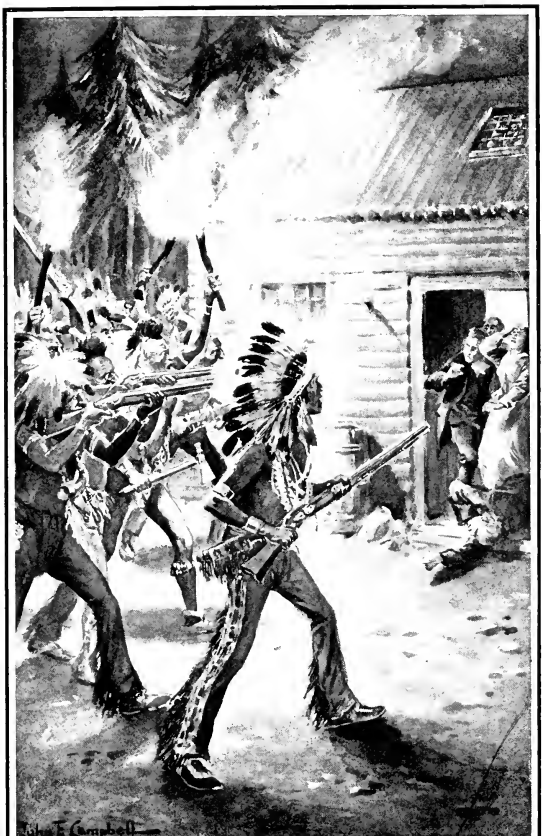
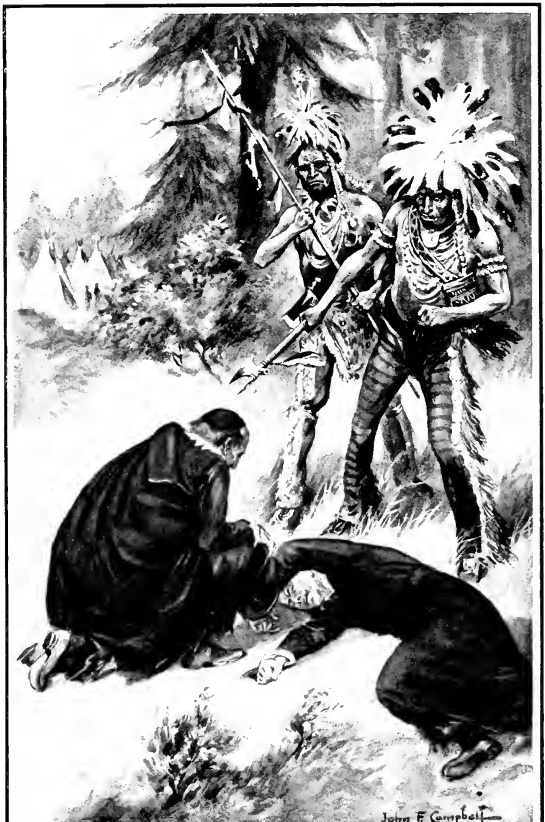
MISSIONARY CRUSADERS



THE RED INDIAN ATTACK ON THE MISSIONARY STATION

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



A Cowardly Murder

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

MISSIONARY CRUSADERS

JOSEPH WOLFF A PRISONER OF TURKOMAN BRIGANDS.

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

MISSIONARY CRUSADERS

STORIES OF THE DAUNTLESS COURAGE AND REMARKABLE ADVENTURES WHICH MISSIONARIES HAVE HAD WHILST CARRYING OUT THEIR DUTIES IN MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD

BY

CLAUD FIELD, M.A. CANTAB.

SOMETIME C.M.S. MISSIONARY IN THE PUNJAB

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

LONDON AND EDINBURGH

PREFACE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CONTENTS

I.—IN REGIONS OF SNOW

CHAPTER I

JOHN ELIOT, THE APOSTLE OF THE RED INDIANS

CHAPTER II

THE CAPTIVE OF THE IROQUOIS

CHAPTER III

DAVID BRAINERD AMONG THE REDSKINS

CHAPTER IV

HANS EGEDE IN GREENLAND

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

CONTENTS

III.—IN INDIA AND THE EAST

CHAPTER XV

SCHWARTZ IN SOUTH INDIA

CHAPTER XVI

AT THE MERCY OF AN EGYPTIAN PASHA

CHAPTER XVII

DR. JUDSON IN BURMAH

CHAPTER XVIII

DR. WOLFF IN CENTRAL ASIA

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The contents of this volume have been taken from Mr. Claud Field's larger volume, entitled "Heroes of Missionary Enterprise," issued at Five Shillings

MISSIONARY CRUSADERS

I
IN REGIONS OF SNOW

CHAPTER I

JOHN ELIOT, THE APOSTLE OF THE RED INDIANS

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

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

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

and for "question," "Kummogkodonattoottummoootit-eaongannunnonash."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The women began to learn to spin, to make various

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER II

THE CAPTIVE OF THE IROQUOIS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At night the prisoners were stretched on the ground,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER III

DAVID BRAINERD AMONG THE REDSKINS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As soon as it became known that he was leaving

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER IV

HANS EGEDE IN GREENLAND

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EGEDE CARRIED THE ORPHANS HOME WITH HIM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER V

SIXTY YEARS AMONG THE RED INDIANS

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

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

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

For these reasons Post and Zeisberger were unexpectedly

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

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

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

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

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

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

Overwhelmed with horror at this tragic event, which he

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the civilisation which the missionaries had introduced among the Indians.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VI

WILLIAM DUNCAN AT METLAHKATLAH

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

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

The degraded condition of these Indians was shown in a

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

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

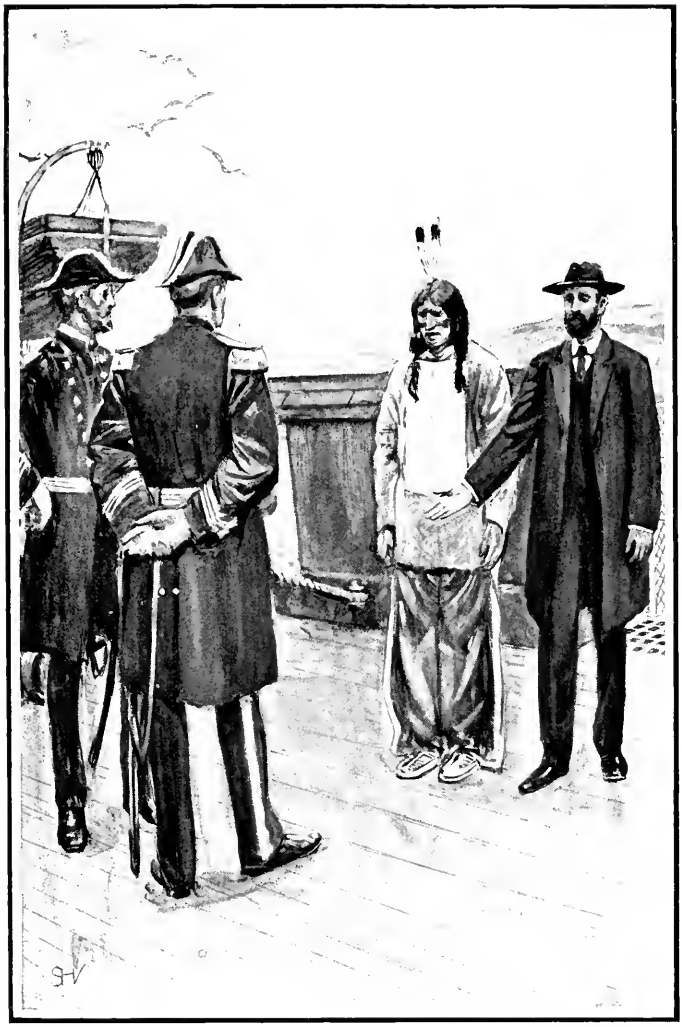
medicine-men, broke into the school, raising his voice, stamping on the floor, and storming furiously. During this scene Mr. Duncan's Indian teacher, Clah, stood by, wrapped in his blankets and fingering a concealed pistol, with which he was prepared to defend the missionary's life, if it were really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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VII

IN THE HIGHLANDS OF TIBET

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II
IN LANDS OF THE SUN

CHAPTER VIII

AMONG WEST INDIAN SLAVES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The missionaries now made arrangements to visit the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER IX

IN THE FORESTS OF DUTCH GUIANA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

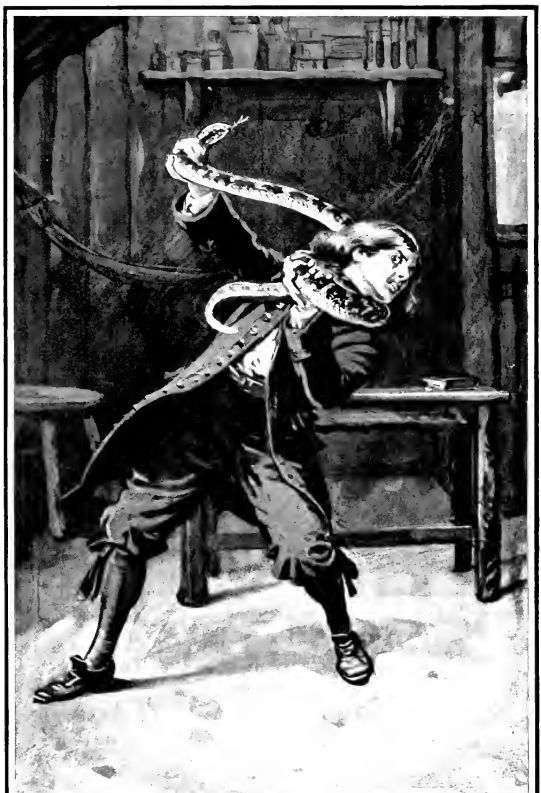
From Sharon, Daehne proceeded to the river Corentyn, which forms the boundary between British and Dutch Guiana, accompanied by a few Indians, who assisted him in clearing a piece of ground and in building a hut. But in a short time they all went away except one, and he, falling sick a few months after,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

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

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

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

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



A Terrible Fight with a Serpent

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER X

THE CHAMPION OF THE HOTTENTOTS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vanderkemp's most promising pupils at this time were

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XI

ROBERT MOFFAT AND THE BECHUANAS

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

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

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

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

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

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

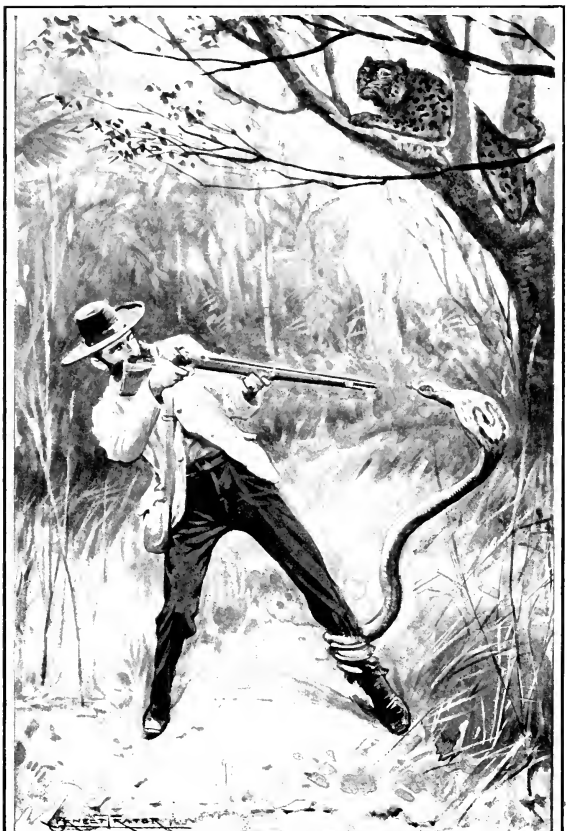
The difficulties of the journey were also considerable. The waggons were drawn by eight or ten oxen, and only went about two and a half miles an hour. The task of driving the loose cattle was not an easy one, for frequently the oxen would take one course, the sheep another, and the horses a third. Sometimes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

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

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

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

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



TWO AGAINST ONE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XII

FROM SLAVE TO BISHOP

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIII

THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

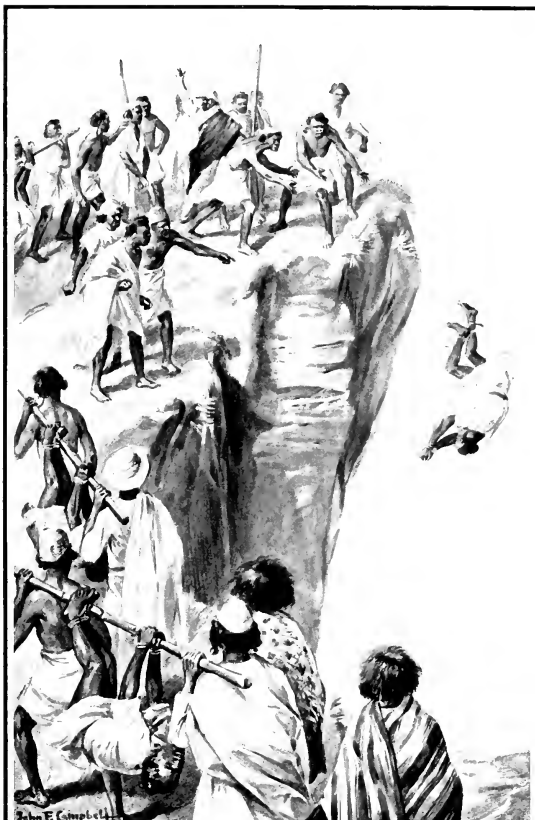
Finding that the Christians persisted in holding secret meetings in their own houses and on the tops of mountains, from whence they could see any one approaching, the Queen proceeded to more severe measures. An accusation was lodged against ten of them, who were apprehended and condemned to perpetual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

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

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

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

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



THE MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV

LIVINGSTONE'S EARLY EXPLORATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Unfortunately at this time a severe drought took place,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

III

IN INDIA AND THE EAST

CHAPTER XV

SCHWARTZ IN SOUTH INDIA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVI

AT THE MERCY OF AN EGYPTIAN PASHA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At last their principal man said, "Go home and

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

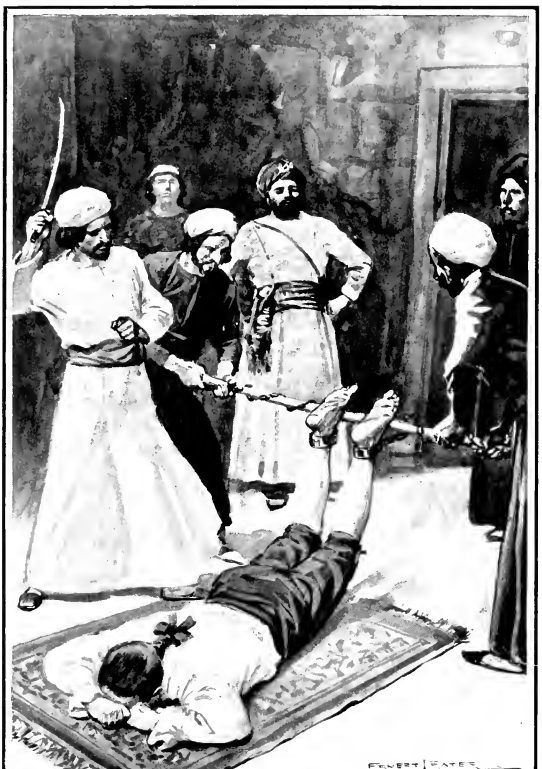
On entering the room he found a small neat Persian carpet spread for him. This was a mark of civility due only to a gentleman, for the common people when about to receive the bastinado are thrown upon the bare ground.

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

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

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

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



THE MISSIONARY WAS CRUELLY BASTINADOED

Rather than offer a bribe which would have betrayed that he held money belonging to others, the brave missionary submitted himself to the bastinado, well knowing that death often resulted from its merciless application.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVII

DR. JUDSON IN BURMAH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Soon, however, their sufferings recommenced. An official

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVIII

DR. WOLFF IN CENTRAL ASIA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
at Paul's Work, Edinburgh

AN APOSTLE OF THE NORTH

MEMOIRS OF
THE RIGHT REV. W. C. BOMPAS

LATE BISHOP OF ATHABASCA

BY THE REV. H. A. CODY

With an Introduction by the ARCHBISHOP OF RUPERT'S LAND

With Forty-two Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

"It is a record to make the heart young."—*Church Times.*

"No more amazing story of half-unconscious heroism has ever been told than the life of William Bompas."—*Church Family Newspaper.*

"If ever missionary deserved the title of Apostle it was William Carpenter Bompas, who for forty long years devoted himself, heart and soul, mind and body, to the Indians of North America."—*Record.*

"Mr. Cody has a fine story to tell, and he sets it forth with skill. The book is further enriched by a number of excellent illustrations."
Pall Mall Gazette.

HEROINES OF MISSIONARY ADVENTURE

TRUE STORIES OF THE INTREPID BRAVERY AND SELF-SACRIFICING LIVES OF MISSIONARIES

BY THE REV. E. C. DAWSON, M.A.

CANON OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH

With Twenty-four Illustrations. Extra Crown 8vo. 5s.

"A book of thrilling interest. The volume makes vivid and fascinating reading."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

"A noble record, written in exactly the right vein, simply, straightforwardly, and with enthusiasm."—*The Lady.*

"Tells with much vividness of the everyday work of those who enter the foreign field as missionaries. It has many striking illustrations."
Scotsman.

"The most thrilling missionary book we have ever read. A view of the heroic side of the missionary's wife, showing intrepid bravery and patient endurance."—*Methodist Times.*

SEELEY, SERVICE & CO. LIMITED

Date Due