As they walked Patii poured out his heart to Mr. Nott, and told him that on the morrow, at a certain hour of the evening, he intended to bring out the idols under his care and publicly burn them. The declaration was astounding. Mr. Nott replied, "I fear you are jesting with me, and stating what we wish rather than what you intend. I can scarcely allow myself to believe what you say." "Do not be unbelieving," replied Patii; "wait till to-morrow, and you shall see."

The evening of the next day was awaited with unusual excitement. The missionaries, while glad to see the idols burnt, were afraid of the tumult and bloodshed which might follow; for the adherents of Christianity were but few—less than fifty—and surrounded by jealous and cruel idolaters, who already began to wonder "whereunto this might grow."

Patii, however, was faithful to his word. He and his friends had collected a quantity of fuel near the sea-beach; and in the afternoon the wood was split and piled on a point of land near the large temple in which he had officiated. The report of his intention had spread among the people of the district, and multitudes assembled to witness what they regarded as an act of impious sacrilege. The missionaries and their friends were also present. It was an occasion not unworthy to be compared to the encounter of Elijah with the prophets of Baal. A short time before sunset Patii appeared and ordered his attendants to set fire to the pile. This being done he hastened to the sacred depository of his gods, and brought them out, not as on former occasions to receive the homage of

the people, but to convince the multitude of their impotence. When he approached the burning pile, he laid them on the ground. They were small carved wooden images, rude imitations of the human figure, or shapeless logs of wood carved with finely-braided and curiously-wrought cocoanut fibres, and ornamented with red feathers. Patii tore off the sacred cloth in which they were enveloped, stripped them of their ornaments, which he cast into the fire; and then one by one threw the idols themselves into the crackling flames — first pronouncing the name and pedigree of the idol, and expressing his own regret at having worshipped it—and then calling on the spectators to behold their inability even to help themselves.

The example of Patii produced the most decisive effect on the priests and the people. Many in Tahiti and Eimeo, emboldened by his example, not only burned their idols, but destroyed their temples. Patii himself became a pupil of the missionaries, and evinced the sincerity of his profession by his conduct.

Heathenism, however, in Tahiti and Eimeo, as elsewhere, did not expire without bloodshed and martyrdom. One Christian, when at prayer in a secluded spot, was surprised by a party of heathen, and offered in sacrifice to the gods. The chiefs conspired together to kill every native Christian in Tahiti, but the very day before the intended massacre the Christians heard of it, and escaped in safety to Eimeo.

Although the rebel chiefs of Tahiti had invited Pomare to return, he found them on his arrival sullen in their manner, and was led to expect trouble. His fears were not groundless. On Sunday, 12th November 1815, while he and his friends, some 800 in number,

were at church, the men who were on guard fired their guns and cried out that the enemy were coming! There was some confusion, but Pomare immediately rose and requested all to remain quietly in their places, saying that they had met for worship, which was not to be interrupted or disturbed even by the approach of an enemy. At the close of the service those who were unarmed repaired to their tents and procured their weapons.

The heathen army was led by a chief named Upufara, who in the battle which followed was mortally wounded. He died in an hour or two, and his death created a panic among his men. They fled in every direction; some along the sand of the beach, some in canoes out to sea, but the greater number to the mountains.

Pomare gave orders which astonished every one. He simply said, "It is enough; let no man pursue or hurt any one of Upufara's followers." During the afternoon the King sent a number of his men to the temple, where the national god, Oro, was kept. Disputes about the possession of the idol had caused more bloodshed during the previous thirty years than all other causes put together. He ordered them to strip it of its clothing and bring it to him. It was a piece of wood four feet long, and not larger round than a boy's body. The King had it fixed in the ground in his kitchen, drove nails into it, and used it as a post on which to hang cups and kettles. After he had used it some time in this way, it was chopped up for firewood.

Pomare's clemency on this occasion made a strong impression on the minds of the vanquished idolators. They concluded that it must be the new religion which produced such a change, and unanimously expressed their

determination to embrace it themselves. In a short time there was not one professed idolator remaining in Tahiti. So great was the influence of Pomare's force of character, and simple-minded decision.

In 1817 the introduction of the printing press gave a further impetus to the spread of Christianity. Hundreds had learnt to read, who were still destitute of a book. Some had written out the whole spelling-book on sheets of writing paper, while others had written the alphabet on pieces of cloth made from the bark of a tree. Pomare took a great interest in the press, and gave much help in the erection of a building for it. He was allowed the privilege of setting the types for the first alphabet, and of printing off the first sheet that issued from the press, which gave him great satisfaction.

The curiosity of the natives, excited by the establishment of the printing press, was not easily satisfied. Pomare visited the printing office almost every day; the chiefs requested to be admitted inside, and the windows, doors, and every crevice through which they could peep were filled with people, exclaiming, "Beritanie! fenua paari!" "O Britain, land of wonders!" Multitudes from every district in Eimeo, and many from other islands, came to procure books and to see the machine which performed such wonders. For several weeks before the first portion of Scripture was finished, the district of Afareaitu, in which the printing office was situated, resembled a public fair. The beach was lined with canoes, the houses of the inhabitants were filled to overflowing, and temporary encampments were everywhere erected. So anxious were the people to obtain books that they were constantly coming from other islands, and

many waited five or six weeks rather than return without them.

Once embarked on a philanthropic career, Pomare made wonderful strides. He founded a Tahitian Missionary Society for evangelising the neighbouring islands; he built a large new church for Christian worship, and was the first to be baptised in it; and, assisted by the chiefs and missionaries, he drew up a code of laws which he promulgated in a public assembly. He desired the people, if they approved of the laws, to signify their approbation by lifting up their right hands. This was done unanimously, with a singular rushing noise, thousands of arms being lifted up at the same moment.

In 1821 Pomare died. Notwithstanding serious blemishes of character, such as might be expected in a recent convert from gross heathenism, the missionaries looked upon him as a sincere Christian, and greatly missed his powerful help in their subsequent work. With his death closes the first period of the work of the Tahiti mission. It had been persevered in through fifteen years of apparent fruitlessness, and achieved at last so striking a result.

CHAPTER XXIV

SAMUEL MARSDEN IN NEW ZEALAND

A head for an axe!—First voyage to New Zealand—The Bay of Islands—Alarmed by a cow—Evils of the "taboo" system—Death of Duaterra—A widow's suicide—A defender of cannibalism—Blood-thirstiness of Hongi—Marsden as peace-maker—The last look—A missionary levee—Bishop Selwyn's testimony.

OF all the inhabitants of Polynesia, the New Zealanders have exhibited the strongest characters and the greatest intelligence. When the Maori War broke out in 1863, Englishmen were startled to find themselves confronted by savages with as high a courage as their own. When first discovered, they were entirely destitute of the arts of civilisation. They did not know the use of metals, and were ignorant of writing. Unlike other savages, however, they despised beads and trinkets, and cared chiefly for iron. A striking instance of this was given by some chiefs who visited England soon after the island was discovered. They were not specially moved by the spectacle of St. Paul's or any other of the London sights, but went into ecstasies over an ironmonger's shop. A story is told of an old chief who followed a missionary for weeks, intent upon the acquisition of an axe. He offered this article and that, without avail. At last he offered his own head, which was handsomely tattooed. When asked what use such an article would be to him after he had lost his head, he said that he was an old man and would soon die,

and that then his head would be properly cured and sent to the missionary!

The first pioneer of Christianity among this interesting people was Samuel Marsden, who had in the first instance gone as a chaplain to Sydney in 1794. Whilst there he had heard of the success of the London Missionary Society at Otaheite, and conceived the idea of a similar mission to New Zealand. This plan, however, received no encouragement from the English colonists, who looked upon it as chimerical, and pictured the New Zealanders in the darkest colours. Several crews who had landed on those islands had been surprised and murdered. In order to make himself well acquainted with the native character, Mr. Marsden took to his home from time to time individual New Zealanders, who came to Port Jackson in the whalers. He found them possessed of many excellent qualities, such as a readiness to show kindness to one another, and an evenness of temper which restrained them from turbulent excesses. They were also quick at retort. One chief, being criticised for having his face tattooed, asked his questioner why he loaded his hair with powder and grease, as was then the English custom.

In order to commence his mission, Mr. Marsden applied to the Church Missionary Society for two mechanics. Accordingly, a shoemaker and a carpenter were sent out to Sydney. Mr. Marsden, having purchased a vessel for the service of the mission, sent them on a trial trip to New Zealand. On their return, bringing a favourable report, he resolved to accompany them on the next voyage. It was not without much difficulty that he obtained leave from the Governor of Sydney, who looked upon the experiment as most dangerous. At last, however, in the year 1814, the Governor gave

his consent, and invested Mr. Kendall, a schoolmaster accompanying Mr. Marsden, with magisterial authority to check the outrages then so commonly perpetrated by the crews of English ships on the natives. Three intelligent New Zealand chiefs, Duaterra, Shunghi, and Korra-Korra, who had come over to Sydney, also accompanied Mr. Marsden. During the voyage these natives were observed to assume a very gloomy and morose demeanour, and when they were questioned, it was discovered that they had been informed by some ill-wisher to the missionary that this expedition was only a preliminary step to taking their land and reducing them to slavery. Mr. Marsden and his companions were much dismayed at the discovery of this state of mind on the part of the chiefs, as their residence in New Zealand would entirely depend on the goodwill of the latter. But on Mr. Marsden's telling Duaterra that he would order the ship back to Sydney, so great was that chief's eagerness for the civilisation of his countrymen that, in spite of the suspicions which darkened his mind, he begged him to proceed.

On the arrival off the North Cape of New Zealand, numbers of natives in canoes came off to the ship for purposes of traffic, being especially anxious to procure iron tools.

When they landed, they found themselves near a large camp of armed natives. Duaterra and Shunghi fired off their loaded pistols into the air, in order to show that they came with no hostile purpose, and the chiefs in the camp did the same. The native warriors presented an imposing spectacle, being very tall, and wearing as ornaments the teeth of enemies slain in battle.

The friendly reception that Mr. Marsden and his companions met with was all the more striking as, not

long before, the crew of an English ship had been murdered near that very spot. While the Europeans ate their first meal on shore, the natives, impelled by lively curiosity, crowded round them in a dense mass.

When the cattle were landed, the New Zealanders were perfectly amazed, not knowing what to think of animals which looked to them so extraordinary. Their astonishment, however, was soon turned into alarm. One of the cows, impatient of the restraint it had so long suffered on board the ship, rushed in among them, and so terrified them that, imagining some monster had been let loose upon them, they all took to flight.

On their return, Mr. Marsden mounted a horse, and rode up and down the beach, exciting their wonder in a still higher degree. To see a man seated on the back of so strange an animal seemed to them marvellous, and they gazed after him believing him to be more than mortal. Duaterra, when previously in those parts, had described to his countrymen the nature and use of the horse, but his account appeared so absurd in their eyes that it only excited their ridicule, as they had seen no animals larger than pigs and dogs. This, therefore, was a day of triumph for Duaterra, as it afforded his countrymen ocular proof of his statements.

On the first Sunday Mr. Marsden spent on shore, he conducted Divine Service in a rude enclosure erected by Duaterra, who acted as interpreter of the sermon which followed, to which the natives listened attentively.

When the service was ended, the missionaries left the enclosure, and as soon as they had got out of it, the natives, to the number of three or four hundred, surrounding them, commenced their war dance, with the idea that this demon-

stration of their joy would be the most suitable return they could make for the solemn spectacle they had witnessed.

Having taken up their residence at Rangi-houa, the missionaries endeavoured to teach the New Zealanders some of the more useful arts of life; but though quick and active in their dispositions, the fondness of the savages for a rambling life proved a great obstacle to their improvement. In these matters, Duaterra was very helpful in enlisting the natives' confidence in the missionaries. For instance, he had been given some wheat to sow, and the natives, though they had tasted biscuits, could not believe that these could be made from ears of corn. However, when they saw the flour flowing from a hand-mill, and presently a cake baked in a frying-pan, they clapped their hands with joy, and seeing Duaterra's assertion come right in this matter, believed him also regarding the missionaries, that they were good men. They had much need to be reassured on this head, as former voyagers had often robbed and maltreated them, and chance strangers who landed were liable to be killed in revenge.

Presently, to Mr. Marsden's distress, Duaterra fell ill, and the superstitious natives, as was their custom in such cases, put him under "taboo," *i.e.* would let no friend come near him, or even allow nourishment to be given him. They believed that an "Etua," or evil spirit, had taken up its abode in his stomach, whence no mortal power durst venture to expel him.

The unfortunate chief, thus deprived of nutriment and attendance, sank rapidly. Expecting his speedy dissolution, they wished to convey him to an adjacent island, but the chief, weak as he was, opposed this effectually, for, anticipating such an attempt, he kept a loaded pistol by him, and

threatened to shoot the first person who should attempt to take him away.

At last Mr. Marsden, despairing of being admitted to see his dying friend, had to pretend that he would order the guns of his vessel to be turned upon the town, and at last the natives yielded him admittance. On getting into the enclosure, which had no roof, Mr. Marsden found the poor chief stretched upon the ground, exposed to the rays of the sun, and surrounded by his wives and relations, who watched for his dissolution in silent expectancy. Wine and rice were given him, but it was too late to do him any good.

After his death, his favourite wife was inconsolable, and while his near relatives were cutting themselves with knives till the blood gushed out, she stole away and hung herself. Her mother, though she wept while composing her limbs, applauded her daughter's resolution, while her father seemed quite unconcerned at the sight of her corpse.

Duaterra's death was especially felt by Mr. Marsden, as he seemed admirably adapted to help his countrymen to emerge out of their barbarism and superstition. He had said to Mr. Marsden with an air of triumph, "I have now introduced the cultivation of wheat into New Zealand; New Zealand will become a great country."

In 1815 Mr. Marsden left New Zealand for Australia, returning in 1819 with some more missionaries. Immediately after his arrival, he purchased land from Hongi, one of the native chiefs at Keri-Keri. It consisted of about thirteen thousand acres, and cost only forty-eight axes. On this occasion some of the chiefs, who had now begun to appreciate the temporal advantages resulting from the mission, manifested extreme disappointment that none of the settlers took up their abode with them. One chief told

Mr. Marsden he was very angry he had not brought a blacksmith for him, and that when he heard there was no blacksmith for him, he and his wives sat down and wept.

Another chief, who was a cannibal, when Mr. Marsden expressed anxiety for some of the settlers he was leaving with him, reassured him by saying, "that as they had done him no harm, he had no satisfaction to demand, and that as for eating them, the flesh of a New Zealander was sweeter than that of a European, in consequence of the white people eating so much salt." He defended cannibalism on the ground that fishes, animals, and birds preyed upon one another, and that one god would devour another god; therefore there was in nature sufficient warrant for the practice.

Hongi, the chief from whom Mr. Marsden had purchased land, proved to be the evil genius of the mission. He had been on a visit to England, where he had seen the King, and the lesson he deduced was, "There is but one King in England. There shall be but one in New Zealand." His ferocity was also excited by the sight of the weapons and armour in the Tower of London. The Committee of the Church Missionary Society aroused his wrath by refusing to supply him with muskets and gunpowder.

Returning by way of Sydney, he told a New Zealand chief named Henaki, whom he met at Mr. Marsden's own table, that when he got to New Zealand he would fight him. The two chiefs proceeded thither in the same vessel, and on the way Henaki tried, by appeals to common sense, to moderate his savagery, but Hongi was implacable. In the battle that ensued on their landing, Hongi, having shot Henaki, devoured his eye and drank his blood, while the

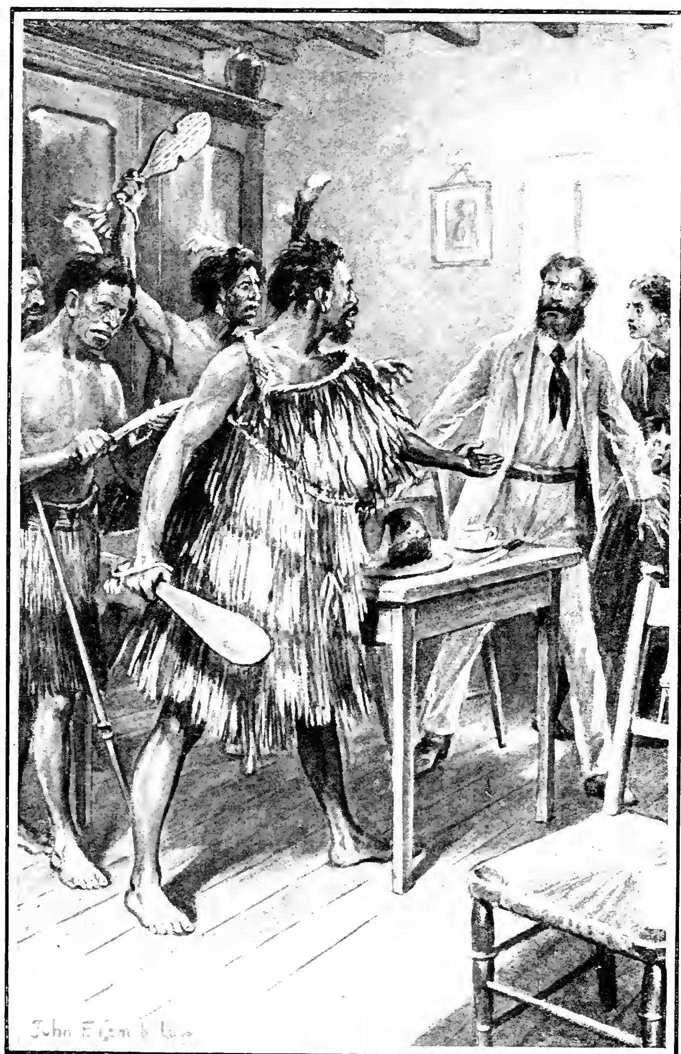
battlefield was covered with ovens in which the flesh of the prisoners was cooked. The New Zealand belief was that an enemy's eye, thus devoured, became a star, and conferred honour on his conqueror.

Mr. Marsden, owing to these barbarities, had great difficulty with the native chiefs, as he would not sell them firearms, nor allow his subordinates to do so. He wrote home to the Church Missionary Society, "I think it much more to the honour of religion and the good of New Zealand to give up the mission for the present, than to trade with the natives in these articles."

Some captains of ships that called at the coast also tried to poison the minds of the natives against the missionaries. They told them that the object of the missionaries was to get possession of their land, and that, when the natives were made Christians, they would be enslaved and sent out of the country. The report was very industriously circulated that it was the missionaries' intention to seize the chiefs and have them conveyed to England, and that for those who received instruction they were to be paid a certain number of dollars, according to the rank of the individual.

These slanders led to the natives treating the missionaries with an insolence and contempt they had not hitherto shown; they came into their houses whenever they pleased, demanded food from them, broke down their garden fences, entered the workshop of the smith, demanded his tools to repair their muskets or to cast balls, and took away whatever they thought proper.

On the other hand, when Mr. Marsden and some other missionaries were at a native village for several days and nights, they were readily supplied with food by the natives,



The New Zealanders came into the missionary's house whenever they pleased and demanded food.

who seem to have been a strange mixture of gentleness and ferocity. In order to avert the anarchy which threatened to break up mission work altogether, Mr. Marsden endeavoured to persuade the chiefs to unite under one head, but this plan was frustrated by their mutual jealousy. War was the natural condition of all the Maori tribes, and this, rendered more deadly by the introduction of firearms, was fearfully thinning their numbers from year to year. They were subject also to periodical returns of a disease resembling influenza, which cut off multitudes. Their population was rapidly diminishing, and English settlers were making their way into their best and most fertile lands. Mr. Marsden saw that New Zealand would become an English colony, and did his best to prepare the minds of the natives for the changes that would inevitably follow.

On his sixth visit to New Zealand, in 1830, he found affairs in a very critical state. The natives were at open war, and but a day or two before his arrival a great battle had been fought on the beach of the Bay of Islands, in which about fourteen hundred had been engaged. The cause of the war was an insult offered by a whaling captain to a chief's daughter. One tribe espoused the cause of the captain, and another came forward to avenge the insult. Six chiefs had fallen in the battle, and a hundred lives were lost. The missionary stations were in the utmost peril from the vengeance of the victorious tribe, which lay encamped at Keri-Keri.

Mr. Marsden's arrival was therefore most opportune. He and a brother missionary visited both camps as mediators, and were received in a friendly way by the chiefs, who had been formerly acquainted with Mr.

Marsden. They then returned to the beach, which they found covered with war-canoes and armed men. Mr. Marsden was told that if the negotiations for peace were not successful, his life would be in danger.

The next day being Sunday, the east and west shores of the Bay—only two miles apart—presented a striking contrast. One was crowded with excited savages, and all the din and commotion of a military camp, while from the other came the sound of a church bell, summoning the decently-clothed congregation to worship.

On the following Tuesday morning Mr. Marsden was aroused from his bed by a chief calling at his window to tell him that the army was in motion, and that a battle seemed to be at hand. He arose immediately, and was informed that thirty-six war-canoes were approaching. When their occupants had landed, the whole day was spent by the two parties in passionate debate. At night, after a long speech, the great chief on one side clove a stick to signify that his anger was broken, and the two parties joined in a war-dance, firing off their muskets. Thus the war-cloud passed over for the time.

Every advance of civilisation and Christianity among savages is attended by frequent relapses, and it was so among the New Zealanders; but, on the whole, Mr. Marsden felt encouraged as he looked back on the unmitigated darkness which had prevailed on his first landing among them. During his sixth visit he wrote: "On one of my former visits to New Zealand, while I was sitting in the room I am at present in, the natives killed and ate a poor young woman just behind the house. But what a wonderful change the Gospel has wrought. In this little spot, where so lately hellish songs were sung

and heathen rites performed, I now hear hymns and prayer."

On his seventh and last visit to New Zealand, in 1837, he received quite an ovation, the natives firing off muskets and executing war-dances to show their delight. One chieftain sat down upon the ground before him, gazing upon him in silence, without moving a limb or uttering a word for hours. He was gently reproved for what seemed a rudeness: "Let me alone," said he; "let me take a last look, for I shall never see him again."

At Kaitai Mr. Marsden held a constant levee, sitting in an arm-chair in an open field before the mission-house. It was attended by upwards of a thousand Maories, who poured in from every quarter, many coming a distance of twenty or thirty miles, contented to sit down and gaze on his venerable features; and so they continued to come and go till his departure. He presented each with a pipe and some tobacco, and when he was to embark at last, they carried him to the ship, a distance of six miles.

Mr. Marsden died in 1838, and when Bishop Selwyn landed in New Zealand, three years later, he gave this emphatic testimony to his predecessor's labours in a public address on the subject of missions: "The name of Samuel Marsden is indeed a memorable one in connection with New Zealand. I cannot help thinking of the state of New Zealand now, and comparing it with that eventful night when, after trying for two years to get a vessel to take him there, Samuel Marsden at length succeeded, and landing, slept there in safety, with the spears of the savages stuck around the stone on which, like Jacob, he had laid his head for a pillow, and it is to the exertions

of Mr. Marsden and his companions that, under God, the difference is owing. Where will you find throughout the Christian world more signal manifestations of the presence of the Spirit, or more living evidences of the Kingdom of Christ?"

CHAPTER XXV

JOHN WILLIAMS, THE MARTYR OF ERROMANGA

Launching a ship at Eimeo—The Moloch of the South Seas—Moral degradation of natives—"Roasting stones"—Infanticide—Williams as ship-builder—The idols dethroned—A would-be assassin—The talking chip—From island to island—A narrow escape—Fetching religion in a canoe—The last scene—"Alas! our father!"

DARWIN'S remark that the critic of missions who happened to be wrecked on a savage island would devoutly hope that the lesson of the missionary had extended so far, receives signal illustration from the career of John Williams, who, after having lived and worked safely for several years in Christianised islands, was savagely murdered in the heathen isle of Erromanga.

Possessed of a robust constitution and a remarkable memory, and having laboured many years as an iron-worker, he was admirably adapted for a pioneer missionary. During his voyage out in 1817 he carefully studied the details of ship-building, and acquired knowledge which he turned to excellent use later on. When he arrived at the island of Eimeo he found the missionaries there had been attempting to build a small vessel, but the difficulty of the undertaking had led them to abandon the work. Williams stirred them up to recommence, himself superintending the iron-work, and in eight or ten days the ship was ready to be launched. A great concourse of natives was gathered to see this extraordinary spectacle. The native King Pomare was requested to name the vessel as she went off. To effect

the launch they passed ropes across the stern which were pulled by two or three hundred natives on either side. No sooner was the signal given than the men at the ropes began to pull most furiously, and at the same moment Pomare, who stood on the left-hand side of the vessel, threw the bottle of wine against her bow; this so startled those who held the ropes on that side of the ship that they lost their hold, and as those on the opposite side continued to pull, she gave a lurch and fell upon her side. The natives immediately raised the exclamation, "Oh, the poor ship!" and were very much discouraged. Nevertheless the missionaries set to work again, and by the afternoon had raised her upon the stocks. They drove in the wedges, placed a cable round her stern, stationed the natives as before, and had the satisfaction of seeing the ship glide off amid the acclamations of the people.

After a time a party of the missionaries, including Mr. and Mrs. Williams, removed to Huahine, another island of the same group (the Society Islands), where they were very gladly received by the natives. The fame of their arrival brought visitors from the surrounding islands, and the urgent solicitations of Tamatoa, King of Raiatea, induced Williams and his companion Threlkeld to remove to that island, which is the largest of the Society group. Its population was at that time about 1300, but, being the centre of the idolatrous system in those islands, its influence was much greater than might be expected from its size. It contained "the archives of their religious legends; the temple and altar of Oro, the Mars and Moloch of the South Seas," and its principal chiefs received divine honours as well as civil allegiance and tribute from the neighbouring isles.

Upon this island Christianity had been first preached by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, who, with Pomare, King of Tahiti, and nineteen other Tahitians, had been driven there in a storm. Tamatoa, King of Raiatea, had been himself enrolled among the gods and invested with the hereditary royal robe of network covered with red feathers. In this, being six feet three inches high, he presented an imposing appearance. Both he and his brother Pahi soon embraced Christianity. The latter seized the log of wood which he had worshipped up to that time, threw it into the flames of his oven, and baked some breadfruit with it. The idolaters were astounded at his audacity in burning his god, but more so when they saw him eat the breadfruit, which he took out of the hot ashes, with impunity.

Some of the idolaters plotted against Tamatoa, saying, "Let us destroy the Word of God while it is yet young," but they were overpowered by the Christian party. The clemency with which they were treated astonished them, and they nominally embraced the new religion.

Williams and Threlkeld on landing were received with the utmost friendliness. A feast was made consisting of five large pigs for each of the party. Besides which the natives brought a roll of cloth and about twenty crates of yams, cocoanuts, plantains, and bananas.

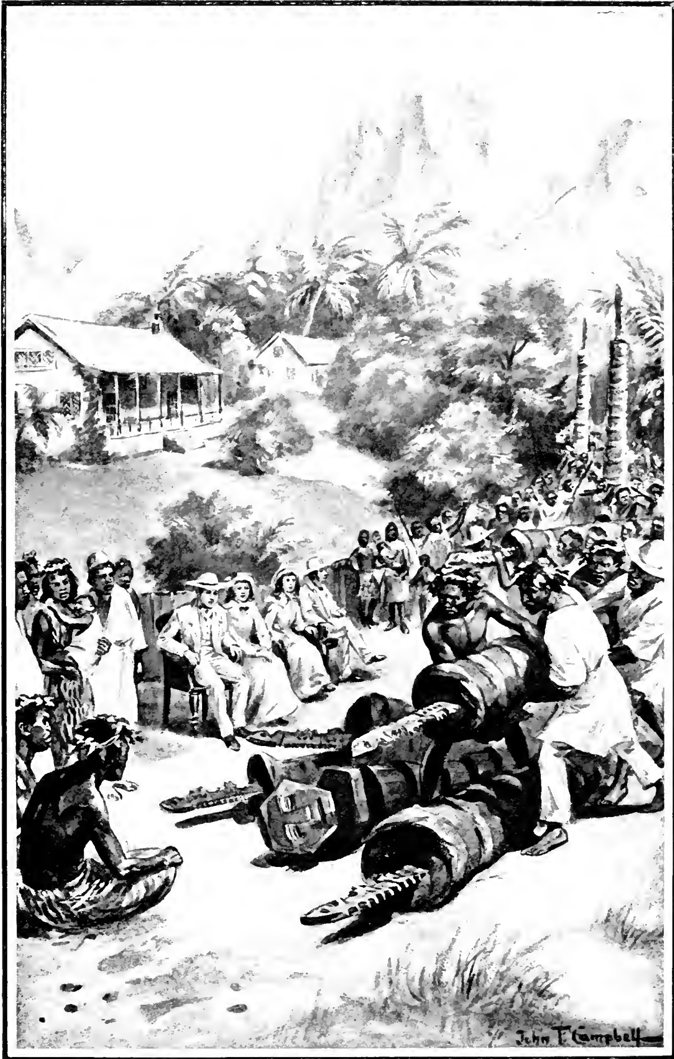
While, however, the people were willing to adopt Christianity as a national religion, and to give a cordial welcome to its teachers, their moral habits were extremely debased, and as in that climate fruit and vegetables could be raised with scarcely any effort, they were incorrigibly idle. In order to stimulate them to exertion by rousing a spirit of emulation, Williams built himself a comfortable house in the English style, thus furnishing a model to

which the natives were encouraged to look. The framework of the building was wood, but the walls within and without were plastered with lime obtained by burning coral. This last process immensely astonished the natives, who on seeing it exclaimed, "Oh these foreigners, they are roasting stones! they are roasting stones! Come, hurricane, and blow down our bananas and our breadfruit; we shall never suffer from famine again; these foreigners are teaching us to roast stones!"

The natives, who had hitherto herded together in great huts in a manner which made decency impossible, were taught not only to appreciate the comforts of civilised life, but to obtain them for themselves by constructing houses with separate apartments, with wooden floors, walls plastered with coral lime, thatched roofs, well-stocked gardens, tables, chairs, sofas and bedsteads with turned legs, carpets and hangings. They were also instructed in boat-building, and their diligence and ingenuity were excited by rewards in the form of nails, hinges, and other useful articles which the missionaries procured from England.

Williams then proceeded to erect a chapel as well-built and finished as possible. Of the many novelties in this nothing struck the natives so much as the chandeliers with cocoa-nuts for lamps, which presented a most brilliant appearance when lighted. The savages exclaimed, "O Britannia! Britannia!" and gave England the name of the "land whose customs have no end."

In May 1820, at a meeting in this chapel, at which more than 2400 persons were present, a code of laws based on the Ten Commandments was adopted by the votes of the people, and trial by jury was also introduced. This



The natives brought their gods and threw them down at the feet of the missionaries.

change was the more striking when contrasted with the revolting savagery of the customs which had hitherto prevailed in these islands. In one of his speeches during his furlough Williams said, "I was on one occasion at an island when a number of canoes were returning from a sanguinary battle. The body of each canoe was filled with captives destined to be slaughtered and eaten, while around the fore and aft parts, which were raised several feet above the centre, there were strung by the hair the heads of the slain. On landing a chief took one of these heads by the hair, and holding it up to the spectators, he stated whose it was, then expatiated upon the valour with which its possessor had been encountered and overcome.

Infanticide also had previously been universal, there not being a woman of thirty on the island who had not destroyed several of her infants. Not long after Williams' settlement at Raiatea, a chief named Auura and some of his friends belonging to the neighbouring island of Rurutu were driven there by a storm. They had left their own island in consequence of an epidemic which was raging there. On landing at Raiatea they were immensely astonished at seeing the missionaries, their wives and families, the neat white cottages, together with the various useful arts which had been introduced among the people. The chief Auura and his friends placed themselves under instruction, and after a while returned to Rurutu, taking with them two teachers from Raiatea.

Some time afterwards Mr. Williams, anxious to learn how the teachers had fared in their new sphere, sent a boat with a native crew to bring back intelligence. After a month the boat returned laden with the idols of Rurutu, which had been willingly surrendered. One of these idols,

Aa, the national god of Rurutu, excited considerable interest, for in addition to his being bedecked with little gods outside, a door was discovered in his back, on opening which he was found to be full of small gods; no less than twenty-four were taken out one after the other and exhibited to public view.

Encouraged by these successes, Mr. Williams wished himself to visit other islands. As the directors of his Society discouraged the purchase of a ship, he set himself, with almost incredible industry and perseverance to construct one with his own hands, though he had a very insufficient supply both of iron and tools. One of the first steps in this undertaking was the construction of a pair of smith's bellows, and to obtain leather for this, three of the four goats on the island were killed. To his extreme mortification, when the bellows were completed they did not act properly owing to a slight mistake in the construction. A swarm of rats also consumed all the leather of the apparatus. Undismayed by this mishap Williams contrived a blowing machine in which no leather was required. Having no saw, he had to split the trees used by wedges, and having no steaming apparatus, he could only procure bent planks by splitting curved trunks. Cordage was manufactured of the bark of the hibiscus, and for oakum were substituded cocoa-nut husks, banana stumps, native cloth, &c. In the short space of fifteen weeks he completed a seaworthy vessel about sixty feet long and eighteen feet wide. Supplied with anchors of wood and stone, and with a crew consisting only of natives, Mr. Williams first tried his vessel, which he had named the *Messenger of Peace*, in a voyage of about 170 miles to Aitutaki, which was accomplished without any

more serious casualty than the breaking of the foremast owing to the inexperience of the crew.

Arriving at Aitutaki, they were soon surrounded by canoes crowded by natives exhibiting all the features of savage life. Some were tattooed from head to foot; some were painted fantastically with pipe-clay and yellow and red ochre; others were smeared all over with charcoal, and in this state were dancing and shouting with extravagant gestures. Their King expressed no displeasure at hearing of the overthrow of the idols in Raiatea and Rurutu, and saluted the teachers by rubbing noses with them in the native fashion.

The natives were most eager to obtain possession of Mr. Williams' child of four years old, the first European child they had ever seen, saying they wished to make him their king. At last they became so clamorous in the expression of their desires that Mr. Williams hurried down to the cabin with her boy, fearing he would be snatched away by them. Mr. Williams left some native teachers at Aitutaki, who were eventually successful in planting Christianity there also, and himself proceeded to search for the island of Rarotonga, of which he had heard as affording a favourable vantage-ground for the establishment of a mission. This he succeeded in doing after some difficulty, and found that the minds of the Rarotongans had been in some measure prepared for the reception of Christianity by the curiosity aroused by the tales of a heathen woman who had been conveyed there from the now nearly civilised island of Tahiti. She told them that at her island they had ceased using stone axes for hewing their trees, as the missionaries had brought steel ones; that they had ceased to use human bones in the

construction of canoes and houses; that their children no longer cried as they used to when their hair was cut with sharks' teeth; that they had no need to go down to the water to look at themselves, because the missionaries had brought them small shining things in which they could see themselves without trouble.

Thus favourably predisposed, the natives listened attentively to the teachers Mr. Williams left with them on his return to Raiatea. When Mr. Williams revisited Rarotonga some time afterwards, he was requested to seat himself, with his wife, outside his door; and on doing so observed a large concourse of people coming towards them bearing heavy burdens. They walked in procession, and dropped at the missionaries' feet fourteen immense idols, the smallest of which was about five yards in length. Some of them were broken in pieces, and others sent home as curiosities.

Though the natives on the whole were astonishingly ready to renounce idolatry, occasionally the smouldering discontent of the heathen minority showed itself in attacks plotted against Mr. Williams. One day when he and his wife were at dinner, a native fantastically garbed appeared before their house, having his head decorated with leaves and wearing a pair of trousers for a jacket, his arms being passed through the legs; he wore also a red shirt instead of trousers, his legs being passed through the arms. He came brandishing a large carving knife, and danced before the house, crying: "Turn out the hog! let us kill him! Turn out the pig! let us cut his throat!" Annoyed at his conduct, and not apprehending any danger, Mr. Williams rose from the table to desire him to desist. On opening the door, one of

his deacons, almost breathless with running, met him, thrust him back, and exclaimed, "Why do you go out? Why do you expose your life? You are the pig he is calling for: you will be dead in a moment." Mr. Williams' life was preserved by this timely warning, and the would-be assassin was tried by a native tribunal and sentenced to four years' banishment on an uninhabited island.

The childish simplicity of the natives on Rarotonga also gave rise to some amusing incidents. One day when Mr. Williams was at work erecting a chapel, finding he had left his carpenter's square at home, he took up a chip, and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon it a request that Mrs. Williams would send it to him. He then called a native, and said, "Friend, take this, go to our house, and give it to Mrs. Williams." Giving him a look of astonishment, the native said: "Take that! she will call me a fool and scold me if I carry a chip to her." "No," Mr. Williams replied, "she will not; take it and go immediately, I am in haste." Perceiving the missionary to be in earnest he took it, and asked, "What must I say?" Mr. Williams replied: "You have nothing to say; the chip will say all I wish." Boundless was the native's astonishment on reaching Mrs. Williams', to find that the chip conveyed its message silently. Catching it up he rushed through the village shouting, "See the wisdom of these English people! they can make chips talk!" He tied a string to the mysterious chip, and wore it for some time round his neck as a charm.

After seeing Christianity well established in Rarotonga, Mr. Williams proceeded to visit several other

islands. Approaching the island of Atui his boat was wrecked in the surf, and he had a narrow escape from drowning. The recoil of the waves conveyed him to a considerable distance from shore, where, getting within the vortex of a whirlpool, he sank to a great depth. Two natives sprang into the sea to his assistance, and succeeded in bringing him safely to shore. This, he observes in his journal, was his sixth escape from drowning during his voyages among these islands.

At Savii, the chief island of the Samoan group, Mr. Williams had a narrow escape of a different kind. According to their wont, as the vessel approached the shore, the natives in their canoes surrounded it in large numbers, and began clambering over the sides. A young man whom Mr. Williams had with him as captain, without the missionary's knowledge had loaded a blunderbuss with eight bullets, and returned it to its usual place. The Samoan chief, Malietoa, who had come on board, perceiving this weapon, and thinking it would materially assist him in the conquest of his enemies, took it down and began to examine it. He cocked it with its muzzle directed towards Mr. Williams, and was just about to pull the trigger when the interpreter said, "Stop! perhaps it is loaded!" At this moment the captain rushed from the deck into the cabin, and exclaimed, "Oh! sir, you have been nearly blown to atoms! Why did you let the chief have that blunderbuss? I have just loaded it with eight bullets!"

As at Rarotonga, so at Savii, previous events had prepared the natives' minds to receive Christianity. A chief dying a little while before had predicted that white men from the West would bring a new religion and

overthrow the idols; and a noted wizard, who was supposed to have powers of life and death, and was much dreaded by the natives, had died just before Mr. Williams' arrival.

At another Samoan island named Tutuila, Mr. Williams, finding that the natives on the shore presented rather a formidable appearance, was hesitating to land when their chief waded through the water, nearly up to his chin, and taking hold of the boat, said, "Son, will you not come on shore? will you not land among us?" Mr. Williams replied that that particular bay had a bad reputation for deeds of savagery, but found that the chief himself had a deep interest in Christianity, which he quaintly expressed as follows, after Mr. Williams' arrival on shore: "Did you not see a little canoe by the side of your boat when we carried you on shore just now? That is my canoe, in which I go and get some religion which I bring carefully home and give to the people; and when that is gone I take my canoe again and fetch some more." Greatly to this chief's disappointment, Mr. Williams on that occasion had no teacher to leave with him.

After having thus visited several islands, Mr. Williams proceeded on furlough to England, where he stayed a considerable time, and published his interesting volume, "Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands." Not long after his return to the Pacific he proceeded to the island of Erromanga in the New Hebrides, where he was destined to meet a martyr's death. The closing scene is thus described by Captain Morgan, an eye-witness. "We pulled up the bay, and some of the natives on shore ran along the rocks after the boat. On reaching

the head of the bay we saw several natives standing at a distance; we made signs to them to come towards us, but they made signs for us to go away. We threw them some beads on shore, which they eagerly picked up, and came a little closer, and received from us some fish-hooks and beads, and a small looking-glass.

"Mr. Harris then waded on shore. As soon as he landed the natives ran from him, but Mr. Williams told him to sit down; he did so, and the natives came close to him, and brought him some cocoa-nuts, and opened them for him to drink.

"Mr. Williams remarked he saw a number of native boys playing, and thought it a good sign, as implying that the natives had no bad intentions. At last he got up, went forward in the boat, and landed. He presented his hand to the natives, which they were unwilling to take; he then called to me to hand some cloth out of the boat, and he sat down and divided it among them. All three walked up the beach, Mr. Harris first; Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham followed. After they had walked about a hundred yards, they turned to the right alongside of the bush, and I lost sight of them. Mr. Harris was the farthest off. I then went on shore, supposing we had won the favour of the people. I stopped to see the boat anchored safely, and then walked up the beach towards the spot where the others had proceeded; but before I had got a hundred yards the boat's crew called out to me to run towards the boat. I looked round and saw Mr. Williams and Mr. Cunningham running; Mr. Cunningham towards the boat, and Mr. Williams straight for the sea, with one native close behind him. By this time Mr. Williams had got to the

water, but the beach being stony and steep he fell backward, and the native struck him with a club and often repeated the blow; a short time after another native came up and struck him, and very soon another came up and plunged several arrows into his body."

Thus fell in the prime of life (he was only forty-three), and in the full tide of success and hope, the first English martyr in Polynesia. Great was the sorrow among the simple-minded Samoans when the news of his death arrived. "Awe Viriamu"—"Alas! our father!" they wailed; "they knew not how great a man they killed."

CHAPTER XXVI

BINGHAM IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS

Native sanctuaries in the Sandwich Islands—The tyranny of "Taboo"—A royal iconoclast—Cards *versus* spelling-books—Native dances—"Video meliora"—Breakfasting on a cuttle-fish—A poetical farewell—Queen Kaahumanu as evangelist—Attack on Mr. Bingham by American seamen—The false prophetess—Abraham Lincoln's present to a native teacher.

THE Sandwich Islands attracted the attention of Europeans towards the close of the eighteenth century, when the famous navigator, Captain Cook, after having been worshipped as a god by the natives, was killed in a brawl which their thieving propensities stirred up between them and his sailors. Between the death of Captain Cook in 1779 and the arrival of the American missionaries, Bingham and Thurston, in 1820, comparatively few white men landed there.

The Hawaiians seem to have been deeper sunk in sensuality than most of the South Sea Islanders, and their worship was savage and terrible. Human sacrifice was of the commonest occurrence, and accompanied with revolting barbarity. In 1804, when a pestilence broke out in the King's army, three men were demanded to propitiate the gods. It was three days too early for the ceremonial, but meanwhile the victims were seized, their eyes put out, their arms and legs broken, and on the appointed day they were bound and laid beside the swine and fruit that completed the offering. They were stabbed and beaten

until they died. One of the largest temples was dedicated to Tiari, the god of war. Its length was upwards of two hundred feet, and its breadth one hundred feet—a huge mass of black lava stones. Here the human sacrifices took place.

Infanticide destroyed two-thirds of the children. They were sometimes strangled, more frequently buried alive. If the child only cried more than usual, or gave trouble in any way, "instead of clasping the little sufferer to her bosom the mother stopped its cries by thrusting a piece of 'tapa' into its mouth, and digging a hole in the floor of the house, perhaps within a few yards of her bed and the spot where she took her daily meals, relentlessly buried her helpless babe." In the midst of these terrible cruelties, there was one redeeming feature. There were two refuges in Hawaii, north and south, to which all might flee, whatever their condition or crime. The gates were ever open, and there the pursuer had to stop. Non-combatants awaited there the issue of battles, and thither the vanquished fled and were safe. The refuge was an enclosure upon the seashore more than seven hundred feet in length and four hundred broad, with high, thick walls of lava. The walls had been formerly decorated with images, four rods apart, along their whole length.

In 1819 the first missionaries to Hawaii, Messrs. Bingham and Thurston, set sail from Boston; and when they arrived they found the idols abolished. The King and the Queen-Dowager had headed a movement against the restraints of their idolatrous customs, especially the vexatious restrictions of "taboo." When the priests said that the gods had laid a "taboo" on the land, every fire or light was extinguished; no canoe was launched; no person

bathed; no one except those who had to attend at the temple might be seen out of doors; men and women were not allowed to eat together, and any infringement of these rules was punished by a painful death. The object of the King and Queen in rebelling against these restraints was to obtain greater liberty of conduct and, on the King's part, to be able to indulge dissipation without check. The idols were ordered to the flames and the temples demolished. The high priest was the first to apply the torch; idolatry was abolished for ever by law, and the islands presented the spectacle of a people without religion. The Queen-Dowager made a tour of the islands expressly to search out and destroy the idols which had been concealed, and more than one hundred were burned.

Before landing in the spring of 1820 the missionaries invited the King, Liholiho by name, to dine with them on board their ship. He came with only a narrow girdle around his waist, a green scarf over his shoulders, a string of beads around his neck and a feather wreath on his head. They conversed, and after a delay of twelve days he permitted them to land and remain on probation for one year. Mr. Bingham settled in a rude native hut at Honolulu, and began to teach the natives to read and write. The King, however, objected to the common people learning before he had learnt himself, and the Queen-Dowager Kaahumanu at first treated the missionaries with contempt. Within three months the King could read, and within six, several of the chiefs could both read and write. Desiring to enlist Queen Kaahumanu's sympathies on behalf of education, Mr. and Mrs. Bingham called on her. They found her with several women of high rank, stretched on mats, playing at cards. It was not uncommon

for such groups to sit like tailors or to lie full length with the face to the ground, the head a little elevated, the breast resting on a cylindrical pillow, the hands holding and moving the cards while their naked feet extended in diverging lines towards the sides of the room. Being invited to enter the house, the missionaries took their seats on the floor and waited till the game of cards was finished. The Queen then invited them to sit by her, and condescended to take her first reading lesson. The strong addiction of the natives to their dances proved a great obstacle to the first endeavours of the missionaries amongst them. For these dances they decorated themselves fantastically with green leaves, fresh flowers, braided hair and sometimes with a band on the ankle set with hundreds of dogs' teeth, so as to rattle against each other with the motion of the feet. The King also, though willing at intervals to learn, was given to drink, and there were not wanting those who for selfish purposes encouraged him in this. He listened attentively to Mr. Bingham, and promised to become a Christian in five years, but was constantly relapsing into intemperance. On one occasion, when the missionaries found him in his cups surrounded by a number of boon companions, he said, "Why do you come here? You are my friends, but this is the place of the devil. You are good men and ought not to be here."

His mother, Keopuolani, on the other hand became a sincere convert, and tried to restrain her son from his excesses. He had fits of reformation, and would sometimes sit at his desk the whole day studying, only to relapse again. After one such occasion the missionaries found him groaning in all the horrors of a recovery from his debauch, and scarcely capable of saying, "Good

morning." One of his wives was seated by him with a large wooden tray in her lap. Upon this a monstrous cuttle-fish had been placed, fresh from the sea and in all its life and vigour. The queen took it up with both hands, and brought its body to her mouth, and a single bite made the black juices and blood with which it was filled gush over her face and neck, while the long sucking arms of the fish convulsively twisted and writhed about her head, like the snaky hairs of a Medusa. Occupied as both mouth and hands were, she could only give her visitors the salutation of a nod.

Notwithstanding the debasing influences to which he was exposed the King had a real desire for improvement. This led him in 1823 to sail for London on board an English whaler with his favourite queen, Kamamalu. The Queen, who seems to have been something of a poetess, standing on the stone quay uttered her extemporised farewell—

> "O skies, O plains, O mountains and oceans !
> O guardians and people ! Kind affection for you all !
> Farewell to thee, the soil, O country
> For which my father suffered—alas ! for thee !"

The natives stood weeping on the shore as the ship sailed away, amid the roaring of cannon from the fort. The departure of the King had a good effect on the island, as it threw the government into the hands of his step-mother, Kaahumanu, his own mother having died. For himself the issue was unfortunate, as both he and his wife, Kamamalu, died in London of measles.

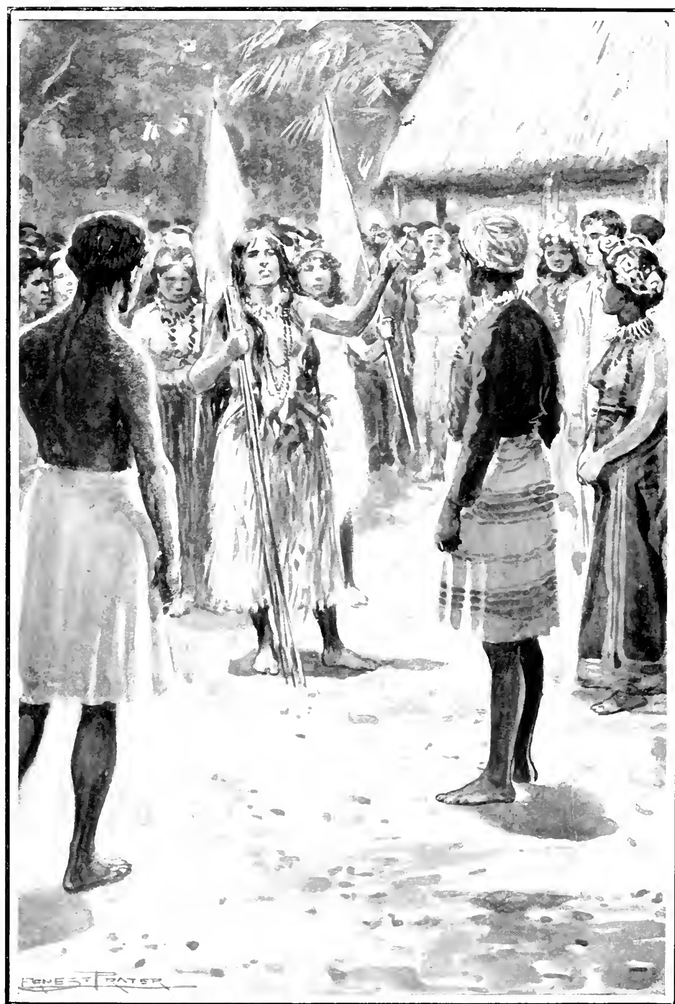
Kaahumanu had become a great friend of Mr. Bingham's, and accompanied him in his tours about the island, lending all the weight of her authority and influence to

the reforms which he tried to effect. Sad to say the chief opposition to their efforts came, not from the natives, but from the crews and captains of English and American ships, who saw that should Christianity and education prevail on the islands, they would not be able to drive such profitable bargains with the natives as if they remained in a state of ignorance, nor would it be easy to manage the chiefs so easily by making them drunk. Accordingly, when religion began to take hold of the minds of the people, the opposition of the white men became more violent. The missionaries had gained in a remarkable degree the confidence of the principal chiefs, but the foreigners, with a view to destroying their influence, sought to corrupt the morals of both chiefs and people. Their efforts were specially directed to drawing the young King Kamehameha III. over to their side. No pains were spared to prejudice his mind against Mr. Bingham, who was his instructor. He was told that Mr. Bingham had written to America that he was King of the Sandwich Islands, and was maliciously urged to dismiss him.

Nor did they stop at words. One day a disorderly mob of American seamen overtook Mr. Bingham near his house, and handled him very roughly. One of them smashed in the windows of his house with a cudgel, while another brandished a knife in his face. Mr. Bingham, fearing they would proceed to extremes, said to some natives standing by, "Do you not take care of me?" They calmly replied, "We *do* take care." Suddenly one of the Americans struck a blow at the missionary's head with a club, which a native warded off. This act of violence was the signal for resistance for which the natives were waiting. They sprang upon the rioters; some they

seized, disarmed and bound, and others they felled to the earth with blows. Mr. Bingham was able to return to his house, but he had hardly arrived there when another band of sailors rushed through his gate, and endeavoured to batter down his door. Fortunately some of their officers arrived on the scene at this juncture and reduced them to order.

Notwithstanding these and similar outrages, the cause of civilisation and Christianity continued to advance in Hawaii. A champion of the old heathenism appeared for a short time in the person of a prophetess claiming authority from the famous goddess of the volcano, "Pele," by whose name she called herself. Her arrival at the mission-station of Lahaina caused excitement among all classes. Some affirmed that the goddess had been offended with the missionaries, who had rolled stones into her crater, and plucked and eaten fruit off the trees in the neighbourhood without making offerings to her, and that she had sent her emissary to induce the chiefs to dismiss the missionaries. Others said that she would make some terrific display of power unless the chiefs should yield to her demands. The day after she reached the village she came to the chiefs, marching with haughty step, her long black hair dishevelled, with wild countenance, and bearing a spear and rods in her hand, attended by her two daughters, each carrying a flag. As she approached she was accompanied by an immense crowd, attracted, some by curiosity, some by superstition, some hoping to see her maintain her cause, and some to see her foiled by Kaahumanu and her adherents. Paying little attention to the crowd, she drew near the chiefs and exclaimed, "I have come!" Kalakua replied,



THE PROPHETESS OF THE PELE VOLCANO

She approached with wild countenance and long black dishevelled hair. She was attended by her two daughters, and carried a spear and rods in her hand.

"We are all here." "Good will to you all," said the prophetess. "Yes," said the chief, "good will perhaps." "I have now come to speak to you," said she. "Whence are you?" said Kalakua. She replied, "From foreign lands; from England and America, whither I went to attend your King." Indignant at this falsehood, the chief rebuked her, saying, "Come not here to tell us your lies; what are these things in your hands?" "The spear and rods of Pele," she replied. "Lay them down," said the chief. Unwilling to lose her dignity in the eyes of the bystanders, she sullenly demurred. "Lay them down," was sternly repeated, and she complied. The chief continued, with well-sustained dignity, "Tell us not that you are Pele. There are other volcanoes than those on Hawaii. They are all under the control of the great God of Heaven. But you are a woman like one of us. Formerly we thought Pele a god, and gave her hogs, dogs, and cocoa-nuts. Light is now shining upon us, and we have forsaken our false gods. Books are our teachers. Now, tell us without falsehood, have you not been lying to our people?" The woman confessed, "I have been lying, but I will lie no more." "Remember then your promise," said Kalakua. "Go home and observe my word, and deceive the people no more." She yielded, burnt her mysterious flags, and was about to burn the spear she had called Pele's, but one of the chiefs interposed and claimed it to be used for tilling the ground.

A notable landmark in the progress of Christianity in Hawaii was the erection in 1829 of a church to hold 3000 or 4000 at Honolulu. The young King, Kamehameha III., was present, and himself offered a dedicatory

prayer. But a stronger proof of vitality in the Hawaiian Church was their sending missionaries to the Marquesas Islands, whose inhabitants seem to have been the most savage and debased of all the Polynesians. In their constant inter-tribal wars and fierce independence they more resembled Arabs or Afghans than the ordinary type of South Sea Islander. When the missionaries had settled among them numbers came by night to rob them; some thrust in poles with hooks to pull out clothing, and others reached through windows or through the thatch, taking what was at hand. The missionaries hardly ever mustered a congregation of more than fifty at a time, and even these would go to sleep or scuffle during the service. One of the Hawaiian missionaries, named Kekela, however, was the means of rescuing an American naval officer from the clutches of a cannibal chief, giving up his own boat and other valuable property to ransom him. This came to the ears of the President of the United States, who sent Kekela a gold watch and a letter of thanks. More than one European and American missionary gave up the Marquesas Islanders in despair, but the Hawaiians stayed on at the peril of their lives, and seeing very small results. The irregularity with which ships visited the Marquesas Islands from Hawaii often reduced the missionaries to the verge of starvation, and sometimes they had to sell their tools for food. Of late years this danger has been obviated by the purchase of a missionary ship, which visits the islands regularly from Honolulu.

The results of the work of Mr. Bingham and his successors in the Sandwich Islands have been well summed up by Richard H. Dana, an American lawyer and author:

"It is no small thing to say that the missionaries have, in less than forty years, taught this whole people to read, write, cipher, and sew; they have given them an alphabet, grammar, and dictionary; preserved their language from extinction; given it a literature, and translated into it the Bible, and works of devotion, science, and entertainment, &c.; they have established schools, reared up native teachers, and so pressed their work that the proportion of inhabitants who can read and write is greater than in New England. Whereas they found these people half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannised over by feudal chiefs, and abandoned to sensuality, we see them decently clothed, recognising the law of marriage, knowing something of accounts, going to school and public worship with more regularity than the people at home."

CHAPTER XXVII

DAVID CARGILL IN THE FIJI ISLANDS

Ferocity of Fijians—Loveliness of scenery—The missionaries' first night on shore—Inconvenient curiosity—Natives' contempt for their gods —Murder of four sailors—Fiji hooligans—Attempt to shoot Mr. Cargill—Skull as a drinking-cup—Transformation of Fiji—Miss Cumming's account in 1875.

OF all the South Sea Islanders the Fijians seem to have been, before the arrival of missionaries, the most cruel and degraded. One of the first lessons they used to teach infants was to strike their mothers, fearing that if this was neglected the child would grow up a coward. Mothers taught their little children to kick and tread upon the dead bodies of their enemies. Children taken in war were tied to the stem of a tree and made a mark for the spears and arrows of the young boys of Fiji, while grown people looked on and enjoyed the sport. Sick persons, if they did not show signs of recovery in two or three days, were either left to perish or buried alive by their friends. A poor girl lying in a weakly state had her curiosity roused by an unusual noise outside her house. She managed to crawl to the door and look out, when she was instantly seized and thrown into her ready-made grave. She shrieked, "Do not bury me; I am quite well now!" But two men stood upon her body while others threw earth into the hole and pressed it down till she ceased to move.

Human sacrifices and cannibalism were frequent among them. The victims were usually taken from a distant tribe; and when not supplied by war or violence were sometimes obtained by negotiation. After being selected for this purpose they were often kept for a time to be fattened. When about to be sacrificed they were compelled to sit on the ground with their feet drawn under their thighs and their arms placed close before them. In this posture they were bound so tightly that they could not stir nor move a joint. They were then placed in the usual oven upon hot stones, covered with leaves and earth, and roasted alive. When the body was cooked it was taken from the oven and the face painted black. It was then carried to the "mbure" or sacred enclosure, where it was offered to the gods, and was afterwards removed to be cut up and distributed to be eaten. Human sacrifices were a preliminary to almost all their undertakings. When a King's house or other important building was to be erected, living men were placed in the deep holes dug for the insertion of the principal posts, and so buried. Their notion was that while these remained in a sitting posture with their arms encircling the posts, the house would stand safely. Captives taken in war were often wrapped in banana leaves and used as rollers at the launching of a chief's canoe. The cries of the wretched victims could be heard at the distance of half a mile as the crushing weight passed over them.

These horrors were enhanced if possible by the surpassing loveliness of the scenery in which they were enacted. To quote a traveller's description, "Clear and calm lagoons reflect fringed shadows of the palm-trees and the passing of clouds across their own sweet circle of blue sky, while

beyond and round and round their coral bar lies the blue of sea and heaven together."

The first missionaries to land on Lakemba, one of the Fiji Islands, in 1835, were Mr. David Cargill and Mr. William Cross of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. It was but a small island, only about 22 miles in circumference, and did not contain above 1000 inhabitants. With a view of ascertaining the disposition of the chiefs and people it was agreed that the two missionaries should go ashore in the boat. As they approached the beach many of the natives were running hither and thither on the sand. As they drew near the landing-place nearly two hundred men were standing at the distance of about one hundred feet from it. Some were armed with muskets, others with bayonets fastened to long sticks, some with clubs and spears, others with bows and arrows, their faces painted jet-black or red. It was an anxious moment, as many Europeans who had previously landed or been wrecked on those islands had been murdered. A Fiji interpreter whom the missionaries had brought with them was informed by the natives that the King was waiting in a house near the beach to know who they were and what they wanted. The missionaries went to his house, a large building within a fortress, taking a suitable present. The natives welcomed them to Lakemba by a simultaneous clapping of their hands. The King asked many questions, and finally pledged himself to grant the missionaries a piece of ground to live on, to erect houses for them, to protect them and their families and property from molestation, and to listen to instruction.

For temporary accommodation they were assigned a "canoe house" on the beach. This house was at least a

hundred feet long, about forty wide, and thirty high. It was open at both ends, and contained a large canoe, on the deck of which the missionaries spread their mattresses. But not to sleep. The natives kept crowding in curiosity about the ends of the house, and every now and then two or three would walk along the canoe, armed with clubs or muskets, having their faces blackened, with here and there a daub of red, as if to add to their demoniac-like appearance.

Fortunately for the missionaries, the next day the captain of the ship in which they had arrived brought his vessel within the harbour and invited them to remain on board till the house which the King was building for them was ready. This invitation they gladly accepted. After three days their house was ready, and they took possession of it. During the first day scores of the natives, prompted by curiosity, surrounded the doors and windows, and occasionally, when these were inaccessible from the number of spectators, others would unceremoniously lift the 'platted leaves which formed the eaves of the house, and thrust in their heads to gaze upon the persons, property, and proceedings of the inmates. Constant vigilance was necessary to prevent stealing.

The vessel which had conveyed the missionaries to Fiji took its departure on the tenth day after their arrival. There was much work to be performed. The ground about the houses had to be cleared of the bushes and reeds by which it was thickly covered. Roads had to be made, fences put up, outhouses erected, and a strict watch kept on pilferers. What leisure remained the missionaries employed in studying the Fijian language.

After they had lived about six weeks in Lakemba the

island was visited by a destructive storm. For about sixty hours the wind blew with tremendous vehemence, incessantly shifting from one point of the compass to another. The rain fell in torrents, and, flowing from the neighbouring hills, deluged some part of the mission premises. The wind was so violent as to threaten the demolition of every object within its reach; the rain dashed through the innumerable crevices of the thatched roof and fence of the house, while the house itself was rocked to and fro by the fury of the tempest, and the timbers of which it was composed cracked under the stress of every blast. The fences which surrounded the premises were levelled with the ground. All the missionaries' attention and time were occupied in tying up the roof and propping the posts and beams. After the storm abated the mission premises and the whole country wore a dreary aspect. Many houses were blown down. Breadfruit and banana trees were torn up by the roots, and many yam plantations destroyed.

While the tempest raged, the King, priests, and people were in great terror. They endeavoured to deprecate the wrath of the supposed incensed Fijian deities by numerous and costly sacrifices. The chief priest consulted the god of the wind respecting the cause of the hurricane and the time of its duration. The oracle responded that the supreme god of Lakemba was angry because missionaries had been allowed to remain on the island; that the storm was an expression of his anger; and that he intended to send ten such storms of wind and rain, that he might thereby blow the missionaries and their families out to sea; and that if his design were not accomplished by ten such storms he was resolved to turn the island upside

down and thereby involve the missionaries and all the inhabitants of the place in inevitable destruction.

This response excited the ridicule of the chiefs and people, although some of the more ignorant natives believed the prediction. Numerous peace-offerings were presented to the enraged deity, but no effort was made or wish expressed by the chiefs or people to effect the removal of the missionaries.

On the occurrence of a similar hurricane soon afterwards the chief priest again declared that the supreme god was enraged because the missionaries were allowed to remain in his territories; that he had called to his assistance all the gods of Fiji; and that these, having assembled and consulted, were unanimously resolved to send ten strong winds and heavy rains in order to execute the design of the tutelary god of Lakemba. The king shrewdly replied, "If the missionaries be the objects of his resentment, why does he punish us who have not abandoned his service?" Receiving no satisfactory answer, he went so far as to say, "Tuilakemba is either a lying or a foolish deity." Thus the King's eyes began to be gradually opened to the absurdities of the Fijian mythology.

An incident which occurred about this time showed how remarkable it was that the missionaries were suffered to dwell in peace among the blood-thirsty Fijians. Some shipwrecked mariners came to Lakemba, and were hospitably received by the missionaries. Four of them, however, dissatisfied with their situation, asked to have a boat to visit Somo-somo, in the vicinity of which island they were informed a colonial vessel was trading for tortoise-shell and other commodities. The missionaries warned them of the cruelty of the Fijians to the shipwrecked, and ex-

postulated with them on the imprudence of exposing themselves to such imminent danger. The four sailors, however, determined to make an attempt to reach the trading vessel, but thirty hours after leaving Lakemba they were murdered off Mango. According to a report which reached the missionaries, their bodies were baked and eaten and their bones converted into sail needles.

Savage as the Fijians were, they seem to have been by no means strongly attached to their religion. One priest, in a moment of pretended inspiration, actually advised the King and his people to embrace Christianity. The King himself, during a fit of illness, when urged to present a sacrifice to the heathen deities for the restoration of his health declined, saying, "To sacrifice to them would only be to waste our hogs and property, for the priests declare that through fear of the God of the missionaries, the gods of Fiji have all fled from our country. They shall have no more sacrifices from me."

About this time the King of another island, Somo-somo, and his two sons, with several hundreds of their people, undertook a voyage to Lakemba. During their stay on the island they frequently visited the mission premises, and earnestly asked for a missionary to go and reside at Somo-somo. The reason given by one of the King's sons for believing in Christianity was certainly naïve: "Everything that comes from the white man's country is true; muskets and gunpowder are true; and your religion must be true."

By the time Mr. Cargill had been in Lakemba two years he had made a considerable number of converts; but, as is generally the case, this provoked jealousy and persecution. A village named Waitambu, containing a

large proportion of Christians was singled out for attack. On the morning of 10th November 1837, all the male population of the village had gone to a distance from home by the King's order to cultivate his plantation. According to a previously concerted plan a number of robust young men armed themselves with clubs and other weapons, and made an attack on the village at a time when they knew its protectors were at a distance. Their ravages were confined to the houses and property of the Christians. Some of the houses were demolished and others materially injured. The muskets, axes, and most valuable articles of household furniture were carried off. The sick and feeble were exposed to the insults of these cowardly warriors, and the women and children fled for refuge to the adjacent plantation. The King, though he saw the absurdity of idolatry, never heartily espoused Christianity, as he could not break off his old habits. He made, therefore, no attempt to check the persecution, being unwilling that his subjects should embrace Christianity till he had made up his mind on the subject.

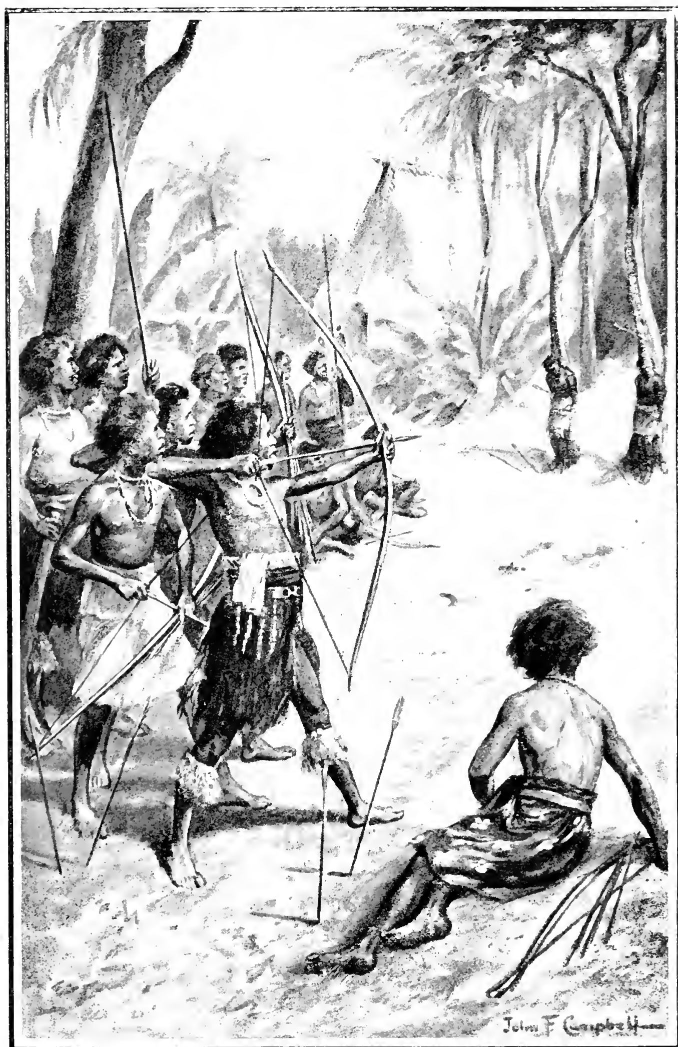
On the arrival of some new missionaries at Lakemba, Mr. Cargill removed to Rewa, another island. Here the King was favourable, and granted a piece of ground as the site for a chapel. His brother, however, was violently opposed to Christianity, and threatened to spear any who should attempt to erect one.

Not long after this, hearing the ringing of the mission bell to assemble the converts for divine service, he and two other chiefs who were dependent on him loaded three muskets with bullets, with the intention of firing at Mr. Cargill when returning from the service. That they might the more securely accomplish their purpose they hid them-

selves in the long grass of an islet, near to which Mr. Cargill had to cross the river when going to and returning from the town of Rewa. Mr. Cargill was standing in the canoe in mid stream, when the chief espied him and called to the others to fire at him. But one of them replied that they had better wait till the Christians from Tonga were crossing the river and fire at them; "for if we kill any of *them* it will not be difficult to find a land to which we can fly for refuge." But while they hesitated the Christians passed unharmed, and night coming on, the three chiefs, baulked of their prey, fired off their muskets towards the mission premises. A ball whizzed over the head of one of Mr. Cargill's servants, but beyond startling the congregation did no mischief.

But the malice of this chief, who bore the grotesque name of Nggaraninggio, was not exhausted. Shortly after, when Mr. Cargill was conducting a service in the open air in another part of the island, a volley of stones, earth, and shaddocks was hurled at the congregation by savages concealed in ambush. Some of the stones were heavy, weighing more than two pounds. In spite of Mr. Cargill's expostulation, these missiles continued to fly during the service. The congregation, however, stood their ground, and, wonderful as it seems, only one person was struck.

A teacher who had been set to watch during the service in order to discover, if possible, the ringleader of the persecutors, detected Nggaraninggio in the act of throwing a stone. Seeing that he was discovered, he crept away to a place of concealment. After pronouncing the benediction Mr. Cargill went straight to this chief's hut, followed by more than a hundred people, many of whom continued to throw stones, but none of them struck him. Not finding



Bow and Arrow Practice at Human Targets

This was not untrequently indulged in by Fijians in heathen times.

Nggaraninggio at his hut, Mr. Cargill went on to a heathen temple in which it was supposed he had hidden himself. As he approached, a man was shutting one of the doors, and a second seated himself in another doorway of the temple to prevent the missionary's entrance. The first hastened to extinguish a fire which was burning in the interior of the building, and so made the place quite dark, and Mr. Cargill thought it most prudent not to enter the building. When crossing the river on his way home another volley of stones was thrown after him, but again he escaped unhurt.

These vexatious occurrences were soon followed by incidents of a far more terrible kind. While Mr. Cargill was seated at breakfast one morning he was started by the shouts of the natives on the opposite side of the river, and on going out to ascertain the cause he witnessed an appalling spectacle. The dead bodies of twenty human beings, men, women, and children, were being landed from a canoe close to the house of the King of Rewa. There had been a battle, and though the King and Queen of Rewa had themselves ceased to be cannibals, the bodies of the slain, 260 in number, were distributed among the chiefs and people of neighbouring towns to be cooked and eaten. About thirty hapless infants had been placed in baskets and hoisted up to the mastheads of canoes as trophies. The motion of the canoes, while sailing, dashed the little victims against the masts, and their piercing cries were soon silenced in death. Other unfortunate children were conveyed alive to Mban, that the boys might acquire skill in the art of Fijian warfare by shooting arrows at them and beating them with clubs.

Mr. Cargill's savage opponents devised a new and grue-

some form of annoyance for him. One day he found a human head in his garden, and another day a skull near his front door, while a man was detected trying to deposit a dead child within the enclosure.

The King, however, though too inert to quell these demonstrations, continued friendly to Mr. Cargill, and presented him with the skull of one of his enemies, which he had converted into a drinking cup. On another occasion he presented him with some first yams of the season from his own plantation, in spite of being reminded that it was customary to present the first-fruits to their gods. "The gods of Fiji," he replied, "are false; I will not present these yams to them, but take them to the ambassador of the true God."

Mr. Cargill's career as a missionary was comparatively short, for he died in 1844; but to him and his colleague, Mr. Cross, belongs the honour of having initiated one of the greatest missionary successes of modern times. In 1875 Miss Gordon Cumming, writing in her work, "Our Home in Fiji," says: "Strange indeed is the change which has come over these isles since first Messrs. Cargill and Cross landed here in the year 1835, resolved at the hazard of their lives to bring the light of Christianity to a hundred thousand ferocious cannibals. Imagine the faith and courage of the two white men, without any visible protection, landing in the midst of these blood-thirsty hordes whose unknown language they had in the first instance to master; and day after day witnessing such scenes as chills one's blood even to hear about. . . . Can you realise that there are nine hundred churches in Fiji crowded by devout congregations?"

CHAPTER XXVIII

GEORGE TURNER IN THE NEW HEBRIDES

Fallen among thieves—Mischievous English visitors—Internecine warfare —Disease-makers—Facing a murderer—A council of death—Opportune storm—Foiled attempt to escape—Rescued by an English brig —Second visit to Tanna—Martyrdom of a native preacher—Third visit to Tanna—Meeting with John Paton.

AMONG the most interesting chapters in missionary annals are those which record apparently abortive attempts, afterwards crowned with success. They are, as Browning says, "the check which gives the leap the lift." The fame of John Paton's labours and sufferings on the island of Tanna has eclipsed those of the earliest missionary there, George Turner, who nevertheless laid the foundation for the success of that great Christian hero. On the day before the murder at Erromanga, John Williams had landed on Tanna, and left three Samoan teachers to prepare the way for European missionaries. Mr. Turner was appointed to Tanna by the London Missionary Society in 1840, and reached his destination in June 1842. He found the Samoan teachers safe and the natives friendly, but armed with clubs, bows and arrows, spears, and slings. They were painted in the usual grotesque way, and looked, as he says, more like a nation of Merry-Andrews than savages. He got six or seven of the chiefs together, and had a formal meeting with them. They assured him and his companion, Mr. Nisbet, of their anxiety that the missionaries should

reside among them and teach them Christianity. They pledged themselves to protect them as far as they could in the event of war with the neighbouring tribes, and not to call them to take any part in the fighting. They seemed willing to say "Yes" or "No" to anything, just as they thought it would please the missionaries.

But the latter had not been twenty-four hours on shore when they found they were among a set of incorrigible thieves. The teacher's house in which they took up their temporary abode was rudely built with rough upright poles from the bush, having spaces here and there which easily let in a finger or two. Before they could fill up these gaps, a towel was missed here, a comb there, and a pair of scissors in another place. The very bed-quilt was caught one afternoon moving off towards a hole by means of a long stick with a hook at the end of it.

The missionaries spoke to the chiefs about it, begging them to make laws. They would talk loudly, and threaten death to the thief if they could get hold of him, but were themselves as great thieves as any. One of them, storming against a thief, and telling the missionaries to kill him when they caught him, at the very same moment slyly picked up a big nail with his toes, and slipped it into his hand behind his back. When building a cottage for themselves the missionaries hardly dared to lay a tool down, and had to carry their hammers, chisels, gimlets, &c., in a belt round the waist. The natives, however, not only stole from the white men, but from each other whenever they found an opportunity. At first the missionaries wondered how it was that the women, in going to draw water, &c., had such burdens on their backs. But soon they found out they were obliged to carry about

with them all their household valuables, even to a brood of chickens, lest they should be stolen.

Shortly after their landing on Tanna, an incident occurred which showed that other white men were likely to be as great a source of danger as the natives. Two boats manned with sailors made their appearance in the bay. The sailors saw Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbet working on the roof of their house, and pulled in towards the shore. Seeing the beach lined with armed natives they were afraid to venture on land, and when the missionaries stepped down to the beach and hailed them, they shouted out, "Are you safe here?" They were told they might safely come ashore if they did not quarrel with the natives. Thereupon they landed, but not long afterwards the missionaries heard a great hooting and yelling at the head of the bay where the boats were, and on running down to the beach saw in the distance the white men rushing through the surf to their boats, and the natives at their heels striking at them with their clubs. In a few seconds the boats were clear of the beach and off to the ship; and as they seemed to be pulling all oars the missionaries concluded, what proved to be the fact, that all had escaped. They expected the captain of the vessel to come on shore and inquire into the origin of the quarrel, but to their dismay he immediately loosed his sails, weighed anchor, and began to fire upon native villages about five hundred yards from the missionaries' house. Had he succeeded in killing any natives, there is little doubt that the missionaries would have fallen victims to their thirst for revenge, as in the case of John Williams and the Erromangans. But the musket-shots and slugs from the ship's guns, though they split

trees and tore up the earth, did no further damage. The natives lay down flat on the ground, hid behind rocks, or fled to a distance. Some of them came running, and crouched behind the missionaries' house for safety. They had in this instance the sense to see that the latter were in no degree responsible for the outrage.

In commencing itineration work among the villages, the missionaries found themselves considerably hampered by the mutual animosities and jealousies of the natives. After preaching at one village, they would propose to go on to the next, a mile or two distant, but all would forbid it, and say, "No! you must not go there! they will kill you!" Seeing the missionaries determined to proceed, sometimes a few would take up their clubs, seize a spear or two, and accompany them, evidently thinking that they were risking their lives at every step they took. In districts quite close to each other the missionaries would find entirely different dialects spoken, showing in what an isolated hostile state the people had lived from time immemorial.

Like the rest of the South Sea Islanders, the Tannese were enslaved to various abject superstitions, which the more cunning ones turned to their own profit. Among these were the "disease-makers," who were believed to produce illness by slowly burning some article belonging to the person affected, like Meleager's brand in classical story. Accordingly, whenever a person felt ill, a shell was blown by his friends, and they would keep on blowing it for hours. It was meant as a call or petition to the disease-makers to stop burning whatever article of the patient's they had got in their possession, and a promise that people were getting ready presents for them. Pigs

and fine mats would be sent. Some of the disease-makers would receive them and say, "Oh yes! we know all about it, leave it with us; we will stop the burning, and the sick men shall live." If the sick man died, they concluded that the disease-makers were not satisfied with the presents sent. When the natives began to find that a dose of medicine from Mr. Turner would often do more for them than invoking the disease-makers, the profits of these impostors decreased, and their rage was excited against the missionaries. Firmly convinced of the efficacy of their own devices, they would prowl round the mission premises on the look-out for the skin of a banana, or other waste scrap of food. Anything of that sort they picked up, they took home, did it up in a leaf like a cigar, only twice as long, and then commenced burning it at one end, in order to put an end to the missionaries' lives.

Others of the savages tried more practical methods with the same object. One day Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbet had gone to a distant village, though assured by the natives that their lives would be in danger. When they reached the "marum," or open circular space in the village where public discussions are held, they conversed with the natives, gave them a few presents, and concluded with prayer. While Mr. Turner was addressing them, one of the natives slipped round with his club in one hand and his "kawas" (a long piece of stone used as a missile) in the other, and took up a position close behind him. Mr. Turner did not notice it, but Mr. Nisbet was on the watch. When the former knelt down, the savage threw his kawas on the ground and grasped his club with both hands. Mr. Nisbet showed no alarm, but, instead of kneeling down, stood still

and stared at the would-be murderer all the time Mr. Turner was praying. This disconcerted him at the moment, but as the missionaries were leaving the village he made an attempt to throw his kawas, a weapon which they use with deadly precision, at Mr. Turner's head. An old woman rushed at the savage and seized him by the arm. The fellow had his club in his other hand, and was struggling to get away, when a younger woman rushed out of a house and seized his other arm. The missionaries went quietly on their way, and emerged safely from the village.

About this time an epidemic of dysentery broke out in the island. The idol priests were unanimous in attributing it to the presence of the missionaries, and did their best to inflame the minds of the people against them. The immediate neighbourhood of the missionaries' house was comparatively free from the epidemic, and the priests said: "Look at them! they are all well, and the people who pray with them are all well, and we are dying." Parties of priests were now lurking in their neighbourhood night and day. One night a party of four came and lay down to watch near the garden gate, knowing that the missionaries sometimes took a walk in the moonlight along the beach. The gate opened, and some one, as they thought, came out. They were on their feet in an instant. One threw a spear, another let fly his kawas, and then they listened expecting to hear a shriek or a fall. Not hearing anything, they concluded it was a ghost, turned, and ran for their lives.

The priests, seeing that they could not succeed by stratagem, now took a more desperate course. They mustered a party two thousand strong, and determined to come in a body and persuade the few natives friendly to the missionaries to join in an open attack upon them.

One morning Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbet observed an unusual stir, and saw many strange faces, as a number of men passed the gate and up the hill by the road close to their fence, all heavily armed; but the bulk of the people poured into the district by a back road, and collected behind their house before they knew anything about it. Presently a friendly chief named Viavia sent a message telling them all to keep indoors, for a party had come wishing to kill them, and were mustering to deliberate about it. The missionaries wondered what they should do. To go up the hill and try to remonstrate was to court speedy destruction. They felt they could do nothing but pray.

While they were praying, their enemies were haranguing the people on the hill behind the house, urging them to join in the massacre. Presently the sky grew dark, blackness gathered all around, and one of the sudden tropical squalls came on, with lightning, thunder, wind, and torrents of rain. The savages could not contend with the storm, nor could they retire to a house, no house being large enough to hold a fiftieth part of them, and hence they were forced to hurry their business to a close. Only one of the missionaries' friends had the courage to stand up in their defence, Kuanuan, a chief of secondary rank. "What harm," said he, "have the missionaries done? They are not disease-makers. They are true men of the true God. They love the whole of us, and have come here to live for our good. Give up your rage and wicked designs. Go down and get some medicine from the missionaries for your sick friends, and let us all unite in the worship and service of Jehovah the true God. This will make us all prosperous and happy." But the savages

gnashed their teeth at him, and muttered revenge for his daring to oppose them.

The final question was now put to Viavia, the chief friendly to the missionaries, and he was called upon to say "Yes" or "No." All eyes were turned to him. They thought he would quail before the assembled priesthood and yield; but he too dared to stand by his friends. He sat for a while in silence with his head down—a sign of anger—and then spoke out in a word or two of curt, abrupt displeasure. "If," said he, "you have it in your heart to go and kill the missionaries, go and do so yourselves. I will have no hand in it." On this they all got up in a rage, and as the storm of wind and rain had now burst upon them, they hurriedly agreed to break up their meeting for the day. Some came down the hill past the house and went home; others prowled about a while in the neighbourhood to see if any of the missionaries were out and off their guard.

After this an open war broke out among the natives friendly to the missionaries and those against them. The former importuned the missionaries to let them have their gun, fire-arms not having been introduced into the island at that time, but were met with a resolute denial. One or two encounters took place between the opposing parties, and a few were wounded. In order to avoid further bloodshed, Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbet now resolved to leave the island, embarking by night and trying to sail to the island of Aneiteum, forty miles off. The night was stormy, but they placed their party, consisting of nineteen persons in all, including the Christian Samoans and the children, in a large canoe and a long whale-boat.

They made a start, but were not outside the harbour

when their difficulties commenced ; a heavy swell was setting in, the wind was right in their teeth and freshening up into squall, and the rain came down in torrents. To their dismay, in spite of rowing their hardest, they were driven back to shore by the force of the wind. They found a council of war going on in their house, and the next day hostilities were resumed. On the day following, however, to their immense relief, a large brig appeared at the mouth of the harbour. They immediately sent off some natives in a canoe to ask for help, fearing that the brig might be only cruising and go off again. Before sunset the vessel came to anchor just before their house, and the captain came on shore assuring them of every assistance in his power.

It was the brig *Highlander*, of Hobart Town, Captain Lucas, engaged in whaling. They knew of Mr. Turner's having landed at Tanna, felt curious to know whether he were alive or dead, and, as they were cruising in the neighbourhood, thought they would take a run in and see. Captain Lucas told them that there had been a heavy sea outside for several days, and that if they had succeeded in their attempt to get out of the harbour, their boat could not have lived for an hour in it.

Captain Lucas consented to take them to the Samoan Islands, where they intended to work, as preaching on Tanna had, for the time at any rate, become impracticable. The friendly chief, Kuanuan, was moved to tears at their departure, and promised to count the days, observe the Sundays, and keep up religious services as well as he could.

When Mr. Turner re-visited Tanna in 1845, he found that the heathen and Christian parties had made peace, and both were prepared to receive teachers. Some Samoan

teachers had already landed there from the Island of Nina, whence they had been driven. They found that Kuanuan had kept accurate count of the days, and met on Sundays with some twenty others for religious conversation and prayer.

Describing this visit, Mr. Turner says: "To me it was especially affecting to see the very men who three years ago were thirsting for our blood now surrounding us with every expression of affection." Being engaged on a missionary cruise round the New Hebrides, Mr. Turner could not stay on Tanna, but left some Samoan teachers there, committing them to the care of the chiefs. But the old hostility again broke out, and in the next year one of the teachers was murdered and the mission-house burnt done. These native teachers constantly carried their lives in their hands, as appeared from an incident narrated to Mr. Turner during the same voyage on the neighbouring island of New Caledonia, which had occurred only a few days before his arrival there. A large party in five large canoes came from the Isle of Pines, with the express purpose of killing Noa and Taunga, the two native Christian teachers. On the following day an armed party headed by a chief, Maise, went to the teachers' house to do the deed. They found Noa outside, near some graves, and began jeering and wrangling with him about the resurrection, scoffing at the doctrine as a "parcel of lies." Noa stoutly defended it, and his colleague, Taunga, who was in the house, overheard what was going on and called them all to come in and have some conversation with him. A number went in, and Taunga began to speak on the resurrection, respectfully addressing the chief Maise; but before he had got out half-a-dozen words, in rushed four savages, hatchet in hand, all

excited and bent on bloodshed. One seized Noa's arm with his left hand, and raised his axe with his right. Another did the same to Taunga. Taunga spoke not a word, but bowed his head in silent prayer and waited the deadly blow. The assassins waited for the nod of their leader. "Shan't we strike?" they said. Maise shook his head. They appealed again, but again were checked, and then they rushed out of the house. Taunga and Noa looked up. Hope of life returned. "Sit down," said they to Maise, "our oven which was covered an hour ago will now be ready." In three minutes, a tray of smoking hot yams was brought in. This was the finishing touch. Their hard hearts were melted; they partook of the teachers' hospitality, rose, shook hands, went back to their quarters, and next morning left the island.

On a subsequent visit to Tanna, in 1859, Mr. Turner found his heroic successor, John Paton, established there with eleven native teachers. He had recently buried his wife, and was suffering severely from fever and ague. Mr. Turner tried to persuade him to come on board for a three weeks' cruise, but he refused, fearing by his absence to lose what little hold he had on the natives at that time. This meeting of the elder and younger missionaries recalls the runners in the old Greek torch-races, each of whom handed his torch to another, as his own strength failed.

THE END

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