

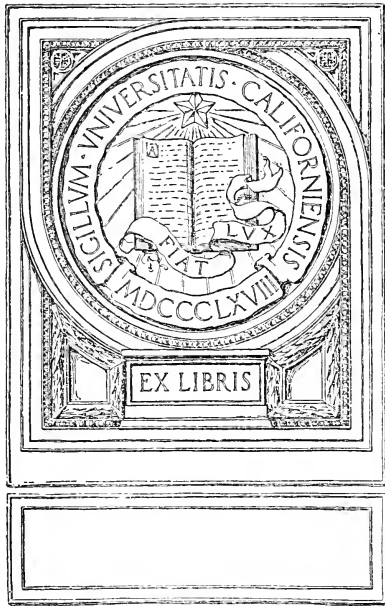


IN SAVAGE AFRICA

BY
E. J. CLAVE



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To Eddie

from

Eitel

1903





IN SAVAGE AFRICA.

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Yours sincerely
E. J. Glave.

IN SAVAGE AFRICA;

OR,

SIX YEARS

OF

ADVENTURE IN CONGO-LAND.

BY

E. J. GLAVE.

ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS,

With an Introduction by H. M. STANLEY.

Illustrated by

THE AUTHOR, BACHER, BRIDGMAN, GRIBAYEDOFF,
KEMBLE, AND TABER.



NEW YORK:
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UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

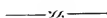
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TO MY MOTHER.

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AN INTRODUCTION BY MR. H. M. STANLEY.

Mr. E. J. Glave, the author of this book, is one of those young Englishmen who, in 1883, were sent to me for service on the Congo, by the Chief of the Bureau of the International Association of Brussels. I soon recognized in Mr. Glave those qualities for which I was eagerly searching in the applicants for service, and which were absolutely necessary in a pioneer. He was tall, strong, and of vigorous constitution, with a face marked by earnestness and resolve, and when I began questioning him I was agreeably surprised to find his sentiments equal to his appearance. His period of probation at Stanley Pool was therefore short. I was in need of a chief for a new station that was to be built at Lukolela—a place about three hundred miles above the Pool, and I selected him.

On reaching the locality I pointed out to Mr. Glave the site of the future station, and certainly nothing could be more unpromising and more calculated to damp mere effervescent ardor than the compact area of black forest—raising its tall head two hundred feet above the bank—and shadowing so darkly the river's margin—but Mr. Glave regarded it with interest, and a smile of content, and accepted the responsibilities then and there intrusted to him with a pleasure not to be suppressed. We landed and made fast under the broad leafy shadows, turned to and commenced to chop the forest giants down, in order that a little sunshine might be let down upon the site. When this was done, we prepared to advance up the river, leaving the debris of the forest littering the

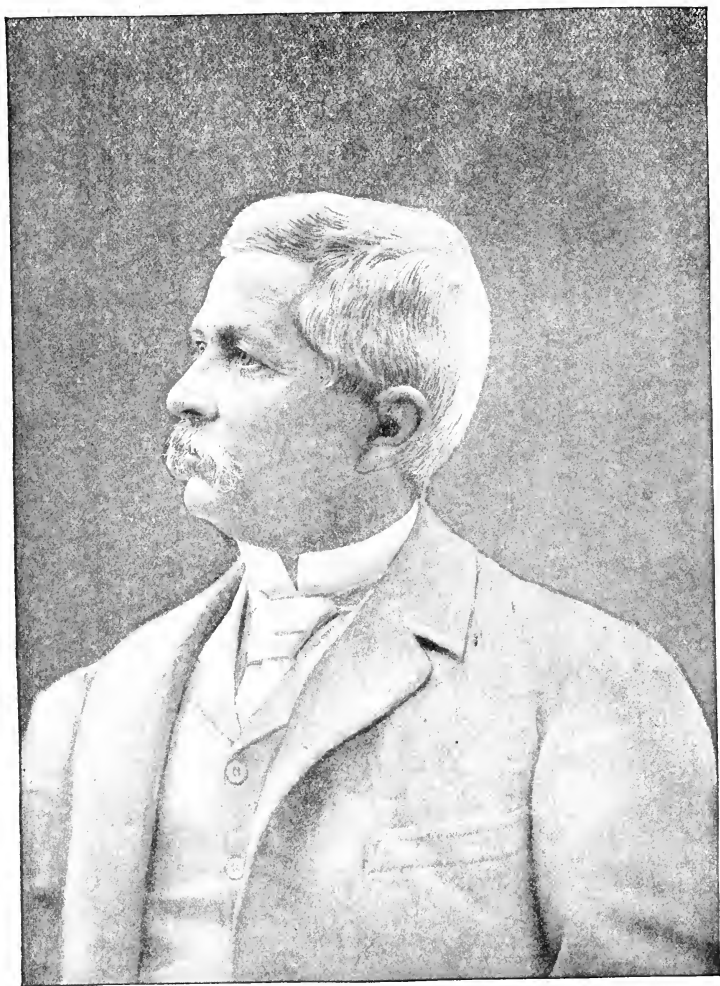
ground, and with the stern patriarchs seemingly challenging the slight, pale-faced young man and his little following to attack them.

I was absent for a few months up river, and as I descended my mind often reverted to young Glave left in the woods of Lukolela. For in those early days of Congo pioneers it was rare to meet a man who could tackle work for the mere pleasure in work. Most men found that work was a bore, and took the earliest opportunity to sail home again after their too brief visit, and I more than half suspected that possibly the young Englishman had by this discovered that the climate did not agree with him, or that pioneering had lost its charms. But when I came opposite Lukolela Woods I curiously examined the extent of tree-clad bank, and long before we came to the landing-place we found that the clearing had been vastly increased, and a large sunny area was revealed, and a commodious house flanked by rows of neat huts was approaching completion. It was not, however, until we stood in the middle of the clearing, and roughly computed the huge stumps of trees and looked narrowly into the details, that we could quite realize what energy and good will had been devoted to effect the change. From the view I then obtained, I always regarded Mr. Glave as one who in the future would probably surpass his opportunities. He also showed me note-books which revealed an artist, as well as a future literary aspirant. But I regret for his sake that the opportunities which specially suit him are not so frequent as his merits deserve. His conscientiousness, his inflexible determination to do the most that can be done in a given period, the love with which he sets about it, and the absorbing interest it has for him, make me who know his worth, feel sorry that he cannot find the peculiar hard task for which he is so fitted, and wherein he could be so happy.

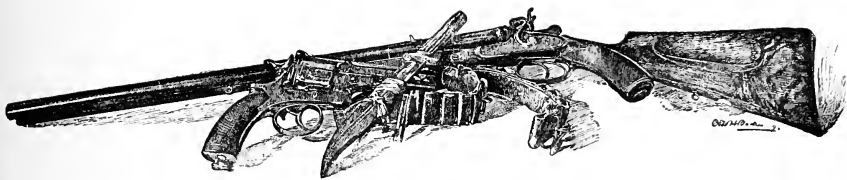
Many people have called me hard, but they are always those whose presence a field of work could best dispense with, and whose nobility is too nice to be stained with toil. Glave is not one of these, but a man who relishes a task for its bigness, and takes to it with a fierce joy. In the meantime, however, let him indulge his literary aspirations, and for relief handle his pen and pencil in

delineating some of his early experiences in African pioneering. I think he can do it well, to the pleasure of many stay-at-home readers in parlor and school, on the farm and at the counter, for as every one cannot go to Africa, why may not Africa be brought to them as is here done by my friend, Mr. E. J. Glave.

HENRY M. STANLEY.



I am
always your friend
Henry Bristow



"BUNDUKI SULTANI YA BARA BARA."
(THE GUN IS THE SULTAN OF AFRICA.)

IN SAVAGE AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

A BOY'S AMBITION.

LONGING FOR FOREIGN TRAVEL—AFRICAN EXPLORATION—RECEIVE ORDERS TO JOIN STANLEY—GOOD BYE TO OLD ENGLAND—THE KROO-BOYS—THE AFRICAN COAST—ARRIVAL AT THE CONGO RIVER—THE OVERLAND MARCH—ALL STRUCK DOWN BY FEVER—DEATH OF A COMPANION—THE SNUFF TAKING BA-KONGO—MEETING WITH STANLEY ON THE UPPER CONGO.

VERY early in life I made up my mind that I would some day see for myself the wonderful countries that I read of in books of travel and adventure that formed the whole of my schoolboy library. I lived in imagination in strange countries and among wild tribes—my heroes were all pioneers, trappers, and hunters of big game; and after I had eagerly turned over the pages of Stanley's search for Livingstone, and followed with breathless attention the narrative of his thrilling journey, "Through the Dark Continent," I would close the book and wonder whether it would ever be my good fortune to cross the seas or live under the tropical sun. I de-

ecided within myself that I would make my own way in the world, away from the beaten tracks of civilization.

I was quite prepared to go anywhere, and, if there had been any demand for my services, would have volunteered with equal alacrity to join expeditions to the North Pole or the South Seas.

But I remember that, even at school, Africa had a peculiar fascination for me. A great map of the "Dark Continent" hung on the walls of my class-room; the tentative way in which the geographers of that day had marked down localities in almost unknown equatorial regions seemed to me delightful and mysterious.

There were rivers with great estuaries, which were traced on the chart for a few miles into the interior and then dribbled away in lines of hesitating dots; lakes with one border firmly inked in and the other left in vaguest outline; mountain ranges to whose very name was appended a doubtful query; and territories of whose extent and characteristics, ignorance was openly confessed by vast unnamed blank spaces.

This idea of travel was always present to me, but very soon after I left school and had to suffer the, to me, distasteful experience of office-work, the realization of it seemed to grow more and more improbable. Many dreary months passed on. I hated the foggy London streets and the ways of city life and longed only for the time of my deliverance, without knowing who could help me.

I had no friends in any way connected with exploring expeditions in any part of the globe. Still, here was I in this great city of London, whence expeditions were constantly dispatched to the remotest parts of the earth; and I reasoned that members must frequently be wanted, and sometimes at a moment's notice, to join some perilous enterprise. If I could only get my name noted by the proper authorities, I might by chance be sent in an emergency.

At that time several influential and philanthropic gentlemen, earnestly interested in Stanley's wonderful explorations in Central Africa, and recognizing the mutual benefit that would accrue from the opening up, by civilization, of the heart of Africa, had formed

themselves, under the royal patronage of King Leopold II. of Belgium, into a society entitled "L'Association Internationale Africaine."

Stanley, having taken a few months' rest to recuperate his health, enfeebled by illness and hardships during his great journey through Africa, was now again on the Congo River, in command of a large expedition under the auspices of this new society, and was engaged in founding along the course of the river, a line of garrison stations which should form the nucleus of a government destined, ultimately, to rule these vast territories so aptly described as the "Dark Continent."

I found out that this association had its offices in Brussels, and so I sat down and patiently laid siege to these gentlemen—I bombarded them with letters and applications; for a long time there was no result, but one day, to my intense delight, I received a communication from the long-suffering secretary. It was very brief—a bare acknowledgment of the receipt of my applications, with the intimation that there were "No vacancies," and that at any rate they needed only experienced men—as I was only nineteen years of age at that time I certainly did not fill this requirement. This might have disheartened some, but it had the contrary effect on me. The mere fact of the secretary taking any notice of my letters was enough. A small ray of hope had fallen on my path, and the future appeared less dark after the receipt of this letter which seemed ominous of success some day. A breach had been made in the dead walls of indifference that barred the way to the realization of my ambition, and I applied myself again with renewed vigor to my task of letter-writing.

At last, one memorable day, I received another letter, this time to the effect that the vice president of the society, Colonel Strauch, would be at the Burlington Hotel, Cork street, London, at nine o'clock the following morning and requested me to meet him there.

I had finally gained my point. How well I remember pacing up and down Cork street for hours before the time appointed for the momentous interview. The hour arrived. I was at once shown

into the rooms occupied by the colonel, who received me in the kindest manner.

He conversed with me for some time upon the nature of this African enterprise, and described, with the utmost candor, all the worst features of a pioneer's life in such a country—the hundred ills to be contended with, the fevers and other sicknesses to be guarded against, the incessant watchfulness the white officer has to exercise when surrounded by savage and superstitious natives, and lastly the small reward to be gained after years of hard work and anxiety. But if the colonel had painted the prospect in even darker colors, he would have been unable to dissuade me from following out my plan. I told him that I was determined to go, and was prepared for anything. When I left him, however, my chances did not seem to have advanced much, as the colonel could not definitely promise me an appointment, and would commit himself only to a pledge that he would bear me in mind if any opportunity offered.

A few days after this interview, I again commenced writing letters, so that my name might not be forgotten. I received, one Saturday morning, a letter bearing the Brussels postmark. It was from Colonel Strauch, asking me if I was prepared to enter the service of the African International Association and to start from Liverpool on the following Tuesday morning. "Yes," I answered, by cable, without hesitation. Of course I could. I really believe that rather than submit to the incessant worry of receiving and answering my pestering communications he had given me the appointment.

It was awkward, certainly, that the intervening day being Sunday, little time was left for saying good-by to my friends, or getting together any sort of a well-selected outfit.

On the other hand, my friends were always prepared to hear of my departure, my determination to travel through foreign lands was well known to them, and they would be satisfied with the briefest adieus. Monday was indeed a busy day. I was convinced, from what I had read, that the elaborate kits furnished by enterprising outfitters in London were of little service in the trop-

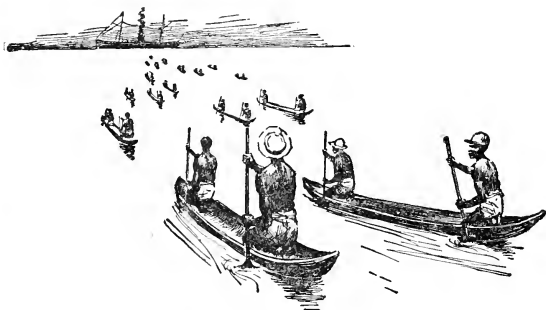
ics, and that an accumulation of unnecessary baggage was the thing to be avoided. So I confined myself to the purchase of a very moderate kit; but, being compelled to rush from one store to another to get the different articles—here to purchase gun and rifle and cartridges and pistol belt; at another place, boots and leggings, and then to some outfitter's for my stock of clothing suitable for the tropics; what with this and the numerous friends to whom I was compelled to bid good-by, I found my time fully occupied until I left by the midnight train for Liverpool.

On Tuesday morning I was steaming down the Mersey on board the good ship "Volta," bound for the port of Banana at the mouth of the Congo. The letter in my pocket from the African International Association instructing me to proceed to Central Africa and place myself under the orders of Stanley was a keen satisfaction to my boyish but ambitious spirit.

I found among my fellow-passengers others whose destination was the same as mine; there were some Swedish and Belgian officers engaged by the association, and also three Englishmen, Milne, Edwards, and Connelly, seafaring men who had traveled all over the world. We four fellow-countrymen naturally became very intimate on the voyage, and hoped that our fortunes would not be separate when we reached our destination.

Seven days' steaming brought us to the picturesque island of Madeira, where we anchored only a few hours, and then made for the African shores; and in another six days we drew in toward the low-lying coast, whose tall palm trees we had plainly seen for some time on the horizon, and cast anchor opposite the town of Sierra Leone. Finding that there was nothing to detain him at this port, after a few hours the captain weighed anchor, and we dropped down along the shore until we reached moorings abreast of one of the villages of the Kroo-men. Here the ship's cannon was fired to announce to the natives our arrival—and the report, as it boomed over the placid sea, was the signal for great activity on shore. Hundreds of black figures rushed to the water's edge, launched their dug-out canoes, and, in a few minutes after our signal had been fired, were speeding over the surf toward us, fill-

ing the air with their excited jargon and laughter. As soon as a rope ladder could be thrown over the ship's side they scrambled on board. Never were human beings more fantastically attired. Fashion here seems to insist on variety, and no two men wore clothes of the same cut or color. Among the crowd I noticed a few whose elegant taste was evidently much admired by their fellows. One, whose sole garment was a pair of brightly striped bathing-drawers, had covered his woolly skull with the brass helmet of an English Life-Guardsman; while another dusky Hercules had squeezed his massive frame into a drummer-boy's coat, the tails



A VISIT FROM THE "KROO-BOYS."

of which dangled just below his shoulder-blades, the grotesqueness of the costume being heightened by his wearing a red plush "Tam o'Shanter" bonnet. A third, who strutted our decks with conscious pride, was wearing a lady's black Cashmere dolman and a tall silk hat. It seemed to me at first that these extraordinary people must have just returned from looting some gigantic second-hand clothes store. I learned afterward that cast-off garments of all kinds have a ready market among these people; whole cargoes of assorted costumes are shipped to this coast and exchanged by the white traders for African produce.

These "Kroo-boys," as our strangely attired visitors are called on the west coast of Africa, are the laborers always employed by the trading houses on the coast and by the steamers.

Captains of ships are commissioned by the traders down south to engage men for them, on the outward-bound voyage. Sometimes a boat will ship as many as four hundred Kroo-men destined for the traders down the coast in need of labor; and the African coasters which leave Liverpool short of hands, make up their full crews by the addition of Kroo-boys to each department.

The men hired by the traders are shipped in gangs of twenty or thirty, each gang being in charge of a head man who brings them back at the expiration of their time of service, which is usually one year. They have a curious fashion of selecting for themselves European names, and in order to prevent any mistake arising from the inability of most Europeans to tell, off-hand, one negro from another, they wear these names cut into metal badges slung round their necks like large baggage checks.



"KROO-BOYS" IN FULL DRESS.

This excellent plan enabled me to discover that for the honor of this visit we were indebted to such distinguished names as "Pea-soup," "Bottle-of-Beer," "Lee Scupper," "Poor-Man-have-no-Friend," and several other aristocratic cognomens bestowed on them by mariners who visit these shores. Another of their peculiarities interested me greatly. The ordinary passenger starts with well-filled trunks, whose contents have a tendency to waste away, the longer the voyage lasts, but I noticed that our new acquaintances each brought with them an empty box, which, when carried down the gangway-plank on the head of Mr. Bottle-

of-Beer or Lee Scupper, bulged open with a hundred unconsidered trifles, gleaned by industrious fingers from decks and cabins.

A few days after we had shipped our new hands, we were lying in the mouth of the Niger. The "Volta" was to remain at Bonny three days, to discharge and take in cargo, and here our small band of embryo explorers first placed foot on the shores of the great continent which was to be the scene of our future experiences. We wandered about the small settlement of European traders and then passed on to the natives' quarters on the outskirts. What a miserable first glimpse we had of Africa and the Africans.

These wretched, filthy huts, rudely thatched with grass and bamboo, with their still more wretched inhabitants, the half-intoxicated groups of listless natives, who watched our progress through the village, with bleared and swimming eyes, told with painful eloquence the demoralizing effect on the savage of some of the products of our civilization. A goodly part of every cargo shipped to the coast is composed of cases of a fiery spirit which is freely given to the natives in exchange for their palm oil, palm nuts, ivory or beeswax. As the white men's settlement itself is bright and prosperous, with its solid white houses, the contrast with the degradation and squalor of the natives is rendered all the more saddening. We saw the same scenes all along the coast, as we went in and out of a number of small ports whose names were once famous or infamous in connection with the slave-trade.

We now were making our way south, hugging the shore and anchoring only when trade offered. The long voyage was in this way relieved from monotony, and every day's incidents formed a fresh budget of news to be discussed in the cabin at nightfall. What stories were told! What extraordinary adventures the most of us met with in our brief trips ashore.

We had two enthusiastic hunters in our party who were exceptionally well posted in all matters pertaining to sport, especially the slaying of big game. But heretofore their lives had been where such knowledge availeth nothing.

No one knew so well as they the habits of the wildest beasts; how, if opportunity offered, to track them to their secret lairs;

when and where to catch them: and, when caught, how to cook them. They had with them shot of all sizes and guns by the best makers, with all the most recent improvements.

As yet they had not fired a shot, but if a chance occurred we should see! Parbleu! It was at Bonny that a fitting opportunity presented itself. Rumors reached us as we lay in the stream, that there was excellent shooting in the surrounding country. Away started our friends, early one morning, fully equipped, everything new—guns, game-bags and costumes, pistols and knives. All day long we missed them from the ship and it was only late in the afternoon that we saw them putting off from the shore. Expectation ran high on board. Every one speculated on the result of the day's sport, and when they marched up the gangway, broiled red as lobsters by the tropical sun, and holding up in triumph the body of a small kingfisher, we felt that intelligence and skill could do no more. For myself, I was most interested in studying the curiously diverse types of natives met with in the different ports we touched at. At old Calabar, a visit to one of the chiefs in that district made a great impression on me by its fantastic quaintness. This old fellow was living in a fine, large, plank house which had been originally made for him in Europe and sent out in sections to be put together on his ground. I found him seated in a large room profusely decorated with cheap mirrors, china ornaments, and large, gaudy oleographs. Numerous clocks chimed and struck the hours from each of the four walls. "Duke Henshaw" (the name by which the chief was known), indifferent to all this grandeur, was seated on the floor smoking a long clay pipe, and at the time of my visit was attired in a bath-towel. While I was gazing about me, hardly able to realize the full absurdity of the picture, I heard myself addressed in the choicest phrases by the old Duke, and, in tones which would not have sounded amiss from a Piccadilly "dude," he urged me to accept his hospitality.

He then told me, when he noticed my surprise, that he had received the advantages of a European education—and that although he once wore broadcloth and stiff collars, he *now* pre-

ferred his costume light and airy and with no starch in it. Our stays at most of the trading-stations were so brief that I rarely attempted to go ashore. but, while we took in cargo, would lean lazily over the bulwarks and watch the swarm of dug-out canoes which crowded around the vessel, laden with monkeys and parrots, cocoanuts, pineapples, bananas, and a hundred varieties of vegetables whose names were then unknown to me.

We had been forty-five days on board when the captain drew our attention to the color of the water through which the vessel was moving. "That is the water of the Congo," said he, and far out into the blue Atlantic we could see the turbid, muddy stream thrusting its way and refusing to mingle with the waters of the ocean. And soon the *Volta* was plowing her way through a mass of tropical vegetation littered over the surface of the sea in every direction, the waters growing tawnier and darker as we steamed slowly in toward shore; at last when within a few miles of land we were able to perceive our destination at the mouth of the Congo. For there in the distance glistened the low-lying, white-roofed little settlement of Banana Point, which was at this time the general depot of all supplies for the interior. The large steamers, loaded with merchandise from Europe, discharged their cargoes at this port to be transshipped to smaller vessels and conveyed up the Congo. Here we disembarked with all our belongings, and were hospitably entertained at the French trading-house, where we had to wait for the small steamer which was to take us up the river. A very uninteresting place, Banana—a narrow tongue of sand stretching into the sea and a few plank-built houses and stores of the European traders, and rows of huts occupied by the black employees; with utter absence of vegetation, the glare of the sand and whitened houses, dazzles and hurts the eyes, and were it not for a constant sea breeze, the stifling heat would be unbearable. It was a pleasant relief the next morning to find ourselves steaming up the dark Congo River toward Boma.

At Boma we found a busy settlement of traders, over whose stores floated the flags of England, France, Holland, and Portu-

gal. Gangs of negroes were discharging the cargoes of the small river-steamers which lay along the wharves.

Here I experienced the unpleasant introduction to that universal pest—the mosquito. Sleep was utterly impossible. As Boma was not equal to the sudden demand made on its hospitality, our party had to lie on the floor, each rolled in a blanket. We hardly recognized each other the next morning, so swollen and altered were our features.

Word reached us at Boma that Stanley was anxiously waiting for new men, up river, so we embarked and continued our journey at daybreak next morning. The growth on the banks of the river, between the mouth of the Congo and Boma, is generally low-lying mangrove swamp or sere grass, the land gradually trending away in the distance in ranges of green hills. From Boma to Vivi these hills approach nearer and nearer the river, until finally they pen the waters in a gorge varying from one-half to one and a half miles in breadth. The current becoming swifter and stronger, our little steamer had to battle her way through stretches of wild and broken water. As toward evening we steamed around a point within view of the station, the busy little white-roofed settlement on the crown of Vivi Hill contrasted pleasantly with the grim and weather-beaten appearance of the surrounding uplands.

This station had been Stanley's base of operations during the passage of his expedition through the lower reaches of the river, and was now the down-country depot. The strongly built magazines, well stocked with all kinds of stores, provisions, merchandise for barter, boat-gear, arms, and ammunition, bore evidence of how thorough had been the foresight of Stanley in equipping his expedition. Above this point a succession of rapids, whirlpools, and perilous channels, render the stream unnavigable, and an overland march of two hundred and fifty miles is necessary before navigable waters are again reached at Stanley Pool. There are sections of this part of the river, however, upon which boats can be used for a few miles.

At Vivi our stay was short; after one day's delay we received our stores for the march overland to Isanghela, they consisted

of a few tins of preserved meats, a spoon and a knife for each man, some medicines, a little cloth to buy fresh provisions from the natives on the road, and of course arms and ammunition. Thus equipped, we were to set out for Isanghela, and go thence to Stanley Pool. Before daybreak, on the day of our departure, we were up and impatient for the start. For the first time I donned the traditional dress of the explorer, and felt proud indeed of the helmet, leggings and revolver belt. All our belongings had to be carried by native porters, and it was a tedious business getting the negroes into marching order; hours were wasted in their absurd disputes before we could get fairly away from the station. Each carrier had some complaint to make about the load which was given to him. It was either "too big," or "too heavy," or else was awkwardly shaped. However, they managed finally to settle it among themselves, and after much gesticulating and grumbling, differences were adjusted. But I was grieved to see when our caravan at last moved off, that the smallest and weakest looking men invariably carried the heaviest loads.

At times our path would lead along a curve of the river-bank and give us glimpses of wild and magnificent scenery. Now, a dense forest grew with tropical luxuriance to the very hill-tops, and tumbled in folds of gorgeous shrubbery to the water's edge; a few miles beyond bare perpendicular cliffs rose abruptly on both shores and walled in the raging waters of the Congo. Jagged rocks of fantastic shapes and giant size, standing out boldly in general disorder, bade defiance to the eddying current which hurled itself against them and then swept along with a hissing sound as if angered at their stern resistance.

The order of the day during the march was as follows: at the first streaks of dawn, after a light breakfast of a cup of tea, unflavored by milk or sugar, and a ship's biscuit—during which our caravan of porters made their loads ready—we would move off, and be well on the road by half-past -six, and continue marching until noon, when we would rest for the day.

At night we would sleep sometimes on the floor of some native hut; or, if crossing an open plain, would lie down just

as contentedly with no covering but a blanket and the starlit sky.

During the march I was anxiously watching for wild game, always carrying my old Snider ready loaded in case a buffalo should happen to cross my path. It was fortunate that no wild animal offered itself to be fired at; for, at that time, had I pitched my skill against the instinct of the buffalo, the result, I am afraid, would have been unfortunate for me. At Isanghela our party was divided—half of the men being told off for service on the lower river, while we four Englishmen and one Swedish officer were to make our way up river, to join Stanley. Our division started early on the morning after our arrival in a whale-boat manned by Zanzibaris, for Manyanga, eighty-eight miles distant; this stretch of water is navigable only with the greatest care—buffeted by sunken bowlder and rocky bluff the torrent plunges with disordered surface towards the sea; only by continuously hugging the shore and hauling with ropes can a boat ascend the stream; the most powerful steamer afloat could make no headway in mid-stream against the current in some sections of the channel.

The surrounding scenery is as wild as the water it incloses, and changes with every turn of the river; at times the shores are richly clothed in brilliant foliage, then rounding another bend tall barren cliffs stand sentinel on either side, their heights worn by time into jagged pinnacles, their bases torn and shattered by the fierce flood perpetually assailing them.

We saw but little life during the long nine days we struggled up-stream.

Sometimes at early morn an antelope, startled from its morning drink by the plash of oars or the songs of our rowers, would spring gracefully into cover; or we would disturb a troop of monkeys playing at the water's edge, who scrambled away in frantic haste to hide themselves in the tree-tops, screaming and chattering at us as we passed.

The feathered tribe seemed very poorly represented; we saw only a few fish-eagles, perched on overhanging branches in medita-

tive attitudes, heads on one side, watching and waiting, prepared to dart on their prey at the first scaly glimpse of the leaping fish. Once or twice we heard the snorts of hippopotami around our boat when we moored for the night. As we slept, each wrapped in his blanket, lying athwart-ship on bales and boxes, it was not pleasant to be waked near midnight by these unaccustomed sounds, and to hear the wash of the water along the gunwale as these huge monsters plunged about within a few yards of us.

We were not a little thankful that they confined themselves to grunts of defiance and forbore any actual attack, for by this time we were all suffering from African fever, and a good night's sleep was very precious to us. Our boat was small and overcrowded, and we were all good-sized fellows on board; so when the fever was on us, it required considerable ingenuity and much crossing and recrossing of legs before spaces could be found in which to lie down at all, in the stern sheets of our little craft.

Poor Milne, a strong, stout-built man, who had served twenty-one years in the British Navy, suffered more than any of us; and by the time we reached Manyanga the fever had taken so strong a hold of him that his case became hopeless. We did all we could for him, but our small knowledge was of little avail. We hoped that he would rally when we got ashore again, but five days after we landed he succumbed after a few hours of delirium. This was indeed a great blow to me, for although there was a great difference in our ages, Milne and I had been fast friends on the voyage out. He had been very good to me in many ways, instead of ridiculing my inexperience, and on several occasions had helped me out of difficulties into which I had been led through ignorance. He never lost an opportunity of giving me such information as he thought would be of use to me when I should be away in the interior and alone. It was Milne who first showed me how to handle a rifle, how to use a sail needle, and even more important, how to cook the few dishes that have for years figured with such monotonous repetition in my simple bills of fare in Africa.

In return, I would amuse him and the others on the way, by drawing rough portraits which they sent home to their friends;

or at night, I would sing a few comic songs to the accompaniment of my banjo. And here, at the commencement of our new career, the man who to all appearance was the strongest of our party was snatched away by death, while I, a not particularly robust lad, was left to wonder who would be the next victim of the dreadful fever that was burning in every vein and racking every bone.

I felt then that it was necessary for me to "brace up," keep a stiff upper lip, and fight every advance of the enemy. To my surprise I found myself day by day growing stronger, while my companions weakened and failed; at last, one day I was able to announce myself as prepared to continue the march. The Swedish officer was to accompany me to Stanley Pool. The day that we left Manyanga, Edwards and Connelly staggered out of their hut to bid me Godspeed on my journey. Poor fellows!—they both were in bad condition, wasted and hollow-eyed, without sufficient strength to throw off the fever. I never saw these, my early companions, again. One of them, Edwards, lies buried near Manyanga, only a few miles separating the little wooden crosses which mark the last resting-places of poor Milne and Edwards, while Connelly returned home, broken in health, before the completion of his term of service.

We now were obliged to cross the river, as our road to Stanley Pool lay along the south bank.

All the boxes containing our provisions and outfits were placed in the native dug-out canoes which were to carry them across the stream. When all was ready, my companions and I embarked, and the canoes pushed off from the shore. It was the first time either my friend or I had traveled in this fashion, and our first experience of the dug-out canoe was a very uncomfortable one: our paddlers and passengers had to crouch down as low as possible to steady the crank craft, and maintain this cramped position during the hour occupied in fighting a passage across the river. Every now and then an eddy would catch our dug-out, and swing it round three or four times before the powerful strokes of the paddlers could break away from the treacherous whirl which, for the time, threatened to engulf us.

Right glad were we to leap ashore and stretch our limbs when the canoes grated on the beach, and with light hearts we commenced our march of a hundred miles. Everything was fresh and delightful to me. Each mile that separated me from the fever-stricken camp we had just escaped brought renewed health and strength with it, and in spite of the sad thoughts which traveled back to those left behind, the future, with all its new experiences, presented itself to me in the brightest colors. I suppose I must have boasted to my companion of my recently acquired culinary knowledge, for it was decided that I should act as camp cook during the march. We procured eggs and fowls, in exchange for our beads and cloth, from the natives whose villages we passed through, and I had to make the most of such materials as we could obtain. I soon found that my knowledge was entirely theoretical, and my companion must have regretted his easy credulity when compelled to partake each evening of my strange dishes, which were simply uncanny mixtures of flesh, fish, and roots, resulting from a series of experiments. Fruit we had in plenty. The pine-apples were particularly good, and if, as is currently believed through Africa, the eating of this fruit is a certain cause of fever, my life must have been preserved by a miracle, for I ate them with undiminished appetite at all times of the day.

The natives along our line of route were invariably friendly and willing to supply us with necessities in exchange for our cloth and beads. The female part of the community, especially, hailed our arrival among them with unbounded delight, for occasions which enabled them to barter their sweet potatoes and bananas for bright-colored cotton stuff and metal trinkets were exceedingly rare.

The Ba-Congo girls are not exactly handsome from our point of view, although they studiously adhere to the demands of their own formalities of society life, which, however, do not appeal very earnestly to our idea of beauty. The thick wooden skewers, about twelve inches long, piercing nose and ears, and the mass of caked black clay and oil so liberally plastered all over the head are adornments which, to a white man's mind, do not produce loveliness.

The one feature common to the people we met on the march was their snuffy condition. They were all inveterate snuff-takers; they bake the tobacco leaf perfectly dry and mix about an equal quantity of wood ashes with it; having ground this to a fine powder, they carry it in cloth pouches, and when a pinch is required, a thimbleful or so is emptied in the palm of their left hand and stirred with the blade of a long knife to insure its being of the requisite fineness. The needful amount is then conveyed on the blade of the knife to the nose, but so clumsily that mouth, chin, cheek, and nose are all smeared with the brown powder, which they do not attempt to brush away; in fact it seems "good form" in that land to possess such facial adornments.

This snuff must be rather powerful, judging from the prodigious sneezes it causes, and the watery, blood-shot eyes of those addicted to its use.

At one village they bothered me a great deal for snuff, and would not be persuaded that I had none concealed in my trunk; one native was so persistent in his demands that I ventured to substitute a liberal pinch of white pepper, which he accepted, and the virtues of which he straightway retired to test: the next morning, as our caravan filed out of the village, he who had tested my "mixture," watched our departure with blood-shot eyes; and his general appearance of bewildered exhaustion showed plainer than words could tell how deeply he must have regretted his persistency.

Savage peculiarities, both unique and barbarous, were con-



BA-CONGO GIRL.

stantly confronting us as we continued the march to the interior. To men newly arrived from civilization, the village burial-place presented a curious aspect, for the final resting-place of a lower Congo chieftain is marked by a grotesque display; all the crockery which the deceased had collected during his life is strewn in an oblong pattern on the grave, and walled in by a suggestive little margin of empty gin bottles; each article is broken in some way so that there is no inducement for any one to despoil the sacred memorial.

In this land tribal law condemns a thief to death, and during our march inland we saw several whitening skeletons of culprits who had been killed, and their bodies lashed to the tops of tall poles, erected in conspicuous places along the trail as a warning to others. These people are also very strict with regard to the conduct to be pursued in a public market-place. Any one wounding his fellow with knife or gun is killed and buried on the spot, and into the mound raised over his grave an old musket is driven with only the stock showing above the surface, as a sign to all men of the deceased's offense.

Our journey led through long stretches of stifling valleys, plunged us into the heart of the tropical jungle and spongy quagmire, and took us over deep, swift streams, which had to be crossed in rickety canoes.

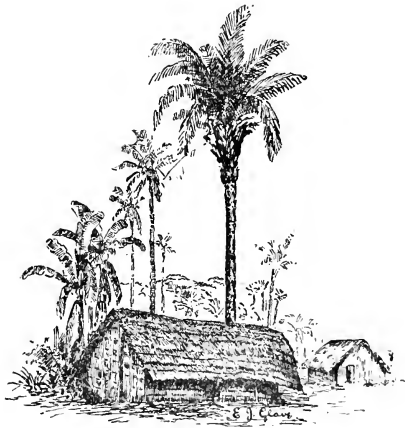
We were never long without sight of human dwellings; and would every few miles discover a small village nestling in its plantations of banana and palm trees.

When after eight days' traveling, I arrived at Leopoldville, and reported myself to my commander, Stanley, whom I found strolling up and down under the grass thatched veranda of his clay house, I felt that I had now fairly launched on what I hoped might prove a successful career on the dark waters of the Congo and its tributaries, and amid the strange scenes of Central African life.

Stanley shook hands cordially with me, and during the few minutes I was in his presence I was impressed with his earnest manner and with the power which every word he said seemed to carry with it. I felt, from the first moment I saw him, such confi-

dence in his judgment that I never should have criticised anything he did. I experienced then an emotion which subsequent acquaintance has only intensified, which would lead me now, as then, to follow wherever he led. Even in so short an interview I recognized his masterly character. He told me to appear next morning at parade, and receive my instructions.

During my stay here I was sometimes employed writing or drawing for Stanley; at other times I would have charge of a gang of blacks employed in some station work. Leopoldville, just below Stanley Pool on the Upper Congo, was the principal depot of the "African International Association;" for here Stanley had made his headquarters, and was living in a one-story grass-roofed clay house, built on a terrace cut and leveled in the hillside. In a line with his own house were the large, rough, but strong clay-walled magazines for stores; and on another small terrace, a little higher up the hill, were the white officers' quarters.



A NATIVE HOUSE.

At the foot of the hill, to the right, were rows of grass huts forming the encampment of the black employees; and on the left were the station gardens and plantations, while running from the terrace to the water's edge, a well-kept grove of broad-leaved banana trees afforded in the heat of the day a cool and friendly shelter from the withering rays of the tropical sun.

Down by the water's edge were workshops, in which the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil and blowing of the wheezy bellows

mingled with the mournful but melodious singing of the gangs of Zanzibaris.

The little fleet of boats at that time consisted of the "En Avant," "Royal," and "A. I. A.," the first a small paddle-steamer, the two latter propeller boats all light draught and under forty feet long. One of these was hauled high and dry on the beach, and a busy crowd surrounded it engaged in painting and repairing the hull, while the others, moored alongside of two small steel lighters, lazily rocked on the river.

A walk over the rocks just below the station amply repaid the rough traveling and afforded a fine view of the rapids, as the Congo, here again hemmed in by a narrow gorge between mountainous banks, races along with a terrific current, flinging itself madly against the huge bowlders which rise abruptly in its path and throwing great clouds of spray a hundred feet into the air. The rocky bed of this part of the river splits up this swift torrent into a wild confusion of waters, whose incessant roar can be heard for miles. From the brow of the hill upon which Leopoldville Station is built, a bird's-eye view of Stanley Pool offered a picture in utter contrast to the one just described; we saw laid out before us a vast lake-like expanse of water dotted with numerous wooded islands and grass-covered sand-banks, the whole, walled in and encircled by hills, resembling the crater of a huge volcano.

When I had been here about a month, Stanley sent word for me to call at his house. He then told me that within a few days he intended starting on a few months' trip on the upper river, and was contemplating the construction of a few new stations, conveying at the same time the joyful news that he intended to appoint me to the command of one of them. "I will give you the choice of two stations," said he. "One has been occupied by a European officer. There are comfortable houses already built, there is a fine flock of goats, plenty of fowls, well-stocked gardens, and the natives of the surrounding villages are good-natured and peaceful. Now the other situation is entirely different. No white man has ever lived there before; in fact the place I wish to occupy is a dense forest as yet untouched by human hand; it is about

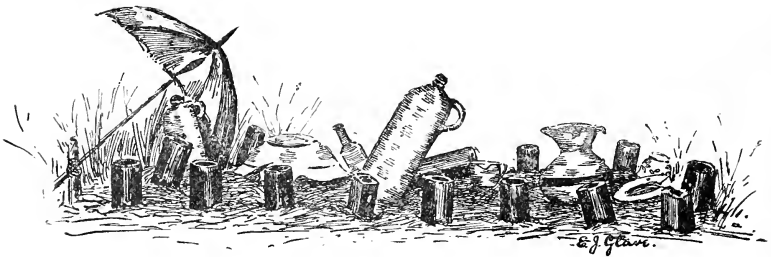
three hundred miles from Stanley Pool in the district of Lukolela. It will require a lot of hard work to make a settlement there, as you will have to commence right at the beginning. Now, Glave," said Stanley, "make your choice."

I had no intention of accepting the comfort resulting from another's toil. I had spirit enough to wish to raise my own goats and fowls, to build my own house. So I answered without hesitation, "I prefer the latter, sir." "All right, you are appointed chief of Lukolela," answered Stanley. I felt proud of being selected as one of his pioneer officers, and was perfectly satisfied with the progress I had made during my short term in Africa. Unfortunately I was continually suffering from slight attacks of African fever. I was, indeed, "becoming cadaverous," as Mr. Stanley remarked in "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," but I was simply running the gauntlet through the climatic influences as all new-comers to tropical and malarial countries must expect to do, feeling all the time that my enfeebled and debilitated condition was only a temporary one, which in a few months I should overcome, and step out of the ranks of the inexperienced and be classed amongst the able and acclimatized.

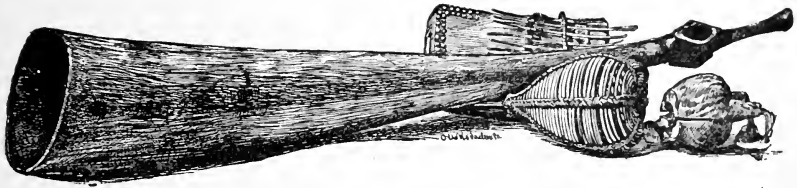
The 22d of August, '83 was marked by a morning of great excitement. Stanley was leaving that day for a long and perilous voyage on the upper waters of the Congo. He had not visited the upper reaches of the Congo since '77, when the cannibal tribes of the Aruimi and Bangala put off their monster war canoes and answered his words of peace by flights of poisoned arrows and jeering speeches. "Niama! Niama!" (Meat! Meat!), was the hideously significant cry which the man-eating savages yelled to one another when they saw the little flotilla of men who had marched from Zanzibar on the Indian Ocean, circumnavigated the great central lakes Tanganika and Nyanza, and were now only too anxious to be allowed to continue their passage in peace to the Atlantic Ocean. Many a hungry day and many a stubborn fight had thinned the rolls of Stanley's expedition; all were gaunt and feeble, but with absolute faith in their leader they remained un-

conquered, and the cannibal hordes quailed and fled before the plucky little band whose deeds of devotion and pluck are immortalized by Stanley's graphic pen in "Through the Dark Continent." Stanley was about to revisit those very same savages who had in '77 so persistently attacked him. He was going to risk his life again in the attempt to make friends with them.

The little steamers, the "A. I. A." and "Royal," had started a day or two before. I was to travel in the "En Avant." As we steamed away from the picturesque bay, Stanley in his tiny boat was cheered by the whole garrison, both white and black, who turned out and lined the beach to bid us good-by.



A CHIEF'S GRAVE.



IVORY WAR HORN AND OTHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

CHAPTER II.

THE COMMAND OF LUKOLELA.

WITH STANLEY ON THE "EN AVANT"—STEAMING UP RIVER—STORIES AROUND THE CAMP FIRE—THE FIGHT AT BOLOBO—DECLARATION OF PEACE—ARRIVAL AT LUKOLELA—CURIOUS SUPERSTITIONS—BLOOD BROTHERHOOD—ALONE AT LUKOLELA—LEARNING THE NATIVE TONGUE—GHASTLY SIGNS AT MBUNGA—HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNT.

EVEN in my wildest dreams—and at times they were wild, indeed—I had never imagined that I should make a voyage under such favorable auspices. I fully realized and appreciated the honor of making a journey on the waters of the mighty Congo in the little "En Avant" with the greatest explorer of the age, whose determined pluck and indomitable resolution enabled him to give to the world a map of Central Africa, with the course of one of the three largest rivers of the world marked from source to mouth—a map on which the shores of the great lakes, Tanganyika and Nyanza, were clearly defined, a map where personal knowledge and experience took the place of hypothesis and mere conjecture.

Four days' steaming brought us to Kwamonth, at which place the officer in charge of the station had but recently met a sad end. He, together with a French priest and several blacks, was drowned, their canoes being overturned and swamped, whilst in midstream,

by a raging tornado; unfortunately the white men did not heed the kindly warnings of the natives, who begged them not to launch their craft, as the signs in the heavens foretold, to their experienced eyes, that a fierce storm was nigh. This officer had evidently been greatly beloved by the villagers, as they evinced most earnest sympathy at the untimely death of "Nsusu Mpémbé" (White Chicken) the nickname they had given him.

After leaving Kwamonth the Congo broadens out to a width of several miles, and its course becomes more and more broken up by forest-clad islands and sand-banks.

In these far away lands there is no coal, the steamers all burn wood, and in the evening when we put in shore for the night to cut and split up fuel for the next day's steaming, Stanley would often narrate some of the stirring events which occurred during his memorable expedition to relieve Dr. Livingstone, or his still more thrilling voyage through the Dark Continent. I had read his books in old England, and his vivid narratives had carried me into the midst of savage African life; but now how much more was I affected as I listened to the graphic words of the author, and heard of the marvelous adventures from his own lips, in the land where the brave deeds were done. The hum of the myriads of insects, the growl of the distant thunder, the blows of the Zanzibari wood cutters, and the doleful Ki-Swahili chants of the crew, combined to form a fitting accompaniment, and the blaze of the burning logs penciled out in golden outline the nearer foliage against the darkened gloom of the tropical jungle. I remember one particular occasion, when the rising moon threw long, silver ripples across the purple waters of the Congo, and the soft evening airs fanned into flame the smoldering patches of grass on the surrounding hills, and cast in fantastic relief the weird shapes of the rocky uplands and the wondrous variety of the tropical vegetation, Stanley, dressed in his campaigning costume of brown jacket and knickerbockers, with his broad-crowned peak cap pushed off his forehead, seated on a log, smoking his brier pipe by the camp-fire, whose ruddy glow fell on his sunburnt features and lighted up the characteristic lines of that manly face, his eyes fired with the

reminiscences of the glorious past, held me spell-bound as I listened to his thrilling narrative of the attack in '77 on his enfeebled but ever ready little band, by those barbarous cannibals, the Bangala. How this veritable armada of war-canoes bore down upon his small fleet; how he ran the gauntlet of these intrepid warriors, thinning their ranks with a deadly hail from his rifles as he passed to the safe regions beyond through an atmosphere darkened by the flight of arrows and gleaming spears hurled by the man-eating hordes, whose significant war-cry of "Niama! Niama!" (Meat! Meat!) warned their enemies of the fate in store for prisoners.

Stanley was always busy whether ashore or afloat. The top of his little cabin in the after-part of the "En Avant" formed his table, and a great deal of the interesting material which he embodied in his book, "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," was penned there. His truthful pictures of African scenes so graphically depicted in his writings have been drawn direct from nature, and often under severe trials, either surrounded by jabbering natives or attacked by the fierce savages of the far interior, or pestered by insects and mosquitoes or still worse than all, laid low by deadly fever. Stanley had very tiny quarters on the boat, and his cabin was so full, with bales of cloth, scientific instruments, paper, arms, ammunition and the hundred and one things necessary for African exploration, that there was only just room to admit of his crawling into his bunk amidst this assorted cargo.

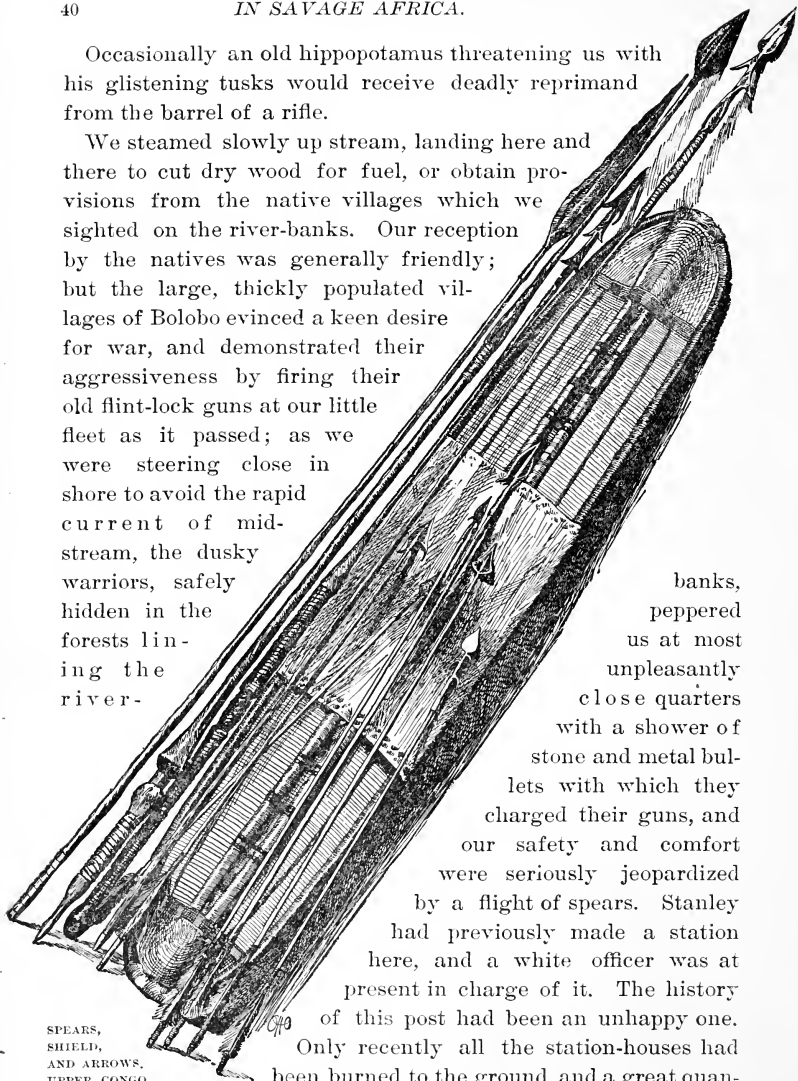
Occasionally as we steamed along up stream he would leave off writing, put down his pencil, and take a careful survey of the surroundings; sometimes an old crocodile disturbed by the paddle-wheels from his slumbers on a sand-bank, would close his bony jaws with a harsh snap, and clumsily but rapidly wriggle down to the water's edge, and often would swim toward us so as to get a closer view of the strange intruders, and if he presented an inviting shot Stanley always took advantage with the invariable result that there was one crocodile less in the dark waters of the Congo.

Occasionally an old hippopotamus threatening us with his glistening tusks would receive deadly reprimand from the barrel of a rifle.

We steamed slowly up stream, landing here and there to cut dry wood for fuel, or obtain provisions from the native villages which we sighted on the river-banks. Our reception by the natives was generally friendly; but the large, thickly populated villages of Bolobo evinced a keen desire for war, and demonstrated their aggressiveness by firing their old flint-lock guns at our little fleet as it passed; as we were steering close in shore to avoid the rapid current of mid-stream, the dusky warriors, safely hidden in the forests lining the river-

banks, peppered us at most unpleasantly close quarters with a shower of stone and metal bullets with which they charged their guns, and our safety and comfort were seriously jeopardized by a flight of spears. Stanley had previously made a station here, and a white officer was at present in charge of it. The history of this post had been an unhappy one. Only recently all the station-houses had been burned to the ground, and a great quan-

SPEARS,
SHIELD,
AND ARROWS,
UPPER CONGO.



tity of stores and other valuable property destroyed. The relations between the villages and station became very much strained, and it was only after two weeks that Stanley's characteristic tact triumphed over the suspicions of these natives, and convinced them of our friendly intentions, and also succeeded in making them pay an indemnity for their unprovoked attack. During our stay at this place both our expedition and the dusky warriors of the surrounding settlements were fully armed and on guard, but no serious battle took place; occasionally the opposing outposts would exchange a few shots but the number of casualties was not serious. When peace was at last declared Stanley invited Ibaka and the other influential chiefs of Bolobo to a meeting, and the natives promised in future to maintain peace with the white men; presents were exchanged—we received goats, hairless sheep, fowls, bananas, and pineapples, and old Ibaka, Lengéngé, and Ngoi carried back to their wives and daughters brightly colored cotton stuff, beads, mirrors, and brass ornaments, which would make these dusky dames and maidens the envy of the land.

This palaver having been settled, our flotilla again started up stream. We were, however, delayed a little on the way, in order that our engineer might repair the damage done to the "A. I. A." by an old hippopotamus, who evidently looked upon the little steamer as some new kind of enemy, and resented its presence in his watery domain by fiercely attacking it; his pugnacity and anger were not appeased till his monster tusks had ripped four large holes in the iron plate of the boat's hull; fortunately the boat was traveling close in shore at the time, so that they were able to reach the banks in safety, though she was rapidly filling with water, and in a few more minutes, had she been in deep water, would have sunk.

When journeying up stream we were always under way by five in the morning. As soon as steam was up Stanley would ring his signal bell, and his voice would be heard calling in tones not to be disregarded, "Haya wangwana ingieni Mashuani!" (All aboard Zanzibaris!), and but a few seconds would elapse before every

member of the darky crew, who had been sleeping snugly curled up in their mats by the camp-fire but just before, would be wide awake, and after a moment's bustle, stowed away in place aboard with all their belongings, sleeping mats, blankets, cooking tins, and provisions, the anchor would be weighed, and once more the little "En Avant," which has played such a big part in Central African explorations would be churning up the brown waters of the Congo.

Stanley stood aft and directed the steering; we were generally under steam about nine hours a day, as we could not carry wood for much more than that time.

We white men all lived alike, baked manioc root and a cup of tea, without sugar or milk, for breakfast, stewed goat or fowl and rice for lunch and dinner. The cooking was done over ashes on a slab of tin by the furnace, the cramped kitchen arrangements denied an elaborate menu even if we had the wherewith to provide it; to conduct even the culinary operations to produce our plain fare was a feat of endurance, as the "Mpichi" (cook) was subject to as much heat as his dish.

Stanley was in his younger days a keen sportsman, and is still a splendid shot, though now the chase has but little fascination for him. I was speaking to him one day about hunting, and he remarked that when he was younger he delighted in tackling the rhinoceros, buffalo, and rogue elephant, "but now," he said, "I should suggest that somebody else tried his hand; now supposing there was at the present time an elephant near by, I should remain here in comfort and safety, and should say, 'Glave, there is an elephant; why don't you take your rifle and go and shoot him?'"

Early in September, '83, the blue smoke curling up over the tall tree-tops announced to us that we were approaching a native settlement; and on drawing near, we could every now and then catch glimpses of little native huts nestling in the verge of a dense forest; dug-outs were hastily launched and darted backward and forward as the excited occupants viewed our unusual approach, and carried to their friends on land exaggerated reports of the "buatu meyar" (fire canoe), making toward the village. The loud

boom of alarm drums sounded everywhere throughout the district, warning the whole nation of some important happening.

We were nearing Lukolela, and in this neighborhood the new station was to be built. When we steamed slowly to the landing-place a great crowd of good-humored savages swarmed down to the beach to greet us; the older and more conservative, however, did not seem to share in the pleasure of seeing strangers; the shrill whistle, the hissing of the safety-valve, and sputter of the paddle-wheel formed a combination too uncanny for them to place much trust in without a little investigation. They preferred to have a preliminary view of the strange arrivals at a safe distance, so that in case of any serious developments they could more speedily retreat. However, these simple-minded folks are easily convinced—their opinions, fears, likes, and dislikes have but shallow formation, and the gift of a penny tin fork or a handful of beads will remove any or all of their false impressions. As soon as Stanley landed a slave was sent through the village to beat the old chief's iron gong, and summon all the head men to a palaver. These people were to a certain extent prepared for our coming. News had been brought by a native trading canoe from down stream that Stanley was coming in his "buatu meyar" and that he intended leaving a white officer in their country to build a house and live with them, but the medicine man of this village had warned the people of Lukolela that the being whom Stanley was bringing was a hideous form of life, that he was half a lion and half a buffalo, and moreover was possessed of the blood-thirsty habit of slaughtering and devouring human beings.

A council of the head men of the settlement approached Stanley, and very seriously inquired if it was true that he had such a creature on board. I, to whom all these grim impressions referred, had not left the boat, as I was suffering from an acute fever—I was feeble, hollow-eyed, and gaunt. When I showed myself the whole crowd broke out into roars of good-humored laughter, as they realized that their imaginary picture of the giant monster, armed with sharpened claws and lion's mane, bore no striking resemblance to me, the emaciated and cadaverous original.

They were soon convinced that I was an ordinary, harmless human being, and after a long discussion, the bargain was concluded for the land upon which our garrison was to be built.

The people of Lukolela had not forgotten the white man who floated past their village in '77 with several large canoes, and a strange craft in which the crew used long paddles and sat facing the steersman. (Stanley's row-boat, the "Lady Alice," which played such a part in "Through the Dark Continent.")



A LUKOLELA GIRL.

These natives, having no written language, have retained in their memories the most important events which have occurred; these being constantly mentioned become epochs of tribal history, and are handed down from generation to generation.

"Arlekaki Tendélé mboka bisu kala kala," which means, "When Stanley passed our village a long time ago," is

one of their principal marks of time, and is constantly mentioned. These Central Africans are great talkers, and in all their speeches they commence by referring to incidents which happened as far back as they can remember, and they tell of all they know, no matter whether it refers to the subject or not. For instance, a native accused by another of having stolen a fowl, will begin "Arlekaki Tendélé mboka bisu kala kala." ("When Stanley passed our village a long time ago"), and then he will recount the chief incidents of his life from that time onward, and will provide a most picturesque recital of his own good deeds in

peace and war. How he had fought in the van of every tribal battle and returned from the fray victorious; how when the river was overflowing and fish were difficult to catch, the whole settlement would have starved had it not been for his cunningly handled nets; how he remained sober when the remainder of the village were regaling on malafu (palm wine), and after giving a most glowing account of all his admirable characteristics he will demand in injured tones, "Am I the man to steal a fowl?"

After a night's rest we set out again to take formal possession of the ground. The site fixed on was a mile or so from the village at which we first touched. Everything was now settled in an orderly fashion, the lay of the land ascertained, and the boundaries of my territories defined by their proximity to certain small brooks which were well-known local landmarks.

Stanley then roughly drafted a treaty between the chiefs of Lukolela and himself, which stated that, in consideration of cloth, brass wire, beads, and metal ornaments received, the assembled chiefs gave us full rights to a territory, the boundaries of which had been definitely fixed. The contents of this paper were clearly interpreted and agreed upon.

When all had been satisfactorily arranged, Iuka and Mungaba, the principal chiefs of the district, and the other head men, received in payment for the land, brass wire, Manchester cloth, beads, anklets, knives, forks, spoons, mirrors, bells, and other trinkets; and while the natives returned to their village to excite the envy of the less fortunate with their newly acquired wealth, and to show to their friends the brilliant cloths and bright metal-work of Tendélé (their pronunciation of Stanley), I set seriously to work to make a clearing for the site of the new station—Stanley placing at my disposal to assist me the crews of the three steamers. There was much rough undergrowth to be cleared away, and a few giant trees to be felled before a place could be made on which to erect the three native huts we had purchased and brought along with us from old Iuka's settlement near by. Indeed, when the morning arrived on which the boats were to proceed on their journey and leave me to enjoy in solitude all the

pleasures of my new estate, little more had been effected than the erection of the huts and the clearing of a small path leading down to the river. Human voices seemed out of place in this dense jungle; the trumpeting of elephants and the yawn of the wily leopard were far more familiar sounds.

On the morning of the 25th of September, Stanley with his three boats moved slowly up stream, and I was left as chief of Lukolela with fifteen black soldiers but no other white man. I followed their course with straining eyes, and did not leave the beach until a turn in the river hid the flotilla from my sight. For the first time a feeling of momentary sadness and depression came over me as, returning to my hut, I realized my complete isolation. Where now was the little band of comrades who only a few weeks ago had joined their fortunes with mine? One by one my companions had dropped away from me, and in place of their familiar faces I saw only the wild countenances of strange people who spoke a tongue the simplest words of which were unintelligible to me.

With every mile I had penetrated into the interior I had left behind something that bound me to home, and now the last glimpse I caught of the departing boats meant that I was separated from all that could remind me of home and friends for many months to come. Central Africa is an out-of-the-way place indeed; wars may be waged in America, Europe, and Asia, cities may be burnt to the ground, famine and pestilence sweep from one end of the earth to the other, but months and months must elapse before the white man on the Upper Congo receives any news. There is no cable to flash a message to those wild regions, and the postal service is erratic and slow.

Stanley, with his never-failing foresight, had anticipated most of the difficulties I should have to contend with in forming my settlement, and had done everything in his power to make my path as smooth as possible, leaving me full instructions as to the conduct of the work. He had also endeavored to establish me in the goodwill of the natives, by arranging that Mungaba, one of the most powerful chiefs in the district, should become my blood-brother. This custom of blood-brotherhood prevails throughout Central

Africa, and its observance is the surest way of gaining the confidence of the native chiefs. It has with them a religious significance. Those natives who have entered into relations prescribed by this rite invariably respect them, and both Livingstone and Stanley have often owed their safety to the sacredness of the pledges given by chiefs whose favor and protection they gained in this manner. The ceremony took place in Stanley's presence. Mungaba and I took our places side by side. Our left arms being bared, a small incision was made with a native razor in Mungaba's arm, just below the elbow by one of my men. Then one of the natives performed a similar operation on me, and held my arm, so that the blood which flowed from the wound might mingle with that of Mungaba's. While they rubbed our punctured arms together they declared that Mungaba and myself were now of one blood, and enumerated the different duties which the one owed to the other. If one was sick, the other had to attend to him; if the one was at war, his blood-brother must help him; if one had cloth and trinkets, the other, if in want, was entitled to share: and Mungaba's relations were now declared to be my relations.

The circle of natives who attended the ceremony repeated in a chanting chorus the words used by the wielders of the razor, and declared themselves, as witnesses of the solemn compact, bound to respect the wishes of their chief that I and my retainers should be forever unmolested by them, and that there should be unbroken peace between the settlement and their villages. The majority of these people had never seen a white man, and I became an object of attraction to crowds of astonished natives. They came from miles in the interior to see the white novelty on view. The old women seemed to be more affected than any by their first look at the new-comer. What they had expected to see I cannot say; but they would approach stealthily and peeping into the hut, would announce their first shock at seeing me by hysterical screams which I heard die away in the distance, as they bolted off to narrate to their friends their opinion of the "mandélé" (white man). Every action of mine was strange to them and afforded them a great deal of amusement.

My chief effort now was to get well and strong, for I was really in a bad state, the fever being succeeded by a severe attack of dysentery. My own men, I knew, among themselves doubted whether I would recover, for they perceived that the departure of the boats had thrown me into a relapse, that the excitement of the last few days, acting as a stimulant, was all that kept me on my feet. I afterward learned that Stanley himself feared that my constitution might prove too weak to stand the successive attacks of weakening sickness, and had left instructions with my head man how to act in event of my death.

For fully a month I was unable to do more than superintend the work of my Zanzibaris from the couch on which I lay in the shelter of my hut; but there was much to entertain me, while lying sick, in the conduct of my neighbors. I never shared in the anxiety I saw depicted on the faces of my followers. Entirely occupied with thoughts of my new enterprise and plans for future work, I had little time to dwell on my present condition, and I determined within myself that Providence aiding me, the flag should not soon float at half-mast over the new station of Lukolela.

With returning health my spirits revived. I was anxious to leave my hut, and to acquaint myself with my novel surroundings.

Although I had not yet been able to visit any of the villages in the district, I had become quite familiar with the names of most of my neighbors. The stream of inquiring visitors never ceased, and my Zanzibari boy—the most attentive of servants—had much trouble in preventing them from disturbing the few snatches of sleep I obtained in intervals of fever. At first I was unable to distinguish one black visitor from another; their features seemed cast in the same mold, and there was no external aid to identification.

Each face was disfigured by the same scars cut deep in the flesh over the temples, and carried in three lines back to the ears; this is the tribal mark of the Ba-Bangi, who inhabit the country in which I was then living.

The idea occurred to me of utilizing my new friends by obtaining from them, word by word, their peculiar dialect to enrich my

vocabulary. When the natives saw that I was anxious to learn their language, they evidently turned over in their minds the fact that I was from a new country, and would have some strange tales to tell when I was able to make myself understood. They, therefore, took the greatest interest in teaching me the words they thought would be the most useful to me.

One man, for instance, would enter the hut, raise his finger up to his eye, and inquire by signs whether I knew the native name for that organ. If I shook my head to signify ignorance, he would pronounce the name very distinctly, and I had to repeat it over and over again until my pronunciation satisfied him. He would then point in succession to his nose, ear, mouth, etc., and endeavor by constant repetitions to impress their names on my memory. When the lesson was concluded, he would gravely say, "Naké mboka," which is synonymous with our "Good-by for the present," and depart with the air of one who had acquitted himself of a duty he owed to society, only to reappear on the following day with a fresh string of names for me to commit to memory. After a while, my friends discovering that when I heard a new word I immediately made a note of it, the more intelligent among them would come into my room when they had any information to give, pick up my note-book, and handing me my pencil, insist on my writing down in their presence all they told me. If suspicion was aroused that I was trying to shirk my duty in this matter, they would request me to read aloud the different words with which they had furnished me. Some of these visits were made at most unseasonable hours—I was often unceremoniously and abruptly shaken out of a sound sleep long before daybreak, and upon gathering my senses and opening my eyes, I would find a big, black woolly head bending over me which commenced at once to impress upon my bewildered mind the fact that "ngoongé" meant mosquito in their language.

My health being thoroughly restored, I did not confine myself to station work, but frequently made excursions into the neighboring districts, learning all I could of the tribes inhabiting them.

Hearing that there were several large villages on the opposite shore, a little lower down-river, I decided to visit and make friends with the people. Mbunga was the most important place, so I decided to visit it. I equipped my large canoe with twenty-five paddlers, the crew being composed partly of my own men and some of the Lukolela natives, and started off early one morning to seek out Ndombé, the chief of Mbunga. Our course lay through numerous small channels between thickly wooded forest islands, and at times over extensive shoals, where we saw several herds of hippopotami huddled together in the shallow water. They remained motionless, like smooth black rocks. There was not a sign of life in the herd as we approached until we had paddled within fifty yards of them, then all was tumult and confusion. Suddenly startled from their morning sleep, with loud snortings they plunged deep into the river, disappearing entirely from sight, and leaving only a stretch of troubled water in the place where they had herded. Sometimes we would see a number of these unwieldy monsters swimming in midstream, their bodies submerged, and only their great heads showing above the surface. We would then leave the river in their possession and skirt along the banks so as to avoid a collision—in which the canoe would have fared badly. As I was anxious to reach Mbunga, I could not spare time for shooting on the journey, so I resolved to save all my cartridges for the hippo's I might meet on the return journey to Lukolela.

Making all haste, I managed to reach Mbunga before nightfall. I found the people there very wild, some portions of them even hostile, and I only succeeded in establishing friendly relations by going through the ceremony of blood-brotherhood with the most important chief of the place, Ndombé. He was dressed in a loin cloth woven from the fibers of the pine-apple leaves, and wore a plaited hat of the same material, from under which two thick braids of hair stuck out, and curled down each cheek; his war charms of two little antelope horns, were suspended around his neck by a cord; he had ruled the land for many years with cruel sway, condemning to death all who opposed him; his body and face bore ugly scars, recording many a savage fight with man and

beast, and though a thorough savage, Ndombé was undoubtedly a warrior.

My first view of this village impressed me with a sense of the characteristic barbarism with which native rumor credited these people, for nearly every hut was decorated with the whitening skull of some slave or victim, while suspended from the branch of a large tree in the center of the village was a roughly made basket containing the same ghastly trophies.

The natives themselves were lazy and filthy in their habits; plantations were few; and although extensive fishing-grounds were situated close to their villages, but little effort was made to reap any benefit from them. The natives had a besotted look, and during my few days' stay in these



NDOMBÉ, CHIEF OF MBUNGA.

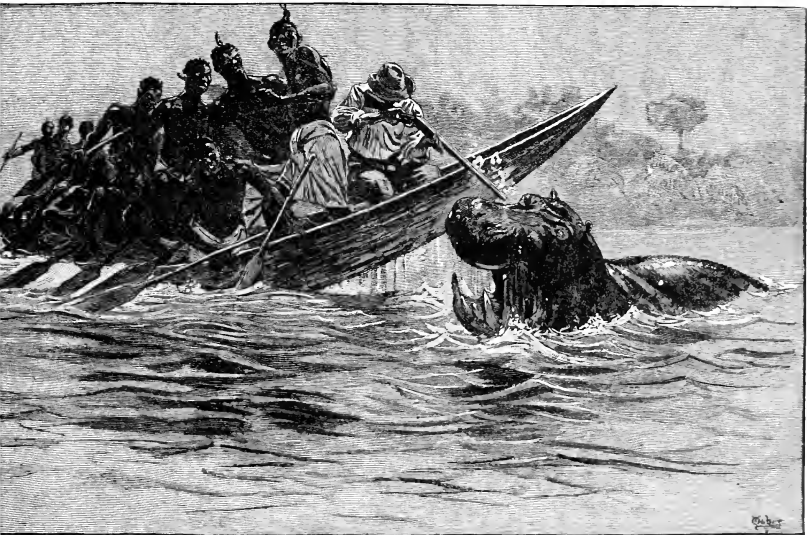
villages I noticed that, though little food was eaten, an enormous quantity of fermented sugar-cane juice was consumed, and toward the evening of each day the villages were crowded with noisy and intoxicated savages, who when they are under such an influence become at once insulting and pugnacious, and had it not been for Ndombé's powerful control, there would have been serious bloodshed, for without the slightest provocation the maddened creatures drew their big keen blades and prepared to attack my party; our loaded rifles were already raised to the shoulder in earnest, when the old chief rushed in, and threatened his people with instant death

if they attempted to molest us. I was glad of his timely arrival, for my chances would have been slight indeed with my small band against the two thousand savages inhabiting the settlement of Mbunga. During the remainder of my stay here all my men kept armed in readiness, and half of them were on guard night and day.

Having accomplished my mission of meeting Ndombé, and becoming blood-brother with him, also of learning the character and power of his tribe, and the nature of the land they inhabited, I decided to return to Lukolela. I left early one morning, and about a mile and a half from the village I came upon a herd of hippopotami. One of them offering a favorable shot, I fired, but only succeeded in wounding the animal. I had with me at that time a Snider rifle, which is not a very serviceable weapon in the hunting-field, its powers of penetration being insufficient for big game. The sting of the bullet tended only to infuriate the animal; he threw himself wildly out of the water, and plunged about in all directions. A few of my paddlers kept cool, but most of them, not accustomed to this kind of thing, dropped their paddles and clung wildly to the gunwale of the canoe; some were screaming, while those who retained their paddles endeavored to force the canoe in the direction opposite from my intended destination. All this commotion rendered it very difficult for me to take a shot with any certainty of aim, so that, although I kept on hitting the brute, I could not succeed in reaching a vital part, and each successive bullet that struck only rendered the monster more furious. At last he caught sight of us, and seemed all at once to realize that we were his enemies. He came on, plowing his way through the water, and struck the canoe a blow which, nearly capsizing it, threw several of my men into the water. Fortunately he did not follow them up, but passing under the canoe, kept plunging madly on for a short distance. In the mean time I had managed to pick up the men from the water, only just in time, however, for he returned and made another charge.

As he passed a second time under the canoe, my hunter, Bongo Nsanda, dexterously plunged a spear into him, which striking in

the side seemed to cripple him greatly. He was now becoming exhausted, and his movements became slower and slower. Each time he rose to the surface he presented a pitiable sight with the blood streaming all over his great head from his many wounds. I was now able by a well-directed shot behind the ear, to end the poor brute's sufferings, and after a few spasmodic struggles he



HE STRUCK THE CANOE A BLOW WHICH NEARLY CAPSIZED IT.

sank from sight, leaving the water all around us discolored with his blood. A hippopotamus when killed in deep water invariably sinks; the body does not rise for several hours, the duration of submersion depending on the temperature of the water. Knowing this, I waited patiently on the bank of the river, and after three hours saw my game rise to the surface.

By this time the inhabitants of the villages we had just left, attracted by the firing of my rifle, had manned their large war-canoes. There must have been at least fifty of them, each canoe

filled with armed warriors. I had only just managed to get my hippopotamus in shallow water when these people surrounded me. I noticed that they had come prepared for a quarrel, each being armed with spear and knife. They thought to intimidate me by their formidable strength. Some of the bolder even jumped out of their canoes, danced wildly around the hippopotamus, brandishing their knives, and invited the others to come on and cut up the meat, saying: "The white man has no right to this meat. Hippopotami belong to us. He killed it in our district. His men can have a small share, but he cannot expect to come and shoot our game and take all away with him." Now if they had simply asked me for a portion of the meat, I would willingly have acceded to their request, as it was my intention to give them some; but in attempting to frighten me by a display of force, they were pursuing an entirely wrong course. I immediately called off my men, ten of whom had rifles, and could be thoroughly trusted, and gave them orders to load.

Fortunately, on the sand-bank where I had beached my canoe were several little clumps of grass, and an old tree or two that had been washed ashore. Taking advantage of this cover, I placed my men in safety. I then walked forward, and explained to the excited natives of Mbunga that I had come there as a friend. I did not wish any trouble, but that the hippopotamus belonged to nobody until he was dead; now as I had shot him, I considered him mine. Moreover, I was going to do what I liked with him. I would keep him all if I chose, or I would sink him to the bottom of the river. I should be guided in the matter by my own will only, and if they thought they were strong enough to take him, I invited them to make the trial. Said I, "These men of mine are armed with the same weapon with which I killed that animal. You have not such thick hides as he has, so I advise you to quickly retreat." At first my speech only incensed them, for some headstrong, fiery young men immediately proposed to take the meat from me by force. One even went so far as to jump out of the canoe and make for the hippopotamus; but I covered him so promptly with my rifle that he saw I meant what I said. Slacken-

ing his pace, his countenance, which at first denoted only savage arrogance, now assumed a look of intense fear, and dropping his knife down by his side, he skulked back to his canoe.

The chief, Ndombé, who had been made my blood-brother, happened to be in one of the canoes, so I called him by name, and said I was surprised at the treatment I was receiving at the hands of his followers. Also I advised him to speak with the people and to explain to them the folly of any hostile demonstrations. All the canoes were then brought together, and the Mbunga natives appeared to have decided among themselves, that a white man's powder and shot might lend convincing force to his arguments, for they hastened to tell me that I was in the right. I then informed them that I had no intention of taking all the meat with me. I was not greedy; I wanted some of the meat for my men, but I myself should decide how much.

Now," said I, "Ndombé, you are my blood-brother. I shall give you one leg for yourself and village. The remainder of the half I shall distribute among these people, but not one man is to cut up a piece of the meat. My own men shall do that. My gun is loaded, and what I say I mean. I shall sit here, and if one of your men attempts to cut the meat without my permission, I shall consider it the commencement of hostilities, and shall shoot him down." This bit of bravado on my part had the desired effect. They kept at a respectful distance until I had cut up as much of the animal as I wanted. I did not take even half; but left them the greater part. When I called them and handed them their share, they were delighted. My speech and show of fearlessness had a very good effect. We parted the best of friends, and I left this savage crowd to fight among themselves for the remainder of the meat. For a long time after leaving this scene, as we paddled homeward through the quiet waters, amidst a labyrinth of tiny islands, we could hear their wild and excited talk as they squabbled over the plunder. The sight of blood always betrays the savage. It is to him what the red flag is to a bull.

It was dark before I again reached Lukolela. From a great distance I could see the lights of many torches sprinkled about

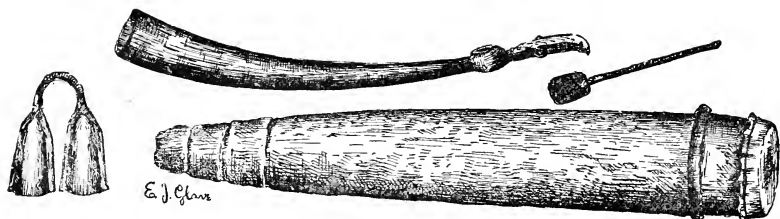
the shore. As I approached, a hum of voices was borne toward me on the still night air. All the villagers were gathered on the strand, anxious to hear what fortunes had befallen us on our journey. When the prow of my canoe drove sharply on the beach, and the hustling crowd discovered our freight of hippo meat, great was their joy. All were eager to bear a hand in unloading the canoe, and a great torch-lit crowd of yelling negroes escorted us on to the station. Most of the meat was distributed in the village, and was roasted over large fires. Far into the night I could hear the sounds of revelry which succeeded the great banquet, and standing on my beach I watched the bonfires flaring down in the village, while lithe black figures crossed and re-crossed in the fitful light, mingling in wild and joyous dances. The shadows of great forest trees hung over them, and all around was intense darkness. Songs and laughter came echoing through the woods until the embers had turned to ashes, and the morning light was glimmering in the horizon.

I was much pleased that my first hunting expedition had ended so successfully. The Ba-Bangi are born hunters, and the surest way in which a stranger can gain their esteem is to exhibit skill and prowess in the field. Besides, I am afraid that in my talks with my neighbors I had been guilty of exaggerations that led to expectations of great things from me, which I more than doubted my own ability to fulfill. I felt that, in this first hunt, I stood on trial before the whole tribe, and was secretly pleased to be able to establish a secure reputation as a hunter by a feast of hippo-meat. After this whenever I could snatch an opportunity, I would scour the country round in search of big game. My villagers were equally eager for the chase, and were anxious to bring me the first news of a wandering herd of buffaloes or of elephants. The natives of this part of Africa invariably bestow a nickname on the white men who visit their villages, and in the selection of the cognomen they are generally guided by some peculiarity of character or personal appearance. One of our officers on the Lower River who wore around his hat a scarf of light gauze, became known as "Kipépeyo" (butterfly) owing to the

resemblance of his headgear to this insect. Another man received the title of "Amuskini" (beggar), the blacks averred that his constant wearing of one pair of pants was proof that he had no others. Until now I had been known among the natives as "Mwana Tendélé," or son of Stanley. But after my success in the hunting field, I became known throughout the district as "Makula" (literally, Arrows), a name bestowed by the natives only upon distinguished hunters, my good fortune in supplying the village with feasts of hippopotamus and buffalo meat having earned me this proud title, which I held during my six years' residence in Central Africa.



AN ANGRY HIPPO.



WAR DRUM, IVORY HORN AND IRON GONG.

CHAPTER III.

MY DUSKY NEIGHBORS.

DAILY LIFE IN THE AFRICAN VILLAGE—STRANGE OBSERVANCES—I AM ADVISED TO EXTRACT MY EYELASHES—BONGO NSANDA—BUFFALO HUNTING—THE CONGO FOWL—MY BLACK HUNTER IN PERIL—STANLEY'S RETURN FROM THE FALLS—MPUKÉ DESIRES MY SKULL—WAR.

My knowledge of the native language assisted me to obtain an insight into the native character, and to understand to some extent their peculiarities of manner and custom.

Natives who have associated much with white men become reticent; they comprehend the great difference separating their modes of life and thought from ours, and they will endeavor to conceal, as much as possible, feelings and prejudices they know will be misunderstood. But my Lukolela neighbors had seen but few white men—in fact, the majority of them had never seen one—and certainly none had met a “mundelé” (white man), who could speak their language; so they chattered away with the frank unreserve of children, revealing in their conversation very many good qualities mingled with much that was savage and superstitious.

In order to place before the reader a picture of savage life untouched by civilization, I could hardly do better than lightly

sketch a typical village at Lukolela as I have intimately known it.

The whole district contains about three thousand people, known as the *Ba-Bangi, the land occupied by them extending along the south bank of the Congo for two miles, the villages being dotted through this distance in clusters of fifty or sixty houses, which are built on each side of one long street or in open squares. They are roofed with either palm leaves or grass, the walls being composed of split bamboo. Some of these dwellings contain two or three compartments, with only one entrance; while others are long structures, divided up into ten or twelve rooms, each with its own entrance from the outside. At the back of these dwellings are large plantations of banana trees; while above them tower the stately palm trees, covering street and huts with their friendly shade.

In this equatorial land, the length of the day varies but little during the whole year; it is light from six in the morning till six in the evening and night succeeds day with but very slight intermission of twilight.

It is in the cool of the early morning that the greater part of the business of the village is transacted. Most of the women repair soon after six to their plantations, where they work until noon, a few of them remaining in the village to attend to culinary and other domestic matters. Large earthen pots, containing fish, banana, or manioc, are boiling over wood fires, around which cluster the young boys and girls and the few old men and women, enjoying the heat until the warm rays of the morning sun appear. Meanwhile the fishermen gather up their traps, arm themselves, and paddle off to their fishing-grounds; the hunters take their spears or bows and arrows and start off to pick up tracks of their game; the village blacksmith starts his fire; the adze of the carpenter is heard busily at work; fishing and game nets are unrolled and damages examined; and the medicine man is busy gesticulating with his charms. As the sun rises the scene becomes more and more animated; the warmth of the fire is discarded, and

* Ba signifies people, in the native language.

every department of industry becomes full of life—the whole scene rendered cheerful by the happy faces and merry laughter of the little ones as they scamper here and there engaged in their games.

At noon the overpowering heat of the tropical sun compels a cessation of work, the whole settlement assumes an air of calmness,



GOING TO WORK IN HER PLANTATION.

and a lazy quietude prevails everywhere. After the mid-day meal has been disposed of, groups of men, women, and children seek out the shady nooks of the village, and either sleep, engage in conversation, or pass their time in hair-dressing or in attending to some other matter of the toilet which native fashion demands, such as shaving off eyebrows—an operation which is also extended to all hairs on the face except those on the chin, which are plaited in the form of a rat's tail. The closer the finger nails are cut, the more fashionable it is thought. At the finger ends the nails are cut down to the quick, and any one posing as either beau or

belle always has some of the finger and toe-nails pared entirely off, till the quick is exposed.

There is another item of fashion to be most religiously observed, which is the extraction of eyelashes. They form an impromptu pair of pincers with the end of the thumb and a knife-blade, then deliberately pull out all their eyelashes, and when the eye is so aggravated by the treatment that it fills with water, and big tears

roll down the cheeks, they commence on the other one till the first is recovered sufficiently to allow of the completion of the operation. Often while I have been speaking to a native he has drawn his big blade from the scabbard and plucked out the short stubby eyelashes, which had sprouted since the last extraction, and at the same time he has carried on intelligent conversation, as though the operation were not at all a painful one. A native who appears in the midst of a gathering of others without having duly regarded this tribal custom is considered very low down in the scale of society, and he receives from his fellows contemptuous sneers, and the ignominious title of "Misu nkongea" (hairy eyes).

As I was constantly trying to impress upon my Lukolela neighbors the fact that I wished to live always on good terms with them, and was willing to do all in my power to please them, they suggested that I should become a devotee to some of their strange observances; they were anxious that I should have my face decorated with their tribal tattoo mark, which is a series of gashes cut with an iron razor across the forehead and temples.

They tried to persuade me to allow my hair to grow long and have it plaited like their own into long pigtail designs sprouting out from different parts of the head; my dusky friends also desired that I should place myself in the hands of the dentist, who was the village blacksmith; this worthy craftsman would bestow on me additional ornamentation by chipping all my front teeth to sharp points with an old chisel made from a flattened nail. As I lived in hopes of returning to civilization in a few years, I decided to dispense with these tribal disfigurements, although it was highly satisfactory and flattering to be told by my blood-brother, Mungaba, that if my skin were a few shades darker, and I would adhere to these national observances, I would be a good-looking fellow.

My station was separated from the nearest of these clusters of huts by a thickly wooded forest, through which I cleared a path; and, dividing my settlement at its extreme limit from the village, was a stream about seventy yards wide. By driving piles at short distances across this, I was able to build a good strong bridge, which together with my forest path, made communication with

my dusky neighbors a very easy matter. It was my custom each morning to saunter down to the villages, and pass from group to group exchanging salutations with the natives, and learning the news of the day.

In course of time I came to know every man, woman, and child in the district.

There was always something new to interest me—the traders loading up their canoes in preparation for a visit to some of the neighboring villages in quest of ivory or red-wood; the different artificers busily employed at their separate trades, working copper and brass into heavy bangles with which to encircle their wives' necks and ankles, to satisfy the feminine craving for finery, or beating iron into keen and sharp pointed spear-heads or queerly-shaped knife-blades—or, with nothing but an odd looking little adze, fashioning from a rough log of wood an artistically carved chair or slender lancewood paddle; the potter, equally ingenious and artistic in his way, transforming with his cunning hand a mass of black clay into vessels almost as graceful in design as those of the ancient Greeks.

Pleasant sounds of busy life were heard from every dwelling, and the little hamlets snugly embowered in the luxuriant foliage seemed pervaded with an air of peace and content.

I became particularly attached to my young hunter, "Bongo Nsanda," whose name if translated would be "Long Stick"—he was six feet three inches in height, slim, but powerful, and active as a monkey; with bow or spear his aim was unerring, and if challenged to a fight with knives, he would draw his blade against the best man in the settlement. The villagers had dubbed him "Monjanga" (brave man), for his fearlessness in the battle and in the chase.

He was an expert backwoodsman, knew every trail that ran through the land, and never lost his way even if penetrating the darkened forests hitherto untrod by man. During my long residence in Central Africa, Bongo Nsanda and myself had many a serious conflict with savage men and fierce animals.

Lukolela abounded in game; flocks of ducks could be found

within a few miles of my station, and the native women were constantly begging me to shoot the mischievous Guinea fowl which wrought such havoc in their plantations of sweet potatoes and ground nuts. I had also my choice of hunting hippopotami, elephants, or buffaloes; but for an exciting day's sport I preferred taking my gun in search of the last named animals. There were any number of them in the district, but they did not band together in such extensive herds as used to roam over the prairies of the United States, though I once saw as many as three hundred within a few hours' walk from my post. They were gathered on a bare patch, of about three hundred yards in diameter, nearly round, in the middle of a large grass plain. In it were a few pools of water, and in the center of this patch was a tongue of grass. I took advantage of this cover, and was able to approach within twenty-five yards of them. The buffaloes were then upon three sides of me. Some of them were lying down, basking in the sun, others wallowing in the muddy pools; a few old stagers seemed to be on the lookout, as they would browse a little and then raise their heads and look in all directions to make sure that no enemy was near. The little ones were frolicking about, playing like young lambs. For some time I watched the scene in silence from my cover, almost loth to disturb the picturesque groups by the crack of my rifle; but the sporting instinct was too strong for me; besides the garrison bill of fare needed savory embellishment, so I easily persuaded myself that the loss of one of that herd would make little difference. I picked out a big dark colored bull that was offering a fair shot, and fired. I knew that I had crippled him, but was surprised to see that my wounded buffalo was surrounded by several others, who immediately grouped themselves about him, and helped him along in their midst. I followed the track, and was rewarded, after going a few hundred yards, to find my game quite dead. The others must have actually carried him along until life was extinct and they had to drop him. This strange fact has often been noticed by hunters. Elephants will do the same thing, often helping to raise a wounded comrade from the ground where he has fallen.

The principal domestic meat supply to be had on the Congo is fowl. This biped is to be seen dawdling around every village, plumage all awry, and presenting a picture of a dissipated, long-legged, skinny, half-feathered, prematurely old bird. Occasionally he will attempt to crow; putting his feet wide apart to get a good purchase for the painful effort, he commences a hideous screeching noise, but he seldom gets more than half way through a recognized crow when he ends off with an indistinct internal wheeze, after which he totters away, thoroughly exhausted with his exertions.

For table use he is not a success; no amount of fine cooking will change his tasteless nature; when you curry him you taste only the curry powder and condiments; as a roast the butter is the conspicuous part of the dish; and in a soup you have only the taste of the water. A prolonged diet upon this insipid food becomes exceedingly monotonous; so I always availed myself of opportunities to furnish my cook the wherewith to prepare a more appetizing table.

I remember upon one occasion the uninviting appearance of the feathered occupants of my poultry-yard suggested to me that a little game would be a welcome relief from the monotonous menu which confronted me at every meal. I told my dusky friend Bongo Nsanda that the consumption of my usual dinner of domestic produce was a disheartening operation, and I was determined to have a buffalo steak. I could see at once by his manner that he relished the prospect of a change in the bill of fare. His long tongue almost touched the tip of his nose as he licked his lips in anticipation. "Niama ngombo malarmu" (buffalo meat is good), said he.

So it was decided that we should leave early next morning on a buffalo hunt, and at the earliest streaks of dawn my canoe was manned by Bongo Nsanda and six other blacks, and we crossed to the other side of the river, where there was a large plain in which I was generally successful in finding game. Arrived there, we struck off into the grass, and after walking a few miles the fresh trail of a buffalo warned us to be on the alert. Care-

fully following the tracks, we presently saw, about twenty yards ahead of us, the black head and shoulders of a large bull just peeping out above the tall grass, listening attentively as if instinctively warned of the approach of an enemy. I took a quick aim and hit him in the shoulder, when he charged right down on us. Finding that the long grass hid us from view, he tore about wildly searching for us, snorting with pain and breathing heavily as he became weakened from loss of blood. I was only once able to get a snap shot at him as he passed through a little patch of short grass, but this time I did not drop him. My second bullet only increased his rage, and he sprang off wildly into a neighboring swamp, crashing down the bushes in his mad rush.

I followed him, sending my native hunter round one way while I took the other. I had gone but a few yards into the swamp, when my attention was diverted by a cry for help from Bongo Nsanda, my hunter. I knew by the tone of his voice that he was really in danger, so I crept hastily along in the direction from which the cry had come. As I drew near I found that Bongo Nsanda was indeed in need of help. He was hanging by the topmost branch of a young sapling, which was bending lower and lower with his weight, and was now almost within the buffalo's reach. I was only just in time, for the impetus with which the maddened brute was making his second charge would have rooted up the tree and flung my hunter to the ground, and he would have been gored into a mangled mass. But I was fortunately able to avoid this tragic ending by putting a bullet behind the shoulder into the heart, which sent the beast headlong to the earth writhing in his death struggles. So instead of having to celebrate my hunter's funeral rites, as at one time seemed more than probable, I had the more savory experience of eating buffalo steak.



HEAD OF AFRICAN BUFFALO.

This little incident was afterward embodied in one of the native songs, and Bongo Nsanda became as stanch a friend to me as man ever had.

He was with me at one time on a visit with a few of my Zanzibari soldiers to an inland village, the natives of which had partaken too freely of the fermented juice of the palm tree, with the



"DROP THAT KNIFE!"

result that several of them were intoxicated, and savages in that condition become at once brutal and arrogant. Our arrival in the village was the signal for great uproar; their disordered minds imagined we had come to fight; they grasped their knives, spears, and shields, and prepared to attack. I hastened to explain to the chief, Molumbu, that I came as a friend, but as I approached him he drew his big knife, raised it threateningly over his head, and rushed at me. He did not realize his danger at first, though I pointed my loaded rifle at his breast and warned him to drop his knife or I would shoot; but Bongo Nsanda sprang at him

with his keen blade, ready to cut him down if he did not surrender, and quick as a flash the old chief saw his peril and as he gazed down my rifle barrel, and saw my resolute supporter, his courage failed, and he tremblingly begged for mercy. Bongo Nsanda then indignantly condemned these people for their unprovoked hostility. He told them, "If the white man had not been a friend, your chief would now be lying dead; your knives and spears are no match for the rifle he carries—one ball from that weapon kills the monster hippopotamus and elephant, and the buffalo dies as he charges. If you make war with Makula (my native name), there will be fresh graves around this village, and his friends, the warriors of the Lukolela chiefs Mungaba and Iuka, will utterly destroy you all."

At Bongo Nsanda's speech every ready poised spear was lowered, the menacing blades were quickly sheathed, and the natives of Mpama presented me with more bananas, pine-apples, fowls, and goats than I could possibly carry away, in atonement for their hasty conduct.

Though I was constantly making excursions to the native settlements in my district, the building of my station was not neglected, and the hard toil of many weeks was beginning to tell in its improved appearance.

The site was thoroughly cleared of tree roots and weeds. My men were working well, and I myself had not been idle, for I had to educate my Zanzibaris in handicrafts of which I knew little, and to transform my men into carpenters, sawyers, plasterers, etc., as the occasion required. I had now well under way a large house destined to supersede the little hut in which I had been living since Stanley left, and I was very anxious to leave my grass thatched domicile, as I found at different times that my humble abode was shared by very unpleasant companions. Sometimes in the evening I would pick out a few tunes on my banjo, which had now been reduced to three strings. One night I was thus engaged when by the faint glimmer of my home-made palm oil lamp I saw a snake wriggle out from my bed and twine itself around the post over which my mosquito net was thrown: though

a snake which can be charmed by a three-stringed banjo must have an amiable disposition, still he might be possessed of traits of character hardly desirable in a room-mate, so I cut the reptile's head off with my hunting knife, looked in every nook and corner to see if there were any more of the family, and ceased from that time onward to utilize my musical ability for the purpose of conjuring up snakes.

On another occasion a "muntula," a small species of leopard, tore a hole in the side of my hut one night, and carried away an old hen which had nested in my room and hatched out a brood of little chickens. The presence of frogs, lizards, and an occasional centipede, combined to prompt me to seek more comfortable quarters, and be rid of my uninvited guests.

It was not an ambitious structure, which I was building, but it was lofty and airy, with walls composed of white clay laid upon a frame-work of timber, and was roofed with grass. While this work was in progress, I had educated two of my men to use the long pit-saw, a saw with a handle at each end, used by two men; one of whom stands upon the surface of the ground and the other in a deep pit below the timber which is being cut, and soon had a fine stock of planks made from the trees which I felled in the neighboring forest; and with the assistance of a young West Coast African, who had a natural bent for carpentering, I soon had doors, windows, shutters, and all the necessary wood-work, ready for my new house. Up to this time I had been compelled to make shift with my trunks and boxes for chairs and tables, but now I was able to enjoy the comfort of a table and chair of my own manufacture, and for the first time I appreciated the possession of those useful articles of furniture.

Four months of pioneer work, diversified by trips into the interior and hunting excursions, had passed rapidly away, when one January afternoon, a fisherman brought news to the station that, while spreading his nets in a reach of the river just above Lukolela, he had sighted a flotilla composed of three steamers floating down stream. It was Stanley and his followers returning from Stanley Falls. All was now excitement. My men were as eager

as I was to give the great explorer a hearty welcome on his return. We all hastened down to the beach, and with cries of "Sail ho!" "Masua!" (boats), "Bwana kubua anarudé!" (The big master is returning), hailed the first glimpse we caught of the little fleet as it rounded a distant point. My Zanzibaris donned their brightest cloth in honor of the occasion, and presented a really fine appearance as they lined the beach to await the arrival of the boats. A strongly flowing current and rough weather had told on the little fleet, and the new paint that looked so bright and gay only five months before at Leopoldville had faded and blistered under the scorching sun. When Stanley landed, I noticed that he, too, showed signs of hard work and exposure, but bronzed and weather-beaten, he seemed a picture of rugged health. While I was saluting my chief, I noticed that he was regarding me with a curiously quizzical look in his eyes. At last he inquired in an anxious tone of voice, and with kindly satire, for the poor young Englishman he had left at Lukolela on his voyage up-river last fall. He added that he feared the very worst had befallen him, for when he last saw him he was in a very bad way, emaciated and cadaverous. He feigned great surprise when I hastened to assure him that I was the sickly youth for whom he expressed so much concern, and that I never felt better in my life. Stanley complimented my improved appearance, and bestowed much kindly praise on the progress of the work at my station. There was not a great deal in the way of improvement that I could show him, as he inspected my little patch of territory; but there had been many difficulties to be overcome owing to the nature of the land and its wild surroundings. He was also much pleased with the friendly relations that existed between the natives and our settlement. To know that Stanley was satisfied with the way I had executed my duties was to me the greatest satisfaction I had ever experienced in my life.

That evening he narrated the history of his expedition on its journey to Stanley Falls, half-way across the African continent. He told how he found those regions in the hands of the Arabs, who had made it their headquarters for raiding excursions into

the surrounding country in search of ivory and slaves, and how he had founded a station at that distant point, fifteen hundred miles from the Atlantic Ocean, and placed a young Scotch engineer, named Bennie, in charge. He dwelt upon the contrast between his cordial reception by the various tribes scattered along his route, on his last voyage, and the hostilities he encountered on all sides in his great journey in '77.

The patience, diplomacy, and justice he had then exercised enabled him now to pass through the savage, cannibal tribes of the upper Congo without firing a shot—tribes who in '77 attacked him at every turn, answering his offers of friendship by flights of barbed and poisoned arrows; and where once compelled, by sheer hunger, for days to fight for food, the natives now welcomed him with exclamations of joy, and placed at his disposal the best their villages contained.

Stanley's journeys are all the more remarkable when we consider the nature of his following. Many jail-birds from the Zanzibari prisons have been enrolled in his service, and educated under his leadership until they developed into brave devoted followers; his blacks always have a wonderful confidence in his judgment. When I was with him there were Zanzibaris in the expedition who had accompanied him in his search for Livingstone and "Through the Dark Continent," and were now enlisted for a new term of duty. The varied experiences they undergo during a great journey through Africa make Stanley's servants desirable followers, who are capable of turning their hand to anything.

There was an evidence of this illustrated by an incident which occurred on the coast of Africa: A large ship was wrecked, and the crew and passengers were stranded on shore in a pitiful condition; when found they were suffering abject misery, only one little spark of comfort could be found amidst this wretched community—one man was sleeping soundly in the folds of a thick blanket. He was a Zanzibari, and had learned to make the best of things when accompanying Stanley "Through the Dark Continent."

The following day, after Stanley had given presents of cloth

and trinkets to the Lukolela chiefs in exchange for goats and fowls they brought him, I witnessed the departure of the flotilla, and then returned to my work, cheered by many kind wishes and expressions of approval from my chief.

Stanley, on bidding me good-by, had promised me that assistance should be sent from Leopoldville, as the work was heavy for one man. This was good news to me, as the presence of another white man at the station would relieve the feeling of isolation which sometimes crept over me when I looked on the black faces crowding round me, and I remembered the many leagues that separated me from the nearest Europeans. I have mentioned the friendliness toward me of the tribes bordering on the station, but there was trouble in store from another quarter, and this, too, made me wish for some one with whom I could take counsel when unexpected difficulties presented themselves.

Just below the villages of Lukolela there was another native settlement called Makunja, over which presided Mpuké. This old chief had, since our first landing, assumed a hostile and unfriendly attitude; he was continually catching and sometimes killing the friendly natives of Lukolela, assigning as a reason for this aggression the fact that they were friendly with me. I warned old Mpuké that if he continued this policy I should be compelled to punish him. In answer to my remonstrance he sent word to me that he was "Mokunjé Monéné" (the big chief) of this part of the country; moreover, there was no room for another, and that he intended to fight, and to burn to the ground all the Lukolela villages; that I was an intruder, and before many days were past he would burn and destroy my station and the huts of all who wished me well. He also added that his vengeance would not be complete until my head decorated the roof of his house. Mpuké was evidently in earnest, for early in the morning after I had received his ultimatum, I was startled from sleep by a crowd of natives running into the station with the intelligence that the villages were being attacked. I could hear, while they spoke, the loud reports of old flint-locks in the distance, and abreast of the villages I could see the Makunja war-canoes with armed war-

riors who were challenging the Lukolela villages to fight. The Lukolela men implored my aid in repelling this attack. As I was the principal object of Mpuké's wrath, I determined to assist them to punish the old tyrant, whose threat anent my skull had put me on my mettle. I took ten of my men, well armed with rifles, and



UPPER CONGO WEAPONS.

went into the villages. Here everything was in a state of confusion. Spears and knives were being sharpened, flint-lock muskets charged. The warriors were rushing here and there, donning their charms and rubbing charcoal on their faces, to render themselves as formidable-looking as possible. The women were all making for my station, loaded up with babies, and baskets containing their goods and chattels. The Lukolela villages and those of Makunja were separated by a mile of swampy forest, through which ran a narrow zig-zag foot-path. As the

only way to effectively punish old Mpuké was to attack him on his own soil, I led my men in this direction. When we were about half way several volleys were fired at us by the natives lying in ambush, one charge just grazing my head; and from the thick cover, spears were hurled, which stuck quivering in the beaten ground. The sharp crack of our Snider rifles, however, soon scattered these skirmishers, who made off in the direction of their village, where all the stragglers, gathering together, made a last stand, and greeted our approach with a random fire of slugs and spears. This was soon silenced by a volley from my men, and we entered the enemy's village. All the inhabitants had fled at our approach; there was not a soul to be seen, but from the skirt-ing woods rose little puffs of smoke, followed by loud, re-echoing reports from overcharged muskets, enabling us to guess the whereabouts of the enemy. When I had time to look about me, I found that I had four men seriously wounded. Mpuké's threat of skull decoration had evidently been used often by him, and judging by the roof-tree of his house, profusely decorated with these ghastly ornaments, it had often been fulfilled. I burned the houses to the ground, and throwing out my men on either side of the path, leaving sentinels on the limits of Lukolela, we returned to the station unmolested. At night an incessant drumming was kept up by the two villages. The mournful wail of the Makunja people, wafted over the river, told that our rifles had done their work. Every now and then the drumming and singing would cease, and threatening speeches would be exchanged as to the fight to-morrow. The next morning I again proceeded to the villages, and ordered one of the Lukolela chiefs to inform Mpuké that I trusted that the punishment of yesterday would be sufficient warning to him, for I did not wish to continue the fight. Curses heaped upon my head were the only answer the furious old chief returned to my peaceful overtures, curses invoking horrible calamities both to myself and my unoffending relations, and involving my cousins, uncles, and aunts in a common and bloody destruction with intricate details.

As I listened to this answer, "Itumba! Itumba!" (war, war!)

was echoed and re-echoed by a savage mob of Makunja warriors, and to the left a crowd of the enemy in the plantations were mimicking with excited contortions of limb the dissection which they intended practicing on us later on in the day. I found, however, that their courage was only skin-deep. With a few of my Zanzibaris, and some of the natives of Lukolela, who were emboldened by the success of the day before, we soon quieted their fire and cleared them out of their position, following them up all the morning until the old chief Mpuké announced that he had had enough of fighting, and proclaimed his willingness for peace.

Reluctantly I had been compelled to shoot a few of the enemy; but old Mpuké never forgot the lesson, and became most friendly toward me, and even condescended to include me in the family circle, always referring to me as "Mwana Ngai" (my son), a condescension on his part which I was hardly able to appreciate, as it devolved on me a filial duty of periodically supplying presents of cloth to my would-be dusky parent.

Although I was at Lukolela nearly two years after this, old Mpuké's thrashing had damped all warlike ambition on the part of the natives, and these were the only shots I had to fire in defense of my position while at Lukolela.

My dusky neighbors credited me with possessing supernatural power; a belief which I did not correct. It assumed at times rather a ludicrous aspect. My reading a book puzzled them greatly; they thought it an instrument of magic with which I could see far into the future, and even asked me to look into my "Talla Talla" (mirror), and inform them whether a sick child would recover; or would inquire concerning the success of some friend who was engaged on a trading expedition far away.

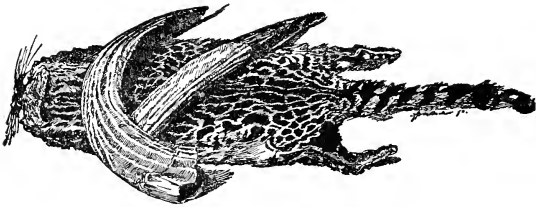
On a few occasions I was able to turn to my advantage the fact that they thought me a wizard.

For instance, one day, soon after my arrival at Lukolela, ten large canoes, each containing twenty or twenty-five men, put in to my beach, to visit the white-skinned stranger, and the men, landing, crowded up to see me. At that time I had learned a few words of the native language, so the strangeness of my tongue

lent interest to the interview and caused considerable amusement to the natives. They were evidently well satisfied with the time they had spent with me. They had been deeply awed and much amused, and to commemorate the interview, they thought they could not do better than to take away with them something to remind them of the occasion; but unfortunately they selected as mementos my only knife and fork. I knew that if I attempted to get these things back by force, there would be a general stampede, shots exchanged and blood shed, and that I might lose some of my men, perhaps, without regaining possession of my property. Still, the knife and fork were invaluable to me, and I was not inclined to see them leave the station without making one effort toward their recovery, so I set my wits to work and the result was a happy idea. In my medicine-chest there was a bottle of citrate of magnesia; taking a quantity of this harmless-looking drug with me, I walked slowly down to the assembled natives, accompanied by two or three of my men, and assuming a grave demeanor, informed them that my knife and fork had been stolen—by whom I did not know just then, but I was determined to find out. I then went nearer to the beach, and inviting the principal chiefs of the party to come and witness my power, I threw a little magnesia into a pool of still water which effervesced and bubbled up in an alarming manner. "Now," I said, "your canoes are filled with people and merchandise; all your wealth is in these canoes, and they cannot live in rough water. They will be swamped, will sink, and you will lose all. You see what I have done in this small body of water. I am going to extend this commotion over all the river from here to your village. I will make the water so rough that it will swamp any craft that ventures on it, and I am going to keep the water in that condition until I get back my knife and fork! Now, I will leave you; talk it over among yourselves. Put off from shore if you care to risk it. I do not wish to take your lives, but still I must have my knife and fork."

They talked the matter over, and I was pleased to find my ruse successful. It was unnecessary to carry out my awful threat, for before nightfall my knife and fork were restored.

Every traveler to regions peopled by wild superstitious beings has been able to impose on their credulity in this way.



HIPPOTAMUS TEETH AND WILD-CAT SKIN.



FETISH-MAN'S CHARMS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHARM DOCTOR.

SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS—THE "NGANGA'S POWER"—THE ORDER OF NKIMBA—THE CONDUCT OF THE MEDICINE MAN—CURIOUS DEVOTIONS—CHARMS—TRIAL BY POISON—MYSTIC ANIMALS—TRANSMIGRATION OF SPIRITS—M'PUKE'S FRIEND, THE H'PTO—BARIMU.

The native of Central Africa has an inborn dread of evil spirits; he believes that a power unseen by mortal eyes is always present, seeking opportunities to injure mankind; his superstitious mind attributes to this mysterious and malignant influence all reverses and disasters which he may suffer through life. When the land is parched by drought, and the gardens bear no fruit or grain, a Moloki, or evil spirit, is blamed for the misfortune, and a battle lost or an unsuccessful chase is credited to the same phantom maliciousness. The Moloki's choice of hiding-places is extremely variable. This spiritual malevolence lies concealed in trees and rocks, and seeks victims on the dark waters of the Congo, and is also supposed to usurp the bodies of men, beasts, birds, and reptiles, always adopting the guise in which the intended attack can be most conveniently made, and the injury and annoyance most easily inflicted. The old elephant who visits the plantations at

night, and, out of pure mischief, tramples down the manioc fields, and twists off the succulent banana trunks, is believed by the savages to be no ordinary animal, but one possessed of an evil spirit, which has incited such bad behavior; the loathsome crocodile would be harmless were it not prompted by the Moloki to kill and eat people.

The African of the interior can find no note of sympathy in the world immediately surrounding him. Life is to him no free gift, but rather something to be dextrously snatched from the hand of adverse circumstances. Everything in earth or sky seems to threaten his existence. The hut of the inland village stands on the confines of an impenetrable forest, the haunt of savage beast and venomous reptile. The dweller on the river-bank pursues his vocation in constant danger. Let him escape unscathed all the dangers incidental to his search for mere subsistence, let him lay up what is to him wealth, still he can never enjoy either good fortune or health in security, for one is at the mercy of his fellow-man—the midnight slave raids of neighboring tribes—and the other is imperiled by fevers, agues, and strange diseases which his skill is unable to cure or avert. The imagination of the savage surrounds life with an atmosphere of awe and mystery. He walks continually in fear. Evil in countless undefined shapes is lurking everywhere. Influences obnoxious to him lie concealed in every object. Trees, stones, herbs, all contain imprisoned spirits which if released by any heedless action on his part, may rend and destroy him. He must be ever watchful to propitiate or control the malevolent powers that menace him at every turn. Ill luck may be transmitted to him through objects animate or inanimate when he is least aware. A native will never point at another with his finger, as the belief exists that an evil influence can be by this means conveyed to another. It behooves him to be very careful. He fears when health and fortune are favorable that some chance action of his may deprive him of both.

At night, just before going to bed, the chief will trace a slender line of ashes round his hut and firmly believe that he has placed a barrier which will protect him and his, while they sleep, against

attacks of the evil spirit. Upon stepping over this in the morning he takes the precaution to trace on the ground a small ring round him; in this he stands, and uttering a devotional prayer, asks that the Moloki, or evil spirit, may not torment him during the day. When he is least conscious, he may be offending some spirit with power to work him ill. He must therefore be supplied with charms for every season and occasion; sleeping, eating, and drinking he must be protected from hostile influences by ceremonies and observances. The necessity for these safeguards has given rise to an elaborate system and has created a sacerdotal class called by the different Congo tribes "Monganga," or "Nganga Nkisi," (the Doctor of Charms).

The fetish-man under any name is the authority on all matters connected with the relations of man to the unseen. He is the exorciser of spirits, the maker of charms, and the prescriber and regulator of all ceremonial rites. He can discover who "ate the heart" of the chief who died but yesterday, who it was that caused the canoe to upset and give three lives to the crocodile and the dark waters of the Congo, or even who blighted the palm trees of a village and dried up their sap, causing the supply of malafu, or palm wine, to cease, or drove away the rain from a district and withered its fields of "nguba" (ground nuts). All this is within the ken of the Nganga Nkisi, charm doctor, and he is appealed to on all these occasions to discover the culprit, by his insight into the spirit world, and hand him or her over to the just chastisement of an outraged community. This is the only substitute for religion that the African savage possesses; its tenets are vague and unformulated, for with every tribe and every district belief varies and rites and ceremonies are as diverse as the fancies of the fetish-men who prescribe them.

The traveler finds that superstitious customs which possess great force on the lower river gradually lose power over the natives as he penetrates farther and farther into the interior.

Among the Ba-kongo people of the Lower Congo country, whose headquarters is at San Salvador, where resides their king, known as the "Ntotela" (Emperor), or to Europeans as Dom Pedro V., a

title bestowed upon him by the Portuguese, we find many curious examples of the fetish system. Prominent among these is the ceremony of the "Nkimba," or initiation of the boys and young men of the village into the mysteries and rites of their religion.

Each village in this region possesses its Nkimba inclosure, generally a stockaded tract of perhaps half an acre in extent, buried in a thick grove of trees in the vicinity of the village. Inside the inclosure are the huts of the Nganga, the fetish-man, who presides over its ceremonies, and his assistants, as well as of the boys undergoing the course of instruction. What this instruction is it is hard to say, for none save the initiated are permitted to penetrate the precincts of the Nkimba inclosure, but it includes the learning of a new language, so those having passed through the Nkimba may be able to converse on matters relating to their religious calling, in words not understood by the people.

When a boy arrives at the age of twelve or fourteen years he is generally induced to join the Nkimba. This is effected in the following curious manner: On some market-day or public assemblage he falls down simulating sickness or a stupor, and is immediately surrounded by the Nganga and his assistants, who carry him off to the inclosure. It is given out that Luemba or Nsaki, or whatever the boy's name may be, is dead; that he has gone to the spirit world, whence by and by the Nganga will recall him to bring him up with the other lads in the sacred inclosure before restoring him to his friends under a new name. No woman is allowed to look on the face of one of the Nkimba, who daily parade through the woods or through the surrounding country singing a strange, weird song to warn the uninitiated of their approach. The women fly from the sound, deserting their work in the manioc fields, and sometimes a man, a stranger in the district, on being encountered in one of these walks abroad will be severely beaten for his temerity in standing to watch the Nkimba go by.

The bodies of the lads are chalked entirely white, and a wide skirt of palm fronds or straight dry grass suspended from a circular strip of bamboo, standing out from the body above the hips, hangs down to below the knees, much resembling a short crino-

line. Food is brought daily by the mothers or relatives of the pupils and laid outside the inclosure, whence it is conveyed inside by one of the Nganga or the older lads. For although the women and the credulous outsiders really believe in the death and residence among the spirits of their male relatives who have "died in the bush" (*i. e.*, entered the Nkimba inclosure), they are religiously instructed by the Ngangas to attend to all the bodily wants of the supposed inhabitants of the spirit world.

When a youth has successfully mastered the new language, and has acquitted himself satisfactorily in the eyes of the Nganga, expressing implicit belief in all the strange doctrines of fetishism it is thought necessary to impart to him, it is given out by the medicine-man that Luemba or Nsaki is now fit to return to the world and to his sorrowing relatives. Accordingly on a certain day he is conducted back to his village with much ceremony, re-introduced to his parents as no longer Luemba, but as "Kinkila Luemba" or "Nehama Nsaki," the new names being distinctly Nkimba names adopted during the period of his residence in the inclosure, and he affects to treat everything with surprise as one come to a new life from another world; to recognize no one, not even his father or mother, while his relatives receive him as raised from the dead; and for several days the new-comer is permitted to take anything he fancies in the village, and is treated with every kindness until it is supposed that he has become accustomed to his surroundings, when he will be allowed to shake down into his place in life, and unless he determines to pursue the calling of



A BOY OF THE NKIMBA.

a fetish-man will again become an ordinary member of society. The duration of the period of initiation varies from two years in some cases, and even longer, to only a few months, according, I suppose, as the pupil shows an aptitude for his studies or not. Any refractory youngster, or one who cannot bring himself to believe all the Ngangas declare to be true, is beaten until he recognizes the error of his ways, and accepts as strictly true every story and miracle the medicine-man may relate. Sometimes a sturdy, unbelieving boy who cannot see that black is white, or *vice versa*, however much the Nganga may assert it, and his older and wiser comrades share in the assertion, is beaten black and blue before he becomes convinced of the fact that his eyes have deceived him. The origin of this strange African order of freemasonry is quite unknown among the Ba-kongo. No white man has yet been able to penetrate the mysteries of the language or of the rites and ceremonies connected with it, but from the following facts I feel inclined to believe it simply a perpetuation in the native mind, darkened by savagery and superstition, of the early Catholic teaching of the Portuguese fathers who followed Diego Cam's discovery of the Congo, and established themselves at San Salvador and in the surrounding country on the S. W. African coast.

The Nkimba is unknown beyond Manyanga and Lukunga, two hundred miles from the coast, which were probably the farthest limits reached in those early days by the priests in their missionary journeys; between these district and San Salvador it increases in public estimation until when the true Congo country is reached—that within the scope of Dom Pedro's influence—we find the Nkimba inclosures at almost every village. The chalking of the body white and the wearing of a coarse dress of brown grass, in imitation of the white-robed priests and the rude vestments of the monks; the penalty inflicted on women who venture to approach or gaze upon the Nkimba (white priests never married, and no woman could enter a monastery); the chanting of strange songs in a new tongue and the learning of a new language, even as the rites of the Catholic Church are performed in a strange

tongue (Latin) and a novice entering a monastery would have to learn that language; the giving of new names as a monk often adopts a new cognomen and ceases to be Mr. So-and-so, but becomes Brother Ignatius or Father Hyacinthe; and finally the strange deception practised in pretending that the newly received boy has died and must be raised again from the dead and given back to life—all seem to point to one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church which asserts that no man can be saved unless he be born again.

It is only on the Lower Congo, where the Nkimba is found that any training in his profession is undergone by the fetish-man; in all other parts of the Congo region the office devolves upon its holder in quite an accidental manner; the distinction is thrust upon some native whose fortune has in some way distinguished him from his fellows. Every unusual action, every display of skill or superiority is attributed to the intervention of some supernatural power, and thus the future wielder of charms or utterer of predictions usually begins his priestly career as a worker of wonders by some lucky adventure.

A young man by showing progress in the hunting-field, by being successful on the fishing-grounds or brave in war, at once becomes the object of a certain admiration in his village. His superiority commands respect: his steady aim, his lucky hauls of fish, and his boldness in the fight are credited to the agency of some supernatural spirit or to some charm of which he may be possessed. Such a belief on the part of the villagers is never discredited by the fortunate object of it; on the other hand, he takes advantage of this credulity of his ignorant compatriots, and in consideration of payment received will pretend to impart his power to others. This is almost invariably the way in which the fetish-man receives his calling to the office, and having once secured the estimation of his neighbors, he will start a lucrative business for the supply of charms, consisting of different herbs, stones, pieces of wood, antelope horns, skins and feathers, tied in artistic little bundles, the possession of which is supposed to yield to the purchaser the same power over spirits as the vender himself enjoys.

Having once become known as the purveyor of charms, he will continually add to the attractiveness of the stock in trade of his calling by the aid of a fertile imagination. Besides charms of his own manufacture he will obtain others from well-known fetish-men in distant villages, and thus after a time he acquires a large store of charms for all phases of life.

Africans who under my tuition became skilful rifle shots, could dispose of empty cartridges at a good price to their weak-minded fellow-men, who wore the little brass shells around their necks as charms, and firmly believed that such a possession empowered them to shoot with unerring aim.

Established in reputation, the efforts of the fetish-man are next directed toward the acquirement of a demeanor calculated to impress his clients with a sense of awe; he aims at assuming an appearance at once grave and mysterious; he seldom speaks unless professionally, and then always in a gruff, husky tone. He cultivates a meditative look, and seems as if he were the victim of great mental anxiety. At home he keeps himself very select, and occupies his time principally among his charms. There is generally some sign of his calling just outside his hut, taking the form, as a rule, of an earthen vessel, out of the neck of which sprout long feathers—the pot being colored with red, white, and yellow chalks, and the orange-like tint derived from chewed betel-nut, the epectoration of which substance is supposed to have a very pacifying influence upon the spiritual evil-doer.

An old medicine man of Lukolela, whom I discovered deliberately spitting chewed betel-nut on the door of my house, displayed indignant surprise when I assured him in the most forcible language at my command that I myself could take all the necessary precautions against any attacks from evil spirits.

Sometimes the fetish-man's gesticulations will be directed to a carved image or some exaggerated form of charm, but they do not as a rule display much respect for their idols, for if good fortune does not attend their use, they are destroyed. Suspended from the rafters in the interior of his hut are little parcels of mystic character, smoked grimy by the constant fires these people main-

tain in their dwellings. And outside, over the door, the same mysterious character of ornamentation proclaims to all, the occupant's pretensions to sorcery.

When abroad the fetish-man is always a conspicuous figure in a village. He wears a tall hat of animal skin; around his neck hang suspended by strings a few small specimens of his wares, and slung around his shoulders are little parcels of charms, into which are stuck birds' feathers. Metal rings, to which mysterious little packages are attached, clash and clang as he walks, serving,



CONGO IDOLS.

together with a liberal supply of iron bells fastened to his person, to announce the Nganga's presence; and, as if his body did not offer a sufficient surface to display all his magical outfit, he carries, slung over his left shoulder in a woven pocket, a load of wonder-working material. A peep into a fetish-man's sack discloses a curious assortment of preventives—eagles' claws and feathers, fishbones, antelope horns, leopard teeth, tails and heads of snakes, flint-stones, hairs of the elephant's tail, perforated stones, different colored chinks, eccentric shaped roots, various herbs, etc. There are sufficient reasons for his carrying these with him—if he left them in his village some one might steal them, and thus deprive him of his cherished power, and again, provided

as he is, he can administer at a moment's notice to suffering humanity some devil-proof mixture.

The flight of the poisonous arrow, the rush of the maddened buffalo, or the venomous bite of the adder can be averted by the purchase of these charms, and the troubled waters of the Congo can be crossed in safety by the fisherman's frail craft. The Moloki, or evil spirit, ever ready to pounce upon humanity, is checked by the power of the Nganga, and halts at his whistle through an antelope's horn, or the waving of a bunch of feathers.

The fetish-man finds his best customers among those whom wealth and success have rendered objects for the envy and spite of their covetous neighbors. A chief whose fortunate trading ventures have enabled him to accumulate wealth of slaves and ivory becomes a devotee to charm usage; the fetish-man is continually by his side, and new charms are in constant requisition to ward off real and imaginary dangers which the uneasy possessor believes threaten his person and property.

I was much struck with the elaborate and grotesque rites prescribed by the Nganga to some of the leading men of the district as a necessary preliminary to eating and drinking. I find the following notes in a rough diary I kept at that time.

June, 1884.—Old Iuka, chief of Irebu, put into my beach to-day, on his way down river on a trading expedition. I gave him some *malafu* (palm wine), the drinking of which necessitated the most extensive precautionary preparations that I have as yet noticed. The old chief placed a small leaf between his lips, then fastened others rather longer under his shoulder-blades and on his chest, keeping them in place by means of a string tied tightly around the body; a slave guarding the pot containing the beverage also had a leaf in his mouth, as did another who held the cup from which the chief was to drink; two more slaves provided a musical accompaniment to the ceremony by clanking small bars of iron; one of the wives of the chief clasped him round the chest from behind, while four slaves knelt down in front of him and beat their closed fists on their knees. When everything was ready, all shut their eyes, except the men in charge of the pot and cup, who

required the use of these organs so as not to spill the precious liquor. The charm doctor, who had advised these observances as a safeguard against assault from evil influences, had also enjoined Iuka from taking the cup from his lips until he had drained the last drop. My guest was a spare-built little man, but the prodigious quantity of malafu which he imbibed on this occasion astonished me, and I concluded that he dispensed with the trouble of too frequently conducting the elaborate details of this cere-



FETISH DEVOTIONS BEFORE DRINKING.

mony by drinking enough at one sitting to last him several days. It is noticeable that rites of the kind prescribed by the fetish-men to Iuka are only used preparatory to a draught of palm or other concocted beverages, and are omitted when drinking water at a stream or spring. The reason is that poison plays a prominent part in the drama of savage life. Often chieftains with whom I was not well acquainted upon giving me palm wine, have themselves first drunk some of the beverage, as a proof that it contained no deadly herbs. These observances imposed by the wielder of charms are most earnestly adhered to. A native, although he has a great weakness for palm wine or other strong drink, will deny himself the indulgence if he is not prepared to

carry out the ceremony ordered by the Nganga. As the fatal draughts are always prepared by the Nganga, and as he is also the only person able to furnish antidotes to his own poisons, he reaps much benefit from this branch of the business. It enables him to command a ready sale for any charms he may wish to force on the market, and is an excellent means of collecting back payments and securing further custom. Any trader who succeeds in massing together his little pile of cloth, beads, trinkets, etc., thereby excites the jealousy of his fellow-men, and if his fees are not liberal he may one day find himself suddenly bound hand and foot in the merciless clutches of the fetish-man, who will trump up some charge against him of having exercised an evil influence, or of causing the death of some villager who has lately died.

It is also by means of poisons that the Nganga pretends to discern the innocent from the guilty when natives accused of crimes are brought before him for sentence. A villager charged with any breach against tribal laws has often to prove his innocence by undergoing the poison test. "Mbundu," or "Nkasa," is an herbal poison composed of the bark of a tree mixed with water. The effect of imbibing this concoction depends upon the strength of the preparation; with but little water it is deadly, but it may be diluted until its effect is almost harmless. The accused is compelled to sit down, and then the Nganga administers the preparation to the accused, who, should he be able to vomit the nauseous mixture, proves his innocence of any crime of which he is accused. But too often the poison has an awful effect. The victim falls down, foaming at the mouth, the limbs become rigid, the eyes protrude, and if death ensues, the guilt of the poor unfortunate is held as clearly proved, and the distorted body of the victim is pierced through and through with the spears of his accusers. The fetish-man, whose duty it is to prepare the test, regulates the strength of the poison according to the wish of the majority. It may be that the accused is popular in his village; in that case the Nganga will take care that the mbundu is not too strong. The natives themselves place great faith in this mode of trial. The majority of them firmly believe that their charm doctor's super-

natural power enables him to read the conscience of others, and culprits will often give themselves up when he makes preparation to discover the offenders as a declaration of guilt on the part of the accused, renders the poison test unnecessary.

Men of influence, when required to prove their innocence by the poison test, do not, as a rule, risk their own lives; they detail a slave to drink the mbundu for them and their innocence or guilt is decided by the effect of the poison on their representative.

Besides the power that he exercises over the life and death of his followers, the Nganga is also credited with a controlling influence over the elements. Winds and waters obey only the waving of his charm or the whistle through his magic antelope horn. Tropical storms give notice of their beginning and cessation, so that the fetish-man is easily able to time his predictions of change without much fear of startling contradictions. If rain is desired by the villagers for their crops he sets to work with his charms preparing for the object in view, but he will not be quite ready until a distant roll of thunder gives him notice that a storm is nigh; then, assuming all the gravity which he can muster, surrounded by his charms, he boldly commands the rain to fall, and when the storm, seen in the distance, breaks, it is regarded as a triumphant indication of his supernatural authority.

The credulous villagers are awed into profound respect and submission as they see their parched soil moistened by rain, which falls to the bidding of old Ncossi, their medicine man, who stands with upraised arms in the village square and shouts to the heavens, "Tu-ku-linga mvula" ("we want rain"), and very soon a storm arrives in response to his invocation.

When I was at Lukolela the river during one wet season remained in a swollen condition far beyond its usual duration. Upon my asking the natives the cause, they accounted for it by telling me that an up-river charm doctor, who had been in the habit of controlling the rise and fall of all the Congo, had recently died, and at present there was no one sufficiently skilled to take his place, and regulate the seasonable rise and fall of the river.

Superstitions of all kinds are so rife among these people that the Nganga has a fruitful field to work in. He has merely to direct current beliefs in the strange and wonderful so that they may in some way tend to increase his influence over the credu-



"TU-KU-LINGA MVULA" ("WE WANT RAIN").

lous. Every unaccountable effect is attributed to some superstitious cause, the workings of which are known only to him. Every familiar object of their daily life is touched with some curious fancy, and every trivial action is regulated by a reference to unseen spirits who are unceasingly watching an opportunity to hurt or annoy mankind.

As all natives are either hunters or fishermen, a number of quaint beliefs have naturally attached themselves to birds, beasts, and fishes. Some birds are of ill, others of good, omen. Some beasts are friendly to man, and others seek only to do him harm.

The mournful hooting of the owl, heard at midnight by the villager, is a message that death is stealing silently through the huts waiting to select a victim, and all who hear the call will hasten to the neighboring wood and drive the messenger of ill tidings away with sticks and stones.

There is a belief, common to all natives of the Upper Congo regions, which ascribes to certain possessors of evil spirits ability to assume at will the guise of an animal, reassuming the human form whenever they wish to do so. The incident that follows will serve as an illustration of the strength of this conviction.

As I had lost several goats from the frequent nocturnal raids made on the station by a leopard, I determined to try to rid the district of this wily robber. For several nights I watched, tying up as a bait a young goat which announced the presence of its own savory body by ill-advised bleatings from sunset to dawn. But the leopard did not return to reward my vigilance. It happened, however, that as soon as I omitted my watch the tracks around the station showed that the beast had renewed his visits. The natives then explained to me that this was no ordinary leopard, but was an evil spirit which had assumed the shape of that animal, Ngöi Moloki ("evil-spirited leopard"), and that it was useless to watch for him, as the evil spirit which possessed the beast at night was perhaps visiting my station in human form each day, learning my intentions, and timing his raids accordingly. They said, "When you next intend waiting up for the leopard be careful to keep the matter a secret; tell no one, and then perhaps, being unwarned, the animal may venture out."

There are on some reaches of the river fetish crocodiles which are credited with the power to change their scales to the black skin and curly wool of the African. It is firmly held by the villagers that many members of the community who have disappeared suddenly from their homes and families have been lured

to the river by a stranger, who beguiled them with fair promises of beads and cloth, and who, when the water's edge was gained, changed instantly to a crocodile and disappeared in the oozy mud, dragging his deluded victim with him. Crocodiles are also, for what reason I know not, considered quite generous and social in their natures. Natives have frequently assured me that when a crocodile is fortunate enough to secure a human being, it will invite all the crocodiles along the banks to share in the meal, and my men have pointed out places where such banquets have been held.

I was assured that the possessor of an evil spirit could assume at will any outward appearance which he chose, and could rapidly change his guise in order to escape detection or further his aims. I was speaking to my black hunting friend, Bongo Nsanda, one day upon this subject. The African illustrated the versatility of the malevolent influence by remarking, "Perhaps when the sun is overhead to-day you may be drinking palm wine with a man, unconscious that he is possessed of an evil spirit, in the evening you hear the cry of Nkole! Nkole! (crocodile! crocodile!), and you know that one of those monsters, lurking in the muddy waters near the river bank, has grabbed a poor victim who had come to fill a water jar. At night you are wakened from your sleep by the alarmed cackling in your hen-house, and you will find that your stock of poultry has been sadly decreased by a visit from a muntula (bush cat). Now, Makula, the man with whom you drank palm wine, the crocodile who snatched an unwary villager from the river bank, and the stealthy little robber of your hens are one and the same individual, possessed of an evil spirit."

This transmigration of spirits is supposed to be not altogether without its advantages to some of the powerful head men, who are believed to have in their service crocodiles, hippopotami, and other dangerous animals that once were men, and to whom death has brought strange changes.

Here at Lukolela, my station was built within a few hundred yards of the banks of the Congo, and I had ever before me an extensive view of the river.

Out in midstream, about a thousand yards from my house, was a small island covered with thick tropical vegetation. At the upper end of this an old hippopotamus had taken up his quarters, and at midday would lie basking in the sun in the shallow waters round it.

My little black servant, Mabruki, who was a most enthusiastic sportsman, was delighted when he could bring me the welcome news that he had seen some animal or bird that I might shoot, and he would disturb me at most untimely hours with such information. Sometimes, when I had been hunting all the morning, I would lie down in the heat of the day for a couple of hours, and often was rudely awakened by this youngster tugging away at me and startling me out of my sleep in a most unceremonious manner. He would tell me that there was an old monkey in some of the neighboring trees, or that he could hear the call of a guinea fowl; this information delivered, he would hurry off to prepare gun and ammunition. The sharp eyes of this boy first saw the hippopotamus, and he imparted the news to me while waking me out of my sleep. It is not usual in hunting even big game to fire at such a distance as a thousand yards, but I fired just a few shots to startle the unwieldy brute with the splash of the bullets falling close by him.

In the evening of the same day, old Mpuké paid me a visit, and in a very grave and ceremonious little speech informed me that that particular hippopotamus was a friend of his. He said: "That hippopotamus was originally a man, who died and assumed the shape of this animal. It is useless for you to try to shoot him, because he has supernatural power and is bullet-proof. That hippopotamus accompanies me on all my trading expeditions, and is generally of very great use to me. When I go away in my canoes the animal follows me, swimming behind at a short distance protecting me against all enemies, whether they are men or other hippopotami, and he will upset the canoes of natives who are unfriendly to me."

It will be remembered that soon after my arrival at Lukolela, old Mpuké, chief of Makunja, had expressed a great desire to

decorate his hut with my skull, although in attempting to materialize this inclination he and his had experienced the deadly effect of the white man's rifles. But since that unfortunate affair we had been good friends, and were in the habit of exchanging presents.

I was unwilling to offend the old fellow unnecessarily, but he seemed quite confident of the invulnerability of his pet hippo, so I decided to test my long Martini rifle against the animal's charmed body.

"Do you really think that I am unable to kill the beast, Mpuké?" I asked.

The old chief replied with the emphasis of solemn conviction, "I do."

"Well," said I, "have you any objection to my trying?"

"No, he had no objection," he answered, in tones which suggested regret that good powder and shot should be wasted in trying to prove that which every man, woman, and child in the district knew to be a fact.

I decided to try the experiment. I sent around into the neighboring villages that evening and informed them of the conversation I had had with Mpuké concerning his strange friend, and announced my intention of proceeding the next morning to put the matter to the test.

The natives were naturally very curious as to what would be the result, and at the very earliest streaks of dawn large canoes full of people made their appearance on my beach. About eight o'clock in the morning I manned my canoe and paddled across to the island, followed at a respectful distance by the canoes of the neighborhood, propelled with muffled oars, all the crews maintaining perfect silence.

Upon arriving at the island I ran my canoe ashore just below the shallows, and crept noiselessly through the forest until I arrived at the edge. I selected a position whence I had a good view of old Mpuké's devil-possessed friend, the hippopotamus. In shooting this game it is necessary to be a good shot, because although this huge animal is easy to hit, unless you strike fair on some vulner-

able spot, you are simply cruelly and unnecessarily wounding it. The proper place to aim at is in the forehead, three inches above a line drawn between the two eyes; or in the ear, in the eye, or between these two organs. I had crept so carefully to my position that the hippopotamus was unconscious of my presence. I realized that my reputation was most seriously at stake, and I waited patiently until the animal presented a good mark. Then I raised my Martini rifle and fired, hitting him squarely in the forehead. After three or four spasmodic kicks in the air he sank to the bottom, and the waters became still. That evening the waters around the sand bank were undisturbed, and the smell of boiling and roasting hippopotamus meat pervaded the whole district of Lukolela. The enemies of Mpuké were now able to launch their canoes and cross the river in safety. I increased my reputation as a successful hunter of big game, and was generally acknowledged as a very useful member of society, who was able by the single crack of a rifle to silence the angry plunging of a fierce animal, and transform the dangerous monster into juicy steaks.

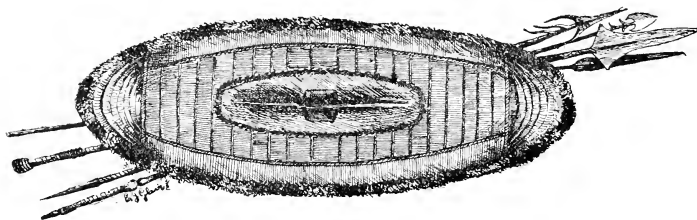
Moreover, I scored a telling point against the superstitious doctrines of the charm doctor.

During the earlier part of my residence at Lukolela, I had heard the word "Barimu" mentioned several times in connection with myself. I afterward discovered that it meant a ghost; it was suggested that I was originally an African, and had died and returned to earth with a white skin.

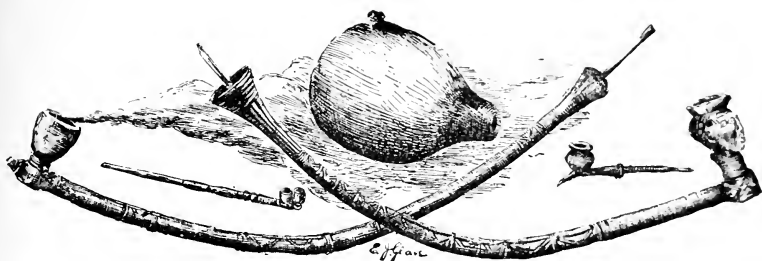
Having learned the meaning of the word, I was not much pleased that such an impression should be held concerning me. I could at least prove that I was a ghostly being of unusual substance, so one day when the medicine man, Muntula, hinted, in my hearing, that I was a "barimu," I resented the expression by favoring the old gentleman with a little of the athletic ability which I had acquired at foot-ball, and I am sure after this little incident my shoes would have been eagerly purchased at a good price, and used as powerful charms.

Some time after this occurrence, old Muntula was called upon by the family of a young hunter, who had been killed by an ele-

phant, to determine whether the beast had been bewitched by some enemy, or if his death was in accordance with the will of Njakumba (The Great Spirit.) In the former case Muntula would have selected some victim and subjected him to the poison test, but, knowing that I would promptly interfere with any such proceeding, the old fellow, after going through a long ceremony consisting of a wierd midnight dance about the village fire accompanied by monotonous chanting and incantations, proclaimed to the surviving relatives that Luenga's death had been ordained by Njakumba and was not due to any malicious influence.



SPEARS AND PLAIED RATTAN SHIELD.



CONGO PIPES.

CHAPTER V.

AMONGST THE BIG GAME.

AFRICAN JUNGLES—TRAPS AND TRAPPERS—BONGO NSANDA—CONGO "BILL OF FARE"—TOBACCO—RETURN OF THE WAR CANOES—BURIAL CEREMONY—NATIVE ORCHESTRA—ARRIVAL OF KEYS—BUFFALO HUNTING—A SAD DISASTER.

My presence and the work I was doing attracted dusky visitors from villages for miles around Lukolela. The station was crowded all day with strangers who came to investigate everything, ask innumerable questions, and impede the work in progress by examining tools and workmanship until their curiosity regarding them was satisfied. To avoid the wearying task of incessantly answering the simple yet puzzling questions of child-like ignorance, and to escape from all the noise and tumult of strange voices round my house, I would often stroll away into the forest, which covered all the country to the south of my station. My servant, Mabruki, a bright little fellow about ten years old, was my only companion on these occasions: he would follow close at my heels, carrying my cartridge-belt slung across his shoulder.

I always took a gun with me on these excursions, as birds and small game were very plentiful, and a brace or two of pigeons or guinea fowl would often repay my forest tramp.

But the great forest itself, with its undisturbed solitudes and its dim green recesses, always brought such relief and quiet restfulness to me, when wearied and fagged in mind and body, that I needed no other excuse for my aimless wanderings. All sounds of voices or work died away, and we left all traces of human life on the verge of the woods. We had to make our way as best we could, pushing aside or cutting away the tangled mass of brushwood undergrowth that spread thickly round the roots of the lofty trees of teak and mahogany; and overhead luxuriant creepers trailed from branch to branch, or hung in great bunches from the topmost boughs, almost shutting out the light of day and the blue noonday sky, and monster orchids, strangely shaped, and varied in their coloring, clung in brilliant clusters to the branches overhead.

As we forced our way still deeper into the heart of the forest, the gloom and stillness increased, and we crossed many a hidden glade known only to the hunter, where the death-like silence was unbroken save for the cry of savage beast or call of passing bird.

These woods abounded in all kinds of game. Here the elephant had made a path for himself, uprooting and flinging to the ground the trees that barred his way, plowing through matted undergrowth, snapping vine and twig, and crushing down the slender spear-grass beneath his ponderous foot, leaving behind him a broad trail of wrecked tree and shrub. Numberless herds of buffalo, fling down to the river for their morning drink, had worn deeply furrowed tracks in the loamy soil; and the broken ground beneath the spreading wild-plum tree told of the frequent visits of the bush-pig in search of fallen fruits. Here and there were seen faint imprints of the stealthy leopard, and the delicate impression of the antelope's hoof.

Troops of monkeys of all sizes set the tree-tops swinging as they scrambled from bough to bough searching through the wood for the acid "litobé" (fruit of the India-rubber vine).

Birds of gaudy plumage flew across our path, and curiously painted butterflies floated languidly in the air.

The natives of Central Africa are all keen hunters, they do not track the savage beasts for sport, but in search of food, and studious observation has taught them many ingenious devices in traps and snares.

To the African palate roast monkey is a great delicacy, but this animal is gifted with a degree of intelligence which the word instinct hardly expresses. The trap into which he is enticed must be very artfully constructed, and the bait of the most inviting kind, before he is successfully deceived.

The following method is successfully employed. A hole in a tree near some spot frequented by these animals is found and a noose is cunningly concealed with small branches so as to encircle the mouth of the cavity; a cord attached to this noose leads down to the place that the hunter has selected as a hiding-place; some palm-nuts or other fruits are then placed in the hole; and when the monkey, in order to obtain them, thrusts in an arm, the cord is pulled, and the animal is held firmly by the noose until dispatched by spear or arrow.

Another favorite mode of hunting monkeys is by a crowd of natives surrounding a troop of these animals on three sides, and then, with sticks and stones, driving them until they arrive at the edge of the forest, when the poor, frightened creatures, in endeavoring to escape from their pursuers, jump to the ground, where they are stabbed or netted before they can get away.

The African has a great respect for the monkey's cunning, and will chalk his face to resemble the coloring of that animal's, and believes by so doing he becomes possessed of some of the monkey's artfulness.

The buffalo, hippopotamus, and elephant are not safe from the snare of the African hunter. Pitfalls are dug, twenty feet deep, and covered so cunningly with small sticks and leaves that the rogue-elephant, or wandering buffalo, roaming through the forest, breaks through the fragile covering, and falls headlong upon the sharpened stakes studding the bottom of the pit; or, when the

trap is without the cruel addition of spikes, he is speared to death by the hunters, who must, if such spikes are not used, continually visit their pitfalls; for, if not killed soon after being entrapped, the captured animals will tear down the sides of the pit, and fill up the hole sufficiently to allow them to escape.

These pitfalls are so skillfully concealed that the hunter has to be continually on his guard, as unless their whereabouts is well known to him, he may possibly fall a victim to the trap set for the game he is stalking.

I myself, when alone, have more than once stumbled into these holes; but in the vicinity of a settlement spikes are seldom used, and when venturing far afield, I was always accompanied by a local hunter whose knowledge enabled us to steer clear of this danger.

My sporting friend, Bongo Nsanda, was an expert hunter and trapper. He had caught a great many hippopotami in his pitfall-traps, and many a "tusker" and buffalo had become victims to his weighted spear, cunningly suspended from the branches of the towering forest trees. Passing through a wood one day, following up the new track of a buffalo, Bongo Nsanda called my attention to an old and unused pitfall which he had made, a few yards from the river-bank, in the trail of a hippopotamus. He told me that having left it unwatched for several days while he was on a trading trip, one morning, upon revisiting it he was much astonished to see that it was full. During his absence a hippo had fallen in and died, and a crocodile, attracted by the odor had climbed up the bank and got into the pit, where he gorged himself upon the hippo, and was unable to get out again, but was still alive. As a large trading-canoe was passing at the time, Bongo Nsanda thought it best to sell the contents of his trap as it stood, thereby saving himself the bother of killing the reptile. So he hailed the canoe, and having made a satisfactory bargain, the purchasers proceeded to kill the crocodile by spearing it. One man, however, losing his footing fell in, and was caught by the crocodile. Fortunately he was rescued alive, though severely wounded.

Bongo Nsanda, like all natives, was very superstitious, and thought this trap, which had been the cause of so much bloodshed, had better be left alone. He had a foreboding that he himself might in some way be the next victim if he used it again. Besides which he feared the village medicine man, who would attribute such mishaps to Bongo Nsanda being the possessor of an evil spirit.

Big game are in even greater danger from the deadly "likongo" or spear-trap, than from any other means adopted by the natives for their destruction. A massive barbed spear-head is let into a heavy beam of wood, and this weapon is suspended thirty or forty feet from the ground over some well-worn animal trail. Tied between two trees, its deadly blade pointing directly to the trail, it is kept in position by a cord which is carried to the base of the tree, and then, concealed among branches of trees, is drawn across the path. The unwary elephant, buffalo, or hippopotamus, upon touching it with his foot as he walks, severs the frail string, and the ponderous weapon, now released, falls crashing into the poor brute's back. As a rule an animal wounded in this way is unable to move far, as the distance through which the heavily weighted spear falls, drives the barb deep into the body with fatal effect.

When an animal is killed, the meat, to be stored for future use is cut up, placed over fires, and smoked until it is dry, in which condition it will keep for several months, so long as it is not allowed to become damp.

The natives' ordinary list of food is very limited, the staple diet being boiled manioc root and fish. Manioc is a vegetable resembling the potato in substance, but coarse and stringy. The African prepares it by soaking it in water for five days, during which it ferments, becoming soft and pulpy; the fibrous threads are then extracted, and it is kneaded into a dough-like paste, which is boiled before use. In the Congo household, this is called "binguelé," or "chiquanga", and is a very nutritious food.

Some dishes, though appreciated by the native, are obtained with so much difficulty that they must be considered as luxuries. It is not every day that even the greatest chiefs can partake of

boiled hippopotamus-leg, roast elephant-trunk, or grilled buffalo-steak, nor does the much esteemed crocodile stew often grace the menu.

Frizzled caterpillars, paste of smashed ants, toasted crickets, and eggs which are decidedly out of date, are national relishes, and are always acceptable items at the African banquet.



CLAY WATER BOTTLE.

The dishes I have named will not, perhaps, seem very palatable, but as white men consider frogs, snails, turtles, and oysters as luxuries, I hardly think we can justly criticise the means employed by the Central Africans to satisfy their gastronomic cravings.

The African eats three times a day—at nine o'clock, lightly, and at noon and six in the evening as largely as the state of his larder will permit. Vegetables are invariably boiled, but meat is roasted on spits, over a wood fire, and is always thoroughly cooked before being eaten.

Knives, forks, spoons, napkins, and plates are not necessities at a "Congo dinner." In fact, any native who has been fortunate enough to obtain such luxuries as a fork and spoon, punches a hole in the handle of each, and hangs them by a string from the roof-tree of his house, as proofs of his importance, and of the advance of civilization. Manioc, fish, and meat, when cooked, are cut up and placed in large earthen jars by the women, who cook and prepare all food. Then groups of ten and twelve squat down round a jar, and eat with their fingers from the common dish, sopping up the peppered palm-oil gravy with their chiquanga or manioc bread.



EARTHEN JAR.

The civilized wielder of a fork and spoon would be sadly handicapped at a Central African banquet.

The Congo man does not always limit himself to three meals a day; he is a glutton by nature. When he has a quantity of meat

he gorges while the savory morsels last, arguing that he may die before to-morrow, and be the loser of a great deal of pleasure. Even if the meat is tainted and the odor of it is so strong as almost to overpower the passer-by, it is not rejected on that account; and any disgust I ever expressed on seeing the natives eat hippopotamus meat, the odor of which would have been intolerable to a



SMOKING THE LONG PIPE.

civilized man, was met by the retort: "Bisu ku-ola niama, tu-kuola ncholu té!" (We eat the meat, but we don't eat the smell!)—a subtle distinction.

After a meal pipes are produced, for these people, old and young alike, of both sexes, are inveterate smokers. The men use a pipe with a stem eight or nine feet long, the big metal or wooden bowl of which is stuffed full of tobacco and covered with a live cinder. The old chief will close his lips tightly on the mouth-piece, and commence to draw most furiously till he has created a big flood of smoke, which he inhales till he exhausts his bodily capacity, and then passes the pipe along to those gathered around him, each

of whom enjoys the narcotic influence in the same way. I have often seen them, when thus engaged, fall helpless to the ground, thoroughly overcome by the powerful fumes.

The women are more moderate, though they consume more tobacco. They enjoy the weed in the same manner as a white man, and use neatly made bowls of metal or clay, with short wooden stems.

During my travels in Central Africa, I found tobacco growing in every settlement, though in some places the soil was more suited for its cultivation than in others.

My rather monotonous routine of life was repeatedly relieved by some unusual activity in the villages.

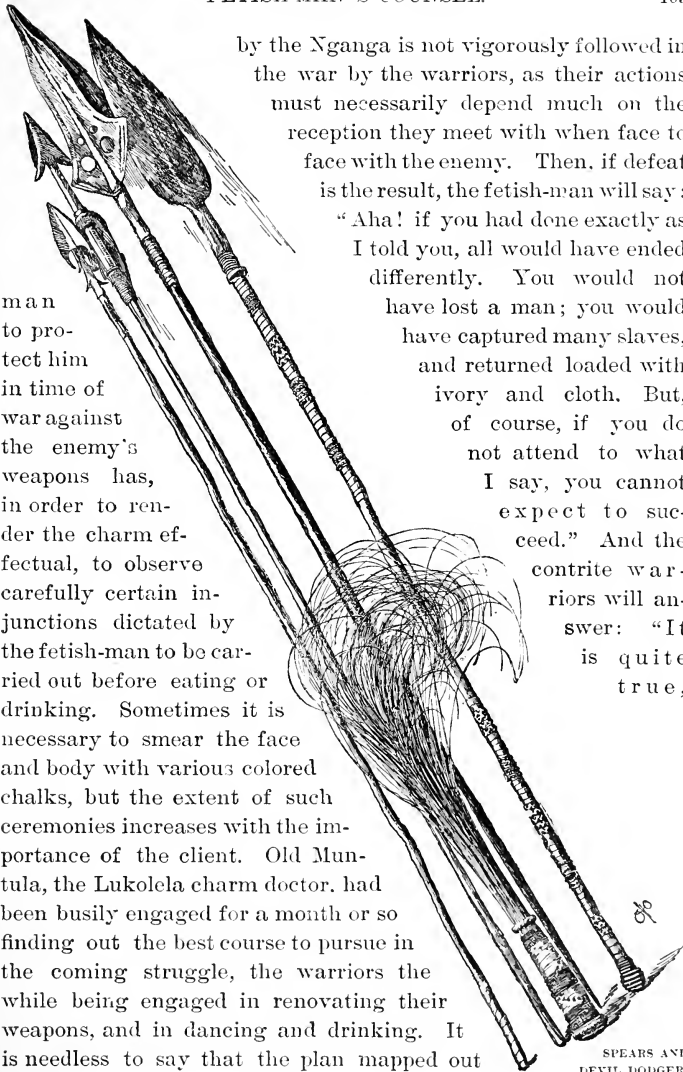
One day, amid the heavy booming of drums and the hubbub of a hundred excited voices all talking at one time, and each trying to make itself heard above the general tumult, a large fleet of war-canoes started away, manned by natives of Lukolela and the district. They were about to punish the common enemy, a tribe on the other side of the river, for some cause real or imaginary. As the flotilla passed my station beach, they struck up their boastful war-songs, rattled their drums, beat their iron gongs, blew loud harsh blasts on their ivory trumpets, and exhibited for my edification, all the warlike accomplishments which they intended to bring to bear on the enemy.

Their faces smeared with charcoal gave them a truly formidable appearance, as they flourished their bright-bladed knives and keen, glistening spears, in fierce anticipation of the planned attack.

An approaching war between two villages is the signal for great activity among the medicine men. They must find out by their insight into the future how the coming fight will terminate. Charms to protect the warriors against gunshot, spear, and arrow must be prepared. These consist of small packages the size of a tennis-ball which contain stones, beads, pieces of iron, fish-hooks, and shells, and are worn round the necks or shoulders of the warriors. Besides the actual charm, devotional duties are imposed upon the wearer by the Nganga. A warrior supplied with a talis-

man
to pro-
tect him
in time of
war against
the enemy's
weapons has,
in order to ren-
der the charm ef-
fectual, to observe
carefully certain in-
junctions dictated by
the fetish-man to be car-
ried out before eating or
drinking. Sometimes it is
necessary to smear the face
and body with various colored
chalks, but the extent of such
ceremonies increases with the im-
portance of the client. Old Mun-
tula, the Lukolela charm doctor, had
been busily engaged for a month or so
finding out the best course to pursue
in the coming struggle, the warriors the
while being engaged in renovating their
weapons, and in dancing and drinking. It
is needless to say that the plan mapped out

by the Nganga is not vigorously followed in
the war by the warriors, as their actions
must necessarily depend much on the
reception they meet with when face to
face with the enemy. Then, if defeat
is the result, the fetish-man will say :
"Aha! if you had done exactly as
I told you, all would have ended
differently. You would not
have lost a man; you would
have captured many slaves,
and returned loaded with
ivory and cloth. But,
of course, if you do
not attend to what
I say, you cannot
expect to suc-
ceed." And the
contrite war-
riors will an-
swer: "It
is quite
true,



SPEARS AND
DEVIL DODGER.

that is what we ought to have done; why did we not do it?" Then all hotly discuss who should bear the blame for disobeying instructions, finally coming to the conclusion that the next time they go to war they will follow the guidance of the fetish-man. But they never do so. It is easy to understand that they cannot. If they find their enemies too strong, and they



DEPARTURE OF WAR CANOES.

are likely to get the worst of it, they beat a hasty retreat. If on the other hand they themselves are in overwhelming force, a precipitate rush is made to the enemy's stronghold, as every man is anxious to steal as much as he can.

Three days after the imposing departure of the Lukolela warriors, the flotilla returned. As they paddled slowly past my station, their dejected and crest-fallen demeanor plainly showed that their common enemy still remained unpunished. The blackened faces and glistening weapons had failed to frighten the

foes, whom they found quite prepared, and they were received by showers of spears and arrows, hurled by resolute men from behind well-constructed stockades. The arrival of the canoes at the village landing was the signal for a general wailing, as one of the young Lukolela chiefs had been killed in the fight from which they had just ignominiously fled. The next day I witnessed the burial.

The body, round which lengths of cloth were wrapped, resembled a colossal chrysalis. Since the return of the canoes, flint-lock muskets had been repeatedly discharged to announce the death; but at the moment when the body of the young chief was lowered into the grave dug for its reception in the chief's own house, the reports of the over-charged guns culminated in a veritable salvo of musketry.

The usual accompaniment to such ceremonies, in the Lukolela district, is a strange mixture of mirth and sorrow, for little clusters of merry dancers mingle with the groups of mourners whose energetic lamentation is shown by streaming eyes and the tear-stained cheeks. But little real grief is felt, however; the tear is a tribute demanded by native custom, which sorrow unaided can seldom produce. A woman will suddenly cease her weeping, throwing aside all signs of woe, to enjoy a pipe or perhaps to sell a bunch of bananas or a fowl; but upon the completion of the bargain she will again step back into the circle of mourners and abruptly resume her moans and tears, and with complete command of the emotions, will weep or laugh at will. Sometimes, at the death of an important chief, all the women will be engaged for days in shedding tears over the departed. During the time of mourning, native custom denies them the privilege of washing, and the continual streams from their eyes wear deep ruts on their begrimed faces and bodies. When the body has been placed in the grave, the friends of the dead chief dry their tears and resume their ordinary habits of dress and demeanor; but the slaves and relatives of the dead man must for three months after the interment still maintain an appearance of great dejection, and refrain from smearing the body with the customary red powder, or even from removing the objectionable eyelashes or trimming the nails.

They must also wear very old cloth, and leave their woolly heads unplaited and uncared for. At the expiration of the three months, the "ngula" (red-wood powder) again colors their bodies, new costumes are produced, and the unkempt wool is neatly plaited in wisps and tails. Too often the cessation of mourning is signalized by the execution of a slave. In this instance the brother of the young chief had bought a slave for that purpose. But I forbade the ceremony, and in order to protect the poor, unfortunate fellow from all harm, I redeemed him by paying to the captor the price of his purchase. The poor emaciated creature, whose name was Mpsa, had for six days been bound hand and foot by cords, with barely enough food to allow him to exist. It was a great disappointment to the expectant villagers that I would not allow the sacrifice to be carried out, as they had invited a troupe of Ekuala musicians, an inland tribe on the opposite bank of the river, to take part in their festivities. Having heard a great deal about the ability of the dusky orchestra, I invited them to visit my station, and I was greatly struck with the harmony of sound produced from unpromising material. Some of the troupe rattled on their drums; others fingered rough stringed-instruments called "longombi," bearing a crude resemblance to a banjo, and round pieces of flat iron, pierced and strung loosely together, formed excellent castanets. The music was wild, but performed in such excellent time that the result was decidedly pleasing. To the accompaniment of this Central African musical band, the Ekuala dancers, wearing wild-cat skins around their waists, gave an exhibition of their skill, which consisted in successions of rapid and graceful movements of the body, which especially delighted the Lukolela natives who thronged into my station to witness the performance. The majority of the villagers were slaves; their varied tattoo marks plainly proclaimed the wide-spread raids of the slaver. The Lolo, from the banks of the Ikelemba, Lulungu, and Malinga Rivers; the Ngombé, from the far interior; and the natives of the Ubangi, were all represented in the ranks of my neighbors' households—women as wives, and the men as recruits to the force of warriors. The slave, having

survived misery, starvation, and the many murderous phases of the slave-trade, finds himself at a village like Lukolela in a position of comparative security, until some horrible native custom, or the superstitious edict of the fetish-man, demands his death.

The tastes of Congo tribes vary considerably. Here at Lukolela the general ambition of the head men was to own as many slaves as possible, so that they might insult their neighbors with impunity and destroy those who resented it. Besides this ambitious desire, they have a great love of metal ornaments. The Lukolela chief points with a great deal of pride to his brass anklets, and will boast of the massive "molua" (woman's large brass neck-ring) round his wife's neck. The Ba-Teke, of Stanley Pool, engage largely in the ivory trade, buying from the up-river native traders, and exchange their tusks with the white merchants on the coast for cloth, guns, and powder.

The merchant, becoming a man of property, will wear a little of the cloth, from the store he has accumulated during his life-time, tied round his waist, with one end dragging in the mud three yards behind him, to exemplify to his admiring neighbors his intense contempt for such paltry wealth. The bulk of his cloth is stored to satisfy his craving for a pompous funeral, and at his death it will be bound around him preparatory to his being smoked before burial, and all the powder and guns of the departed will be used in firing salutes suitable to such an important occasion.

Five months had passed since Stanley had left my station, promising to send me up a white companion, when the shouts from my men of "Masua anarudé" (boats are coming!), imparted to me the welcome tidings that I was about to see a white face again, and very soon two whaleboats heavily freighted with supplies and provisions for the new stations up the river were securely anchored at my beach. With my consignment of necessaries was landed a stalwart young Englishman, who handed me a letter from Stanley, introducing the bearer as D. H. G. Keys, my promised assistant. My new comrade was full of good nature and high spirits. I had now been away from England fifteen months, and as our postal service was rather erratic, my knowl-

edge of recent home news was exceedingly limited. So after the boats had steamed up-river and we were left to ourselves, Keys, who had just come from the old country, would spend many hours in recounting to me such of the events that had happened since my departure as he thought likely to interest me; and when he had exhausted his news, he would sing over the new songs of Gilbert and Sullivan's latest, till I was able to pick out the gems of the opera on the strings of my old banjo. Keys was by nature suited exactly for the pioneer life among wild people that we were to lead together. He was always kind and forbearing in his dealings with the natives, whose child-like ignorance pleaded strongly with him in excuse for their many faults, but if they attempted to take advantage of his good nature, they found him a courageous and determined man. He possessed, too, a certain natural charm of manner which made him instantly a favorite in the villages, where he would freely mingle with the people without that frigid dignity which Europeans so often think it necessary to assume in their intercourse with the African—a fruitful cause of much of the disappointment and ill-success which many unfortunate pioneers have met with in their attempts to benefit and civilize the savages of the interior.

There was much to be done at this time in obtaining concessions of territory from the chiefs in the district. I was frequently making excursions by land and water on the business of the expedition, visiting and conciliating various tribes and entering into agreements with their head men. When I was away, Keys, of course, was in charge of the station, and it was pleasant to know that the work was not falling into arrears during my absence, and to look forward to a hearty welcome from my comrade when I returned. When we were together, our talk would turn naturally to dogs, guns, and game. I would tell Keys all my experience with hippopotami and buffaloes, and show him the best hunting grounds for big game in the neighborhood. We little thought, as we laid out our plans far ahead, that the close of a short season would find only one gun in the field. For the present we arranged that either one or the other should go on a hunting trip

each week to replenish the larder and keep the men in good humor, but we were now in the midst of the season of winds, when the river is very dangerous, as tornadoes were constantly sweeping across the stream, lashing into fury the quiet waters of a few minutes before, rendering the crossing of the Congo in a native canoe a hazardous undertaking.

The steel lighters, returning from provisioning the up-river stations, had arrived at my place on their way down stream. As these boats could face any weather, I borrowed one of them in order to cross the river, and have a day's hunting. Upon arriving on the other side, we passed through a small channel and entered a large lake-like lagoon in the midst of an extensive plain. We had a favorable wind, and had not put out an oar. The rough square-sail bellied out before us as we tore through the water. Upon a little tongue of sand, which reached out into the lake, two buffaloes were taking their morning drink, and so noiselessly had our bark sped on its way, that the animals were evidently unconscious of our presence until the report of my long Martini rifle brought one to the ground and warned the other of his danger. When I ran my boat in-shore, I found the one I had shot to be quite dead, the ball having struck behind the shoulder and passed through to the heart. Leaving some of the crew in charge of the boat, I struck into the grass in search of other game. We had tramped all through my different hunting patches, when passing through a little stretch of long grass, a small black-and-white bird, which always accompanies buffalo herds, flew up just in front of me. Instinctively arresting my footsteps, I strained forward and peering in the direction whence the bird arose, saw at my feet a big bull-buffalo lying in the grass, with his head toward me. I quickly raised my rifle and fired a snap shot; fortunately for myself and trackers, the bullet took instant effect, and after two or three spasmodic efforts to scramble to his feet, the buffalo sank back dead on the grass. I shudder to think what the result might have been had I only wounded him. I could never understand the bull's presence there, for it is not often that buffaloes are caught napping in that way. Having skinned the animal, my

men carried the meat to the boat. They were walking just ahead of me, when suddenly I saw each man throw down his load and start back with a terrible fright. The cry of "Mosémé! Mosémé!" (Snake! Snake!) explained the situation. Approaching, I saw, half submerged in a slimy puddle of water, a large python, who defiantly lifted his head at our approach. The reptile had gorged itself, and did not seem to be capable of any great activity. I shot it through the head, and my men carried it to the boat. In its stomach was found a wild goose, which the serpent had just swallowed, but the operation the bird had just undergone, did not debar it from being utilized by my native followers, as a *piece de resistance*, and the meat of the snake was cooked and eaten in due course, its skin subsequently made a handsome trophy.

The report of my rifle, when I fired at the snake, had started a small herd of buffalo. I heard them splashing through the swamp ahead of us. Taking my hunter, Bongo Nsanda, with me, I got within shot, fired, and hit one of the herd; and not bringing the animal down, I had to follow the tracks of blood through swamp and plain, and push my way through tangled grass and into the depths of the boggy forest, before I came up to my game. The poor wounded brute was standing in a pool of water, and I was able to approach unobserved and bowl him over, making my day's total, three buffaloes, and one snake with attendant goose.

This abundance of meat was very acceptable to my own men, and also to the crews of the whale-boats, who had buffalo steaks enough to last them on their trip down stream.

In all my hunts I was accompanied by Bongo Nsanda, who stood ready at hand, and often with his heavy spear, which he preferred to a rifle, he gave the *coup-de-grâce*, and ended the dying struggle of the animal that I had shot.

He had a tremendous reach, and being very powerful would hurl his weapon, and bury the whole length of his twelve inch blade in the carcass of an animal.

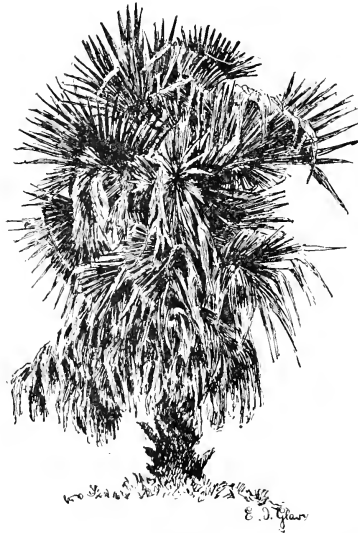
How different was the result of the next hunting party, which started from Lukolela station. Its disastrous termination was one of the saddest events in my life.

It was my companion Key's turn to go and try and bag some game, and renew our food supply. He started off in high spirits, saying to me as he went away, "Have a good lunch ready, old man—back about one—shall be awfully hungry—always am when I come home from hunting." I could not accompany him, as I was busy that day looking after station matters. One o'clock passed, two, three, and then, as he was usually punctual in returning at the appointed hour, I began to have a fear that something was wrong. I felt sure that something had happened, and as time wore on and brought no news of my canoe, this foreboding of evil tidings increased. At last just as the sun was sinking, I saw my canoe returning, but my straining eyes could catch no glimpse of poor Keys. There was in the canoe an ominous gap, which arrested the beating of my heart, and upon its arrival at the beach I found that my presentiment was sadly converted into fact. I then learned the story of his death. Having come upon a herd of buffaloes, eager for the sport he fired away until he exhausted his stock of cartridges; he was then in the midst of a large plain, but was suffering so much from thirst that he decided to make for the river, which was distant about half a mile. He took with him one Houssa and a little native boy. When they had proceeded a few hundred yards, they had to traverse a stretch of very long grass, upon entering which they were startled by the snorting and tramping of an enraged buffalo. The two frightened blacks skipped off the patch and hid in the tangled cover. Keys also tried to escape. The brute charged here and there, at one time beating down the long grass within a yard of the two blacks. Then, at last, suddenly sighting poor Keys, he charged furiously at him. One slight moan was all the blacks heard. Death must have been instantaneous. It was a sad blow for me; the remembrance of it is still vivid in my mind. We had been the best of friends; no angry word or thought had ever passed between us. He had left me that morning full of life, rejoicing in his youth and strength. I fancied I could almost hear the echoings of his eager calls, hurrying his men to the hunt, and faint lingering notes of his joyous farewell shouts seemed to reach me as I sat alone while

the gloomy shades of the fateful day gathered darkly round the desolate station. They had placed the body in his room on the narrow camp-bed. All the weary night I paced restlessly up and down the mud floor of the house, listening and watching, intensely expectant for something to assure me that it was all the fancy of a feverish brain. The strain at last became unendurable. Before the dawn broke I was lying delirious with fever in my own room. When I regained my senses I found my men gathered round me, anxiously awaiting the first sign of returning consciousness.

I buried poor Keys just behind the station house. A great silk-cotton tree throws its shade over the grave—a heap of stones encircled with a rough wooden paling, at the head of which stands a little cross bearing his name and the date of his death.

I was destined to see no white face for five months, and it would be a long time before the poor mother, in far-away England, could receive the awful news of her dear boy's death.



A FAN PALM.



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, UPPER CONGO.

CHAPTER VI.

HUNTING NOTES, AND SAVAGE CEREMONIES.

BUFFALO HUNTING—CAUGHT IN A STORM—A SPIRIT IN A RIFLE BARREL—THE MEDICINE MAN'S RETREAT—EXTRACTION OF BULLETS—FRIENDLY CHAT WITH THE NATIVES—A HUMAN SACRIFICE—THE EXECUTIONER—HORRORS OF SLAVERY—THE YOUNG CHIEF NDOBO—HIS DESPOTISM AND FATE.

The sad death of my comrade Keys was a great blow to me, and left me in an awful state of depression.

It was but yesterday we two were talking of home, and anticipating our future careers in Africa, with hearts full of hopefulness and boyish ambition. At night our overflow of good spirits had found lusty relief, as we sat by the log fire and boisterously sang our songs till the gloomy jungles around us echoed them back.

To-night pitiless disaster had hauled the flag half-mast, and the nocturnal silence was unbroken except by cry of a savage beast or the weird call of the vampire to remind me of the grievous fact that I was alone.

But it was absolutely necessary to overcome fate's merciless assault, for my responsible position as commander of Lukolela demanded that my energy and judgment should be in thorough, robust condition, and so I was determined to dismiss the sad subject as much as possible from my mind, by keeping my time fully employed in my station work, and in my duties of research in the native settlements.

My blacks were greatly depressed at the dreadful accident, and when in a few weeks' time, I suggested another buffalo hunt, they tried hard to persuade me to abandon the idea, expressing the dread that I, too, might lose my life, and then, they asked "what will become of us?" But I allowed no such argument, and I was resolved to rouse them from their disheartened mood. Their objections to accompanying me became almost mutinous, and I was compelled to make forcible display before they would pick up their paddles and board the big dug-out canoe for a trip in search of game. However, they finally took their paddles, and we crossed the river to my old hunting field without mishap, and rowed silently up a small creek which headed away in a forest swamp, and flowed languidly through a winding channel till it discharged its muddy little volume into the Congo. Upon rounding one of the many curves, we came in full view of four buffaloes standing in the water up to their bellies. They saw us at once, and amidst a great splashing, they hastily plunged toward the bank. Three of them had already got safely out, and into the long grass before I could get a steady aim, but as the fourth one reached the dry land he turned his head, and looked at us for a moment.

This injudicious curiosity gave me the right opportunity; my bullet struck him in the forehead, and he dropped heavily to the ground with a low moan, which is the sign of a fatal shot, and upon our reaching the animal he was quite dead. My men were delighted that we had bagged our game without at all endangering ourselves in the venture. The meat was soon cut up and stowed away in the canoe, and all of us, now greatly encouraged by the successful result of the hunt, were beginning to enjoy a more cheerful condition of mind.

The Congo River just above Lukolela is about four miles wide, and sudden storms render this wide stretch of water very dangerous to cross. On this day the heavens certainly looked rather threatening, but there were apparently no signs of an immediate squall, so we started for the other side. When about midstream, a few gusts of wind came sweeping along, just slightly ruffling the river's surface, and Bongo Nsanda, who always acted as my

steersman, pointed to the horizon in the north-west, where a fiery patch arched over by darkened clouds warned us that a storm was nigh.

“Koolooka na ngooea!” (Paddle with all your might!) “Mboongé anakooia!” (Waves are forming!) My crew had the greatest confidence in my black hunter’s knowledge on such a subject, and every man worked with a will, and the canoe staggered along over the choppy seas which had sprung up so suddenly around us.

We were rapidly nearing the shore, but the waves increasing in size every moment, were rolling in over the gunwale, and I was compelled to order the men to lighten the canoe by throwing our meat overboard, but in spite of this precaution, and the excellent management of the craft, the heavy seas closed in on us on all sides, and swamped us. Fortunately every one could swim, and when thrown into the water, all held on to the gunwale of the water-filled dug-out, which was a cotton wood, and we reached the beach in safety. As I also took the precaution of firmly lashing my guns to the side of the canoe, these indispensable weapons were all saved, so except for the loss of the meat, and the unpleasant risk we ran of being nipped by a crocodile whilst swimming ashore, the accident was trifling.

As the natives of Central Africa attribute to some mysterious influence any hitch or hindrance occurring in ordinary every-day affairs, the little mishap I have just related was credited to the Moloki or evil spirit, who is said to be guilty of indulging in petty annoyances. I was assured that the evil spirit had aided me to bag my buffalo, and had then allowed me to get the meat supply almost back to the station, but had acted with this generosity only to have the opportunity of vexing me by swamping my canoe, and robbing me of its cargo.

I was once somewhat astonished to hear this mysterious influence accused of tampering with fire-arms. Continual practice among African big game had given me a steady hand, and rendered my aim with the rifle fairly sure. As a rule after a day’s hunting among the buffaloes or hippopotami, I returned home with at least one of these animals. But during one season it happened that for

two consecutive days I failed to kill any thing although I saw plenty of game. I had used every effort, too, as my larder stood much in need of fresh supplies. The men who accompanied me were thoroughly disheartened at my want of success, and were convinced of the interference of some spirit who had bewitched my gun, and they earnestly asked my permission to expel the objectionable evil-doer. "Let us have your rifle and we will remove the Moloki," said they; and upon my inquiring the mode of ejection they proposed trying, they answered: "Simply put the barrel into the fire till it is red hot, and burn out the evil-spirit." As the cure suggested seemed to me worse than the evil it was intended to remedy, I decided that the Moloki could retain his present quarters rather than that my rifle should suffer such treatment, and moreover I myself would attend to any such ejections which I found to be necessary.

Whilst at Lukolela I had a fine well-stocked medicine chest, and the natives now thoroughly convinced of my interest in their welfare, would come to me to have their ailments doctored; even their crude minds could see that an actual remedy applied was more consistent than the charm doctors' rattle and his muttered incantations; moreover I made no charge, whilst my dusky competitor aided the suffering only after exorbitant payment. Many of the natives, however, stubbornly clung to tribal prejudices.

The wife of one of my men had a child who was suddenly taken ill. She, unknown to me, called in the village medicine man. I watched this celebrity's official arrival as he walked with measured step and awed his credulous fellow-men with his imposing manner. He viewed the sick baby with a good deal of professional concern, and then after receiving an advance payment, he proceeded to chalk his face in different colors with stripes, smudges, and dots, and having produced from his knitted sack a few packets of feathery charms, asked that a large pot of water might be placed over the fire, in the vessel he threw a few beads and shells, and then ordered his audience to sit down in silence, and warned them all to so remain until he had completed his investigation. When I arrived on the scene, he was eagerly gazing into

the water watching for the appearance of the face of the possessor of an evil spirit which had bewitched the child. My athletic treatment of this village ecclesiast however prompted a return journey, in which dignity certainly was not the prominent feature. He had unexpectedly discovered a far more robust spirit than had been expected. Subsequently the little child, which had very little the matter with it, got well under a treatment of nutritious food supplied from the station kitchen.

There were two native trails running through my territory; one ran along in front of the house, and the other at the back through my plantation; the charm doctor in future always took the latter, as his public appearance at my station had added to his list of recollections, one of decided bodily discomfort.

There is a great deal of sickness among these people. Fevers and agues haunt the swamps, and there is much suffering from ulcers and sores. There are some herbal medicines of valuable properties known to these people. But the fetish-man, in order to maintain his reputation, invests all actual medical treatment with such elaborate magical surroundings as to convince the ignorant savage that the cure is due to the charm, and the application of the herbal mixture subservient to fetish agencies.

To his religious functions the Nganga unites those of the surgeon and the physician, and whatever his pretensions in the one calling may be, his skill in the other is more than considerable. In skirmishes of intertribal warfare natives are often badly wounded; powder is a scarce commodity in this part of the world, so the owner of a musket will not fire at his enemy unless he is near enough to be certain of his aim. The slugs used are rough pieces of copper, brass wire, and stones of all shapes. These fired at a distance of twelve or fifteen yards inflict ugly wounds, and are found deeply embedded in the flesh. In the extraction of these rude bullets the fetish-man displays great surgical skill, although of course he always attributes such ability to the agency of his wonder-working charms. At one time, during a little fight I was forced into by the hostile attitude of a neighboring chief, several of my men received wounds from the enemy's overcharged

flint-locks. I called in a native charm doctor who was renowned for surgical skill. When he arrived I told him that if he succeeded in extracting the slugs from my men I would give him a handsome present. One of my men was badly hit; the charge had entered the shoulder just below the neck, and worked its way down toward the armpit. The Nganga, covered with magic paraphernalia, assumed the impressive demeanor characteristic of his clan. He first compelled all present to seat themselves on the ground before him, allowing no one to stand behind him while he was performing the operation. My man was then brought and firmly held, while the Nganga examined the wounds, carefully probing with the hair of an elephant's tail to ascertain the position of the slugs. Having satisfied himself on this point he addressed himself to his charms, bewildering the simple onlookers with muttered incantations of fearful-sounding words; he would often consult a basin filled with water placed near the head of the patient, into which he had dropped a few shells; then he smeared his body with different colored powders, and to increase the keenness of his insight into the hidden things of the spirit world he anointed his eyelids with a bluish paste. All influences being propitious he proceeded to work again, gently squeezing and pinching the flesh to coax the bullets from the wounds. When his fingers assured him that he had succeeded in his endeavor to bring the bullet near the surface, he produced a number of leaves from a bag carried on his person, pressed them to pulp between his palms, and placed a portion of them over each wound. This done he continued his manipulations with one hand while gesticulating to a mysterious bundle he had in the other. Finally he removed the leaves, and taking the extracted bullets from the aperture of each wound dropped them one by one with a triumphant gesture into the basin. The skill of the Nganga compelled my admiration, and yet all the natives who witnessed the extraction, the patient included, departed more impressed by the irrelevant and absurd rites that accompanied the operation than by the knowledge and dexterity of the operator.

The old medicine man is the most important individual in a vil-

lage. Even the head men fear his tyranny. His authority should always be weakened by any white man living in the district. I invariably made it my business to scoff at their ability, and eventually succeeded in convincing a great part of the settlement that they were being duped by the charm doctor's deceit and hypocrisy.

My station at Lukolela was thronged all day and far into the night with dusky crowds, and the station and native village of Lukolela were living on the best of terms.

The natives brought me presents of goats, fowls, bananas, pineapples, and palm wine, and I delighted their childish hearts with penny forks, tiny bells, brass wire, and bright cloth. They narrated to me incidents and historical events in connection with their nation, and I endeavored to give them some idea of what a great country the white man dwelt in, but they could not understand how our "village" could be important. They had seen so few white men, and had never seen a white woman, they did not believe there were many of us, and when I asked them to draw in the sand the size of Mputu, (white man's land), they portrayed it as having the dimensions of a man's hand, while quite an extensive area was shown as the size of Lukolela, which they considered far larger than all the white man's land put together.

They were greatly amused at the rough drawings I made with charcoal on the whitewashed side of my house, and when I depicted in crude designs, steamboats, locomotives, and other civilized appliances so strange to them, and gave explanation in their own tongue, I had always a most appreciative audience. For a long time they could not understand small printed illustrations; the diminutive representation of objects puzzled them greatly. If I pointed out a man in a picture, they would say "If that is a man"—"A ku jala muké muké." (He is a very small one).

These natives have a strange combination of characteristics; they are light-hearted, plucky, industrious, and make staunch followers, but they are pitilessly cruel, and delight to witness human suffering and the spilling of human blood.

Horrible ceremonies of human sacrifice result from the belief prevailing amongst these people of an existence carried on underground after death, as on earth, a life in which the departed ones require the services of slaves and wives to attend to their several wants.

They believe that death leads but to another life to be continued under much the same conditions as the life they are now leading, and a chief thinks that if when he enters into this new existence he is accompanied by a sufficient following of slaves, he will be entitled to the same rank in the next world as he holds in this, and from this belief arises a hideous ceremony of human slaughter. Upon the death of a chief a certain number of his slaves are selected to be sacrificed that their spirits may accompany him to the next world. Should this chief own thirty men and twenty women, seven or eight of the former and six or seven of the latter will suffer death. The men are decapitated, and the women are strangled. When a woman is to be sacrificed she is adorned with bright metal bangles, her toilet is carefully attended to, her hair is neatly plaited, and bright-colored cloths are wrapped around her. Her hands are then pinioned behind, and her neck is passed through a noose of cord; the long end of the cord is led over the branch of the nearest tree, and is drawn taut at a given signal; and while the body is swinging in mid-air, its convulsive movements are imitated with savage gusto by the spectators. It often happens that a little child also becomes a victim to this horrible ceremony by being placed in the grave alive, as a pillow for the dead chief. These executions are still perpetrated in many villages of the Upper Congo.

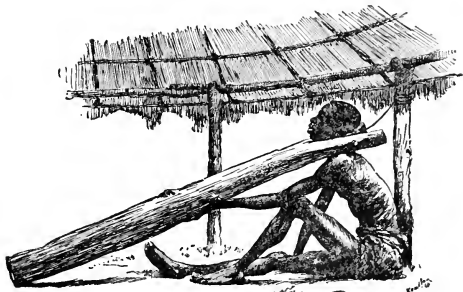
Upon the occasion of an execution all peaceful occupation is thrown aside, and old and young of both sexes give themselves up to the indulgence of the ghastly spectacle.

At early morn a peculiar slow beating on the war drums is the death signal for the poor slave pinioned and guarded in a hut near by, and the well-known sounds announce to the savage audience that the executioner is about to add to his list of victims.

The natives hurriedly leave their huts, and very soon groups of

men, women, and children form themselves in circles and excitedly perform dances, consisting of violent contortions of the limbs, accompanied by savage singing, and repeated blasts of the war-horns, each dancer trying to outdo his fellow in violence of movement and strength of lung.

About noon, from sheer exhaustion, combined with the heat of the sun, they are compelled to cease, when large jars of palm wine are produced, and a general bout of intoxication begins, increasing their excitement, and showing up their savage nature in striking colors. The poor slave, who all this time has been lying in a corner of some hut, shackled hand and foot, and closely watched, suffering the agony and suspense which this wild tumult suggests to him, is now carried to some prominent part of the village, there to be surrounded and to receive the jeers



AWAITING EXECUTION.

and scoffs of the drunken mob of savages. The executioner's assistants, having selected a suitable place for the ceremony, procure a block of wood about a foot square. The slave is then placed on this, in a sitting posture; his legs are stretched out straight in front of him; the body is strapped to a stake reaching up the back to the shoulders. On each side stakes are placed under the arm-pits as props, to which the arms are firmly bound; the other lashings are made to posts driven into the ground near the ankles and knees.

A pole is now planted about ten feet in front of the victim, from the top of which is suspended by a number of strings a bamboo ring. The pole is bent over like a fishing-rod, and the ring fastened round the slave's neck, which is kept rigid and stiff by

the tension. During this preparation the dances are resumed, now rendered savage and brutal in the extreme by the drunken condition of the people. Groups of dancers surround the victim and indulge in drunken mimicry of the contortions of face which the pain caused by this cruel torture forces him to show. He has no sympathy to expect from this merciless horde.

Presently in the distance approaches a company of two lines of young people, each holding a stem of the palm tree, so that an arch is formed between them, under which the executioner is escorted. The whole procession moves with a slow but dancing gait. Upon arriving near the doomed slave all dancing, singing, and drumming cease, and the drunken mob take their places to witness the last act of the drama.



THE EXECUTIONER.

An unearthly silence succeeds. The executioner wears a cap composed of black cocks' feathers; his face and neck are blackened with charcoal, except the eyes, the lids of which are painted with white chalk. The hands and arms to the elbow, and feet and legs to the knee, are also blackened. His legs are adorned profusely with broad metal anklets, and around his waist are strung wild-cat skins. As he performs a wild dance around his victim, every now and then making a feint with his knife, a murmur of admiration arises from the assembled crowd. He then approaches and makes a thin chalk mark on the neck of the fated man. After two or three passes of his knife, to get the right swing, he delivers the fatal blow, and with one stroke of his keen-edged weapon severs the head from the body. The decapitation brings to a climax the frenzy of the natives; some of them savagely puncture the quivering trunk with their spears, others hack at it with their knives, while the remainder engage in a ghastly struggle for the possession of the head, which has been

jerked into the air by the released tension of the sapling. As each man obtains the trophy, and is pursued by the drunken rabble, the hideous tumult becomes deafening; they smear one another's faces with blood, and fights always spring up as a result, when knives and spears are freely used. The reason for their anxiety to possess the head is this—the man who can retain that head against all comers until sundown will receive a present for his bravery from the chief. It is by such means that they test the brave of the village, and they will say with admiration, speaking of the local hero, "He is a brave man, he has retained two heads until sundown."



EXECUTIONER'S CAP, SWORD, AND LOIN CLOTH.

When the taste for blood has been to a certain extent satisfied, they again resume their singing and dancing while another victim is prepared, when the same ghastly exhibition is repeated. Sometimes as many as twenty slaves will be killed in one day. The dancing and general drunken uproar are continued until midnight when once more absolute silence ensues, in utter contrast

to the hideous tumult of the day. I had frequently heard the natives boast of the skill of their executioners, but I doubted their ability to decapitate a man with one blow of the soft metal knives they use. I imagined they would be compelled to hack the head from the body. When I witnessed this sickening spectacle I was alone, unarmed, and absolutely powerless to interfere. But the mute agony of the poor black martyr who was to die for no crime but simply because he was a slave—whose every piteous movement was mocked by frenzied savages, and whose very death throes gave the signal for the unrestrained outburst of a hideous carnival of drunken savagery, appealed so strongly to my sense of duty, that I decided upon preventing by force any repetition of this scene. I made my resolution known to an assembly of the principal chiefs, and though several attempts were made, no actual executions took place during the remainder of my stay in this district.

A few words are necessary to define the position of the village chiefs as the most important factors in African savage life, especially as in one way or another they are intimately connected with the worse features of the slave system, and are responsible for nearly all the atrocities practiced on the slave.

The so-called chiefs are the head men of a village, and they rank according to the number of their warriors. The title of chieftain is not hereditary, but is gained by one member of a tribe proving his superiority to his fellows. The most influential chief in a village has necessarily the greatest number of fighting men, and these are principally slaves, as the allegiance of a free man can never be depended upon. A chief's idea of wealth is slaves. Any kind of money he may have he will convert into slaves at the first opportunity. Polygamy is general throughout Central Africa, and a chief buys as many female slaves as he can afford, and will also marry free women, which is, after all, only another form of purchase.

Sometimes misfortune creates great changes in the chieftain's career. I will narrate a short story of a young tyrant named Ndobu, whose ambitious career was unexpectedly checked.

Ndobo was an African savage; his father was the chief Ncossi; his mother, Molumbu, was a slave woman.

When old Ncossi died, his son Ndobo, who was a brave fellow, took his place as chief of Ikengo, a village on the banks of the Congo River, about a hundred miles from Lukolela.

In former days it had been the custom for the different chieftains of the whole country to combine and form themselves into a council for the shaping of laws for the ruling of the land, but when the young and ambitious Ndobo came into power, he refused to admit such division of authority. He at once assumed supreme control, and threatened with barbarous punishment all who opposed him. The slave who disobeyed him was killed, and a discontented district was fiercely assailed till the entire land tendered submission and homage to the young tyrant.

In single combat Ndobo had vanquished every warrior who had dared to draw his blade. He was proud of the ugly scars which stood out in long wales all over his body, recording savage fights with man and beast.

I must here mention that in this land the utterance of a malicious wish is a direct challenge to whomsoever it is addressed, and the speaker never fails to support his words by grasping his knife in readiness. "Owi na mai!" (May you get drowned!) "Owi na ncorli!" (May a crocodile eat you!) are insults which will unsheathe the two glistening blades and throw two stalwart savages into angry conflict, and due satisfaction is not acknowledged till both are weak from loss of blood, and the vanquished drops his knife and gasps out his surrender. So feared had Ndobo become that he would stand unarmed and heap offensive threats on both chieftains and slaves with impunity, for no one dared to resent them. Though brave in war and fearless in the chase, he was withal a cruel and merciless savage; the life of a human being to him was no more than that of a fowl or a goat.

On the roof of Ndobo's hut a score of whitened skulls bore evidence of how his father's death was signalized, and how thoroughly the son and heir had fulfilled the grim demand of tribal fashion, which decides that upon the death of a chief half

of the number of slaves owned by the deceased shall be sacrificed, so that they may accompany their master into the next world, and do his bidding there, as they had done on earth.

When the village is not roused to brutish frenzy by some hideous exhibition of savagery prompted by national custom or resulting from Ndobó's cruel whim or anger, then there is an air of calm and content about this African settlement. The neat bamboo huts



SLAVE FROM UP-STREAM.

roofed with grass, embedded in a mass of tropical verdure, and shaded by stately palm trees, the throngs of orderly beings quietly engaged in cheerful and friendly conversation, and the hearty laughter of the rollicking youngsters form a picturesque and peaceful scene.

Recently several large canoes had come down stream from Lulungu loaded with slaves and ivory, the owners of which had sold to the Ikengo chieftains the entire human freight and all the costly elephant tusks. Ndobó, who was a keen trader, had bought

the bulk of the cargo, and set to work at once to organize an expedition to convey the newly acquired wealth down stream several hundred miles, and there make exchange with the Chumbiri people for cloth, brass wire, metal ornaments, beads, and the variety of trinkets which go to make up the currency.

Five large canoes had been selected, each to be manned by a crew of twenty-five stalwart paddlers; the hardest men of the land had been pressed into Ndobó's service. Some of the chieftains of the surrounding country would accompany the expedition, others were detailed to remain in defense of the villages.

For several days all the women had been busily engaged in preparing provisions for the trip, not only for the journey down stream, but for their stay there, and also for the return journey,

for the Chumbiri people would take advantage of their hungry condition to charge them ridiculous prices for any food they might need.

Manioc is the bread of that land, the most popular and general preparation of it being *chiquanga*. Manioc is a vegetable resembling in appearance a very large potato; a number of bulbs grow in a cluster at the roots of a bush, which reaches ten feet in height, with lanky limbs and a scant covering of dainty foliage. A small twig of the manioc bush, planted in due season, will develop to maturity after fifteen months, and about a score of large potato-like vegetables ripened to perfection will be clinging to the roots a few inches below the surface on the ground. The African woman, who conducts all agricultural arrangements, cuts down the bush, and digs out the roots. When taken from the ground, the vegetable is of the substance of an artichoke, but very stringy throughout. Big baskets are loaded with these roots and sunk into the water, and after a few days are taken out, when a great change has taken place by fermentation; the manioc has now become quite mealy, and all the threads can be easily removed. It is then kneaded into dough, and made into round puddings weighing about three pounds, which are boiled for several hours. When properly cooked it is white, and looks like a white duff pudding, and is very wholesome and nourishing. It is rather difficult at first for a white man to learn to like this dish, which tastes somewhat like sour milk. But the white man in this land has no bakeries or restaurants catering to his wants, and after a while, if he is deprived of *chiquanga*, he feels the want as keenly as any native.

All preparations for the journey had now been completed, and early one morning the sharp rattle of Ndobó's drum sounding the "Nkundila" (all aboard) signal summoned the paddlers for the start and threw the village into a state of bustle and commotion. The canoes lying swamped, to protect them from the sun, were soon lifted and baled out dry, ready to be loaded, and then Ndobó himself stood on the beach and superintended operations. All the ivory (some tusks weighing ninety pounds), was carried down

and laid along the bottoms of the dug-outs; then the bales of fish and chiquanga were snugly stowed, also bundles of "ngula" (powdered red-wood), which the "swells" in that country mix into a paste with fat, to smear their bodies with when wishing to appear fully "dressed." Everything is packed so that the canoe is kept in perfect trim all the time. The slaves to be sold, down stream, are led down and crowded together in a sitting posture, all securely handcuffed, on the bottoms of the dug-outs.

When all the canoes were properly loaded and in perfect trim, Ndobo gave the order, "Nkundila!" and every paddler was soon in his place, and the dug-outs pushed into the stream. Before making the actual start they paddled two or three times up and down in front of the village to receive for their formidable appearance the admiration of the girls they left behind them. It was a barbaric but impressive display, and the sweethearts and wives who remained in the village viewing that well-equipped and well-armed force need feel no anxiety for the result if some hostile tribe should attack them on the way down stream, for they were perfectly capable of rendering a good account of themselves.

The warriors, all standing, with their heads bedecked with feathers, strained on the pliant paddle till the long heavily laden dug-outs leaped along the water in graceful curves, ably steered by four stout paddlers at the stern. Drums were beaten on board and on shore, loud blasts were blown through large ivory trumpets, crude cymbals were dashed together, and every voice shouted a tribal war-song. Every now and then the warriors laid down their paddles and grasped their knives and shields and spears, and stabbed and slashed in mimic warfare. Finally they wheeled around, each man laid his weapons by his side, within easy reach, and took up the paddle, and the journey commenced in real earnest.

"Cooma!" (beat time), shouted Ndobo, and one man in each canoe raised a foot to the gunwale of the dug-out, and hammered out the time for the paddlers' strokes.

When on an expedition, if the weather is favorable, the na-

tives will travel by water fifty miles without a halt; their canoes when loaded sink down so deep that they cannot venture out when the river is rough, so when they get a spell of fine weather they will paddle till exhausted. And when on a trading venture, with a cargo of slaves, the fewer nights spent *en route* the better, for there is always the fear that some may escape.

Ndobo's flotilla, propelled by powerful strokes and aided by a swift current, was soon many miles away from Ikengo. The canoes raced along down stream amidst an incessant tumult of singing and drumming, now threading their way through a scattering of pretty tropical islands, then past immense sand-banks upon which monster crocodiles lay, basking in the sun, with opened jaws, which closed with a sharp snap at the unusual approach, and the loathsome reptiles waddled lazily into the stream.

Herd of hippopotami, lying huddled in shallow water with only the tops of their heads and backs showing above the surface, startled by the strange intrusion, reared up angrily, and clumsily stampeded away and plunged out of sight into deep water, to appear again presently, scattered all over the surface of the water, each animal, however, showing only his eyes and the tips of his ears above the surface.

Each night the canoes were firmly fastened to the shore, and the big earthen cooking pots were carried ashore, filled with the savory manioc, and dried fish were steaming over log fires. When the cooking was done, the crowd divided itself into parties of a dozen, each with a pot of its own, around which they swarmed, eating from it with their fingers, those in the background being greatly handicapped by having to reach over the others' heads, but always trying in such a case to dip in the dish more frequently, and regulate the result in that way. After having eaten, they spread out their mats near the fires, and, having had a comfortable smoke, roll off to sleep. When the mosquitoes are bad (and it is seldom they are not), the African lies on the edge of his mat and, throwing the remainder of it over him as a roof, he then builds a smoky fire at each end to deny admittance to the hateful torment.

After a few days' hard paddling, Ndobó and his flotilla arrived at Chumbiri without having suffered any mishap. The young tyrant chief was duly greeted by the various chieftains at this place, to whom he was well known, having made frequent journeys here before.

In this land in the heart of Africa there is a game of chance called lobesi; pieces of pottery are chipped into wheels about the size of a quarter of a dollar; one side is whitened, the other burnt black. The player takes an odd number of these pieces in one hand and throws them on a mat, first betting upon either black or white; and, of course, if the majority turn up his color, he wins. Upon Ndobó's arrival here, a party of Chumbiri natives was earnestly engaged in a game of lobesi. They were playing for very low stakes—a few beads, a piece of fine brass wire, or perhaps a fathom of cotton cloth. Young Ndobó at once joined the game, and at first he began to win; he then bet more heavily, and instead of playing for beads and brass wire, he staked his valuable knife and spear, and lost both. Then he lost all the smaller trinkets he had previously won. He became excited and reckless, and he ordered one of his men to bring up a slave from the gang in his canoes, and upon his arrival Ndobó challenged all to stake their slaves. Only one player, however, accepted and agreed to continue the play; the others who had been gambling left the game.

The whole village now became interested, and a dense throng gathered round to watch the play.

Ndobó's opponent was rapidly winning. Slave after slave was brought up from the canoes, till the whole lot was gambled away. Then Ndobó produced a tusk of ivory, lost it, and staked another, and played till he had lost all. The young tyrant chief of Ikengo was a ruined man. Every form of wealth was gone, but he was yet a free man himself, and at liberty to gamble away his own existence. He hesitated for a few minutes in angry meditation, then nervously gathered up the seven lobesi wheels, bet on white, and threw. The little pieces rolled and twirled, and finally settled—three white and four black. He had lost.

Several years previously Ndobó had come down to Chumbiri with a cargo of slaves for sale, among them a boy named Molumbé. This boy had grown to be a man, and it was he who had dared to play Ndobó for so high a stake, and who had in one short afternoon won all the property of his former master, and even deprived him of his freedom.

That afternoon the young tyrant Ndobó, whose word was law in his own country, and at whose threat his whole dominion trembled, was seated handcuffed and shackled amidst the gang of half-starved slaves he had brought down stream; like them, he was now for sale.

Ndobó, sitting with his arms outstretched on his drawn-up knees, and face hidden, was struck to the quick by his former slave's quiet irony:

"My slave, Ndobó! Pesa 'ngai lusaku!" (Tender me homage.)

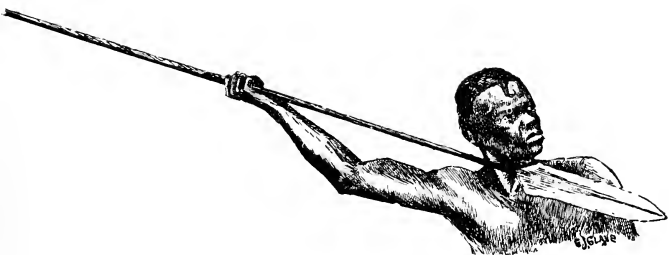
Ndobó, the tyrant, was helpless to resist. He answered:

"Lusaku, Nkulu!!" (I am your slave, my master.)

I regret very much to say that it is not often that the cruel, despotic chieftains meet so well-deserved a fate.



NDOBO'S CAPTIVITY.



THROWING THE SPEAR.

CHAPTER VII.

MY LAST DAYS AT LUKOLELA.

SHORT HAND SPEECH—"NYO"—CONGO ORATORS—LEGAL DISCUSSIONS—A DUEL—THE SLEEPING SICKNESS—GORILLAS—NATURAL PUNISHMENTS—FIGHTS AMONGST ANIMALS—A GUINEA FOWL STORY—AN ILL-TEMPERED HIPPO—THE CONGO FREE STATE—LUKOLELA ABANDONED.

Having been for many months in constant communication with my dusky neighbors, I was no longer looked upon as a foreigner. In fact, it was only when an occasional white man paid a passing visit that I spoke in English at all. I conversed with my own Zanzibaris in their language, the Ki-Swahili, and none of my Lukolela friends knew any tongue but their own Ki-Bangi which I had thoroughly learned.

The study of this revealed to me several abbreviated expressions, scraps of short-hand speech. On the lower reaches of the Congo the word "mboté" at first puzzled my comprehension. If I asked a native to sell me pine-apples or fowls, he answered, "Mboté," and whether I arrived in the village in the morning, afternoon, or night. I was greeted in friendly salutation by the single word, which also was the reply to any interest I might

express with regard to the state of health of the chief and family. As I made my departure, the natives, no matter whether they regretted my leaving their settlement or were pleased to see the last of me, bade me farewell in the expression "mboté." It seemed as though this word had monopolized an extravagant portion of the tribal dictionary.

Amongst a variety of other meanings, it could be translated, "Certainly, with pleasure," "Good-morning," "Good-afternoon," "Farewell," "Very glad to see you," and "Sorry you have to go." I suppose, when civilization will have established some of the observances of the white man, "Mboté will be invested with the additional meanings of "Many happy returns of the day," "Merry Christmas," and "A Happy New Year."

The word "bé", accompanied by the sign of firmly holding the chin between the first finger and the thumb, means quantity, under favorable conditions: for instance, I would interview Bongo Nsanda, and suggest to him that as our present hunting-grounds were being cleared of all the game by our frequent visits, we should try a new stretch of country, and would ask him if he knew of any place within easy reach where we could bag a buffalo or elephant; if I received the answer, "Bé," there was no need of my questioning him further on the subject, for that word and its attendant signs of holding the chin, signified that he knew of a locality with the necessary conditions altogether favorable.

By far the most forcible of all the abbreviations is the one expressing destruction and fulfillment of promise. It is a sound produced by screwing the mouth up into whistling position, then blowing a sharp breath, and at the same time passing the hand rapidly across the mouth close to the lips, making a noise resembling the sudden escape of steam.

I will cite an instance of the use of this expression. An old chief named Manjimba one day visited my station and sadly narrated to me how his village had been surprised by an inland tribe of hostile natives, who had captured some of his people and taken several prisoners. "Why don't you punish your enemies?" I asked. "You ought to be able to do so: you have a fine following

of stalwart warriors, all well armed with spears, knives, arrows, and shields. Why do your men carry such weapons if they remain inactive after such an unprovoked attack?"

Manjimba answered, in tones of unmistakable determination:

"Yes, Makula, I intend to fight these people. I am preparing to attack them and before many days are past my fighting men and myself will steal stealthily through the forest and pounce upon the marauders at night. I will kill some, enslave others, burn their huts to the ground, and destroy their fruit plantations."

Having delivered himself of this relentless threat, he picked up his spears and shield, and, affably wishing me good-by for the present, (Narké mboka), he strolled home again to attend to the warlike project in hand.

A few weeks after this interview the old chief returned to my station, and stood in an imposing attitude before me. I at once recalled our last conversation, and asked him the result of the venture. A lusty puff of breath rendered into a mild explosion by the rapid passing of his hand across his mouth at the time of exhalation was Manjimba's answer. After having informed me of the result of his expedition by this effective sign, a savage smile on the old warrior's face indorsed his meaning, which was, of course, that he had carried out his threat in its entirety.

I became so accustomed to the use of these peculiar forms of speech, that long afterward, even when conversing with white men, I would unconsciously use a native word, and sometimes startle my civilized companions by expressing myself in Lukolela sign talk. Another habit which I contracted was that of counting on the fingers. The native always quotes numbers by this means, and in complicated addition the toes also aid him to work out the result. It is surprising how rapidly, and with what accuracy, the Central African will conduct his arithmetical computations. He signifies a ten by a closed fist, and a hundred is represented by clapping together the open palms of the hands. Thus two hundred and fifty-three would be in the native language "Minkama mibalé joom itano na esartu"—literally, two hundreds, five tens, and three. By the hands this number would be indicated by two

claps of the palms, for the hundreds, the closing of the fist five times for the tens, and holding up of three fingers for the small numbers.

There are no roads in the country; the paths are simply wide enough for the passage of a single individual so that a party of natives must always walk in single file. When those marching ahead are carrying on the conversation they will signify any number referred to in their talk, on their hands, which they hold up above their heads so that those behind can see.

The natives spoke to me with the same carelessness as when talking among themselves. Village politics and general happenings were discussed in my hearing, as I never interfered until they attempted cruelty to their fellow-men, or acted with barbarous injustice. They argued that a man like myself, who would go out in the swamps and forests and tramp all day in search of the buffalo so as to provide them meat during hungry times was a friend who could be intrusted even with the important secrets of Lukolela village.

Eventually all the serious disputes arising between tribes and families were referred to me for judgment. This privilege gave me opportunities to patch up old quarrels and keep the whole settlement living at peace. I did not, however, attempt to exercise any control over personal squabbles and the investigation of petty offenses.

In all their legal discussions the word "nyo," the utterance of which is accompanied by drawing the end of the first finger down from the inner corner of the eye, to the mouth, is an emphatic negative, and plays a leading part in tribal debate. When an offender is delivering an oration in his own defense, he at first utters all his negative sentences in the affirmative, and then reverses them to the intended sense, by the use of "nyo." For instance, if a man is accused of having stolen a canoe. He will say, "Na yebaki baatu!" (I stole the canoe!) Then he adds the negative, to change



"NYO."

the meaning of his sentence entirely, which now is, "I did not steal the canoe." The use of "nyo" is a convenient means of gaining the full attention of one's hearers, as it is tribal politeness for the whole audience to have their fingers ready to chime in with a speaker's "nyo." The effect of this custom is very curious, as a chorus of lusty voices is added to the utterance of every negative. The speechmaker of the Dark Continent holds in his hand a bundle of small sticks, one of which he puts down in front of him for each new subject and argument and upon referring to any topic he picks up the particular little stick which he has placed as its representative, and this he holds in his hand while he is speaking on the subject.

Their harangues are lengthy and decidedly wearisome, for in all their arguments they will commence and talk for hours upon subjects altogether irrelevant to the discussion on hand; they will tell the audience all they know, and they will recite cunningly worded descriptions of their own good deeds in peace and war, in order to make a favorable impression upon their hearers.

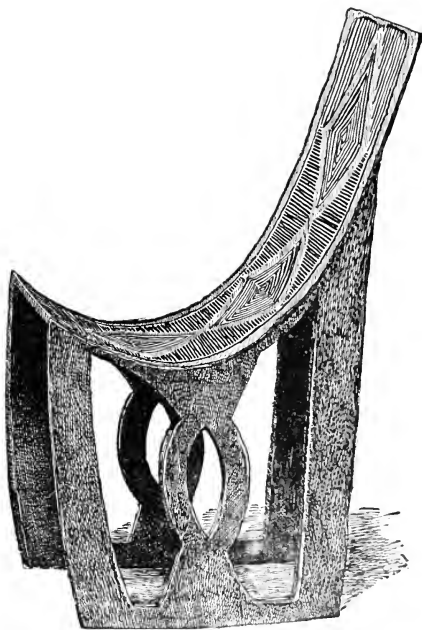
The gathering upon such an occasion is remarkably well behaved, and a dusky orator is never unreasonably interrupted; in fact, the crowd of listeners, packed in a solid ring around the space reserved for the council and those interested, fearful lest they should create disturbance by any vocal outburst, of approval or surprise, firmly cover their mouths with their hands at any sensational statement, and bottle up feelings which would if released constitute a most boisterous demonstration. At such a meeting the eyes, painfully protruding from every head, suggest earnest anxiety to shout, and we can easily understand why the precaution of closing the mouth during holding of court has become a legal regulation.

A council of chieftains is generally appointed to pass judgment upon disputes, and when both prosecutor and defendant have argued their cases the judges retire to arrange their verdict, and upon returning proclaim the victor by marking on his right arm a broad white chalk stripe.

Upon such an occasion the most influential chief present occupies a large chair fancifully carved. Men of minor importance may also use seats, but these must be smaller, as it is a breach of etiquette for any one to sit in a more comfortable or imposing chair than the "Mokungé Monéné" (Big Chief).

I am sorry to say that bribery often influences the verdict, the guilty man, by generously handing to the assemblage of chiefs a goodly stock of cloth, beads, and metal trinkets, can depend upon the proclamation of his innocence, in spite of overwhelming evidence against him.

A rather rough means is employed of eliciting evidence from a sulky and reticent witness. He is bound hand and foot, with leather thongs, and is then placed in some conspicuous clearing,



AFRICAN CHIEF'S CHAIR.

while his mouth is held wide open by a block of wood: the terrible downpour of the tropical sun by day and the torment of the mosquitoes by night, coupled with the agony of the thongs and gag, invariably persuade the victim to divulge any information required of him.

Many of the stout-hearted young warriors disdain to submit personal disputes to the judgment of others.

When they fail to arrive at a settlement by verbal means, then

they will obtain decision by resort to arms. Every man carries around his shoulder a keen-edged blade, which he has the courage and the nerve to use in defense of his opinions.

I remember once, upon going into one of the Lukolela villages, I found all peaceful occupations suspended; tools had been hastily cast down and the cooking-pot on the fire had resented the inattention paid to it by toppling over into the ashes and spilling a fine savory stew of crocodile, monkey, and red peppers. All the natives were eagerly crowding around some happening of great interest. Upon my arrival I found two young warriors fiercely engaged in single combat. They already presented a ghastly appearance, both had been so slashed over the head and body that their bodies were flooded with crimson, and the ground at their feet had become saturated with their blood. There was no need of my interference, for utter exhaustion had compelled a cessation of the contest. They stood staggering face to face, their sword-arms trembling from weakness, when one of them gasped out that he was beaten, and their friends helped them back to their huts. It is surprising how quickly these people will recover from such shocking treatment. The next day both walked to my station, and I doctored their wounds with carbolic oil, a tin of which I always kept ready for such occasions. This excellent remedy I smeared on with a varnish brush.

The cause of this fight I learned was the utterance of a malediction. The two men had fallen into hot dispute, and one of them had said, "Owa na ntolo" (May you die of sleeping sickness). I must here explain that this is a mysterious disease peculiar to Africa, and incurable even by the cunning of their charm doctors. A native apparently in the best of health will be suddenly attacked by a continual desire to sleep, and within a very few weeks he will be so overcome by the malady that he will only wake up occasionally from sound sleep into a dreamy stupor, which period is occupied in the voracious consumption of food, and while thus engaged he will fall off again into his previous comatose state. One so afflicted rapidly wastes away to a mere skeleton, and then dies.

This disease is held in such dread by the natives that it has been embodied into one of their bitterest curses, and no man expresses his hatred for another in the insulting form of "Owa na ntolo" (May you die of the sleeping sickness), without first grasping his knife in readiness, as this utterance is a direct challenge to fight, and no one but a coward will fail to accept it.

With regard to the contraction of debts the natives had a curious tradition, connecting defaulters with the origin of the gorilla. When a chief contracts a debt and refuses to pay, his creditor will lay in wait and obtain payment by capturing one of the debtor's slaves; but occasionally a poor man, unable to pay, fearing lest he himself may be pounced upon and sold into serfdom, will leave his village and try and make his way to some far off settlement and thus escape his creditors. The large monkey called the Soko, if we are to believe the Congo negro, is descended from a man who in ages past, having unfortunately drifted into debt and difficulty in his village, fled to the woods to escape his creditors, and while waiting for his troubles to blow over, his limbs altered in shape and his body became covered with long hairs.

The Soko is of the gorilla type, brown-haired, large-eared, with round face, smooth except the eyebrows, and a scanty beard. The women are much frightened at the sight of this animal and clutch their babes fearfully to their bosoms, as they are persuaded that very small children are the only property the transformed debtor now attempts to lay hands on; these, they say, he will catch and carry to the topmost bough of some tall tree. To recover possession of an infant the Soko must be humored. If approached with threatening gestures by the natives he will hurl it in rage to the ground, but if it is left to him to decide, the child will be returned unhurt by its captor. The habits of these strange creatures certainly afford some foundation for the exaggerated statements which the superstitious African makes about them. I myself have seen a family of them at early morn clustered for warmth round a camp-fire which has been left smoldering by some fishermen, but they have not intelligence enough to maintain the fire by a fresh supply of fuel.

The actions of these animals are certainly very remarkable. I have heard a family of them making a peculiar noise like the rattle of drums, which is produced by beating on their chests. Suddenly these sounds would cease, evidently at a given signal from the leader of their Simian orchestra, then the air would be filled with shrill cries, such as one hears from a large gathering of school-children when lesson time is over, and they find themselves in the open air again and their time is their own for play.

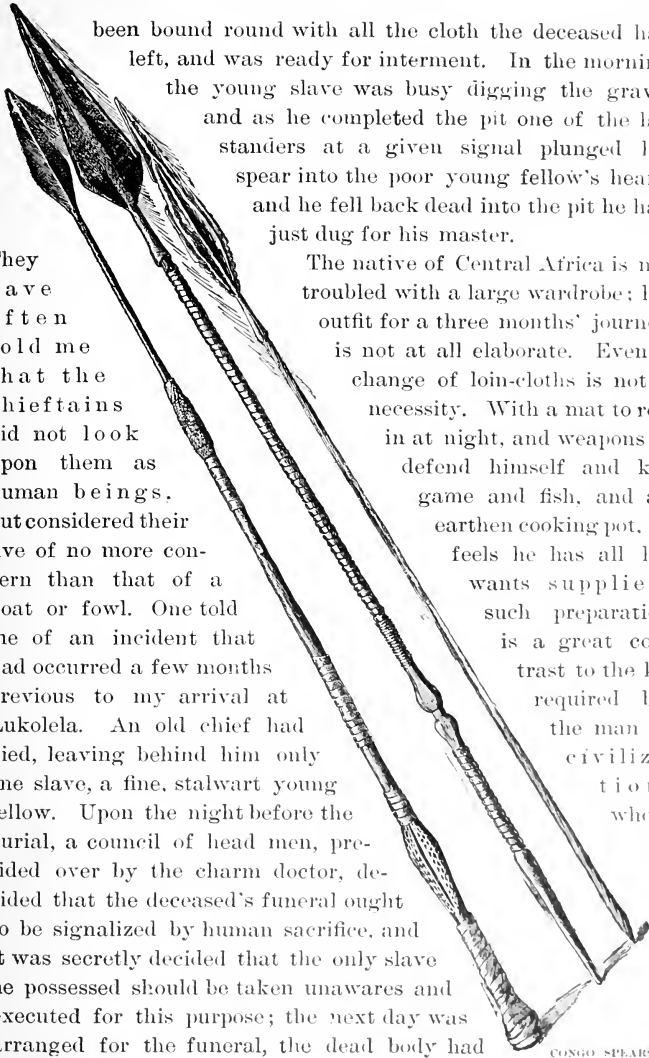
There is a fruit they are very fond of called Mapambo; this grows on a tall tree with slender trunk; the natives say that the Soko save themselves the bother of climbing after the fruit by shaking it down. They are also credited with covering the ground with big broad leaves, making a carpet on which to sit in some shady spot during the heat of the day. Of course, all such accounts are necessarily exaggerated, but there is no doubt that this Soko, which I am convinced is the veritable gorilla, is gifted with unusual cunning. Bongo Nsanda, who had had great experience with all kinds of animals, endeavoring to give me undoubted evidence of the high-classed intellect of the Soko, pointed to a large leaf growing like a mushroom, told me that mamma gorilla will carry her baby in one arm and shelter its little head from the sun with one of these leaves by holding it by the stalk as an umbrella. My experience with gorillas was not extensive. I saw and heard numbers at a distance, but they are very wary and I only succeeded in killing one, which took two men to carry; the natives would not eat him, though their palate craves for monkey; they told me, unlike the tribes of the far interior, they were not cannibals.

In every village in this section of the land will be found slaves of both sexes with an ear cut off. This is a popular form of punishment; in an African village it is not at all unusual to hear such threats as, "I will cut your ear off, I will sell you or I will kill you," and often they are said in earnest. As I always openly proclaimed my sympathy for the slaves in the village and lost no opportunity to condemn the cruel treatment of their masters, the oppressed creatures were always very well disposed toward me.

been bound round with all the cloth the deceased had left, and was ready for interment. In the morning the young slave was busy digging the grave, and as he completed the pit one of the bystanders at a given signal plunged his spear into the poor young fellow's heart, and he fell back dead into the pit he had just dug for his master.

They have often told me that the chieftains did not look upon them as human beings, but considered their live of no more concern than that of a goat or fowl. One told me of an incident that had occurred a few months previous to my arrival at Lukolela. An old chief had died, leaving behind him only one slave, a fine, stalwart young fellow. Upon the night before the burial, a council of head men, presided over by the charm doctor, decided that the deceased's funeral ought to be signalized by human sacrifice, and it was secretly decided that the only slave he possessed should be taken unawares and executed for this purpose; the next day was arranged for the funeral, the dead body had

The native of Central Africa is not troubled with a large wardrobe; his outfit for a three months' journey is not at all elaborate. Even a change of loin-cloths is not a necessity. With a mat to roll in at night, and weapons to defend himself and kill game and fish, and an earthen cooking pot, he feels he has all his wants supplied: such preparation is a great contrast to the kit required by the man of civilization, whose



CONGO SPEARS.

prospect of a two weeks' journey throws the whole household into a state of bewilderment, in their efforts to collect blankets, shirts, suits of clothes, shoes, hats, brushes, and a hundred and one articles naturally and reasonably required as companions.

It is curious to have one's workmen all armed to the teeth. When building clay houses, or making stockades, I always employed the natives from the neighboring villages and when my bugle sounded at sunrise in the morning they would appear in front of my house in line ready to be told off to their duty of the day. Every one carried a weapon of some sort; some had knives and spears, others bows and arrows and shields. Whilst actually at work they would take off their arms and lay them down within reach, for a signal drum, in a village near by, might call them hurriedly home in defense of their huts. These people have a saying that the unarmed man is a woman, and should go to the plantation and dig up sweet potatoes.

Rivalries and fights are by no means confined to human beings. Far away from the village huts the cries of the savage animals of African jungles engaged in deadly combat often break the silence of those wild regions. The unwieldy hippopotamus, strolling along a buffalo path, is charged unawares by one of those ill-tempered animals. The dispute culminates in a duel between the hippo's keen, gleaming tusks and the sharp-pointed horns of the buffalo bull.

The result of such an encounter depends usually upon the advantage given by the lay of the land to one of the combatants; as, should the buffalo have an unimpeded rush at his enemy, the hippo would receive such a blow as would render his ultimate dispatch a very easy matter. But should the slower moving but heavier hippopotamus have any opportunity to use his formidable tusks, the buffalo would have no chance at all. I remember hearing such an encounter; I did not actually witness the fray, but a visit to the scene of it after the battle was a sufficient proof that the fight had been fierce and protracted. The ground was broken and torn up in every direction; saplings, grass, and bushes were crushed and stamped into the muddy ground.

Bongo Nsanda once brought me in some fresh meat which he had obtained in rather a curious way. Whilst fishing in a lagoon he saw two buffaloes fighting savagely on a clear patch of ground near the shore. After a stubborn contest one animal fell fatally wounded, and the victor trotted away into the long grass, leaving the vanquished one in such a crippled condition that my black hunting friend put him out of his misery by a thrust of his heavy spear, and, of course, took all the meat, and no doubt felt thankful that a buffalo's ill-temper had so replenished his larder.

These so-called buffalo do not resemble at all the heavy-necked, shaggy-headed bison of America. They would be more correctly termed bush cattle, for they resemble very closely the domestic animal, varying in color from a dark cream to a dark brown, with very neat limbs and a pretty head. With their short but very sharp horns they remind one very forcibly of the ordinary cow. But they are very fierce in nature, and when they have young they will attack unprovoked. As a rule, when wounded they look about for an enemy, and very often charge about in the grass in the vicinity of the hunter, seeking for some clew to his whereabouts, and if you do not succeed in dropping them the results may be very serious.

In the upper reaches of the Congo, when the wet season, or "Mpila," is prolonged, the river rises to a great height, flooding huge tracts of bush and plain, and compelling the different wild animals to assume for the time an amphibious nature, as they must swim from place to place in search of food.

During the continuance of such a season the natives are enabled to kill off a great many buffaloes. They will surround a small herd that happens to be swimming together. Then they throw long wooden poles in the water all around the animals to hamper their progress and exhaust them. A buffalo, under these conditions, is a very harmless creature, and is easily approached and killed by the natives with a spear thrust.

It is not unusual to see an elephant swimming across the river; and this monster is as helpless as any when away from terra firma. He has very little power when in deep water, as, in order

to breathe, he must keep his trunk raised above the surface of the water, and is thus deprived of a formidable weapon.

Hunting is always a popular topic of conversation in Africa. I remember when in 1883 I was at Vivi, our lower Congo depot, a great deal was said about sport at the dining table. A friend of mine was an attentive listener; he had just arrived from Europe full of big ideas as to his hunting capabilities.

Somebody made the remark that it was very strange, considering the number of men who posed as hunters, that the larder of the station never received any benefit from it. Said he: "There are any amount of guinea fowls within a mile from this station. You have only got to go over the hill and down into the opposite valley and you can always find them." This piece of intelligence seemed to rouse my friend's spirit and ambition. He decided within himself that he would keep the secret to himself, but that he meant to kill some guinea fowls. So, the next morning, he harnessed himself with his gun, game-bag, knife, pistol, and the usual paraphernalia necessary to hunting in Africa, and, taking with him his black servant with spare ammunition and another game-bag, he sallied forth early in the morning, climbed the hill, and got down into the hunting-ground mentioned the previous evening. He was immediately rewarded with a sight which cheered him up and put him into a state of great nervous excitement, for there, within fifty yards of him, was a brilliant-plumaged bird, wandering about on a spit of sand, unconscious of its wily pursuer. Our hunter immediately threw himself on the ground, compelling his servant to do the same. Then with a few serpentine wriggles he managed to get behind a stone. Here he staid for a second or two to regain his breath; and again stealthily wriggled up to some other cover. Now, he was within ten yards of the still unconscious feathered one, and, there being no other cover by which he might approach nearer, he decided upon firing, at the same time giving himself great credit for having stalked so successfully, and wondering at the difficulties that other people found, placing it liberally to the credit of their imagination. His gun was loaded with number one shot, so he took a long, steady

aim, and fired. With ecstasies he gathered up the results, and fled back with news of his triumph to the station. Breathless and overheated with his excitement, he arrived in the midst of a little group of white men who were talking together. For a few moments he did not speak; he simply held up to their amazed view the result of the chase, triumph beaming in his eye. When, however, he had sufficiently recovered himself to speak he said, "You fellows are all talk. You talk about your guinea fowl hunting, but you never do anything. You see I have been up in the morning before you were up, and have shot this guinea fowl." He was surprised to see that a burst of laughter was the reception given him for this piece of information, and he felt considerably galled when he was informed that he had shot one of the station ducks.

Hippopotami, when guarding their young, are excessively spiteful, and attack the natives' canoes, very often upsetting them and killing the occupants. I remember one morning at a much earlier time than I was accustomed to rise, Bongo Nsanda woke me by hammering on my door with the butt of his spear. When I let him in he said to me: "Ngubu mbi akujala fisi ina"! (There is a very bad hippopotamus on the other side of the river). Then he told me that early that morning a fisherman, while in his canoe attending to his nets, was chased by this animal. The frightened fisherman paddled with all his might to avoid his fierce pursuer, and had just touched the bank with the nose of his canoe when the furious old hippo, with his great bony jaws, seized the stern of the frail canoe with a terrible crunch. Fortunately, the fisherman kept his balance, and was shot out of his canoe a distance of several feet and landed high and dry on the bank. The hippo, baffled in his attempt to overtake the native, smashed and trampled to pieces the little dug-out, as if to show the trembling wretch who had sought shelter in a tree-top, the kind of treatment he would have received if good fortune had not befriended him. This piece of information was held out to me as an inducement to rid mankind of so formidable a foe, but it was, of course, the prospect of hippo stew and roast, that prompted my hunter to feel

such an interest in the occasion. His fellow-man's acrobatic performance resulting from an old hippo's angry ways did not command his sympathy to any great extent.

"Yo ku-buma ye te, Makula?" (Won't you kill him, Makula?) asked Bongo Nsanda, using my native name. I felt now, with my experience, I could safely pit my Martini rifle against any hippo on the river, no matter how terrible his reputation might be. So I crossed the river in my large canoe, fearing to use my small one, lest the ill-conditioned old fellow might pitch me into the air, and perhaps select a locality which had not the advantage of presenting soft sand or grass on which to break my fall. In case he should charge, I felt sure that my present canoe would stand sound and steady.

When I reached the other side, there was our enemy on guard over a little bay. I put my canoe in-shore, just below the creek where he was swimming with his head hardly above water; then, creeping silently along the edge of the grass, I arrived in a position where I could get a good shot at him. I fired, and struck him in the head; my ball hit the skull where the bone was thickest, and only maddened the brute. He charged about in the shallow water near the bank, snorting, and churning up the muddy stream. Bongo Nsanda stood ready with his heavy loaded spear, and as the hippo came forward endeavoring to find the hiding-place of the enemy who had wounded him, Bongo Nsanda hurled his spear in behind the brute's shoulder, the keen blade piercing the body to the heart. The fishermen, attracted by the gunshot, were delighted to see their old enemy killed, and a deep-drawn sigh of relief escaped from the man who but the day before had been compelled by the hippopotamus to make such an undignified landing from his canoe, and the old fellow forgot his recent tumble as he enjoyed the substantial revenge of eating toasted slices from the fat carcass of his ungainly enemy.

I remember, at this hunt, my men found that they had left all their pipes at home; they had fire and tobacco, but no means of smoking; they were very much amused at my suggestion of using a rifle for the purpose by placing the tobacco in the breech and

using the barrel as the stem. This was tried and found to be a very satisfactory method in such an emergency.

I had now lived for two years at Lukolela. Great strides had been made on the Congo since I first arrived, in '83. The natives of the wild regions of the Congo Basin, who had never seen a white man until '77, when Stanley passed through their country on his marvelous journey "Through the Dark Continent," having placed themselves under the protection of Stanley's expedition, "L'Association Internationale Africaine," had by treaties ceded their territory to this society. In 1885, this territory was recognized by all the civilized powers as "L'Etat Independant du Congo" (The Congo Free State).

In 1885 the Berlin Conference distinctly defined the



A NOVEL TOBACCO PIPE.

limits of this new State, and this part of equatorial Africa was then exempt from European disputes. Better transport on the lower river was being organized, and new steamers were constantly being built and launched on the Upper Congo. The State had added "Le Stanley," a stern-wheeler, seventy feet long, to their fleet; the Livingstone Inland Mission had built and floated their steamer the "Henry Reed;" and besides these, the Baptist Mission twin-screw steamer "Peace" was already navigating the river.

This increased service of boats greatly improved the means of communication between the Stations. Letters were now received every three or four months. Only those who have traveled far away from home and dear friends can understand the pleasure a

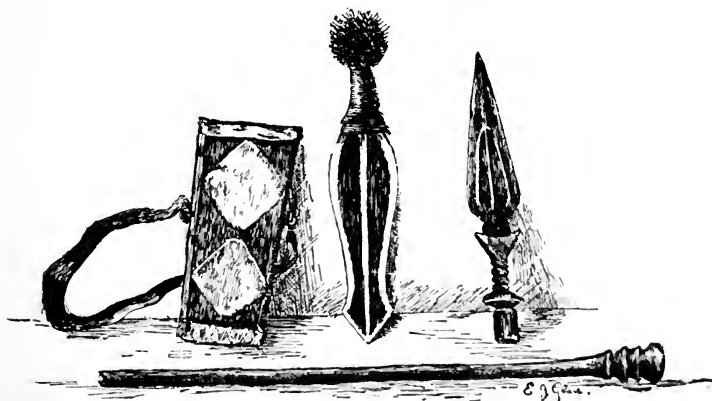
letter gives to one surrounded by wild and ignorant people, with whom, no matter how friendly they may be, he has no thought or feeling in common.

At times when one feels indeed isolated and cut off, the arrival of home letters puts him again in touch with the dear ones at home. If disappointed in receiving a mail, we try to account for the failure by gloomy suggestions, or think, Why have I not received a letter?—perhaps because of severe illness or even death! A steamer will sometimes arrive without letters. Intense is the suspense of a disappointed man, until the next arrival of a steamer. Friends are utterly unable to imagine the amount of pleasure they convey to the wanderer in distant climes by a thoughtful little note of kindness from home. The postal service, in wild, far-away countries, is erratic and unreliable. Sometimes six months will elapse without an opportunity of sending letters up into the interior. But the little packet of letters is all the more heartily welcomed after months of anxious waiting.

My station at Lukolela had been founded in order to secure rights to a certain territory by occupation of it, but now the limits of the Congo Free State and of French and Portuguese possessions in this part of Africa had been definitely settled, several posts founded for similar reasons were to be abandoned, as the object for which they were built had been attained. It was a great blow for me to know that Lukolela was among the doomed. I received orders from headquarters that I was to proceed one hundred miles down-river to Bolobo, with my garrison and all its belongings. It was further intimated that a small steel boat would be placed at my disposal for the transportation. The natives of Lukolela and the surrounding country, with all of whom I was on the best of terms, gathered together and protested most strongly against my leaving them; they offered me all kinds of inducements to stay. Ivory, goats, sheep, fowls, bananas, were to be mine, *ad libitum*, if only I would remain. But although I regretted leaving a people who showed so many proofs of affection for me, the orders were imperative and therefore had to be obeyed.

We exchanged parting gifts. Iuka, Mungaba, Mpuké, Manjimba, all brought their goats and sheep, and Bongo Nsanda, the courageous and faithful hunter, who had many a time occupied a dangerous corner with me in the tangled grass or the dark jungles of the neighboring forest, gave me his long cherished spear as a keepsake.

Our departure from Lukolela was as grotesque as it was sad. The natives crowded along the river-bank, all with sorrowful countenances, exchanging parting words with us as we dropped down-stream. The means I had at my disposal for the removal of my garrison were one steel whale-boat, twenty-five feet long, and one large dug-out canoe; and in these were to be conveyed twenty men, goats, sheep, fowls, ducks, furniture, my own belongings, and those of my men. We looked like an itinerant menagerie or troupe of tumblers. Men, tables, chairs, goats, ducks, boxes, mats, etc., were all mixed up so indescribably that the superstitious natives along the banks of the river above Bolobo fled in dismay as the tangled mass of men, animals, and freight piled into two small boats, floated past their villages.



KNIVES AND CLUB FROM THE FAR INTERIOR.



CONGO PADDLES AND BAILER.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOLOBO.

A TRIP DOWN STREAM—ROBBED BY A HIPPO—LIEBRECHTS AT BOLOBO STATION—"IBAKA"—CHARM WORSHIP—"THE RED OPERA HAT"—CHARGED BY A BUFFALO—THE BABY'S BATH—TAKEN BY A CROCODILE—ABANDON BOLOBO—VISIT TO BANGALA—NATIVE CARRIERS—A TRIP TO ENGLAND.

Our journey down from Lukolela to Bolobo was by no means a pleasure-trip, the whale-boat was so overcrowded and top-heavy with the crew, goats, and furniture, etc., that it required very careful management to maintain the craft in trim at all, but we were favored by fine weather and smooth water, so crept slowly on without accident. Herds of drowsy hippopotami huddled together in the shadows and sequestered inlets, grunted and snorted angrily as the splash of the oars and boatman's songs disturbed their comfortable snooze. I took the precaution, however, to avoid these animals as much as possible, as our decks were not "cleared for fighting," and, though several of their great heads offered a very inviting shot as they arose out of the water to get a good view of the crowded miscellany floating through their domains, yet I preferred to postpone shooting till the opportunity was more favorable, as a wounded hippo would certainly have resented my ill-treatment of him, by ripping a hole in the metal plates of the boat.

We were destined, however, before we reached Bolobo, to experience another adventure with these animals. Every evening

we selected a nice camping-place on the river-bank, anchored our boat on the beach, gathered up a pile of dry wood for cooking purposes and pitched the tents in preparation for the night's stay; at this season the mosquitoes were extremely numerous and voracious, and we were compelled to sleep under the protection of gauze curtains; several of my men had clubbed together and made out of thin cloth a large tent with a square top; this was raised into position and suspended from long stakes driven in the ground at each corner. The sides, of course, fell to the ground and prevented the tormenting insects from getting inside.

When the men had completed their cooking and duly disposed of it, they would creep into this mosquito bar.

On one occasion about midnight, when all the camp fires had burned low and even the most talkative of the crew had exhausted their stock of yarns and had gone to sleep, I was suddenly awakened by a fearful confusion of yelling and hurried activity; the whole camping-ground was enjoying a state of uproarious excitement. Amid the deafening shouts I could recognize the frequent utterance of the word Ngubu (hippopotamus), and I knew at once that one of these unwieldy monsters was in some way responsible for the rude disturbance of the nocturnal silence.

Hastily dressing, I joined my men to learn the true cause of the extraordinary tumult. A few hundred yards back from our camp there was a large swamp, and every night herds of hippopotami visited this place in search of the succulent grass, for upon such herbs they subsist entirely. One of these animals, evidently of a roving disposition, had left the herd and was wandering about the forest and had evidently come suddenly in view of our camp, and had made a hasty rush for the safety of the river, but in making his escape he ran foul of the big mosquito net and continued his ungainly retreat with his huge body wrapped in the entangled folds of about forty square yards of cotton stuff. My men, unceremoniously robbed of their cherished shelter, and trampled into wakefulness by the hippo's heavy feet, had ample reason for their intense bewilderment. When I appeared on the scene many of them had not yet fully realized the true nature of the excitement,

and had climbed into trees in order to conduct any further meditations in safety. The old hippo, with head smothered in the cotton stuff and trailing behind him several yards of the texture, had plunged into the water and was in as utterly disturbed a frame of mind as those whom he had unintentionally robbed and exposed to the torment of mosquitoes; the wet material, which clung stubbornly to his hide, angered the brute till he roared with rage as he threw his body nearly out of the water, striving to free himself. His noisy behavior warned the remainder of the herd that some strange element was in the district, and a general stampede took place from the swamp to the river. They passed close to us, but we were spared another visit in our camp. When these animals, of which there were about a score, saw the strange predicament of their muffled companion, they fled from him, and grunting, and snorting, swam away down stream. Finally the animal disengaged himself from the cloth, the waters became quiet again, and the old hippo started away to join the others and give them, I suppose, an explanation of his recent strange behavior. There was no more sleep for my men that night; the visit of the hippo and the exposure to mosquito bites, to which the loss of their tent subjected them, maintained them in an unusual state of vigilance. There were several false alarms before daybreak, but the men were so agitated that they sought safety in the trees at the croak of a bull-frog or the chirp of a cricket. Every man imagined he had been trampled on by the hippo; but their escape was quite miraculous, for although the animal had passed right amongst the sleeping figures, only three of them were touched, and even their injuries were very slight.

At a large village called *Moi*, which we visited on our way down, my blood brotherhood with a *Lukolela* chieftain proved of great service to me. The natives objected to our landing on their territory, although I explained that I merely wished to obtain from them fowls and fruit in exchange for my cloth and beads. At first they adopted arguments offensive but purely verbal; but finding that such means did not seem to influence us, their manner became threatening, a few knives were drawn and

spears poised in readiness. I ordered my men to load their rifles in preparation for our defense. This action on our part seemed a direct declaration of war to those on shore, and they seized their weapons and made ready to fight from behind the shelter of trees and rocks. Recognizing the old chief in the crowd, I called to him that I was a blood brother of Mungaba of Lukolela. This information had a magic effect. He sheathed the knife he had been clutching in earnest anger and ordered his men to lower their spears. He then came forward fearlessly, and told me that Mungaba was a blood brother of his and therefore we were friends. We shook hands. I slept that night in the old fellow's hut, and during my stay of several hours in his settlement, the natives brought us food for sale and no unpleasantness occurred to mar the friendship established by reason of blood brotherhood.

When I at last arrived at my destination, I was most heartily welcomed by my old friend Lieutenant Liebrechts, a Belgian artillery officer, who was in command of Bolobo Station. I was right glad to shake hands again with Liebrechts; we were very old friends, having occupied the same quarters together at Leopoldville in 1883. What a change in this station at Bolobo since I first saw it in 1883! There had been much trouble between whites and natives then, and the station houses had been burned to the ground; even now the grounds were encircled by a high, stout palisade. Nice, well-kept houses and stores had been built. There were also flocks of goats and sheep, good poultry-yards full of fowls and ducks, and immense plantations of sweet potatoes, maize and peanuts, and gardens of vegetables. What was more important still, the relations with the formerly unfriendly and hostile natives were now of a most satisfactory nature in every way.

The villagers of all the surrounding country were constantly visiting the station and exchanging presents.

Markets had been re-established for the sale of food, pottery, and native produce, and long-standing feuds between the different tribes were amicably settled by the happy intervention of Liebrechts. It is such as he who are required to gain the confi-

dence of the African savage, men with a keen sense of justice, and the will to enforce it. My life at Bolobo was a happy one. Liebrechts and I spent our time in visiting the different chiefs, superintending station matters, and making little excursions into the interior in search of guinea-fowl, partridges, ducks, or the more formidable buffalo of the plain. I shall always remember with the greatest pleasure our strolls amid the banana and palm-groves of these Central African villages, our more extended tramps through swamps and forest in search of the buffalo, and the pleasant chats we had over the sentry-fires of the station.



BOLOBO GIRL.

At Bolobo, in former days, the buffalo used to come even into the station. On one occasion, there were three white men living there, and news was brought in that a herd of buffalo were just outside. They immediately equipped themselves for the chase and started out, following the tracker. They had gone about twenty yards only, when they could see the animals two hundred yards away. Before catching sight of the brutes they had been eager for the sport; but the nearer they approached their game the more did

their stock of valor decrease: so much so, that when they got well within shot, and saw an old buffalo turn his head in their direction, prick up his ears, and assume a very inquiring attitude, one of these hunters discovered that he had not got the right boots on for hunting. His companions most generously offered to escort him back to the station and assist him in making the necessary alterations. They started to walk back, but with every step the matter appeared more urgent. They broke from a jog-trot into a regular racing pace. Arrived at the station, breath recovered, and boots found, it was decided not to renew the chase, as the delay caused by this unfortunate oversight had put them completely out of the vein for shooting!

Formerly, Ibaka was the most powerful chief of Bolobo dis-

trict. His name was mentioned by the natives of the surrounding villages with a great deal of reverential awe. But his village had become disunited; each of his sons was at enmity with him, and Manga, Gatula, Lingenji, Nkoé, Ngai Utsaka, the chiefs of the neighboring territory, being keen traders, had obtained numbers of fighting men, and Ibaka's word, which at one time commanded instant obedience, was now but little regarded. His title of chief of Bolobo was of small value; he had lost all influence. During my stay at Bolobo many a time he applied to us for assistance against his neighbors, and on several occasions he arrived at our gates in full flight, chased by his own sons, armed with heavy sticks, who sought by this method of persuasion, to make their father agree to an immediate and complete division of the little wealth he still possessed, or to gain his consent to any other extortionate demand that might have suggested itself to their inventive minds.

Poor old Ibaka had developed into a well-meaning fellow, and was now very favorably disposed toward the white men. He was, indeed, anxious to be on a friendly footing with his white neighbors, but the other villagers were jealous of him, and talked him into some trifling but irritating acts of arrogance toward the station, which resulted, a few months before my arrival, in a little war between Ibaka and Liebrechts, who was in command of the station. As a punishment for his aggressiveness, Ibaka's town was burned to the ground.

He was exceedingly superstitious, and kept the charm doctors constantly employed in devising new charms to cope with the stroke of misfortune which seemed to have checked his career. Previous to Liebrecht's energetic control of the district, human sacrifices were constantly made to appease the anger of evil spirits, which gave vent to their wrath in thwarting the ambition of Ibaka; but the presence of a plucky white man compelled him to adopt less bloodthirsty measures to counteract spiritual malevolence. Among his miscellany of wonder-working property was a large white rooster, which strutted about the village in perfect safety, for this bird had been supplied by a renowned medicine

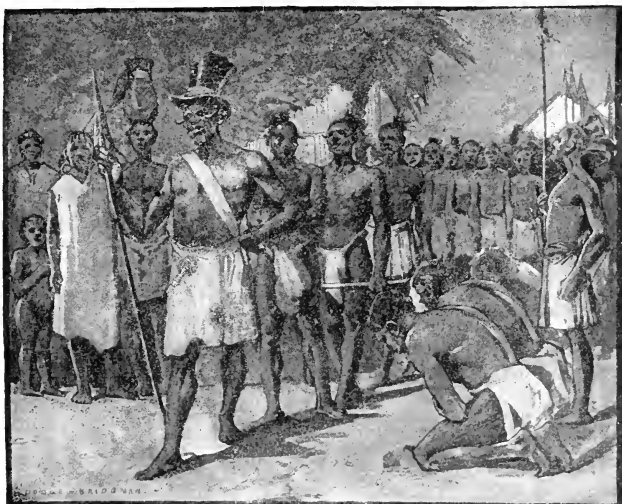
man, and the possession of it was said to have a most pacifying influence upon the Moloki; any one killing this charmed fowl would sicken and die, and the whole of Ibaka's family would suffer some terrible disaster if any accident happened to the bird.

Before eating and drinking, the old chief had to conduct most elaborate observances; different colored chinks were smeared on his face or body, leaves and threads of plaited fibre were fastened around his limbs, rattles and gongs were sounded, while his slaves sat by with closed eyes, murmuring incantations. Near by Ibaka's hut a tiny grass roof sheltered three large earthen jars, liberally coated with chewed betel nut, containing birds' claws, loins of wild animals, feathers, peculiar-shaped stones, etc., a varied assortment of articles supplied by the charm doctor to ward off sickness and ill-luck, and in a visit to the village one would generally find Ibaka gravely attending to his mystic belongings.

There is an institution among these people which cannot be more correctly described than by terming it the "Order of the Tall Hat." There is in each district a chief who has proved by his warlike success that he, of all the chiefs, is the most powerful. A public acknowledgement is made of this fact, and the elected individual is carried around on men's shoulders through the different villages, the bearers proclaiming to all that he is the Mokunjé Monéné (Big Chief), and that in future all tribal disputes are to be submitted to his judgment. Upon his return to the village, amidst dancing and singing, and general feasting and joy, the Fetishman, or charm doctor, places on the chief's head a tall hat, resembling the "stovepipe" of civilized countries, but which is built with a brim at the crown, and not at the base. This hat is hereafter worn on all great occasions, and the wearer retains it until his death, when a new candidate is elected. In times gone by Ibaka had received the honor of election to this proud order, but, unfortunately, during the trouble with Liebrechts the towering emblem of peculiar distinction was burned. A sympathizing white man, traveling through the country, heard of the old chief's hatless condition, and presented him with a red

opera-hat of exaggerated construction, which had probably in years past formed a prominent feature in a pantomime or burlesque, or had been used with great effect by some comic singer or wandering minstrel.

The possession of this truly wonderful creation of the theatrical costumer made Ibaka a proud and happy man. His delight in his new decoration would have been unalloyed were it not for a



OLD IBAKA WITH HIS RED OPERA HAT.

haunting fear that some one might steal it. He kept it, when not in use, in our station house, and called for it only on state occasions and big public drinking-bouts. I insisted on his continual care of this valuable acquisition, and would place it on the side of his head for him, and impress upon him the necessity of wearing it in that position, as we white men were very particular about such details. Old Ibaka was intensely superstitious, and was constantly with the Fetishman, who was kept busy manufacturing new charms to protect him against imaginary evils. The

poor old chief was easily gulled, and would accept from anybody anything that had the semblance of a charm.

One day Ibaka arrived back from some prolonged native festival. The old fellow bore evidence of having taken more than his share of the strong wine. He had worn the red opera-hat on this occasion, and he now brought it to the station to see it returned to its place of safe-keeping. Upon closing it up I noticed a mysterious little package, and was informed that it was a "monkanda monganga" (fetish letter). It was, in fact, a Mohammedan prayer, given to him by one of our boat's crew, as a safeguard against all forms of death. It struck me that a red opera-hat with a Mohammedan prayer pinned in it was, indeed, a strange "find" in the wilds of Central Africa.

Bolobo was a good hunting field, and there was plenty of game both large and small in the district. The African buffalo is the most dangerous animal which the hunter will meet in these lands, and a wounded bull will often provide within a very few minutes a sufficiently stirring entertainment to gratify the most fervent yearner for excitement. Whilst at Bolobo I had a very narrow escape from one of these animals. Liebrechts and I, and a small party of blacks, had gone hunting to some large prairies about twelve miles below the station. We soon came upon some fresh tracks, which we followed up, and finally came up to a herd of about two hundred buffaloes; stalking was extremely difficult, as the ground upon which they were gathered had been worn clear of every tuft of grass by the frequent visits of the animals. This bare stretch, probably twenty acres in extent, was surrounded by plains of long grass.

We had approached within one hundred and fifty yards unperceived, but there was no possibility of creeping nearer without exposing ourselves to the view of the herd, so I selected a big black bull who was offering a fair shot. I aimed as usual behind the shoulder for the heart, but my bullet struck the bone a little too far forward; the herd stampeded off at the crack of the rifle, but the wounded animal decided to remain and investigate the cause of his ill-treatment; he trotted about in every direction,

sniffing the air and endeavoring to obtain some clew to the whereabouts of his enemies; failing in this he ran across the cleared space and into the long grass. I started off with three of the best men to pick up the trail so as to follow him up and put him out of his misery.

Very soon Buna, my black servant, walked right on the brute who was lying hidden in the tall grass. He rose quickly and stood for a moment staring angrily at the backing form of the boy, who called to me, "mbogo, buana!!" (buffalo, master!!) At this warning I rushed back into the open again as I always prefer to tackle a wild beast where I can avoid an unseen attack.

The wounded buffalo emerged at the same time as myself, he had followed up Buna, and had increased his walk to a trot, irritated into a quicker pace by the pain from his wounds. When he caught sight of me, however, I at once absorbed all his attention; for a second he stood and glared at me, switching his tail and pawing the ground beneath his feet, then shaking his head with an angry snort, he lowered his nose almost to the ground and bounded toward me. At that time I was using a single barrel Martini rifle; it flashed across me at once to wait until the furious brute was close and not run the chance of simply wounding him by firing at a distance. I waited until he was about five yards from me. Then he swerved to one side to get the right swing, I suppose, for tossing me in the air, but he exposed a fatal part of his body and I sent a bullet to his heart which brought him headlong to the earth. He was charging at such a terrific pace that his own impetus hurled his body right over his head and lay him out at my feet with his tail toward me. Although the ball had pierced his heart, the animal struggled to regain his feet, and I gave him the *coup de grace* with my revolver. The Zanzibaris, grateful for the termination of the danger, dropped on their knees and fervently uttered the Mohammedan thanksgiving, "Hemd il Illahi" (Praise to Allah).

During that hunt I had been exposed bare-headed to the sun for several hours, having foolishly, to facilitate stalking, removed my hat and handed it to a native who had, at an early stage of the

proceedings, escaped to a clump of trees about a quarter of a mile away and sought shelter in the topmost boughs; the exciting developments of the chase, viewed from his retreat, had so scared the individual that he did not return with my hat. I tried to frighten him from his perch by pointing my rifle threateningly at him, but neither this nor the shouts of the men had the desired effect, and finally I had to send my boy over to him and escort him back.

Previous to our departure from the villages I had been informed by the medicine man that, although buffaloes were usually very dangerous, still one of the men, he who so carefully guarded my hat, was supplied with a very potent talisman, which would keep an angry buffalo at a distance. This knowledge, combined with the power of the white men's rifles, I was assured, would render buffalo hunting a safe undertaking.

The man who had this charm had also smudged the corners of his eyes with a blue powder which is supposed to have the virtues of rendering a man invisible at will, but I noticed this individual adopted other means of making himself scarce when the case was really urgent.

The lengthy exposure to the sun which I suffered on this occasion brought on one of the most serious fevers I ever had, and upon our return to the station, during my hours of delirium, it required several of my men to watch me and prevent my leaving the couch for the purpose of hunting imaginary buffalo.

A few weeks after this occurrence a Bolobo native was very badly gored by a buffalo; he was camping near the river-bank and walked through the grass to a patch of forest in search of dry wood for his fire. On the way he was attacked by a cow which had a calf; the animal inflicted ten horrible wounds with its sharp horns and then scampered off. The man's companions, fearful at his prolonged absence from camp and receiving no answers to their shouts to him, eventually followed his trail and found him unconscious. Liebrechts and I dressed his wounds and took care of him, with the happy result that he finally recovered, though we both at first considered it a forlorn hope.

These natives of Central Africa are possessed of very hardy constitutions, and they are capable of a great deal of endurance. This is no doubt owing to some extent to the introduction which they receive at a very early age to the strengthening influence of cold water bathing.

The Central African baby does not know the comforts of a cozy nursery. The little fellow is not washed with fine, soft sponges or powdered from head to foot with a velvety puff. Hot and cold water, cannot be obtained by pressing a button, in his mother's hut. All lavatory arrangements are conducted down on the beach in the open air.

In the early morning the women file down to the river to give their babies a bath. The mother walks into the water knee deep, then catching the half awakened infant by the wrist, she dips him into the chilly water and holds him wriggling beneath the surface. As it often happens that



AFRICAN BABIES.

several women are thus occupied at the same time; they naturally engage in conversation discussing local events of so interesting a nature that the submerged infant is sometimes forgotten until the frantic struggles and tugging as if a big fish were hooked warn the dusky parent that the juvenile is not amphibious. The child is then hauled out of the water for a few moments, but before he can possibly recover, his violent choking and spluttering is drowned again in the depths of the muddy stream.

This operation is repeated four or five times, and then the mother carries the bewildered piece of humanity back to the village hut and lays him out on a mat to dry in the sun, and gradually recover from the shock.

This is a rough and uncomfortable method of carrying out the law of the survival of the fittest.

As soon as these children can walk and talk their training commences, and when still quite babies they catch small fish, snare birds, and cook them on the ashes; often the mother will build a fire, put the big cooking pot on to boil with its stew of fish and game, and then leave the kitchen arrangements in charge of her children, who sit by and carefully carry out the instructions given to them of stirring up the savory mixture at certain times, of replenishing, and any other attention which the important operation demands.

A serious family dispute between Ibaka and some of the neighboring chieftains threw the district into a state of fierce war for a few days, but after six or eight had been killed on each side it was decided to conduct any further contest verbally with the idea of a settlement of the disagreement. In connection with this fight a strange case of misfortune came to my notice. One of the warriors was very badly wounded and it was feared he would die; the charm doctor who was attending him discovered, by consulting his wonder-working implements, that if the man was moved away to a small fishing camp on the opposite bank of the river he would quickly recover, but if he remained at Bolobo he would surely die. Accordingly, the wounded man's friends packed him into a canoe and conveyed him to the place recommended. He had been there only a few days when one morning whilst at the river bathing his wounds, a crocodile lying hidden in the mud seized him and carried him off.

The Bolobo medicine man of course attributed this occurrence to some evil spirit, the same one which had attacked the young warrior in the village and hindered his recovery. Had there been no white men in the district at the time, some poor slave would have been pounced upon as the culprit and his execution would have been found necessary for the tribal welfare.

I had been at Bolobo only a few months, when instructions from headquarters deprived me of my friend Liebrechts. He was directed to proceed up-river to take command of another station.

I was left in command of Bolobo, where I remained but a few months, and then instructions from headquarters directed me also to abandon the station.

A steamer was placed at my disposal, and with orders to return up stream again one hundred miles beyond Lukolela and join Liebrechts at the Equator Station. I was very sorry to make these repeated changes. I had become good friends with the Bolobo people and I felt very loth to leave them.

The voyage up-river was barren of any interesting events. I was able only once to replenish the larder by shooting a buffalo at one of our stopping places.

Whilst at the Equator I took part in a little fight against a section of the tribe which continued, in spite of frequent warnings, to execute their slaves. But this trouble had not any serious results, only one man was killed, and I am glad to say it was the principal offender, the executioner himself. He had always opposed any control by the white men, and when efforts were made to prohibit ceremonies of human sacrifice he incited the natives to resist this interference with their national customs. He had urged some of the villagers to attack some of our men who were walking unarmed through the native villages, and when Liebrechts and I went with our guard to protest against this behavior and to demand explanations, the executioner himself told us in his bitterest language that the only satisfaction we would get would be with spears and knives. He followed up the speech by an actual attack and whilst advancing at the head of his warriors, he fell, shot through the head. After his death the conduct of the native villagers was much more peaceful.

My first term of service on the Congo was now rapidly drawing to a close; it will be remembered that I received an appointment for three years.

Before returning to the coast I made a journey to the cannibal villages of Bangala still another hundred miles farther in the interior. Many of these people still bear scars of wounds received in the fight with Stanley in '77. This was the first time they had ever heard a gun and their stubborn attack upon Stanley's flotilla

at that time proved a very unpleasant introduction to the deadly weapon.

The Bangalas were now comparatively well behaved; Lieutenant Coquilhat, who had been in command of the station had cleverly got the upper hand of them, and was recognized as the big chief of that district.

I returned from Bangala to Leopoldville in the large stern-wheeler steamer "Le Stanley." Everywhere on the trip the natives were most friendly. As our boat touched the beach, bananas, pine-apples, fowls, goats, eggs, etc., were brought down to us and exchanged for our cloth, beads and melted trinkets. The natives had now become better acquainted with the pacific intentions of white men than they were in the wild times when I first came to the Congo.

Leopoldville had greatly increased in size. New steamers were being put together and bands of workmen both white and black, were busily at work. Lots of new houses had been built and the station was equipped with well stocked storehouses and workshops. A new transport service had been opened up between Leopoldville and Matadi, at the head of navigation on the Lower Congo. There are no beasts of burden in this land, and every pound for the interior has to be carried on men's heads.

The native carriers are hired in gangs. Each gang of carriers is under a "Capita," or head man. He gets one man's pay only, but in consideration of the responsibility he takes in engaging to deliver all the loads at their destination, he does not carry a pack; if he does so he receives double pay. These capitas are generally the older and more influential men of the villages, usually the chief and his relatives.

To look at these gaunt, slender shanked, lanky, half-starved-looking beings, it seems incredible that they can carry heavy loads over such distances. Some of them will even carry as much as one hundred and fifty pounds and receive double pay. A carrier receives, for the transportation of a sixty-five or seventy pound load from Matadi to Leopoldville, eight pieces of handkerchief printed in gaudy colors and costing in England forty

cents apiece, besides which he receives one extra piece of some cotton stuff to purchase food on the road. The use of coin is not yet known, except on the coast. The moneys of the country are cloth, beads, etc.

With the pay for their packing services these Ba-Congo porters are able, after a number of journeys, to have accumulated enough of the highly prized cotton stuff to enable them to add to their connubial bliss by marrying additional wives; the mothers-in-law or fathers-in-law in that part of the world require a goodly pile of brightly colored dress stuff, flint-lock muskets, kegs of powder, beads, etc., for their daughters' hands.



A BA-CONGO PORTER.

In the rainy season, when the streams become swollen, whole caravans are kept waiting until the flood decreases. Some of the streams have to be crossed in canoes, and over some of them swinging bridges have been thrown, ingeniously constructed of rattan cane and plaited fiber.

In the dry season, when the streams are easily forded and the carriers have not to suffer the inconvenience and discomfort of the rain, the caravan road seems almost one continuous line of natives, who tramp along always in single file. One minute a gang of thirty is met, all trudging along with a swinging gait. Each man carries seventy pounds of brass wire or bales of cot-

ton stuff, and the next caravan to be seen may be partly loaded with sections of boats and tools; others will be carrying boxes of provisions, and occasionally a native trader with a cargo of elephants' tusks, or, if on his return journey from the coast, he will be weighed down with the various miscellany of property which old Chief Lutété or Makoko have obtained from the white traders in exchange for their costly ivory.

At different points along the trail daily markets are held, where the natives of the outlying hamlets meet under some spreading tree to exchange their peanuts, palm nuts and oil, yams, sweet potatoes, bananas, pineapples, dried snakes and mice, and other African delicacies with the hungry porter for his gay-striped handkerchief, blue baft, or beads. The carriers are recruited from the districts of Lutété, Lukungu, Manyanga, etc.; they are spare-built, slender-shanked individuals, but their endurance is phenomenal. A distance of one hundred miles is often traversed by them in five days, which is no feeble task for a man nourished with a few peanuts or bananas, and with a seventy-pound load on his head. He has no smooth path to travel over. The caravan trail leads through the stifling, heated valleys, where he must often push his way through the long, coarse grass, waving twenty feet above one's head and drooping across the trail; and the steep ascent, where the path winds up the mountain-sides and over the hill-tops, adds not to the facility of his task; but he trudges manfully along, halting, when tired, in some shady nook where he enjoys a light luncheon of a few inches of shriveled snake and a banana or two.

At nearly every brook or spring these natives take a big draught of the delicious cool water, and in the middle of the day they throw down their loads and lie down at full length and enjoy the soothing weed in some form or other, some smoking, others preferring to enjoy the narcotic in the shape of snuff.

I had a gang of these Lower Congo carriers to carry my belongings down to the coast. I was a curiosity to them; a man who had been living for nearly three years with the wild beings of the far interior did not come on that trail every day. They were

very anxious to know all I could tell them and each night round the camp-fire they kept me busy answering a long string of questions. Each village we passed through was informed of my experiences and I became quite an attraction.

The puny inhabitants of the Lower Congo did not compare favorably either in physique or intellect with the old stalwart warriors of Lukolela. Even the old Congo itself loses its appearance of magnitude near the coast. Away in the interior several hundred miles it is a good day's journey to cross from shore to shore; here, near its mouth, it is walled into narrowed limits by the gray highlands, and does not at all suggest that it is the third largest river in the world.

Upon arriving back at Banana I had to wait a few days for a steamer; I then embarked and cruised along the African coast, touching at the same ports as when I had arrived.

At the latter part of June I was home in England again with my mother and father, sisters and brothers. I was but a boy when I left in '83, but surely I could now call myself a man after serving three years in Central Africa in Stanley's expedition.

I intended to make but a flying visit to England. I would start for Central Africa again in a few weeks' time.



THE CONGO NEAR THE COAST.



A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM ENGLAND TO BUKUTÉ.

A NEW EXPEDITION—BACK TO THE CONGO—RENEWAL OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES—ELEPHANTS' MOONLIGHT STROLL—ESTABLISHED AT BUKUTÉ—AFRICAN YOUNGSTERS—BIENELO—ELEPHANT HUNTING—EUELU OF MONZOLÉ—THE SIGNAL DRUM—THE BARUMBÉ—BUKUNU THE YOUNG NGANGA—IVORY TRADING—BIENELO'S ENEMY—IN COMMAND OF THE "FLORIDA."

Upon my return to England in '86, I found that a new expedition was being organized for important work in Africa, and upon Mr. Stanley's advice I accepted a responsible position offered me in this new enterprise, called the Sanford Exploring Expedition; the object of which was to visit all the villages along the banks of the Congo and its tributaries, and make thorough research into the marketable products of the land, with the ultimate object of establishing commercial exchange between the civilized world and the inhabitants of Central Africa.

Most of my time, during a brief holiday of ten weeks at home, was spent in superintending preparations for the new work, in buying the necessary provisions, general stores, and trading goods, in having all suitably packed in sixty-pound loads for their long overland journey into the interior, and in attending to their shipment.

Our expedition had also decided to take out a light draught stern-wheeler sixty feet long. As this boat was to be conveyed by manual transport into the interior beyond Stanley Pool, it had to

be constructed in such a way as to be easily taken to pieces and put together again. All the machinery was made in sections as light as possible, and the hull composed of small plates to be riveted together when it reached its destination. The charge of this construction was also one of my duties, in which I was greatly aided by Mr. W. J. Davy, who was to rebuild the boat, and officiate as engineer when she was afloat on the waters of the Upper Congo.

When the equipment for the new expedition was complete, and had been dispatched to Africa, I left England for my second term of service in that wild land.

On September 26, 1886, I was again at the mouth of the Congo, and traveled without delay into the interior.

Whilst the steamer, to be called the "Florida," was being transported overland to Stanley Pool, to be put together there, I decided to establish myself at the Equator Station in the district of Bukuté, a hundred miles beyond my old station of Lukolela.

The Equator was a most important centre; numerous populous villages surrounded the station and several large rivers emptied into the Congo in the vicinity. An extensive commercial intercourse was already carried on by the natives themselves, and it would be an interesting study to discover what developments trading would assume when stimulated by the introduction of the white man's manufactures.

After a very short stay at our station at Kinsassa, at the lower end of Stanley Pool and a few miles beyond Leopoldville, I proceeded up stream, bound for the Equator Station. On my way up I renewed acquaintance with my old friends at Bolobo and Lukolela. Ibaka and Ngoi and Iuka and Mungaba all brought me presents of goats and fruit and received in return cloth and trinkets. Poor Bongo Nsanda was grieved to think that I could not stay at least a few months at Lukolela, so that we could have some hunting amongst the big game in the country; he told me that the buffaloes on the opposite shores had worn the plains clear of grass in their joyous frolics at my departure for "Mputu" (white man's land).

One night, whilst on this trip, we saw an interesting sight; a family of elephants, mother, father and baby, strolled leisurely up the side of a hill a half a mile away from our camp; the full moon shining at the time threw out the great figures in bold outline, and the true picturesque effect was reached when the bull, who was leading, arrived at the crest of a knoll and throwing up his trunk, trumpeted a loud and prolonged blast, which wakened the whole country with its rumbling echo.

Upon arriving at the Equator Station I installed myself in the large clay house which had been built by Captain Van Gele when he had command of the station.

During my stay at this post, I had excellent opportunities for studying the inhabitants of the villages in the neighborhood and the surrounding country. I found that I was in the midst of the powerful tribes of the Ba-Nkundu, whose customs and peculiarities closely resembled those of the Ba-Bangi at Lukolela, but they spoke a different tongue. As the low-lying country round the station was frequently flooded during the wet season, the native settlements were built on a strip of dry land along the river bank. Just at the back of the huts this strip merged into a great swamp which extended for several miles inland.

The natives around my station were a light-hearted, friendly people, and it required but a little tact and patience to preserve at all times friendly relations with them. I always had in my employ a few of the villagers to work on the station, and found among them many of sterling worth and admirable character.

Their shapely spear-heads and knives, cleverly beaten from native iron smelted by themselves from the rough ore, their graceful styles of pottery, their ingenious fish and game nets, bore ample proof of their intelligence.

Throughout the whole section of Central Africa the children commence their education at a very early age; there are no schools with books where they can get instruction; their training is of an entirely different nature from a white boy's; they aim to acquire ability which will enable them to enjoy the benefits of their particular surroundings and will also aid them to battle with

by savage war cries and the deafening rumble of the monster war drums calling all to arms.

the perils and difficulties attending life in these regions.

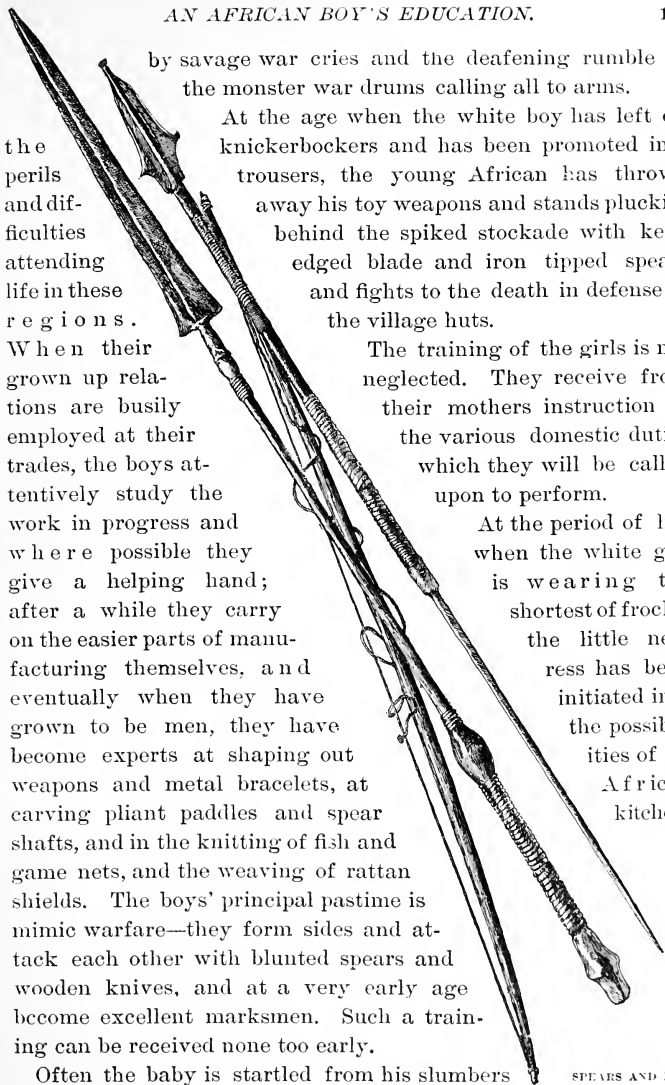
When their grown up relations are busily employed at their trades, the boys attentively study the work in progress and where possible they give a helping hand; after a while they carry on the easier parts of manufacturing themselves, and eventually when they have grown to be men, they have become experts at shaping out weapons and metal bracelets, at carving pliant paddles and spear shafts, and in the knitting of fish and game nets, and the weaving of rattan shields. The boys' principal pastime is mimic warfare—they form sides and attack each other with blunted spears and wooden knives, and at a very early age become excellent marksmen. Such a training can be received none too early.

Often the baby is startled from his slumbers

At the age when the white boy has left off knickerbockers and has been promoted into trousers, the young African has thrown away his toy weapons and stands pluckily behind the spiked stockade with keen edged blade and iron tipped spears and fights to the death in defense of the village huts.

The training of the girls is not neglected. They receive from their mothers instruction in the various domestic duties which they will be called upon to perform.

At the period of life when the white girl is wearing the shortest of frocks, the little negress has been initiated into the possibilities of an African kitchen.



She can toast to perfection a hippo or buffalo steak, knows each kind of insect and caterpillar that graces the Congo bill of fare, and she can also plait, and sew and attend to her garden.

In the village near my station I found one youth, named Bienelo, who was an exceptionally fine fellow, brave in war and in the chase, and thoroughly trustworthy and devoted. He remained with me the whole of my second term of three years in Africa, and served me well. He was a slave, having been caught when quite a baby by some raiders; but his determined and fearless character soon raised him from the abject condition of the majority of slaves; and the support and encouragement which I was bound to extend to him gave him a good position in the village. He was my head man, ashore and afloat. Whether with me on the track of a tusker, or exposed to the arrows of the fierce Baruki, or laboring through the swampy bog in search of fuel for the steamer, he always remained the same devoted servant. He was a perfect example of what can be made of the African savage when properly handled. With an army of such men, under resolute officers, the Arab slave-raiders and their Manyema banditti would before long be driven from their present man-hunting ground, and, if necessary, could be utterly destroyed.

I was delighted to find such a companion to take the place of Bongo Nsanda, who could not leave his wife and family at Lukolela to join me here a hundred miles away from them.

I was enabled to indulge my love of hunting while at Equator Station, as herds of hippopotami could usually be found within a few hours' journey. Occasionally, too, elephants would make their way down to the river, when their inland drinking places became dried out from a long rainless season.

Herds of elephants are to be found, with very few exceptions, throughout the whole territory of the Congo Free State. I suppose at the present time they are to be found there in greater numbers than in any other part of the world. In the deadly swamps and impenetrable forests of Central Africa, they are secure for many years to come. In South Africa, and other parts they have been almost exterminated, as hunters of big game

in that land are not exposed to such a climate as is found in the swamp land of the Congo.

An elephant-hunt, although very exciting, is attended by great hardship and risk. The elephants are not, as a rule, found in open places. They prefer the forest, and seek the shelter of the thick tropical foliage. They sometimes roam about in families of two or three, and often in herds of two and three hundred. Some districts are rendered quite uninhabitable for the natives by the depredations the elephants commit on the plantations, and by the very dangerous nature of the midnight maraudings of these great animals. They seem to know that the natives have no very powerful weapons of defense, and it is really extraordinary how fearlessly they take possession of a village. The natives naturally are very anxious that a white man should come to shoot these persecutors; and, when a herd appears in a district, news is always brought in to the nearest camp or station. If the white man is a hunter, and decides to follow up the elephants, he takes with him one or two natives of his own training, or men known to be trustworthy, and then, accompanied by the messenger who has seen the elephants and brought the news, they proceed to follow up the tracks. If it is about the middle of the day, the party will not have much difficulty in coming up to the game, as from about eleven o'clock till about three o'clock the elephants rest. On the other hand, if the time is early morning or evening, it may mean a tramp of many miles before finding the herd. A full grown elephant will consume between six and eight hundred pounds of food a day, and, as he is a dainty brute eating only the choicest morsels of leaves and herbage, he must cover a lot of ground in his search for his daily allowance.

Even when you have reached a herd, you have still serious obstacles in your path, as, more often than not, a band—say, of fifty—will be scattered over a patch of two or three acres. You have to move about around the outskirts of this resting-place, and find out their positions, and see which are, and which are not, “tuskers.” You must then watch and note in what direction the animals are moving, always taking care, of course, to have

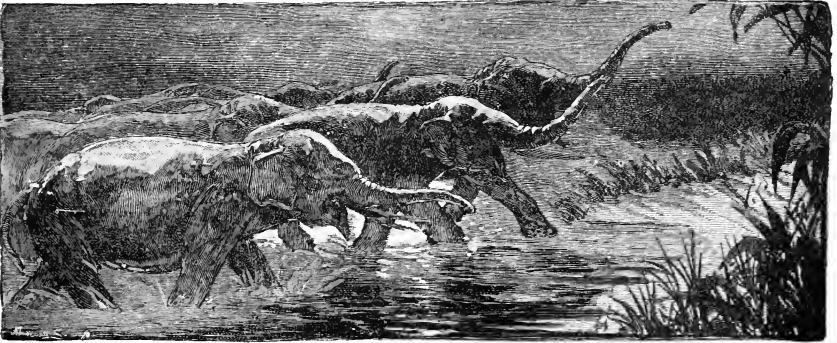
the wind in your favor—that is, blowing from them to you. It happens sometimes, too, that they are almost completely sheltered by the luxuriant growth of the tropical underbrush. You have to allow for this, and be ready to fire your shot when a little more open ground is reached, and you are able to distinguish some vital spot. It is not at all unusual for an elephant-hunter to be within thirty or forty yards of a herd of elephants for five or six hours without an opportunity to fire a shot. Of course you could hit one; but unless an elephant is struck in some vital part, to wound him is simply downright cruelty. The best places at which to aim are: in the forehead, four inches above the line of the eyes; and between the eye and the ear, four inches above a line drawn between those two points. Another very good place is just behind the ear. Some prefer to shoot at the heart, but to aim at the head is the more deadly shot and the one I always endeavor to make.

When you have fired, you must be wary, as it is likely that you may find elephants on all sides of you. Upon their being startled by the report of your gun, they all close together, preparatory to making their escape, so that you have to be very careful to avoid being trampled under foot. It requires a man of cool temperament and strong and steady nerves to carry on an elephant hunt successfully.

The noise made by a herd of elephants is simply indescribable. Every animal seems to wish to outdo the others in the shrillness of its screeching and trumpeting. Their angry uproar, combined with the crashing down of trees as they plow their way through the matted undergrowth of the forest, once heard, will never be forgotten. A wounded elephant will very often charge at the hunter, especially if the animal is a female protecting a young one, so that a hunter seldom fires unless he is close enough to be sure of his aim.

I had been at the Equator Station a few weeks and had demonstrated my ability to kill big game, by bagging a hippopotamus, when a native from a neighboring village arrived one day at my house excited and breathless. He informed me in short gasps that he had seen a large herd of elephants quietly feeding in a

forest swamp a few miles away. As he volunteered to lead me up to these animals, I took my rifle, and, accompanied by Bienelo with a spare Martini, I followed our guide to the woods. We had not gone far before we heard the breaking down of branches and the peculiar champing noise which these animals make in their throats when resting. There were certainly a hundred of the great creatures. We crept close up to them, but they were in the midst of a thick undergrowth, and we could only discern their whereabouts by an occasional glimpse of their great bodies through



ELEPHANTS STARTLED AT NIGHT.

the foliage or the raising of a trunk as one of them would snap off a branch in order to pluck from it some delicate sprout which had caught his eye. But, all around us, the rustling among the big leaves and the waving of the slender shrubs denoted their presence.

I had approached within a few yards of one several times, but the dense thicket prevented me from clearly distinguishing my game. At last, however, from a patch of tangled bush and creepers, a large elephant came striding along right in my path.

I fired, and fortunately dropped the beast on her knees; and then, after another shot from my Martini, she rolled over on her side, dead. I had been uncomfortably close to this big animal, and after she had fallen she lay just seven yards from where I

stood when I fired. Had I not succeeded in bringing her down at the first shot, I am afraid she would have taken such steps as would have been exceedingly unpleasant for me, and very possibly might have brought my African career to an abrupt ending. The remainder of the herd retreated in full stampede amidst a deafening tumult.

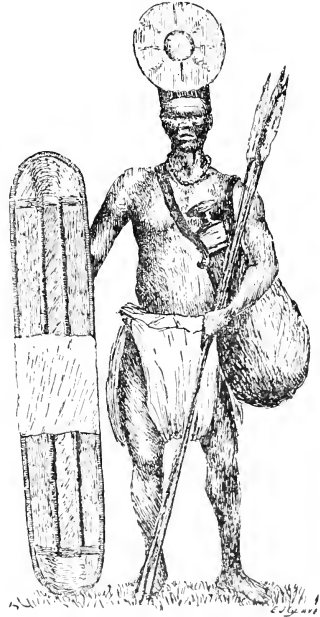
I had imagined that my small following of blacks and myself were alone here in the jungles, but the Africans seem to have some instinctive foreknowledge of a meat supply; the great beast I had just shot had been dead but a few seconds when black, woolly heads were peering from out the bush on all sides of me, and voices anxiously asked in whispers, "Owi?" (Is it dead?) and but a few minutes elapsed before the elephant's body was hidden from view by the crowd of natives eagerly engaged in carving up the meat. Soon the women arrived with big baskets, and in a very short time nothing remained but the skeleton of the giant brute which had but recently had strength enough to tear up a big tree by the roots and cast it away as though it were a blade of grass. A caravan of delighted natives filed home in haste to banquet sumptuously on elephant meat—all of which I gave to the villagers, as it is strong in flavor and very tough, and commendable only to a white man when his larder is in an extremely impoverished condition, but the Africans deem it a delicacy, and by furnishing them with such a supply you gain substantial prestige.

Elephants live to a very great age, and so accustomed do the natives become to certain ones that they know each by a special name. Sometimes the title is bestowed on account of some well-known incident of the animal's life, and sometimes the elephant is named after a deceased chief. These old fellows are generally bull elephants, and, more often than not, tuskers, who prefer leading a solitary life to joining a herd. I remember one wily old fellow often mentioned among the natives by the name "Miongo Moco" (one tusk), so called from his having only one tusk. I never saw him, although I have been on his track. It seemed strange to hear these people say, in speaking among themselves after this elephant had visited their plantations, "Miongo Moco

paid another visit last night," and then proceed to recount the damage done by him and to abuse him in their quiet way, just as if he were a human being.

Whilst living amongst the Ba-Nkundu here I was repeatedly hearing rumors in the villages of an expected attack from a large inland tribe called Monzolé. As no white man had ever visited these people, I decided that I would endeavor to make friends with them by visiting their villages, and entering into blood brotherhood with the chief, Euelu. I therefore detailed Bienelo, my trusty aide-de-camp, to engage a few friendly natives to accompany us on this little expedition. This place was reached by a path which led for twenty miles through the swampy jungles. In some places the mud was several feet deep, and at these dangerous spots trees had been felled and thrown across to serve as bridges.

Upon my arrival I was received most cordially by Euelu. He seemed delighted to think that a white man had paid such a tribute to his importance as to wade through twenty miles of mud to visit him. He placed his own hut at my disposal, rationed my men, gave me goats, sheep, fowls, and eggs, and made me feel thoroughly at home. When I had removed the coating of mud which covered me from head to foot, I found time to take a good look at my redoubtable host. He had heard of my coming from some of his young hunters, who, surprised at the sight of a band of strangers crossing the swamp,



EUELU THE MONZOLÉ CHIEF.

had left their traps and nets and had hurried back to the village with the news.

In view of so important an event, Euelu had donned the very best costume his wardrobe contained. He wore a tall hat, on which was fastened a circular plate of beaten brass, twelve inches in diameter and covered with roughly stamped designs. He clutched a handful of spears and a cane shield; the ever-ready knife hung over his right shoulder, while from his left shoulder was suspended a capacious bukumbé, or sack. He was evidently a suspicious old fellow. His restless eyes were sufficient proof of that, and the persistent habit of carrying his belongings in the bukumbé was a further confirmation of the fact. His drinking-cup, medicines, razors, hair-pins, colored chinks, adze, monkey skins, copper rings—all accompanied him on every step he took. I asked him the reason for carrying his property in this manner, and he told me that he had several sons who were always seeking an opportunity to lay their hands on his valuables, and it was therefore necessary for him to take them with him wherever he went.

Euelu was a short man, but of wiry build, with a determined-looking head. His face and body bore many marks of war's ravages. The questions he put to me showed him to be possessed of great intelligence, and he was much amused at my descriptions of the manners and customs in Mputu (the white man's country), and by some rough drawings I made with a piece of chalk on the door of his hut; my gun delighted him so much that he at once proposed that we should form an alliance and wage war on the surrounding villages and reduce them to subjection.

"With such a gun as that," said he, "we could fight the whole country." If not beloved, Euelu was certainly much feared by his neighbors. The other villages in the district were jealous of his power; but whenever they put forward a headman to contend with Euelu for leadership in the country, the native selected for that honor would receive a visit from the old chief, and would in consequence retire from the competition rather speedily.

At the time of my visit he was engaged in a war against a

neighboring settlement, the Bandaka Nsi, and he was disappointed that I would not aid him.

In attempting to surprise his enemies at early dawn, four of his men had been killed by spears from the opposing warriors who had been warned of his coming and were lying in ambush ready to entrap him.

The village of Monzolé was built on a strip of dry land rising from the swamp. The government of these people was far more intelligent than any I had ever met with among the Congo natives. Here, there was always one responsible chief at the head of affairs.

From Euelu, whose warlike excursions had penetrated far in all directions, I learned a great deal about the land beyond.

The old chief visited my station several times after this little trip of mine. But early in '88 he attempted to suppress a drunken squabble which was going on in the village. Some of his enemies, taking advantage of his unarmed condition, treacherously speared him, leaving him dead in his own village. Since that time the name of Monzolé, unaided by the great reputation of Euelu, fails to create such fear among the neighboring tribes.

Here at Monzolé I had an excellent opportunity of noting the marvelous results obtained by the native signal drum, which plays an important part in the African existence.

A large oblong block of wood is cleverly hollowed out through a small slit at the top; one side of the drum is left thicker than the other, so that a blow struck on one side gives an entirely different sound from one struck on the other, giving the instrument two distinct notes. This drum is used for sounding out messages for a long distance, and it is really marvelous with what accuracy a native conversant with it can deliver and receive information. They can convey words several miles without difficulty. There is an elaborate code of signals for this purpose, made up of the two distinct sounds and a system of intervals between taps. Only a few men in each village become experts in this wonderful form of telegraphy.

Whilst on this visit to Euelu, hearing that there was big game

to be found beyond the upper end of the villages seven or eight miles away, I shouldered my rifle and started off with Bienelo for a hunt. Upon reaching the ground I found trails, but no fresh ones to denote the presence of animals in the immediate neighborhood.



TELEGRAPHING IN AFRICA.

The natives occupying the huts near by told me that the elephants came into the banana plantations nearly every night, and as I intended to return back to Euelu's hut to sleep, they promised that in case the animals made their usual visit they would inform me by drum signal. That night when all was quiet a faint tapping of a drum was heard, distinguishable only to the practiced ear.

Euelu, ever on the alert, heard the sound at once. He immediately ordered perfect silence in the village, and the slight mur-

murs, that were heard from time to time from a few people who were sitting up late over their fires, were hushed.

The old chief then listened earnestly to the feeble sounds of the drumming carried toward us on the evening breeze. The signal taps struck several miles away were barely audible by the time they reached us; but the drummer knew the difficulties of hearing the sound at so great a distance, so the message was repeated over and over again, till at last Euelu turned to me and said: "There are elephants feeding in the banana plantation now and the natives want you to go and shoot them in the morning."

I made the trip as suggested, and found that the old chief had understood the message by signal drum exactly as it had been sent.

Near the village of Euelu was an encampment of roving hunters known as Barumbé. Originally, these people were Nomads, but the Bankundu chieftain persuaded them to settle in the land. These seemed a very peaceful tribe, and wished to live at peace with their neighbors. They employed their time in hunting the small game in the forests with bow and arrow, while pitfalls and other traps set for big game showed that the larger animals also were objects of their craft. They were not cannibals, and greatly to their credit, did not indulge in human sacrifices. Their objection to cruel ceremonies did not seem to recommend them to the neighboring tribes, who looked down upon them. The Barumbé were not allowed to intermarry with the Bankundu; they had to find wives amongst their own people. They were keen sportsmen and useful trackers, being able to discern, by a careful scrutiny of the trail, the exact time the animals had passed through the swamps. They had never seen a white man, and I had great difficulty in getting my tracker to go ahead, as he preferred to walk behind me in order to indulge his curiosity by having a good look at me.

Among the great variety of objectionable insects the ants were the most troublesome. There are three species with which the traveler is daily brought in contact: the white ant, the driver-ant, and the red ant. The last is found on shrubs in the forests, and

if you brush against a branch on which these insects live, you will become painfully aware of the reason why the Zanzibari call this pest "Maji moto" (hot water), for its bite resembles a burn from scalding water. The dwarfs who gave Stanley so much trouble around Lake Albert during his last expedition, poisoned their arrows with crushed red ants.

Another very annoying member of the ant race is the dark-brown driver. These ants crawl along the ground in a solid mass, twelve inches wide and several yards long, composed of many millions of them. They move slowly along like a great army, occasionally stopping to devour whatever animal-food they may meet in their path.

I have often been visited by these unwelcome guests at night. On such occasions the contents of my larder would form a meal for them; and if my mosquito-net was not properly tucked in, so as to exclude such intruders, I would be overrun with them, and would have to beat a precipitate retreat until they had ransacked my establishment to their satisfaction. This has happened to me several times. The bite of the driver ant is very painful, for the insect is provided with large pincers with which he digs deep into the flesh of an enemy. His bite is so pertinacious that, when you attempt to remove him, the head remains buried in your flesh, and if not carefully extracted it will develop into a painful sore.

The white ant makes itself an equally unwelcome visitor by eating away all woodwork, leather, or cloth which it can find. A wooden case, if exposed to the attacks of this insect for two or three days, will have the bottom eaten away; and a pair of boots, left at the mercy of this pest, will be made utterly worthless in a few days.

Large clay mounds, sometimes reaching thirty feet in height, mark the house and storehouses of the white ant.

These mounds are of cellular formation, and contain their store of grubs. So large and solid are these ant hills that at one of our stations we leveled the top of a deserted ant hill and built a sentry post upon it.

Nature has bestowed upon the African a rich gift in the palm

tree. Its branches form a canopy to shelter the village huts from the noonday sun; with its leaves the houses are thatched; and the Congo kitchen would be devoid of its chief means of flavor and delicacy if deprived of the mbila, or oily palm-fruit. And it plays an even more important part. Its juice, as malafu, cheers the hunter on his return from the chase, is partaken of at every tribal ceremony, and provides a sparkling nectar for the otherwise insipid African banquet. It is obtained by tapping the tree at its very top.

Holes are bored in the heart of the palm tree, and gourds are attached. Into these the juice flows, and the gourds are collected by the natives, who climb up the trunk of the tree by means of a band of leather or cane which encircles climber and tree. By this ingenious device the native is kept from falling, and can ascend the trees with great rapidity. Using the rough projections of the bark as steps they lean back and mount higher and higher, at the same time lifting with a jerky motion the band that holds them to the tree.

This malafu, or palm-wine, resembles milky water in color, is of a sweet acidulated flavor, and when not too old is exceedingly refreshing and palatable; but in a few days it becomes sour, and is then very intoxicating. Excellent bread can be made by mixing it with flour; then after thoroughly kneading, the dough must be exposed to the sun for an hour or so till it is properly raised and then baked in a quick oven; no yeast or baking powder is needed; simply palm wine, flour, and a pinch of salt.

I had in my employ, besides Bienelô, a bright, intelligent young fellow named Bukunu, who had gained in his village the reputation of being a rising Nganga. One day I asked him to tell me something about his profession. Making sure that no other native was within hearing to betray his words to the villagers, and eliciting from me a promise that I would not divulge anything he told me, he confessed that so far as he was concerned it was an imposture, and that he invented charms simply to meet the demand of the credulous. He had in his hand a large antelope's horn, over the aperture of which was a woven covering,

"This article," said he, "is supposed to possess mystic power. By this I can discover in case of sickness whether the sufferer will recover or die. When I am called to a sick person this horn will at once foretell his fate. If he is to die, the charm will remain silent; but if recovery is certain, a low whistle will be heard. See, I will hold the charm at arms' length and it shall whistle when you wish." I tendered the necessary invitation, and was surprised to hear a wheezy whistle, which sounded as if it came from the horn. I asked the man to explain it to me, but he was not inclined to part with so valuable a secret without some consideration. Finally he agreed that I should become the possessor of the charm for an empty bottle, which I gave him. Going to the door to make sure that no listeners were there, he drew from his nostril a perforated bean. It was with this that he had made the sound supposed to come from the horn. He explained to me that it was by such means that the fetishman amassed his wealth.

Natives fear the fetishman, as they are unable to determine the extent or limit of his authority over evil influences. But the belief in his power has no deeper root than this uncertainty, and it is greatly lessened in natives who come in contact with white men, who, they are quick to perceive, perform greater wonders. When I had killed an elephant, a buffalo, or a hippopotamus, I often asked them: "Can your Nganga kill these big beasts? Has he even the courage to face them and to risk his life to obtain them for you? I do it and succeed. But I have no fetish charm."

Such reasoning on my part was not without effect; my men invariably ignored the power of the Nganga when far away from him, although on returning to their villages they relapsed into the same feeble submission to senseless custom, not because they still had any faith in it, but because they knew that any declaration of disbelief in the power of the fetishman would bring trouble upon them, and in all probability the Nganga would soon find an opportunity to accuse them of witchcraft. The poison test would be administered, and the draught so mixed as to establish guilt by certain death.

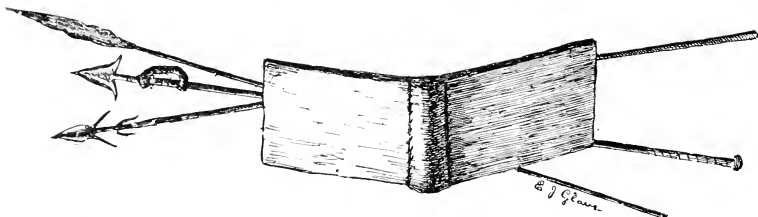
Owing to defective transport on the lower river, my supply of

trading goods was limited at the commencement of the expedition, but with the small amount I had I was able to buy a goodly pile of ivory. I obtained the tusks in exchange for red and blue cloth, handkerchiefs, brass wire, tin spoons and forks, beads, shells and metal ornaments; the few tons of ivory I bought cost twenty-five cents a pound, and sold in the European markets at that time for two dollars and a half per pound.

After a stay of a few months at the Equator, the "Florida" arrived at a most opportune moment, when a little trouble was pending between the station and Baruk Nsamba, a village a few miles away. Bienelo had gone out to shoot some guinea fowls for me, and whilst wandering about the plantation searching for the birds, he met an old enemy of his, Ntulu, who immediately guarded himself with his shield and threw his spear at Bienelo. Bienelo warded off the weapon with his gun barrel, and quickly retaliated by shooting Ntulu dead on the spot. The chieftains of the dead man's village demanded the life of Bienelo as he was a slave and the deceased was a free man. Naturally I would not give my man up, and rumors were afloat of an attack upon the station, but all the warriors about my post volunteered to join me in case of war, and the timely arrival of the "Florida," with an extra force, had a pacifying effect, and they decided to let the well deserved death of Ntulu remain unavenged.



BIENELO.



LOLO SPEARS AND SHIELD.

CHAPTER X.

SLAVERY.

LULUNGU PIRATES—A ROW WITH THE NATIVES—SLAVE MARKETS—THE LUFEMBE RAIDERS—THE BALOLO—ELEPHANTS AT NIGHT—A RUDE AWAKENING—MALINGA VILLAGE—MY BROTHER ISÉKÉAKA—NATIVES ASK FOR HELP—IVORY TRADING—SLAVERY IN THE IKEMBA.

About forty miles above the Equator Station the Lulungu River flows from the east and joins the parent stream, the Congo, on the south bank. As the Lulungu promised important commercial results I decided to visit its waters upon my first trip in the "Florida." Thirteen hours steaming brought us to the mouth of the river, where I camped and kept my crew busy all night cutting down dry trees and splitting up logs for a fresh supply of fuel. Whilst my men were thus occupied I purchased a few fine tusks of ivory, brought along side the boat in canoes, by moonlight.

My special duty, however, was to conduct operations in the little known regions of the far interior; so the next morning we were again under way, steaming up the muddy water of the Lulungu.

About fifty miles up this stream we reached the powerful settlements of Lulungu from which the river takes its name. The inhabitants of this district had, previous to my trip, controlled the right of way; they permitted none of the natives above them

to descend to the lower reaches of the river, and the trading canoes from the villages on the Congo were not allowed to pass without paying a heavy toll, unless they were in sufficient force to fight their way through.

At Lulungu the lay of the land furnished the natives with an excellent strategic position. Each bank of the river was studded with stockaded villages and the islands midstream were carefully fortified. Lying on the beach, in front of each settlement, monster war canoes were ready to launch at a moment's notice in case of alarm, and signal drums were placed at every point which afforded a good view up and down stream. Sentries were always on the lookout, and a strange arrival from any direction was immediately communicated by the drums along the line of villages, and the warriors would arm themselves and stand by their dug-outs, prepared to dart out into the stream and attack any aliens who might attempt to run the gauntlet through these piratical regions in order to avoid the customary dues.

I always carried a small wooden drum on board, and Bienelo, who was an expert in its use, heralded our approach by systematically tapping out my name and my business. The "Florida" was too formidable a looking monster to be subject to any native extortion, and my powerful crew aboard, and a score of rifles bracketed in full view on the front of the cabin, rendered us exempt from the usual Lulungu toll extortions.

Upon our arrival in these settlements we usually ran our boat in shore; the natives were not actually hostile, but they were sullen and naturally looked upon us as intruders and did not attempt to disguise their feelings. When they showed signs of any arrogant display, however, a blast on the harmony whistle would quiet their loud talk into whispered words of fear.

.At one of these villages we had a little row with the natives, but there was no serious damage done; ill feeling sprang up between the villagers and my crew, and their arguments could not be settled except by blows; but the chief was a sensible old fellow, and seeing that a fight was inevitable, and if allowed to proceed might terminate disastrously, he threatened his people

with death if they drew a sharpened weapon. My men were not armed; for I allowed no rifle to be used without my permission. The contest was carried on between the two sides with fists, sticks, and stones, but the lumps and bruises resulting from this meeting bore ample proof of the earnestness that had been employed by all hands.

At every village bands of slaves were offered for sale; it would be difficult to give a truthful picture of the suffering endured by the captives in this region. They are hobbled with roughly hewn logs which chafe their limbs to open sores; sometimes a whole tree presses its weight on their bodies while their necks are penned into the natural prong formed by its branching limbs. Others sit from day to day with their legs and arms maintained in a fixed position by rudely constructed stocks, and each slave is secured to the roof-posts by a cord knotted to a cane ring which either encircles his neck or is intertwined with his woolly hair. Many die of pure starvation, as the owners give them barely enough food to exist upon, and even grudge them that. These hungry creatures form indeed a truly pitiable sight. After suffering this captivity for a short time they become mere skeletons. All ages, of both sexes, are to be seen: mothers with their babes; young men and women; boys and girls; and even babies who cannot yet walk, and whose mothers have died of starvation, or perhaps been killed by the Lufembé. One seldom sees either old men or old women; they are all killed in the raids; their marketable value being very small, no trouble is taken with them.

Witnessing groups of these poor, helpless wretches, with their emaciated forms and sunken eyes, their faces a very picture of sadness, it is not difficult to perceive the intense grief that they are inwardly suffering; but they know only too well that it is of no use to appeal for sympathy to their merciless masters, who have been accustomed from childhood to witness acts of cruelty and brutality, and to satisfy their insatiable greed will commit, or at least countenance, any atrocity, however great. Even the pitiable sight of one of these slave-sheds does not half represent the misery caused by this traffic—homes broken up,

mothers separated from their babies, husbands from wives, and brothers from sisters. At Masankusu, a large village in the nest of piratical settlements, I saw a slave woman who had with her one child, whose starved little body she was clutching to her shrunken breast. I was attracted by her sad face, which betokened great suffering. I asked her the cause of it, and she told me in a low, sobbing voice the following tale:

“I was living with my husband and three children in an inland village, not many miles from here. My husband was a hunter. Ten days ago the Lufembé raiders attacked our settlement: my husband defended himself, but was overpowered and speared to death with several of the other villagers. I was brought here with my three children, two of whom have already been purchased by the slave traders. I shall never see them any more. Perhaps they will sacrifice them on the death of some chief, or perhaps kill them for food. My remaining child, you see, is ill, dying from starvation; they give us nothing to eat. I expect even this one will be taken from me to-day, as the chief, fearing lest it should die and become a total loss, has offered it for a very small price. As for myself,” said she, “they will sell me to one of the neighboring tribes, to toil in the plantations, and when I become old and unfit for work I shall be killed to celebrate the death of a free man.”

There were certainly five hundred slaves exposed for sale in this one village alone. Large canoes were constantly arriving from down the river, with merchandise of all kinds with which to purchase these slaves. A large trade is carried on between the Oubangi and Lulungu Rivers. The people inhabiting the mouth of the Oubangi buy the Balolo slaves at Masankusu and the other markets. They then take them up the Oubangi River and exchange them with the natives there for ivory. These natives who are confirmed cannibals buy their slaves solely for food. Having purchased slaves they feed them on ripe bananas, fish, and oil, and when they get them into good condition they kill them. Hundreds of the Balolo slaves are taken into the river and disposed of in this way each month. A great many other slaves are

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sold to the large villages on the Congo, to supply victims for the execution ceremonies.

Much life is lost in the capturing of slaves and during their captivity many succumb to starvation. Of the remainder, numbers are sold to become victims to cannibalism and human sacrifice ceremonies. There are few indeed who are allowed to live and prosper.

The Lulungu is fed by two branches the Lupuri and the Malinga,

which have their junction just above the village of Masankusu; the district about the latter is the more thickly populated and its inhabitants are hunters and trappers of elephants.

The natives we had until now visited were the Ba-Nkundu, speaking the same language and having the same tattoo marks as at the Equator Station, a row of rounded scars down the forehead, from the hair to the top of the nose, resembling exaggerated pimples. When we steamed away from Masankusu we entered the ter-



A LOLO GIRL.

ritory of the Balolo, who are the principal owners of the land through which the Malinga flows; but for a hundred miles up this stream the whole country is a dense forest swamp, and all the villagers are far away inland.

Nearly all the slaves seen in the markets on the Lulungu were from the branches of the Lolo nation. Without exception the most persecuted race in the dominions of the Congo Free State are the Lolo tribes, inhabiting the country through which the Malinga and Lupuri Rivers flow. These people are naturally mild and inoffensive. Their small, unprotected villages are constantly attacked by the powerful roving tribes of the Lufembé

and Ngombé. These two tribes are voracious cannibals and fierce man-hunters, and lead a Nomadic life, roaming through the land in vast hordes. They surround the Lolo villages at night, and at the first signs of dawn pounce down upon the unsuspecting Balolo, killing all the men who resist and catching all the rest, of both sexes. They then select the strongest and most robust of their captives, and shackle them hand and foot to prevent their escape. As a rule, after such a raid many are killed for cannibal orgies. These freebooters form a small encampment; they light their fires, seize all the bananas in the village, and any other supplies there may be, and rest there so long as the provisions last. They then march over to one of the numerous slave-markets on the river, where they exchange the captives with the slave-traders of the Lulungu River for beads, cloth, brass wire, and other trinkets. The slave-traders pack the slaves into their canoes and take them down to the villages on the Lulungu River where the more important markets are held. Masankusu, the village we have just left, situated at the junction of the Lupuri and Malinga tributaries, is by far the most important slave-trading center. The people of Masankusu buy their slaves from the Lufembé and Ngombé raiders, and sell them to the Lulungu natives and traders from down river. The slaves are exhibited for sale at Masankusu in long sheds, or rather under simple grass roofs supported on bare poles. It is heart-rending to see the inmates of one of these slave-sheds. They are huddled together like so many animals, and receive just enough of the commonest food to keep life flickering in their emaciated bodies.

It was a long dreary journey up the Malinga to the first Lolo villages. The land was so flooded by a long rainy season that we had great difficulty in finding dry stopping-places for gathering and cutting wood for the steamer.

At one camp, where we had anchored for the night, my sentry on the boat awoke me and whispered, "Njoku, njoku"! ("Elephants, elephants.") Hurriedly dressing, I got out and saw, about fifty yards from the bow of my boat, a small herd of ele-

phants. It was not yet morning. I could hear their blowing and could dimly perceive their great heads above water, but it was really too dark to shoot with any chance of success. We determined to try, however; so the engineer and myself got into the canoe with our crew, and pushed off toward the animals. They were in shallow water, and as we neared them they became confused and huddled together; there was evidently a division of opinion as to whether it was best to keep on the way they were coming or return; they continued to jostle each other until one old bull, furiously trumpeting, led the way to the shore. The whole herd stampeded through the shallow water, splashing up the water and starting big waves running in every direction. We lost sight of the black mass as they reached the shadow of the forest-clad bank and made off into the woods, where we heard them crashing through the thicket in their retreat. At the first signs of daylight, we followed them for several miles, but did not come up to them. If they had arrived half an hour later it would have been light enough to have seen the bead of the rifle; as it was, although we were at one time within twenty feet of them, we could see only the black mass of the bodies. It is impossible to shoot with any accuracy in the dark, so I decided to make no experiments. If a wounded animal had charged us, my chances of stopping him would be small when I had to carry on the defense at night time from an unsteady canoe.

One evening, just at sundown, turning a point in the river, we espied in the distance a few native huts built on a low-lying shore. As we neared the village we could see that it was entirely deserted, and moreover, there were ghastly evidences of the cause of the desertion. The huts were seven in number, old, dilapidated habitations, built on piles, with a floor just above the water's edge. Placed on sticks in front of them were several whitening skulls. What a tale of suffering these grim and hideous trophies told! Probably but a few months before, the poor natives had been surprised at night by the murderous slave-raiders, who had in hideous playfulness thus recorded their heathenish work.

I hoped to find dry land here; but all the region was under

water. It was now too dark to go farther, so I anchored for the night, allowing my men to go in my canoe to these native huts, shelter themselves under the roofs, and light their fires on the raised platforms. The dwellers in these pile houses, in order that their fires shall not burn their wooden stick flooring, always have a large cake of clay on which to build fires.

There was one of these huts which, by its size, suggested that it had been the general Council House of the little settlement. My men crowded into this, and after talking, smoking, and singing far into the night, they rolled themselves in their mats and went to sleep. They had made a large, bright fire, but had not taken the necessary precaution of building it upon the clay. In the dead of night the deep silence was rudely broken by mingled screams and groans. I jumped up at the first cry, thinking that perhaps we had been attacked. The fire had eaten into the flooring and let my men through into the water. Such an unceremonious waking they had never experienced. To be suddenly hurled, without the slightest warning, from their cozy sleep to the deep, dark river below, was certainly sufficient excuse for the screams, groans, and yells which rose up from that mass of black figures, floating mats, and sparks. The grinning skulls, lit by the lamps aboard the "Florida," added a dramatic weirdness to the scene.

Upon nearing the village of Malinga I instructed Bienelo to announce our arrival to the natives by the signal drum. These people had been so intimidated by constant raids from powerful tribes that they feared to receive us; they had erected a rough stockade of spiked stakes behind which they crouched and warned us not to steam in shore. Knowing, however, that it was only through fear that they displayed this apparent hostility, I unloosened my canoe and sent two of my men to hand the chief a present of cotton stuff and beads; this put everybody in a better frame of mind and prepared the way for a talk. Finally I went ashore myself and underwent the ordeal of blood brotherhood with old Iséké-aka, the principal chief. He gave me a present of a tusk of ivory weighing sixty pounds. I spent three days in this village and bought a big pile of tusks at the rate of about three cents a pound.

They were delighted with the opportunity, which our coming afforded them, of exchanging their property for our cloth, beads, shells, brass trinkets, and empty bottles.



A LUFEMBÉ SLAVE-HUNTER.

If blood brotherhood is a perpetual relationship, I have amongst my relatives some very undesirable members of society. This old Chief of Malinga admitted to me in confidence that he was a cannibal, but only resorted to such practices when they were not catching any fish, and his people were suffering from hunger.

Here at Malinga the assembled chiefs voted me several tusks of ivory if I would live among them and defend them against the Lufembé, and enable them to resist the persecutions they were exposed to from the neighboring tribes, who were continually making raids into their districts and cap-

turing their people. It always appears to me that the cry for justice uttered by the poor African has already remained too long unanswered. They said: "We are being starved to death. We can

make no plantations, because when our women visit them they are caught, killed, and eaten by the crafty Lufembé, who are constantly prowling around and taking away any stragglers they may see." Isékéaka told me that already from time to time twelve of his women had been stolen from him, and several of his children.

It can be readily imagined that the incessant persecution which the natives are suffering renders them cruel and remorseless. Throughout the regions of the Malinga they become so brutalized by hunger that they eat their own dead, and the appearance of one of their villages always denotes abject misery and starvation. I have repeatedly seen young children eating the root of the banana tree, vainly endeavoring to obtain some kind of nourishment from its succulence. That they are able to exist at all is a mystery. Every living object they are able to obtain is accepted as food; different kinds of flies, caterpillars, and crickets are all eaten by these people. The wretched state of these Balolo has always saddened me, as intellectually they are a grade higher than the tribes surrounding them; and it is really owing to the gentler fiber of their natures, and their peaceful, trusting disposition, that they easily fall a prey to the degraded and savage hordes in their district. They have artistic taste and mechanical ingenuity, and make exquisitely woven shields and curiously shaped and decorated spears and knives. They are exceedingly intelligent and faithful, and, when properly officered, brave.

One who has lived for some time in Central Africa comes to understand the little impression that acts of the most atrocious and wanton cruelty make on the savage mind. Surrounded from childhood by scenes of bloodshed and torture, their holidays and great ceremonies marked by massacres of slaves, the mildest and most sensitive nature becomes brutalized and callous; and if this is so with the free, what must be the effect upon the slave, torn when a child from its mother, perhaps at the age of two years, and even in its infancy compelled to suffer privation. If indeed this child runs the gauntlet of cannibalism and execution ceremonies, it can hardly be expected that he will sympathize with any suffering.

Suppression of human sacrifice ceremonies on the Upper Congo and tributaries would be a great blow to slavery. For a chief during his life-time devotes his ambition to the accumulation of slaves, so that he may be surrounded by numerous women and warriors during his life-time, and have his importance signalized at his death by the execution of about half the number of the people he has purchased body and soul.

Cannibalism exists amongst all the peoples on the Upper Congo east of 16° E. longitude, and is prevalent to an even greater extent among the people inhabiting the banks of the numerous affluents.

During my first visit to the upper waters of the Malinga River cannibalism was brought to my notice in a ghastly manner. One night I heard a woman's piercing shriek, followed by a stifled, gurgling moan; then boisterous laughter, when all again became silent. In the morning I was horrified to see a native offering for sale to my men a piece of human flesh, the skin of which bore the tribal tattoo mark of the Balolo. I afterward learned that the cry we had heard at night was from a female slave whose throat had been cut. I was absent from this village of Malinga for ten days. On my return I inquired if any further bloodshed had taken place, and was informed that five other women had been killed.

Proceeding up stream from Malinga a few hours brought me to Baulu, the most important ivory market on the river. Here I bought in one afternoon and through the night four thousand pounds of elephants' tusks at an average of two cents per pound. The native trader would bring a tusk along and sit down on it to do his bargaining in order to maintain full possession till the transaction was completed. In one hand he would hold his knife in readiness in case he should be obliged to defend his property. This precaution was no arrogant display, but simply a suggestion to the purchaser that he would have to pay before getting his goods, and if he attempted to take the tusk without payment a serious contest would be the result.

In making a sale they commence by asking an extravagant figure and gradually decrease the amount to a reasonable price. They mention the different articles they want, for example, forty

brass rods, two yards of handkerchief, two forks, two spoons, etc., and whilst speaking they emphasize the numbers by denoting them with their fingers.

In this journey up the Malinga I visited every village and ascended the stream till the waters were so narrow I could just turn the boat. Everywhere we succeeded in making friends with the people, though it was exceedingly difficult at times. They



A LOLO IVORY TRADER.

frequently threatened us with spears and arrows till we had given them presents and proved our inoffensive intentions. It was something very new to them to receive a friendly visit from a force perfectly capable of overcoming them. And when they grasped their weapons at our approach, they were simply acting with very natural precaution.

So wretched is the condition of the people on the upper reaches of the Malinga that numbers of them have been driven by the Lufembé from their settlements on the mainland, and are actually compelled to live on the river in miserable huts, the floors of which are supported on piles. From these dwellings they sus-

pend their nets, and as the river is full of fish, they subsist almost entirely on the produce of their hauls. This has given rise to a curious state of things; for, as the Lufembé grow only manioc, and have more roots than are sufficient for the tribe, they are only too glad to exchange these for fish caught by their victims. And so when a market is held an armed truce is declared, and Lufembé and Malinga mingle together and barter, with their products held in one hand and a drawn knife ready in the other. At all these villages we were able to buy ivory, most of it very cheap. Many of the people had no idea of its value at all. I remember I purchased one tusk weighing seventy-five pounds for beads and shells of the value of one dollar. At the present day I have no doubt the conditions are greatly changed, new trading boats have made repeated visits and the natives have learned the value of ivory.

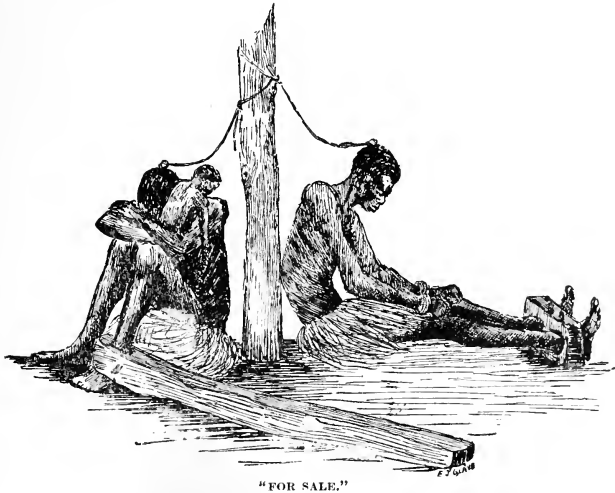
Many of the tusks were much injured by having been hidden in the stream so as to be out of the way of the slave catcher. It was curious to see a native dive into the river and fetch up a big tusk from his watery cellar for sale.

Most of the ivory is procured by a branch of the Balolo called the Bambutu, who inhabit the extreme headwaters of the river.

They kill the elephants by spear traps and pitfalls, and also attack them on foot and stab the brutes with their heavy spears.

I came down stream with the boat well loaded with ivory. At one place where I camped to cut wood, I found smoldering fires and signs of a recent visit from a big band of men. I took the precaution to place sentries around so that my wood-cutters would not be surprised by hostile natives; but we saw no enemy. We had been stealthily watched, however, all the time, for when we steamed out into the stream a mob of savages, with faces blackened and ready for fighting, sprang into the clearing we had just left. I presume they wanted to make us believe they had just arrived, intending to find us ashore. Among them were some of the Lufembé, with whom I would like to have a tilt, so I put the nose of the boat inshore again, and the brave persecutors of the defenseless Balolo proved at once that their powers of prompt departure were quite equal to the abruptness of their arrival.

In every village we saw slaves for sale, poor hungry creatures of both sexes from babies to full grown men and women. Just above the Equator Station is the river Ikelemba, peopled also by the Balolo and overrun by the slave raiding Lufembé and Ngombé. I ascended to the head of navigation of this stream which is probably one hundred and fifty miles in its entire length, and varies in width from one hundred to three hundred yards.



There are clearings at intervals all along the banks of the Ikelemba, where on certain days are held small local markets for the exchange of slaves. As one travels up stream small settlements are passed more and more frequently, and fifty miles from the mouth all the country on the left side of the river is thickly populated. It is noticeable that the villages are all on the left side of the river, the opposite side being infested by marauding and roving tribes who would raid any settlement made on their banks. All the slaves from this river are Balolo, a tribe which is easily recognizable by the exaggerated tattoo marked on the forehead, on the side of the temples, and chin.

During my ten days' visit to this river I met dozens of canoes belonging to the country at the mouth of the Ruki river and the Bukuté district, whose owners had come up and bought slaves, and were returning with their purchases. When traveling from place to place on the river the slaves are, for convenience, relieved of the weight of the heavy shackles. The traders always carry, hanging from the sheaths of their knives, light handcuffs, formed of cord and cane. The slave when purchased is packed on the floor of the canoe in a crouching posture with his hands bound in front of him by means of these handcuffs. During the voyage he is carefully guarded by the crew of standing paddlers; and when the canoe is tied to the bank at night the further precaution is taken of changing the position in which the hands are bound and pinioning them behind his back, to prevent him from endeavoring to free himself by gnawing through the strands. To make any attempt at escape quite impossible, his wrist is bound to that of one of his sleeping masters, who would be aroused at his slightest movement.

In one canoe, which I noticed particularly, there were five traders, and their freight of miserable humanity consisted of thirteen emaciated Balolo slaves, men, women, and little children, all showing unmistakably by their sunken eyes and meager bodies the starvation and the cruelty to which they had been subjected. These slaves are taken down to the large villages at the mouth of the Ruki, where they are sold in exchange for ivory to the people in the Ruki or the Oubangi district, who buy them to supply some cannibal orgy. A few, however, are sold about the district, the men to be used as warriors, and the women as wives; but compared with the numbers who suffer from the persecution of the slave-raiders, few indeed ever live to attain a secure position of even the humblest kind in a village.

I purchased the redemption of a great many slaves during my life on the Congo, and it was curious to observe the different effects on slaves freed so unexpectedly. As a rule, the bewildered man would go from one to another of my boat's crew, asking all sorts of questions as to the meaning of the ceremony. What was

to be his fate? Was he to be exchanged for ivory, or was he to be eaten? And it would take some time and patience to explain to him, after his first surprise was over, the full import of the paper I had placed in his possession. Others, more intelligent, would immediately understand the good fortune that had befallen them; and it was strange to see the startling change in the expression of their countenances, which a moment before betokened nothing but unresisting acquiescence in their miserable destiny, and to note their inert and weary bodies, which seemed at once to become erect and vigorous, when released from the degrading fetters.

Several of my crew were Balolo slaves whom I engaged at the Equator Station. When first I engaged them they came into my hands in the rough. They were savages, some of them cannibals; but they were of a very malleable nature, and with a policy of firmness and fair play I was able to convert them into devoted and faithful servants. As evidence of what can be done by gaining the confidence of the natives, through a policy of firmness and fairness, I think I may safely quote my experience at the Equator Station. I had previously to taking the "Florida," remained there for several months with only one Zanzibari soldier; all the rest of my people were natives I had engaged from the neighboring villages. I was surrounded on all sides by powerful people, who, had they wished, could easily have overcome me and pillaged my post. But not the slightest act of hostility or of an unfriendly nature was ever attempted, and I felt just as secure among them as I do in London or New York. It is true the natives had nothing to gain by molesting me, and they were intelligent enough to perceive that fact. In reality, my presence was, to a great extent, beneficial to their interests. I had cloth, beads, looking-glasses, spoons, cups, and trinkets, and these I exchanged with them; every now and then I would organize a little hunt after elephants or hippopotami; and as my part in the consumption of either of these animals was a very small one, most of the meat was given to the natives.

My life during my stay at the Equator Station was a pleasant

one. The people were of a happy and gay disposition; all were friendly and talkative. They would sit for hours and listen most attentively to my tales of Europe, and their intelligent questions proved them to be possessed of keen understanding. There is no more attentive audience in the whole world than a group of African savages, if you can speak their language and make yourself understood. When I was tired of talking to them, I would ask them questions concerning their manners, customs, and traditions. As I was much impressed by their cruelty, I always made a point of expressing my abhorrence of it, and have even told them that one day I should strike a blow for the slave. My audience on such occasions consisted principally of slaves, and these poor wretches were always much gratified to hear my friendly opinions toward themselves. My arguments, I could see, often appealed strongly to the chiefs themselves, as I asked them: "Why do you kill these people? Do you think they have no feeling because they are slaves? How would you like to see your own child torn away from you and sold into slavery, to satisfy the cravings of cannibalism, or to be executed?" Some of them even said, at the time, that they would not hold any more executions. The executions did take place, however, but in a secret manner, and all news of them was kept from my ears until some time afterward, when I learned of them from my own men. But I would have been unable to prevent the carrying out of such a ceremony with the force I had at my disposal in a single Zanzibari soldier!

I remember hearing of one execution which took place during my absence on an exploring trip, the details of which I learned from a slave. It was to celebrate the death of a chief who had been drowned while on a trading expedition. As soon as the news of his death was brought to the village, several of his slaves were tied hand and foot and lashed down into the bottom of a canoe. The canoe was then towed out to the middle of the river at night; holes were bored in it, and it was allowed to sink with its human freight. When we are able to prohibit the sacrifice of human life which the children of to-day are compelled constantly to witness, more humane feelings may develop themselves, and surrounded

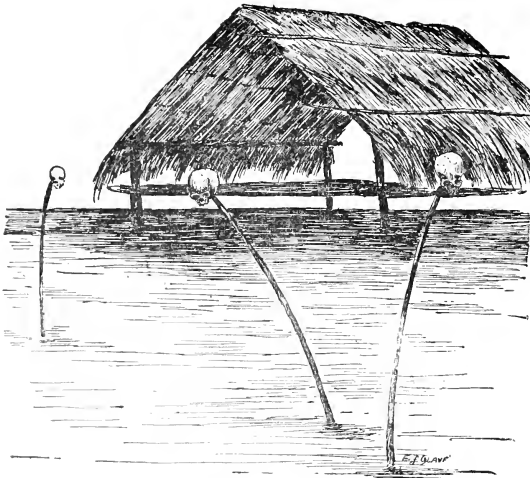
by healthy influences they will, unspoiled at least by open exhibitions of cruelty, grow into a far nobler generation.

The people on the lower part of the Upper Congo seldom practice slave-raiding. It is only when we come to the Bakuté district that we are brought much in contact with it. The large villages around Stanley Pool, Chumbiri, Bolobo, Lukolela, Butunu, Ngombé, Busindi, Irebu, Lake Mantumba, and the Oubangi River, all rely principally upon the Balolo tribes for their slaves. All these villages except Stanley Pool are daily making human sacrifices, either in connection with the death of a chief or for some other ceremonial reason.

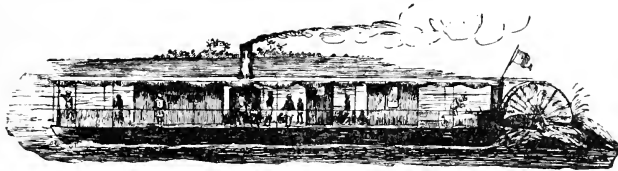
From Banana Point to Stanley Pool slavery does exist, but of such a mild character that when operations are actually begun Stanley Pool should be the starting point. If half a dozen fast boats were placed on the river at Stanley Pool, each armed with twenty black soldiers, officered by two or three Europeans who had proved by their past services that they were capable of dealing with the question, and if such a force had the recognition of the civilized powers and was allowed to strike a blow at the evil, thousands of human lives would be saved.

These boats would be continually moving about the river, and those in command would begin by making a careful study of local politics. They would have to convince the natives of their determination to stop these diabolical ceremonies of bloodshed. The natives should be warned that any villages which in the future were guilty of carrying out such ceremonies would be most severely punished. Some of the better-disposed native chiefs would have to be bought over to the side of the white man. Spies should be engaged all over the district, so that a boat on arriving would immediately hear of any execution that was about to take place or that had taken place; and I would suggest that any village which still continued these acts of cruelty, after having been fairly and fully warned, should be attacked, and a severe example made of the principal offenders. A few such punishments would soon have a most salutary effect. These operations should be carried on between Stanley Pool and the Falls. Posts should also be

established in commanding positions to control the mouths of the slave-raiding rivers. Each point should be supplied with a patrol boat for the lower river. Other stations should be established in the center of the slave-raiding district. Slaves at the time in the market might be redeemed and placed in some settlement where they could learn some handicraft or receive training as soldiers with the ultimate object of creating an army of slaves with which to fight the raiders.



A WEIRD CAMPING PLACE.



"THE FLORIDA."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CANNIBALS OF THE OUBANGI

RETURN TO KINSASSA—HUNTING IN STANLEY POOL—THE "NEW YORK"—STANLEY—THE EMIN BEY RELIEF EXPEDITION—TIPPE TIB—MY COOK "MOCHINDU"—THE FIERCE BALUT—BIENELO'S FIGHT—BAGGING AN ELEPHANT—CANNIBAL WARRIORS—WAR—BARBAROUS CUSTOMS—FISHING—KILLED BY AN ELEPHANT.

Having collected in the Malinga a cargo of several tons of ivory, I proceeded down stream with the "Florida" to our base of supplies at Kinsassa at the lower end of Stanley Pool.

The "Florida" was a most comfortable boat; she was over sixty feet in length and about thirteen feet beam; there were good cabin accommodations on board and she was fitted with powerful engines. She was, however, too large a boat for steaming up the small channels at the headwaters of rivers which it was my duty to explore.

We already had a smaller boat on the stocks at Kinsassa, which when completed would be handed over to me, and I would in future conduct my investigations with her instead of the "Florida," which was needed to carry supplies to the different trading posts we had already established on the Congo and its tributaries.

I was able to do some very useful work with my rifle whilst down stream. The natives around Stanley Pool were suffering from a veritable famine, owing to the failure of their crops and

the scarcity of fish in the river, and my crew of the Bankundi whom I had brought down with me, had difficulty in obtaining sufficient supplies, but there were herds of hippopotami to be found in the sheltered bays and on the sand-banks of Stanley Pool, and I succeeded in considerably decreasing the number of these animals and furnishing an ample if not luxurious meat supply for my people.

The "New York" was by no means a success; she was but twenty-five feet in length, with no cabin, and had a single cylinder engine, and though she consumed an extravagant pile of firewood, she was the slowest boat on the river. When her steaming capacity was being urged to the utmost, she developed about one "dog" power.

In future my time would be devoted to journeys by water to far away villages, and I decided to retain for myself at the Equator Station a part of the building to be utilized as a reserve storehouse for my expedition. The Equator was a central point for my work, and as a base of supplies was far more convenient and practicable than Kinsassa.

Early in 1887, my quiet little station at the Equator was thrown into a fever of excitement by a very interesting occurrence. The shouts from my men told me that a boat had been sighted.

I ran hastily to the beach and saw the little steamer "Peace" breasting the rapid river at the point just below, and out in the stream were "Le Stanley" and the "Henry Reed," each towing lighters alongside, and battling against the swift current. I could see that the decks of all the boats were crowded with blacks, and besides the natives there were several white men aboard.

It was evident to me that some important expedition was on its way up river in this formidable flotilla.

As the first boat neared my beach, I glanced along the deck, and to my intense delight I saw standing in the bow of the "Peace" my old chief Mr. Stanley. Having received no warning of the arrival of this expedition, it was naturally a great surprise. I felt beside myself with excitement, and shouted, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" at the top of my voice as the boat touched the shore. Mr.

Stanley was dressed in his usual traveling costume of jacket, knickerbockers, and peak cap, and he looked remarkably well. He dined with me, and explained during the evening that the black crowds on board the boats were men of his expedition for the relief of Emin Bey at Wadelai.

The next day was occupied by the members of the expedition in procuring food for the journey, and by the crews of the boats in cutting dry wood for the steamers.

I had then the pleasure of meeting Stanley's gallant officers, whose names are now so well known to the world.

The Equator Station had never seen so busy a day. Crowds of Zanzibaris, Soudanese, and other blacks hurried about all day; and old Tippu Tib, the well-known Arab chief, who was being taken up to his headquarters at Stanley Falls, pitched his tent in my yard. He and his followers occupied it during their stay. Tippu was certainly a fine-looking old fellow and a very intelligent man. He looked like a pure negro and showed no sign of the Arab blood which was supposed to be in his veins. He wore a long white linen robe, and around his waist a silk sash in which was stuck his silver-hilted dagger. On his feet he wore a pair of light sandals, ornamented with fine embossed leather.

Being able to speak his language, I had quite a long talk with him, and I was surprised at his accurate knowledge concerning European matters.

Mr. Stanley was exceedingly jolly all day; nothing occurred to worry or trouble him during his brief stay at my station.

I had the pleasure of entertaining him at dinner, together with all his officers, on the night before their departure up river.

Early on the third morning, Stanley and the Emin Bey relief expedition moved up river, leaving the Equator Station again to its wonted quiet.

Since that time the great explorer and his brave followers, after suffering terrible privations and hardships in their arduous journey through Africa, have braved the lurking dangers of the dense forests, fought off the savage hordes of cannibals and dwarfs, and rescued and brought Emin Pacha back to the coast.

On the "Florida" there was a good cooking stove, and it was possible to enjoy a very fair table. But the "New York" was only seven feet wide; and as two-thirds of the boat were taken up by the machinery and boiler, the small space amidships did not give sufficient room for myself and crew, and I had to tow a large dug-out alongside. In this canoe I carried some



TRIALS OF AN AFRICAN COOK.

of my men, with their mats and cooking-pots, two or three goats, some fowls, and last, but not least important, my cooking apparatus—a small earthenware native bowl in which my cook kept his fire and over which every dish was cooked. My cook was a native boy, named Mochindu, to whom I had imparted, to the best of my ability, the few culinary recipes which I had gathered during my travels. But his position as cook on board my boat was not an enviable one, as he was exposed to all weathers, and sometimes had to turn out a dish under the most trying circumstances. The slightest ripple of the water or any movement of

the men in the canoe would upset any gastronomic calculation that he might have made. Often he had to fry a fowl or make some kind of stew under a heavy downpour of rain; and the poor little chap had a very dejected appearance as he struggled to hold up an umbrella to keep the rain from the fire, and at the same time made frantic efforts to save the whole cooking apparatus from toppling over as the canoe lurched from side to side. When his cooking was all finished and the dishes were passed along to the boat, he always seemed to give a sigh of relief as he stepped out of the canoe and crept into the boat near the boiler to get thoroughly warmed so as to be ready for the next culinary struggle.

I remember that one day he was frying some fowl which he had chopped up into cutlets. We were on the beach of a large village, and were surrounded by natives, a group of whom, evidently attracted by the savory odor of the cooking, pointed to something in the boat and asked my little cook what it was. When he turned his head in the direction indicated, one of the fellows made a grab at the pan and, snatching two of the cutlets, bolted off. When Mochindu came to look into the pan, for the purpose of turning over his meat, he connected the hasty retreat of the native with the ominous gap in his frying-pan, and picking up his knife made a rush for the fellow. Then I saw a great struggle going on. Blows were being exchanged, and there was a tussle on the ground; and presently Mochindu returned, holding in his hand the missing cutlets. His face, begrimed with dirt, seemed struggling between sorrow at the mishap and joy at having recovered the booty. If I had not been watching him he would have put the cutlets back in the pan in spite of the sand and dirt they had accumulated.

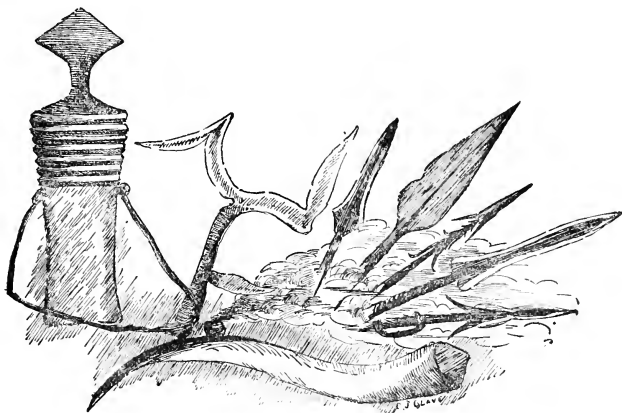
During the two months' voyage which I made on the Oubangi River, I had much experience in dealing with some of the wildest natives in the Congo basin. The Oubangi, which enters the north bank of the Congo nearly opposite Equator Station, has four hundred miles of navigable water before the rapids are reached. On the lower reaches of the river the Balui, a section of

the Bangala tribe, have settled. These people, besides being keen traders, are skillful hunters. They trap the elephant in the forests, and on foot pluckily hunt with spears the buffalo in the plains; nor is the hippopotamus in the river safe from their deadly weapons. They attack him while he sleeps on a sand-bank or in shallow water, stabbing him with a heavy spear, to the handle of which a float is attached by a cord, so that if they only succeed in wounding him, his whereabouts may be known by the float which remains fastened to the weapon.

I ascended this river in the "New York," and was accompanied by only fifteen Ba-Nkundu men recruited from the villages around the Equator Station. Our small numerical strength was taken advantage of by the savages. They tried in every way to impose on me. These Balui are a most murderous and piratical race, and to their other shortcomings is added that of cannibalism. They are constantly lying in wait, concealed in their canoes amidst grass and bush, near to some of their neighbors' fishing-grounds; and upon the arrival of a small party of fishermen, they will steal out from their hiding-places, give chase, spear the fishermen, and devour the bodies of those who fall in the fray. They tried on several occasions to pick quarrels with my men, and at one place the relationship between the villages and my crew became seriously strained. Bienelo had bought a bunch of bananas from a woman, and he and his friends had consumed half of them, when the husband of the woman arrived and insisted that the fruit should be forthwith returned. This old savage was too angry to listen to reason and admit the impossibility of his demand, and he sought to gain redress by attacking Bienelo with his spear; but my dusky aide-de-camp was an expert in the use of arms. He sprang at his assailant and dextrously stabbed the fellow in the stomach with his own spear. The wounded man raised a cry for help and was immediately surrounded by the warriors of the settlement. Bienelo joined my crew who were cutting wood and warned them of the danger of an attack, and they returned quickly to the boat.

Hearing of this trouble I rushed ashore and was met by a crowd

of natives moving toward the beach in threatening array, every one holding his weapon in readiness. My little black servant "Itéla" had followed me with my elephant rifle and with this in my possession I felt more comfortable; by this time my men had got their loaded rifles and were prepared for a fight. I did not want war at all. The natives were in overwhelming numbers, and my supply of cartridges was not a very liberal one.



OUBANGI ARMS AND PIPE.

I could have held my own, but I had many hundred miles to journey up the Oubangi, and if I engaged in a contest now I should certainly lose some of my men and exhaust my ammunition and should be compelled to return to the Equator for fresh supplies. I decided to fight this battle with cunning if possible.

Relying on the belief universally current in this land that the white man is possessed of mystic power, I called out to the infuriated mob, that if they would lower their spears and calm themselves I would apply a remedy to the wound, and that my medicine had such marvelous properties that by to-morrow morning not even a scar would remain where to-day the flesh was deeply gashed. My medicine, however, would only be efficacious under certain conditions. Everybody must be seated and not move

without my permission, and after due application of the medicine the wounded man must walk slowly back to his hut; any excitement or haste would reopen the wound, and the consequence would be serious.

At the time of the commencement of the quarrel my steamer fires were drawn and the acceptance of my proposal by the natives would give the engineer time to get up steam and allow me to leave these hostile regions.

My proffer was accepted and with a good deal of formality and outward show, I examined different parts of the invalid's body in order to impress the crowd by my seriousness of action. I delayed the operation of bandaging up the wound till my engineer quietly informed me that he had enough steam to make a start. During this performance all my crew were ashore; they knelt down with loaded rifles and faced the village savages, whose behavior betokened anything but friendship. I was conducting this medicine farce in between these rival forces, and had the unusual equipment of a bottle of iodoform and a revolver, in case the latter remedy might be necessary for some of the unwounded who were anxious for a fight.

Before getting aboard my boat I again impressed the wounded man with the importance of moving slowly. There was a long stretch of cleared ground fronting the village and reaching to the river. As the man whom I had just treated moved away in full view the natives could not attack our boat without exposing him, so we were able by this to get well out of range and escape from what might have been a serious fight.

Generally speaking, the land through which the Oubangi flows is swampy, and the banks of the river are clothed with densest tropical vegetation—huge trees, among which lovely creepers trail from branch to branch. Various orchids of brilliant colors, cling to the branches of the trees, far overhead, and animals of all kinds roam through the woods.

The Balui have not penetrated far up the river. A hundred miles from the mouth one meets other tribes, speaking an entirely different language, but with habits and tastes as horrible

as those of the Balui. These tribes are most confirmed cannibals and freely advertise that fact, by exhibiting the bones of their victims. The members of the various tribes are constantly at war with one another; each village seems only too anxious to pounce down upon some other. This state of things maintains a perpetual state of alarm; nearly every village is surrounded by a heavy stockade of sharpened posts, strapped to which are bundles of wooden spears, ready to the hand of the warrior in case of a sudden attack. One is constantly passing patches of cleared ground, which show the charred stumps and general débris of destroyed villages. These, I learned, were once populous villages that had been destroyed through the avarice and ferocity of their neighbors.

Whilst journeying up one of the small tributaries of this river, one afternoon, we came within sight of a small herd of elephants; one old male was standing in about two feet of water and was leisurely enjoying a drink, and a female was carefully plucking tender young sprigs from the branches overhead. The crashing of branches in the forest beyond showed that the remainder of the herd were busily feeding. As quickly as possible I ran my boat in-shore with the object of crawling up unperceived on my game.

The old fellow in the water offered the best opportunity. I approached within twenty-five yards of him and waited in hiding till he offered a good mark. A shot behind the ear brought him to his knees, but he staggered to his feet again and tried to reach the forest when I emptied my left barrel squarely into his forehead and he dropped fatally wounded.

Some Oubangi fishermen, hitherto unacquainted with the gun, came over from their camp to see the dead brute, and were bewildered with astonishment at the power of my rifle.

I camped at this place for three days so as to allow the native report concerning my deadly weapon to spread and intimidate would be enemies into treating us a little more reasonably.

This delay had the desired effect. The surrounding settlements which we visited did not exhibit any great anxiety to attack a boat having such weapons aboard.

All the villages along the Oubangi River are full of stalwart and fierce savages. At one place I saw a canoe on its way to war. It was a huge dug-out with large platforms fore and aft, and was manned by thirty-five fine young warriors, who for sym-



A CANNIBAL WARRIOR.

metry of limb and general physique would compare favorably with any band of fighters in the world. In the center, seated on a chair, was the old chief himself, who leaned gracefully, with his arms folded, over his shield. In the bow was a young fellow beating a war-drum. On the platform at the back were two men with war-drums and two men acting as steersmen. In the body of the canoe were the warrior paddlers. Every man had on the usual leather breast-plate of tanned buffalo-skin, colored in fantastic patterns with yellow and white chalk. They also wore caps of various colored feathers and skins. The shields and spears were arranged along the sides of the canoe so that, at a moment's notice, every man could be armed.

The sun was shining brilliantly, and the bright metal of the knives and spears flashed with every movement, while the wild

and general physique would compare favorably with any band of fighters in the world. In the center, seated on a chair, was the old chief himself, who leaned gracefully, with his arms folded, over his shield. In the bow was a young fellow beating a war-drum. On the platform at the back were two men with war-drums and two men acting as steersmen. In the body of the canoe were the warrior paddlers. Every man had on the usual leather breast-plate of tanned buffalo-skin, colored in fantastic patterns with yellow

surrounding scenery completed a striking and impressive picture. These people are fierce, warlike, and aggressive. I had only fifteen of the Ba-Nkundu men with me, and it required all my stock of patience to put up with our pursuers' arrogant behavior. They would surround us in their canoes, and tantalize us by throwing corn-cobs, pieces of wood, and stones; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I was able to prevent them from smashing the machinery of the steamer, as time after time they chased my boat and tried to drive the prows of their canoes into the wheel. These attacks I repelled by placing some of the crew at the end of my own canoe to guard our wheel with long sticks. It was very humiliating to be made a target for a rubbish fusillade, but as my boat was very slow I was unable to escape the indignity.

I make it my policy to use the rifle upon the natives only as a last resort, when patience and diplomacy have failed. To my peaceful overtures, these savages only yelled, and informed me that they would eat me and all my crew! I signed to them that it was very possible I might dispute that. Upon my showing them a rifle, they laughed, jeered at me, and said, "The spear is the weapon to kill. The gun won't kill!" They followed me up river until we came abreast of another long stretch of villages. Here the natives did not confine themselves to verbal insults, and I was compelled to fight them. They overstepped the most generous limits that I could grant.

As I passed close in-shore, steaming slowly past their villages, an ominous sullenness was noticeable on the features of all the men who were sitting crouched along the bank with their eyes fixed on me, and their weapons lying ready just in front of them. At a given signal they all rose and hurled their spears. One of these weapons just missed my head and splintered the wooden sun-deck of my boat. The warning beat of the war-drums struck up throughout the whole district.

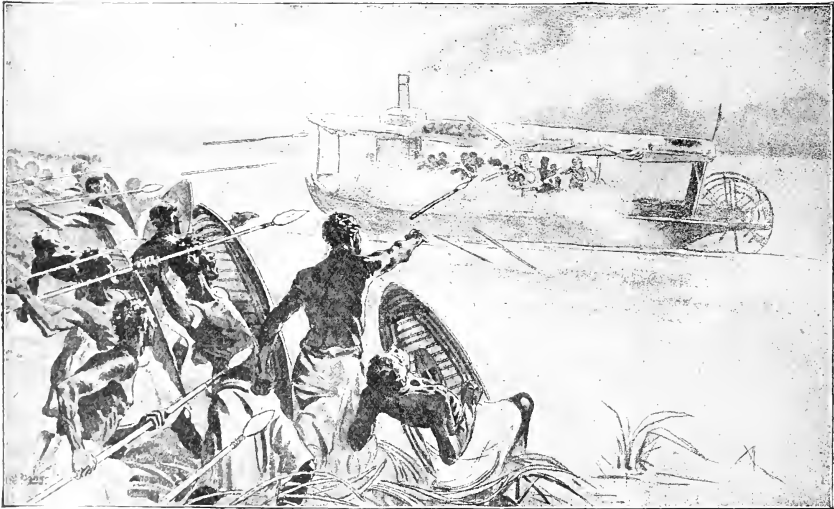
This actual attack I was bound to punish. I put the nose of my boat in-shore and steamed ahead.

The enemy grouped together to resist, but we poured such a

withering fire into them that they soon began to throw their spears at random and then broke and fled for shelter behind the huts and trees.

I was determined to give them a lesson that they would remember—a lesson that would cause them to think twice before they again attacked a friendly white man.

I routed them out of their own village; then they made a slight



FIGHT WITH THE CANNIBALS.

stand behind their palisade, from which we cleared them, and scattered them in full retreat before us. I completed the punishment by burning their houses and capturing their live stock, and then camped on an island opposite, for the night, keeping a careful watch till the morning, when we resumed our way up river.

It was surprising how such a lesson improved these people. I came back to the same village twelve days afterward, and although they were dreadfully scared, succeeded in pacifying, and, indeed, making friends with them. They admitted that they had been

in the wrong; they thought that I, with so small a party, could be easily overcome, and so had commenced the attack. They paid dearly for their mistaken judgment.

I noticed that they were wearing as ear-rings the empty rifle shells used in our recent fight against them. These natives, unlike those of Lukolela, do not plait the hair, but prefer to shave it, and then wait until the head is covered with three or four days growth, from which they shave away some of the hair and leave the remainder in half-moon patterns, squares and other designs. When the patches of hair grow too long, they shave all off again and start afresh. Their faces are rendered exceedingly repulsive by their custom of cutting off the two upper front teeth close to the gum. The news of my little fight spread far and wide. The slowness of my boat afforded opportunity for such a report to travel, and at no other village above did the natives dare to receive us with hostility, nor did we again become the recipients of their spare stock of corn-cobs, old roots, and other contents of rubbish heaps. Most of the native plantations were cultivated on the islands amid stream. Elephants and buffaloes destroyed any crops growing inland.

These people are constantly at war among themselves and hostile parties are always lurking about an enemy's village in the hope of carrying off captives. The gardens on the islands cannot be approached by any one without their being seen by people in the village, so that the women can conduct their agricultural pursuits in safety; but they are always accompanied by a few warriors, who keep a good lookout while the women work.

Trading was exceedingly difficult—cannibalism constituted their principal ambition. They would sell a tusk for a man; in fact, they offered to exchange a big pile of ivory for my whole crew! These savages considered me very eccentric because I did not avail myself of my opportunities. They could not understand why with such guns I did not wage war on the villages and capture the ivory and slaves!

On several occasions during this trip the Oubangi chiefs offered to make a partnership with me. Their native forces would com-

bine with my men; armed with rifles we would overcome the large villages containing ivory, all of which would belong to me, and my allies would take the dead bodies of those slain in the proposed raids! It was strange to these savage beings that I should express an abhorrence of their scheme.

The only attempt at ornamenting their village huts is by hanging up bunches of skulls in conspicuous places. Suspended from their horn goblets human jaw bones seemed the popular adornment.



VILLAGE DECORATION.

At one settlement the old chief received me affably at his beach, and taking my hand escorted me to his village where his hut was surrounded by rows of human skulls which were placed in line on a raised clay platform.

As I had bought a few tusks of ivory here the natives imagined that I was anxious for any substance of that nature, and had I been a willing purchaser I could have returned from the trip with a cargo of human skulls.

So brutal are some of the tribes of Central Africa that even the declaration of peace must be accompanied by the slaughter of a slave. Near old Ndisi's village, on the upper waters of the Oubangi, there was a dead body suspended by the heels from a high gallows. I learned that the chief had but recently settled a long standing quarrel with a neighboring people, and had celebrated the event by this cruelty. A young slave had been hung up head downward when alive and thus tortured to death, and he would be left there till the stakes rotted and the ghastly monument fell into the river.

But even more horrible is the fate of such a one at Chumbiri, Bolobo, or the large villages around Irebu, where the expiatory victim is actually buried alive with only the head left above the

ground. All his bones have first been crushed or broken, and in speechless agony he waits for death. He is usually thus buried at the junction of two highways, or by the side of some well trodden pathway leading from the village; and of all the numerous villagers who pass to and fro, not one, even if he felt a momentary pang of pity, would dare either to alleviate or to end his misery, for this is forbidden under the severest penalties.

During this Oubangi trip I visited all the villages along the four hundred miles of navigable river, but bought only a small quantity of ivory. In every case they wished to exchange their property for slaves. However, the few tusks I was able to purchase were very cheap. They term ivory "Minjeka mimbungu," (elephant's dry wood), they carve it into ear-rings, and armlets, pestles for pounding up maize, and I have often seen big blocks from a monster tusk used as seats in the Oubangi villages. In those days they had no idea of the value of the precious substance.

The popular metal is copper. They have in their country rich deposits of this, and not only are some of their weapons shaped from it, but they wear anklets, leg-rings and other body ornaments made from the same metal.

This river teems with fish, of every size and variety. Their haunts and habits are thoroughly well known to the fishermen, whose curiously minute observations have taught them where to spread their nets with a certainty of the largest haul. There is one large yellow fish, the "mbutu," esteemed a great luxury by the natives, which lives upon the soft, succulent stems of the swamp grass, and, as a rule, feeds about eight or ten inches below the surface of the water. The fisherman, with spear poised ready for the throw, glides noiselessly along in his canoe, skirting the fringe of the grassy swamps, carefully watching to see the slightest trembling of a stem of grass, which tells that a fish is nibbling. Suddenly he deftly plunges his weapon below the surface, and almost invariably a fat mbutu is drawn to the side of the canoe, struggling on the end of the spear. All along the Congo and its tributaries are large bays where the water is invari-

ably sluggish; these places are the resorts of shoals of fish. In the rainy season, when the river is swollen, the natives build walls of cane mesh-work across the mouths of these bays; so that when the river falls, all the fish are securely penned in; openings are then made in the netting, and a basket-trap attached over each. The fish endeavoring to escape by these apertures are caught in the traps. With but little effort, a plentiful supply of fish is secured at this time of the year. Sometimes, during a rapid fall of the river, thousands of fish are taken in this way in a few days. Near to these fishing-grounds the natives build rough, temporary huts and also construct low tables of sticks about one and a half feet from the ground. The fish are placed on these tables, and are smoked perfectly dry by means of large fires placed underneath.

Upon coming down-stream, near the mouth of the river, I one night shot a hippopotamus. Next morning, on proceeding to the place where I had left it the night before, I found it surrounded by a crowd of Balui. They jumped into their canoes at my approach and paddled off with all their might, but I followed them, because they had taken all the meat. When they arrived at their homes they jumped ashore and bolted into the bush with the meat. Upon my arrival at the village I found all the huts deserted. A careful inspection proved that the village was inhabited by fishermen, and the quantity of dried fish in the village certainly pointed to the fact that the season had been a very good one. Exchange being no robbery, as they had stolen my hippo, I helped myself to their fish, and as my own men had been having rather too much hippo meat for some time past, the change of diet was welcome to them.

Upon my return to the Congo I was grieved to learn that there was a new grave at my old deserted station of Lukolela.

Among the white officers whom I knew on the Congo, one of the bravest was an Englishman named Deane. He had spent five years on the Congo, formerly as an officer of the Congo Free State; he had also commanded one of the government stations on the Kasai. There the natives, taking advantage of his small

force, attacked him when he was out in the river and clinging to his canoe, which had been upset by a tornado.

His guns had sunk to the bottom, and he had only his knife; but with this he fought so desperately that he succeeded in keeping off his enemies, receiving, however, a wound on his leg from the thrust of a barbed fishing-spear.

A few months later he was on his way to Stanley Falls to replace the officer in command of that station, who had finished his term of service. At nightfall a terrific storm compelled him to seek shelter ashore, as his little boat, the "Royal," loaded with her steel lighter and thirty black Houssa soldiers, could not have lived through the waves. They anchored in the channel, just below the Monongeri villages, a few days journey from Stanley Falls. As the steamer was very small, Deane slept on shore in a small tent. His men, rolling themselves in their blankets and mats, tried to sleep. Cold and cheerless it was that night, as camp-fires were impossible in such a storm. Suddenly the roar of the tempest was drowned by groans of agony and yells of rage. The Monongeri savages, under the cover of the night and storm, had been gathering around the band. So stealthily and silently did they come that the actual attack was the first signal of their presence.

Only a few minutes before, Deane had been his rounds to see that the sentries were at their posts; hardly had he returned to his campbed when the villainous onslaught began. He himself was severely wounded in the shoulder; and the keen blade of a Monongeri spear pierced his thigh. His cartridges were damp and would not explode; but he fought manfully, using the butt of his revolver, and a shield which he had wrested from one of the enemy, holding at bay the fierce natives, who savagely hurled their spears, but at last were driven to the dark shadows of the forest, by volley after volley fired by the Houssa sentries. In short gasps and feeble tones Deane rallied his men, and then he fell exhausted to the earth, unconscious. Several of his people had been killed, and many more lay dying from their wounds. Harris, Deane's companion, carried the dead and dying on board the little steamer, and getting up steam pushed off and anchored in midstream. What a

night of misery! The groans of the wounded were mocked by the unearthly mirth and drumming which the wind bore to them from the savages gathered thickly on the banks. Early in the morning the boat steamed away, with Deane wounded and half his men massacred. With so diminished a force, punishment of the Monongeri for this treacherous onslaught was out of the question; so they pushed on up-stream; the natives, emboldened by their victory, came out in large war-canoes, harassing the fugitives until the deadly rifle warned them that there was still danger from that little boat. At last he arrived at Stanley Falls, but so weak was he that all feared he would die. It was decided that he should return to Leopoldville. But a few months elapsed, and again Deane was on his way up-river to punish the Monongeri villages and take command of Stanley Falls. With his renewed forces he was able to avenge the death of his men and his own sufferings.

After he had been at Stanley Falls a few months, hostilities broke out between the station and the Arabs. Deane fought desperately, killing a great number of the Arab slave-raiders and Manyema banditti, until, the ammunition being exhausted, his men, with the exception of three deserted him. Deane fired the station and escaped into the forests, where he lived on berries and roots for a month, hunted about by the Arabs who were in search of him.

A few months later he was again on the Congo, this time to try his fortune in hunting big game. He joined Captain Bailey, and they decided to hunt together the elephants, which abound all through this part of Africa.

They spent a little time at Lukungu, on the lower reaches of the Congo, after which they had some good sport hunting antelopes and buffaloes on Long Island, in Stanley Pool. But they were impatient to try their guns on the elephants, so they hurried on up-stream. Captain Bailey had a severe attack of fever, and had to return to Europe invalided. So Deane was left at camp alone. Eventually, prompted by reports of the great quantities of game at Lukolela, he shifted his camp to that place, and had been there but a few days when, returning to the station after a short

absence up the Ikelemba River, I heard the sad news that he had been killed by an elephant.

The scene of the tragedy was about one hundred miles down the river, and I decided to leave the next morning and learn full particulars from the people on the spot. It took me two days to get down to Lukolela with my slow craft. Arriving on the second day I learned the details from the whites at the Mission Station, which had been established near-by my old garrison; and the news was graphically confirmed by my old hunter, Bongo Nsanda, who was with poor Deane at the time of his death. I tell the story nearly as I learned it from Bongo Nsanda. He said it was a very wet morning, a day not at all suitable for hunting, being very misty; but Deane was determined to go out. Bongo Nsanda advised him to postpone the hunt, but this he would not consent to do. So getting his few men in a canoe they paddled down the river, and entered a small grass-blocked creek.

Upon arriving there, in a little stretch of open water they heard the breaking down of branches by an elephant—to the hunter's ear an unmistakable sound. Deane gave his orders, and the nose of the canoe was noiselessly brought up to the bank, where there was a little dry land. When the hunter had arrived at this stage of his story, I took two of my men and determined to go over the ground and hear the remainder of the sad story on the spot. Bongo Nsanda, as soon as he landed, seemed to become melancholy in the death-like silence of this wood. The only sounds to be heard were the combined murmuring hums of numberless insects, and the occasional mournful call of the hornbill. When we had walked twenty or thirty yards, Bongo Nsanda arrested my footsteps, and said, "Here, you see, these footmarks were made by the white man. Now, if you will go with me over there, I will show you where the elephant was standing."

I accompanied him. He pointed out to me a long strip of the bark of a tree. Said he, "The elephant was tearing off that bark."

"The white man," added Bongo Nsanda, "took a long aim: but he must have just missed the vital spot, as the elephant curled up his trunk, gave one shrill trumpet, and made off into the bush.

Deane and the hunter followed him as quickly as they could, but the wounded animal ran a great distance, and Deane became tired. "He sat down on a log," said Bongo Nsanda, "and told me in a whisper to keep my ears open as the elephant might be within hearing, and at the same time added that I must make no noise. After a few minutes, a sound told him that the elephant was not far away. He held his head low, and his hand to his ear, and listened for about half a minute, when the sound was repeated."

Again Bongo Nsanda moved on another thirty or forty yards, and then, suddenly stopping, he said in a whisper, as if the same great danger was still hanging over us, "This is where he stood. He was a brave man; he was not afraid of an elephant or a buffalo, for the elephant was standing in that open space under the trees, and was just filling it up with his head, this way; but Deane boldly crept up within ten yards of him and fired. This time the elephant came down on his knees; but before the smoke had blown away, he rose to his feet, and plunged off in another direction."

I again followed Bongo Nsanda's footsteps. The same feeling of awe that was shown by this black hunter took possession of me also, as we approached nearer the fatal spot. Bongo Nsanda must have been deeply impressed indeed; for, at every step he took, he looked all around with a hesitating glance, as if expecting that an angry elephant might appear any moment.

At last we came to a little patch of clear ground, perhaps ten or eleven yards square. "Over there," said Bongo Nsanda, "the elephant was standing, swaying his trunk backward and forward, and switching his tail in an angry manner." Deane at first got behind a tree near where we stood, opened the breech of his rifle to make sure that he had put in two cartridges, and then boldly left his cover and approached to within seven yards of his game. He raised his rifle and fired his two barrels in quick succession, causing the elephant to stagger. The lever of his gun was stiff, and he seemed to be struggling with it trying to open it; but, as it would not work, he threw down his own rifle, and snatched from the hands of his hunter a loaded Snider rifle, aimed, and fired. This was the last shot ever fired by poor Deane, for the

elephant made a short, wild rush at him, and killed him on the spot just as he reached his cover.

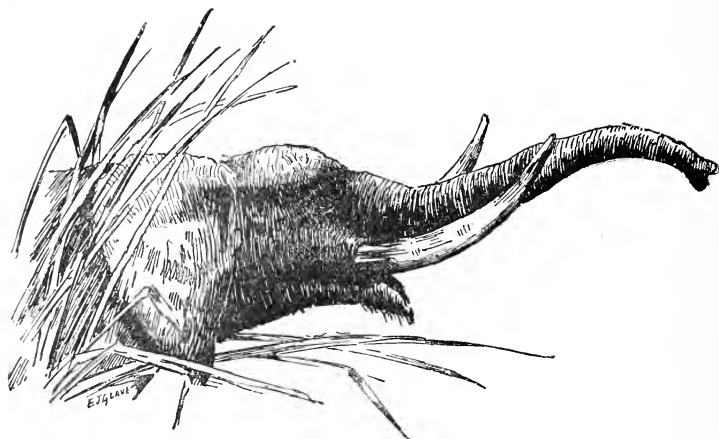
Upon examining the surrounding forest, I was forcibly impressed by the destruction which this wounded and infuriated elephant had wrought in his anger. He had evidently imagined everything about him to be an enemy. From some trees the bark had been ripped. He had torn down all the branches within his reach, and trampled them beneath his feet; young trees had yielded before his mighty strength and had been uprooted and flung from his path.

I followed the elephant's track for a long distance. At first he had made his way through a forest, and then plunged into a swamp. Here he seemed to have rested for a time in the water, and to have regained his strength to some extent; for after this his tracks became firmer and firmer, until, when the tracks had passed right through this swamp and into another forest beyond, there was nothing in them to show that they were those of a wounded animal. Finding it was hopeless to track him any farther, I returned to the Mission Station at Lukolela. Probably the elephant eventually died of his wounds, but it is surprising how far they will travel after being badly wounded.

Deane, throughout his whole career on the Congo, had shown himself to be a man of undoubted pluck. I admired him, and we were the best of friends. Some time before, on my road up from Kinsassa, I had put in at his camp, when we had spent a very merry day together. But now everything had been taken away from the spot; his last tent had been struck, and there was a sad and somber blank in the place of the vivid scene I had left only a few days earlier.



COPPER NECK RING.



A "TUSKER."

CHAPTER XII.

MY SIXTH YEAR IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

ARAB SLAVERY—TIFFE TIB—PERSECUTED NATIVES—IVORY—THOMPSON'S HUNT AT NIGHT—A TRIP UP THE RUKI—ATTACKED BY CANNIBALS—DIVING FOR A WOUNDED CROCODILE—ATHLETIC MEETING—"NEP"—PROGRESS ON THE CONGO—SUPPRESSION OF SLAVERY—OVERLAND TO THE COAST—CONGO RAILWAY—HOME AGAIN.

Every traveler who has penetrated into the heart of Africa has been compelled to witness the lamentable persecution which the natives incessantly suffer at the hands of the Arab slaver. All the great authorities on African history have graphically depicted the sufferings caused by this inhuman traffic. Stanley, Gordon, and Livingstone have drawn the world's attention to the existing evils of African slavery. The most remorseless and cruel of all these persecuting hordes are certainly the Arabs, Manyemas, and Zanzibaris, at present so energetically employed on the headwaters of the Congo and its tributaries.

Stanley Falls, half way across Africa at the head of navigation on the Upper Congo, is the main depot of the Arab slaver. Here Tippu Tib and his Arab associates live a life of comparative luxury, reside in fine large clay dwellings, cultivate plantations of grain and vegetables, have a little stock and poultry, and, surrounded by a goodly retinue of servants, they pass their time apparently in indolence, making little calls and sipping coffee. But Tippu Tib and his associates, so immaculately robed in white linen, represent an administrative power controlling several thousands of hired murderers, who are told off in bands and sent into the neighboring country in search of ivory. These men, more correctly speaking, are ivory hunters; it is the search for ivory that takes them into the heart of Africa. How the refined possessor of a delicately carved ivory toilet set, fan, or button-hook would recoil with horror, were it possible to see the blood-stained panorama of destruction to human life, relentless cruelty, and remorseless barbarism daily and hourly enacted to obtain the precious substance so highly prized, but purchased so dearly with human life. Slavery and its attendant cruelties play a part subservient to ivory; there is no attempt on the part of the Arabs to purchase the ivory from the elephant hunters of the far interior. They steal it. A band of Arabs and their followers learn of a village in which some of the occupants have ivory. During the night the native settlement is surrounded by these fiends, and at the earliest streaks of dawn some of the grass thatched roofs are fired and a few guns discharged to throw the village into a state of consternation. The natives, frightened by the unusual noise, emerge from their huts only to fall into the hands of their persecutors. Some of the older men are shot, in order to intimidate the others, and any who resist meet with instant and violent death. All the captives are securely shackled with heavy iron chains and wooden forks to prevent their escape, and the Arabs then open negotiations with the remainder of the tribe, and return the enslaved captives in exchange for ivory. Often it happens that there is not enough ivory to redeem all those who have been captured; in that case the Arabs carry off the remaining

slaves and exchange them with some foreign tribe for ivory, or as subjects for human sacrifice in connection with some tribal ceremony, or even to supply a cannibal orgie. Some of the stronger are retained as carriers for the stolen ivory, and a few of the women enter the harems of the slavers.

These natives are fine, robust specimens of humanity, and their country is teeming with natural wealth; but these elements, so conducive to prosperity and happiness, are simply a mockery under the present conditions of oppression and persecution to which they are always subject. The heart of Africa is the happy hunting-ground of the Arab slaver; giant expeditions, well-armed and equipped, are constantly pouring into Africa from Morocco, Tunis, Egypt, Zanzibar, and other ports, solely for the object of gathering slaves and ivory.

Can it be wondered at that these Africans are savages? How could they be anything else, suffering as they have done, as far as their memory can carry them, all the cruelty, indignity, and barbarous persecution which the devilish mind of the man-hunter can invent and perpetrate?

At the head-waters of all the great tributaries of the Congo River the natives are incessantly suffering the same persecution at the hands of the mongrel Arabs.

Occasionally the Arabs will make friends with certain tribes, so as to utilize them against their neighbors. Some of the native villages on the river bank have no ivory, and are powerful fighters and industrious agriculturists or fishermen. The cunning Arab has respected the villages of these people, as they could be most useful friends.

Cannibalism, so general on the higher reaches of the Congo, is an aid to the Arab slaver. He avails himself of this hideous propensity of the native by enlisting tribes in his behalf, paying them for their services as fighting men and guides by a share of the "meat" obtained in the raids—being the human beings killed by these brutes.

The Arab is absolutely without mercy for the poor wretches he holds in bondage—the young men and women in the prime of life, mothers with babies, all herded like so many cattle, covered with

festering sores from the chafing wooden blocks on their wrists and ankles and the cumbersome fork which holds their necks, and receiving from their heartless masters just sufficient food to keep the spark of life flickering in their skeleton bodies.

Fate seems unrelentingly antagonistic to the native of Equatorial Africa. He is born to suffer pain and sorrow—often from birth doomed to wretchedness and oppression.

All the ivory pillaged by the raiders is brought to Stanley Falls; thence it is carried on the shoulders of slaves a distance of three thousand miles to the east coast of Africa, and the Arabs themselves calculate that only one-third of the carriers dispatched reach their destination. The enormous death-roll caused by this scourge to Africa can be imagined—the number of those killed in the raids, those who die of sickness, privation, and hunger at the camps, and the loss of life on the caravan road to the east. All this cruelty exists—homes are destroyed and pillaged, husbands cruelly shot while defending their wives and children, and slaves captured, sold to be eaten, or sacrificed for tribal ceremony. All these atrocities are committed by man on man, to enrich the white-robed Arab of Stanley Falls. It is for this perfectly arrayed being that this injustice exists.

The man of civilization condemns with indignation the barbarism of the Arab slaver, but let the white man pause and think for but one moment and he will realize how deeply he himself is implicated. By whom are the guns and ammunition supplied with which this persecution is carried on, and who is the purchaser of the costly elephant tusk?

The power of the Arab and his Manyema follower lies in his superior weapon, the fire-arm; Arabs are not able to make guns or powder. These articles are supplied by the white trader, and this is a traffic which the great powers should at once control as far as possible. It is the possession of the gun by the Arab which gives him his present tyrannical position over the multitudes of inoffensive and poorly-armed natives. There is a common saying amongst the slavers "*Bunduki Sultani ya Bara Bara*," meaning "The gun is the Sultan of Africa."

In some few parts of northern Africa slavery is simply the substitution of enforced for free labor. The natural indolence of the Mohammedan has taught him to surround himself with a retinue of slaves to wait hand and foot and answer every beck and call; and thousands of these poor wretches are caught and ill treated by their cruel masters, who drive them, shackled and yoked, in herds over the hot desert and through the tangled jungle, leaving the sick to die and be torn to pieces by the wild beasts. The roads over which the slave caravans travel are clearly defined by ghastly landmarks of whitening skulls and fetid corpses.



MANYEMA WOMAN.

During the last few years the limits of slavery have been considerably contracted. Not many years ago fleets of sailing-vessels left the west coast of Africa laden with slaves for foreign ports; the traffic by the Arab dhows from the east coast has greatly diminished. A church now stands in Zanzibar where the public slave-market stood but a few years ago. The

British squadron has done much to suppress this part of the traffic. Their fast, well equipped steam launches are always coasting along the shores of the Indian Ocean.

They examine every Arab craft and if slaves are found aboard they are at once liberated and their masters are imprisoned.

On my way home in 1889 I met an old Portuguese who had been engaged in the slave traffic. He was now a very old man and counted among the varied incidents of his life an experience which he does not refer to with any degree of pride or pleasure. He was caught in the act of shipping slaves, and had the opportunity of spending two years in irons on a British man-of-war. The west coast of Africa at least is now cleansed of this hideous traffic.

The European powers, by dividing among themselves the continent of Africa, accept a contract, of course, to administer in their respective territories justice to the inhabitants. Therefore the Congo Free State, French, English, German, and Portuguese governments, must protect their subjects from the perpetual oppression of their avaricious persecutor, the Arab slaver. The shackle and chain, now cruelly chafing the limbs of thousands and thousands of human beings in Africa, can only be broken asunder by force. The crimson banner of the Arab now floats boldly over the great slaving centers, Tabora, Nyangwé, Kasongo, and Ujiji, an emblem of iniquity; and the spotless, white-clothed man-hunters of Stanley Falls will not desist from their iniquitous calling until some superior force



TIPPU TIB.

compels them. The Germans and English on the east coast are constantly strengthening their position and moving farther to the westward.

The forces of the Congo Free State are strongly intrenching themselves around Stanley Falls. These forces are gradually closing in on the Arabs, and enlightened civilization will be compelled in the near future to cross swords with relentless cruelty and barbarism. Such an issue is a very important one, and no preparation should be neglected; the chance of failure must not exist. The whole of the civilized world should aid these powers in their noble work in Africa. The downfall of the Arab slaver

should be made doubly sure and every influence brought to bear to gain the entire confidence of the natives and render them hostile to the Arabs and friendly to the whites, so that not only will they render assistance in fighting their natural enemies, from whose merciless persecution they have so long suffered, but when the bugle sounds the attack, and the guns of the white man proclaim the war declared, they will rally round the standard raised for their delivery.

When the Arab slaver is beaten and compelled to flee he should find himself confronted by a hostile barrier of bristling spears handled by resolute natives resolved to complete the downfall of their infamous oppressors.

For more than two years I was constantly employed journeying on the waters of the Upper Congo, and its tributaries, and my life during the whole of that time was spent with some of the wildest tribes on the face of the earth. I was in frequent communication with the cannibals of Bangala and the other tribes of that fierce district, and also with the wild peoples dwelling on the Lulungu, Malinga and Oubangi, and my adventures on land and afloat, amongst savage beings and dangerous beasts, provided an exciting life.

There seems to be almost a fatality attached to the hunting of wild animals in the district of Lukolela. Poor Keys and Deane met their death in encounters with wild animals at this place. And just before I left the Congo, in 1889, another friend, named Thompson, had a narrow escape from becoming a victim to the ferocity of a buffalo.

We were camped below Lukolela, near a large buffalo plain, where just a narrow fringe of bush ran along the water's edge. At night my watchman came and told me that he heard a buffalo munching up grass a few yards distant in the plain. I answered, "My experience with buffaloes does not encourage me to hunt them at night; they are bad enough to deal with in the daytime." But Thompson said, "I'll go, then! I want to shoot a buffalo!" I remonstrated with him, and tried to convince him of the risk which he was running; but he answered, "It is all right,"—and off he started. It was foolish on my part to have allowed it. He took his

rifle, loaded it, and started, followed by the fag end of my crew. There were with him two watchmen, the fireman, two table-boys, a steward, the cook, the boy who looked after the fowls, and one or two other small boys who were employed about the "Florida."

Thompson had been absent only a few minutes when the precipitous retreat of his rear-guard plainly told me that something was wrong. I then heard a shot, and presently Thompson came walking down to the boat bleeding from a wound on his head. He coolly told me that he had tracked the buffalo, and had heard him eating grass, but could not see him. Presently the buffalo caught sight of the hunter, and made a quick rush at him. Thompson, with great presence of mind, threw himself on the ground, and the buffalo passed over him. In doing so, the animal's hoof had tapped him on the head, taking out a piece as big as a silver dollar; and had also bruised Thompson's back with one of his hind legs. It was indeed a narrow escape.

When another opportunity occurs to shoot buffalo at nine o'clock at night, I am sure Thompson will not unnecessarily volunteer for the honor of being the hunter.

The last steamer voyage I made before leaving for Europe was up the Ruki, a tributary just above the Equator Station.

It had always been my wish to visit the people living in these regions, but I would not attempt such an expedition in my small boat, as the ferocity and hostility of these Baruki were too well known for me to attempt the journey without a faster and more imposing craft. So I exchanged the "New York" for the "Florida." Now that I had command of the bigger boat again, I decided to ascend the Ruki, and hoped to see the natives, about whose warlike abilities and cannibalistic qualities I had heard so many tales.

I left the Equator Station early one morning with a cargo of merchandise and trinkets, with which I hoped to overcome, if possible, the prejudices of the terrible Baruki. I was warned by the natives around our settlement what I was to expect from my present venture; but I was accompanied by an English engineer, named Davy, upon whom I could rely in help-

ing us to give a good account of ourselves if any serious trouble arose. And besides, the same crew who accompanied me through my little Oubangi difficulties, and had proved their pluck and devotion, were now on board in charge of my trusty Bienelo.

After five hours' steaming up the river, at the invitation of some natives on the shore, I put in to their beach, and exchanged beads and cowries for fresh eggs and fowls. These people I found very friendly; they had been down in their canoes as far as my station, so knew that they had nothing to fear from me. In this village, Nkolé, we saw but few knives and spears, but all the men were armed with bows and arrows.

They were very friendly toward us, but exceedingly frightened at our strange actions. We had a harmony steam whistle on board which alarmed them a great deal. Just before leaving their beach, on continuing my voyage, I called my men together by blowing the whistle. The poor natives of Nkolé, superstitious, as all savages are, thought it was some angry spirit who was kept by me to terrify people, and who gave vent to his feelings in this way. The natives on the beach beat a hasty retreat at this unusual sound, and those who were in canoes lost all presence of mind. Some jumped into the river; and we steamed away leaving in our wake a mass of upturned canoes and struggling figures, while on shore the beach was deserted, and from behind every tree black faces grinned in safety at their less fortunate friends in the water.

After an hour's steaming above this settlement we were beyond the district of the friendly people.

And now to all my offers to buy their goats, fowls, or ivory, in exchange for beads, cowries, knives, and cloth, the natives in the villages we passed, responded by such a plentiful supply of sticks, stones, and village refuse that I decided that I should have to seek a more rational people to deal with, so I steamed up past this line of villages, which were built on a high bank and seemed to be very thickly populated.

Before long I was compelled to meet more serious attacks. At one large village, crowds of people lined the beach and invited us

to approach, saying that they wished to trade with us and be good friends; but, when we turned the boat in their direction, they fired a flight of arrows at us, then ran and hid among the thick bushes which grew at the water's edge. From here they kept up their fire in comparative security. Their beach was too rocky to admit of my taking the steamer right in shore; so, firing a few volleys into the shrubs to drive them from their hiding places, we manned our large dugout and paddled toward the beach. We landed and routed them out of their village. Then, throwing out skirmishing sharpshooters at the limits of the settlement, I completed the punishment by ordering the huts to be destroyed by fire.

On my return to this village a few weeks afterwards I made friends with these people; it is a good trait in the character of these natives that they know when they meet their master, and they bear no malice. It is unfortunate that war is necessary at all here in Africa, but the aggressive hostility of the natives renders it unavoidable at times.

For the first few hours' steaming, above the spot where this engagement took place, we met with no opposition. The inhabitants had sensibly taken warning from the result of their neighbors' arrogant behavior. But, in the afternoon, when we arrived at villages where news of the fight had not preceded our arrival, we had to contend with the same difficulties again. I could easily have avoided the arrows by keeping out in the middle of the stream and steaming away; but my object was to make friends, and to learn something of the people and the commercial possibilities of their country.

In the Ruki I had repeated evidences of cannibalism, which interfered with any legitimate commerce, as they wanted me to exchange members of my crew for tusks of ivory.

The women wore peculiar costumes consisting of a belt around the waist, from the front of which hung two or three wild cat skins; behind, a bunch of fibre was attached which stuck out like an enormous rooster's tail.



RUKI GIRL.

These people generally were very suspicious; they held their arms in readiness all the time; as a rule the wives accompanied them, and carried a reserve stock of arrows. Even when alone the women were well armed.

They did not understand the gun; they had an indefinite idea of some weapon which created a great noise and killed in some mysterious way, but their knowledge was derived from native report from down country and had reached their far away locality with strange contortions and exaggerations.

One night, while camped at a village called *Éséngé*, up the river, I heard the muffled paddles of an approaching canoe, and thinking perhaps some natives intended treachery, I told *Bienelo* to call out to the village about three hundred yards away, on the opposite bank, and tell the natives that if I found any one sneaking about my camp at night I would fire on him.

The general murmur of the village ceased at *Bienelo's* voice, and one native answered that his people would not attempt to do us any harm, but he said he did not believe that we had any guns, but if we had he asked us to prove it by firing a few volleys.

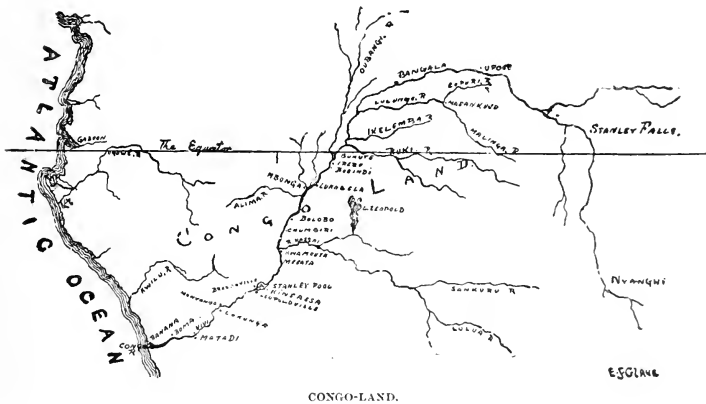
The village opposite was in a state of perfect silence awaiting the result. I fired two shots in quick succession with my elephant gun. A tremendous roar of astonishment greeted the report, which, after a few seconds, however, was abruptly hushed, and the same man who had previously spoken, shouted across to us, "White man, you have guns, we will see you to-morrow!" The next day at sunrise these people came across and were very friendly.

After each journey in my boat I would take a few days holiday at the Equator Station, and with a crew in charge of *Bienelo* would employ such vacations for hunting. In this way I was able to keep my men in good condition and good spirits with fresh meat, as there were buffaloes and hippos in the neighborhood.

I remember on one of these occasions I shot a crocodile which was swimming with its ugly head just above the surface. The reptile turned on his back and lashed the water savagely with his tail, and then sank. We paddled over to the place

and found the water to be about eleven feet deep. Two of my men pluckily volunteered to go down and tie a rope to the creature if dead, and if still alive to finish him off with a knife. They both armed themselves and dropped over the side into the water, and presently their black heads popped up again, and they coolly asked for a rope. They had found the crocodile fatally crippled and had stabbed him to death. Then, tying the rope around the creature's neck they hauled him on board.

I tried the experiment, at one time, of holding an athletic meet-



ing for the natives. They were active and agile, and jumped and ran splendidly; but my way of awarding prizes did not suit them at all. They did not understand why the first and second only should receive prizes. They wished every one to have a prize and argued that it was just as hard work to lose as to win.

My six years of African service were now drawing to a close. The expedition to which I belonged had proved a brilliant success. Upon our reports concerning commercial prospect on the Congo, a large trading company was formed, with a capital of a quarter of a million francs, which has since my departure from the great river built new boats and established many other ivory stations. Several commercial houses have now taken boats on to the upper

waters of the Congo. The pioneer efforts of our expedition opened the field for such development.

In the middle of 1889, I came down to Leopoldville in my steamer and there left the river and returned to the coast by the caravan route. While waiting for the native porters who were to carry my baggage, I occupied my leisure time in making short hunting excursions in the neighborhood of Stanley Pool.

An old friend of mine on the Congo, Captain Bailey, who has killed elephants and hunted lions at the head waters of the Zambesi, had a thrilling experience and a very narrow escape from a buffalo on Long Island, in Stanley Pool; and had it not been for the plucky conduct of his little terrier he would undoubtedly have lost his life. He had tracked a buffalo out of the swamps, had dropped his game and thought it was dead, as it lay quite motionless. But upon his coming closer, it sprang upon its feet and charged him. He had only time to fire, but without taking good aim; so he hit a little too low on the forehead and the animal was not stopped. Captain Bailey barely escaped the buffalo by swinging himself to one side; the animal, in charging past, actually grazing his side. Finding it had missed its mark, the brute wheeled sharply about again; but the hunter had also turned and bolted for a tree which was at hand. He reached it only just in time. The buffalo, making a furious charge, came full tilt against the tree, and knocked off a big piece of bark. Although the captain had succeeded in getting behind the tree, he had no time to spare as the brute would not give up the chase, but made a rush around the tree. At this moment, the brave little fox terrier, "Nep." sprang at the huge beast's neck; and, although thrown off, still continued to harass the angry bull, thereby distracting its attention from master to dog, and giving the hunter time to put another cartridge into his rifle, and with another shot to drop his game.

All hunters of big game expect to meet occasionally with animals who will show their disapproval of a bullet, and an exhibition of a buffalo's power and agility often results disastrously.

For many years previous to Stanley's journey "Through the Dark

Continent" in 1877, the mouth of the Congo and a hundred miles of its course from the sea had been known. Trading establishments of different nationalities had long carried on a lucrative business near the coast, engaged in exchanging merchandise of all kinds, cloth, guns, powder, etc., for the native produce—peanuts, palm oil, palm kernels, gums, ivory, beeswax, ebony, logwood, etc.

For many, many years this commerce was confined to the coast districts; the interior had not been penetrated, and was unknown to the white man, although several determined attempts had been made, mostly by English naval officers, all of which efforts terminated in a most disastrous manner, as they were stricken down right and left by the fierce attacks of the African fever; for in those early days but little was known with regard to medical treatment in cases of African sickness. The Congo River until 1877 was only marked in definite lines on the map as a hundred miles in length, and an elaborate system of branches, penned in dotted lines, suggested hypothetically the different directions beyond, modestly hinting at the possible course of the stream, but absolutely nothing was known geographically.

Not until 1889 was it considered possible for a big ocean going steamer to ever steam the current of the Lower Congo, from the sea to the rapids, a distance of a little over a hundred miles. When one of the Liverpool boats dropped her anchor abreast of Matadi a great deal of surprise was created among the white men; and the gangs of native carriers who saw it hastened back to their inland homes with an exaggerated story of the *Buatu Nnéné*, "big boat," which, discussed among themselves around their camp-fires along the trail, would gradually receive additional proportions, and the fathers and mothers at Manyanga, Kensuka, and Lutété heard that a boat a mile in length, with the speed of the swallow, had plowed up the waters of the Congo!

Matadi is just below the Yelala Rapids, about one hundred miles from the ocean, and the river is here hemmed in by banks of towering heights, where, angered at its stunted limits, it flings itself madly against the giant bowlders which strew its bed, and flows onward to the sea, its surface churned into a disordered torrent.

At present the manual transport, from Matadi to Leopoldville, although it has assumed such giant proportions, is totally inadequate to comply with the demand of the possible developments of Central Africa, and the expensiveness of transport from the interior to the coast will admit only of the purchase of ivory with any profit at all; but the forests along the banks of the Congo River are well stocked with natural wealth, and with the cheaper transport of the railway, rubber, gums, hard woods, dyes, and even minerals, oils, etc, can be shipped with profit. Around Stanley Pool there are now established trading-stations under the English, French, Dutch and Belgian flags. Already they are doing a lucrative business by purchasing ivory in the interior, but their harvest will be reaped when they are able to purchase and ship, with profit, the quantity of oils, etc., which the country produces.



NATIVE POTTERY.

Strange to say, these commercial houses have not one American competitor. Yet what nation is more deserving, if any benefits are to be derived from the dark continent?

The discovery and exploration of the Congo were Anglo-Saxon deeds. The finding of Dr. Livingstone was an American triumph, and Stanley's journey through the dark continent was under the Stars and Stripes of the United States, and the Union Jack of Great Britain.

In all developments of Central African history the great question of the suppression of slavery has been neglected. The slaves are bought and sold as heretofore—those white men seeking commercial prosperity have been of no aid to the persecuted slaves.

The executions, with their attendant brutality, ought to be, and can be, stopped. The bloodshed is even greater to-day than when Stanley first saw these people in 1877; the reason being, as I have before mentioned, that contact with white men has made them richer, and has enabled them to obtain more slaves. The great powers of the civilized world are now discussing the anti-slavery movement, and if such discussions should result in some united action directed toward the suppression of

the trade in the interior, there are a few peculiar features which might be turned to advantage.

First, and most important, this traffic is not complicated by religious fanaticism of any kind.

Second. These people are disunited; every village of fifty or sixty houses is independent of its neighbor, and small family wars are continually taking place.

Third. There is nothing so convincing to the African savage as physical superiority.

Now all these points are in favor of the anti-slavery movement.

The absence of religious fanaticism, the disunited condition of the natives, and their acknowledgement of physical superiority ought to be taken advantage of, and always borne in mind when plans for the suppression of the slave-trade and its attendant barbarism are projected. In my opinion, it will be some years before the slave-trade carried on by the Arabs can be successfully grappled with, but there is no reason why any delay should occur in striking a blow at the inter-tribal trade.

The Congo Free State has moved a step in the right direction by establishing near Stanley Falls an intrenched camp, with the object of forming a barrier to keep the Arabs, with their Man-yema banditti, east of that position. Every country in the world should support the State to effect this object, as it will play a most important part in the history of Central Africa. When Stanley left Wadelai the Mahdists were already there. If their hordes join with those at Stanley Falls it will require most strenuous efforts to protect the whole Congo basin from their devastations. While we are still able to keep the Arabs east of the falls, no time should be lost in eradicating the existing bloodshed west of that point. It is a big work, but it is a duty which the civilized world owes to the helpless slave. Although black, and a savage, still he is a human being. It should always be remembered that the suppression of slavery in Africa does not mean merely striking the fetters from the limbs of the slave; its end is not only the substitution of paid forced labor, but also the relief of enslaved humanity throughout all these regions from a life of unspeakable horror.

When action is to be taken for the suppression of slavery all the people exposed for sale should be redeemed and warning should be given that any attempt in future to purchase human beings for slavery would be the signal for war, and that the buyer would be severely punished.

The most important part of the movement is to convince the slaves of our earnestness and sincerity. I feel confident that should operations be carried on in the way thus suggested most satisfactory results would ensue.

The reason for the native villages being disunited is, that there seldom exists a chief strong enough to form a combination. This weakness should be taken advantage of, and capable white men might, through their personal influence, unite the tribes under their leadership. Sooner or later the Arabs at Stanley Falls will have to be battled with. At present they remain there, not because the white men will not allow them to come lower down, but because they are in the center of such a rich field, and they know that by coming down the river they must rely entirely on their canoes, as roads in the interior are few and far between, owing to the swampy nature of the land. They would also have the populous and warlike districts of Upoto, Mobeka, and Bangala to fight against, which would not be so easily overcome as the small scattered hamlets around Stanley Falls, which at present they are continually persecuting.

All the natives on the Upper Congo, quite up to the limits at present reached by the Arabs, should be controlled as much as possible and be combined together under white leaders, so that when the time arrives that the Arabs decide to move westward they would be met at the frontier by a barrier of well-armed and resolute natives.

The slave-trade of to-day is almost entirely confined to Africa. The slaves are caught and disposed of in that continent, and the number of those who are shipped to Turkey and other parts is indeed small compared with the enormous traffic carried on in the interior. We have the authority of Stanley and Livingstone and other explorers concerning the iniquity existing in the eastern portion of Equatorial Africa.

In India we have an example of what determination and resolution can accomplish; as the inhuman ceremonies of the suttee, car of Juggernaut, infanticide, and the secret society of the Thugs have all been suppressed by the British Government. The opportunities for reaching the center of Africa are yearly improving. Since Stanley first exposed to the world's gaze, in 1887, the blood-stained history of the dark continent, rapid strides have been made in opening up that country. The work for Africa's welfare so determinedly pursued by Livingstone has been most nobly carried on by Stanley, and the rapid progress which is at present taking place is due entirely to Stanley's efforts. Whole nations are following in his footsteps and wearing his trails into broad roads.

The Central Africans are capable of heroic deeds. Stanley's companions, on all his great journeys, have been Zanzibaris, whose staunch support has enabled him to carry out his giant projects.

When Dr. Livingstone died in Central Africa, two natives preserved the body and carried it to the coast, a distance of over two thousand miles.

Only recently when the French explorer Crampel was treacherously killed by the Arabs, a young African girl, who had been protected by the white officer, snatched up a gun and shot one of the murderers.

I myself have sincere admiration for the brave young Bankundu with whom I have fought side by side against overwhelming odds of hostile cannibals. Such plucky and devoted fellows as Bongo Nsanda and Bienelo are a credit to any nation.

A party of engineers was engaged in 1887-88 surveying the country of the Lower Congo, with the object of finding a road suitable for a railway. A route was then decided upon, and now there are gangs of Zanzibaris, Kabindas, and Kroo-boys busily employed in road-making. Matadi is to be the starting-point and Leopoldville the terminus. This enterprise was commenced last year, and it is estimated that its completion will require five years, although the chances are it will take a longer time than that.

How startled will be the herds of buffaloes and elephants which used to roam around Banza Mantika unmolested, until the arrival of the white man. It will be a rude intrusion, indeed, when the whistle of the locomotive echoes among the fastnesses of the Lower Congo, but its advent at Stanley Pool will be an important epoch in the history of Africa. With the completion of this railway there will be an uninterrupted service of steam from the civilized world to the heart of Africa.

The natives in Central Africa have frequently had their wonder aroused by the strange belongings of the *mundélé* (white man). Rifles, scientific instruments, and field-glasses convinced the den-



ONE OF MY CREW.

izens of the dark continent that Mputu (white man's land) must be a marvelous place, but they have got accustomed to all these strange things now. The shrill whistle of the tiny "En Avant" threw them all into a grievous state as she churned up the dark waters of the Upper Congo. But when the railway is finished and the natives around Stanley Pool have become accustomed to the conductor's cry of "All aboard for Matadi," then the dusky porters of Manyanga,

Kensuka, and Ngombé, whose bodily efforts have been superseded by the enlightened brain of mankind, will see their calling lost to them, and they must seek some other occupation in which they can earn the wherewith to purchase wives and the gayly colored cloths to dress them. And we white men of the early days of the Congo, who have so often scaled the rocky heights near Mpozo, trudged wearily up Palabala Hill and Congo da Lemba, marched through the stifling valley of Lukungu and crossed the river Nkisi in rickety old canoes, will perhaps sigh and inwardly regret that the railway did not exist in our times, a few years ago.

After a stay for a week at Kinsassa I engaged carriers and started for the coast homeward bound. I have tried all available methods of locomotion on land in Africa, and I have come to the conclusion that walking is the most satisfactory. The hammock is sometimes used; this article of portage is a piece of canvas

looped up on a long pole, wherein the traveler lies and is carried by the blacks, one being at each end of the pole; but the small bridle-path of the caravan-route is at places so stony and ragged that falls often occur by the carriers stumbling, and bruises are the result. Donkeys are sometimes seen on the Congo, but unless you get a really good animal you have no end of trouble. The ordinary beast becomes affected by the climate, and require a great amount of encouragement and assistance. As a rule, you must have one man to pull him, another to push him, and when he is very tired you may require the assistance of two others to prevent his falling. Taking all the drawbacks of other methods of locomotion into consideration, I prefer to walk.

In the fall of 1889 I reached England again after six years' wanderings. I had left home a raw lad, and I returned feeling quite an old and hardened traveler. Something more than the interval of time separated me from those early days. My thoughts and habits had been molded by the experiences through which I had passed. My interests and sympathies were centered in the land I had left and I felt almost a stranger among my own people.

I missed for some time the wild tropical scenery, the shouting negroes, and the hundred sounds and sights of savage life.

If Africa had seemed strange to me six years before, my own country was now as unfamiliar. I had left many a dear friend and comrade on the banks of the great river in lonely stations in the far interior; and in my heart there will always be a warm corner for the poor savage, who has often been my sole companion in the wilds of Central Africa.



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