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Survey of the World.

Bryan in the East

Mr. Bryan made a tour last week through what he once called "the enemy's country," making his first stop at New York, where a dinner given to him by Mr. Keller, president of Croker's Democratic Club, in the club house, was the subject of much comment. Three prominent members of the club, Gold Democrats, addressed to Mr. Keller a letter of protest, pointing out that this dinner might be construed as an indorsement of Bryan's candidacy and platform by the club, a majority of whose members had voted against him in 1896. Mr. Keller was also reminded that his predecessor in the office of president, Perry Belmont, invited Bryan in April last to the club's Jeffersonian ten-dollar dinner; that Bryan in response had asked whether the leaders of the club had repented of their opposition to his platform, and had declined to sit with "allies of Republicans, who masqueraded as Democrats between campaigns." Mr. Keller explained that the dinner was to be a private affair, but it was noticed that Croker's chief lieutenants were guests, and that Bryan held a reception in the club house after the dinner. He also dined with O. H. P. Belmont at the latter's house, and the leading Tammany men were in attendance. Crossing the river to Jersey City, he was entertained there by the Democratic leaders, and he spoke for two hours in a public hall to a large audience. During his visit in New York he had made a little journey into Connecticut, and had spoken at a public meeting in New Haven. From New Jersey he went to Harrisburg, and thence to Wilmington. In his public addresses he declared that he would not be silent about the

silver issue, which was not dead, but that the three issues of silver, trusts and imperialism were of co-ordinate importance, and he would not put any one of them above the other two. Strong planks in the new platform on imperialism and trusts will, he says, bring back many Gold Democrats to the party, and he asserts that many have already returned. He expressed sympathy with the Boers, denounced the pending currency bill as an infamous measure, and declared that trusts were the destruction of opportunity for young men. W. Bourke Cockran, a prominent and influential speaker for the Gold Democrats in 1896, has gone over to Bryan, saying that imperialism is the greatest of issues, and that the gold standard cannot be overthrown during the next Presidential term. He suggests that the Bryanites should proclaim a purpose to lay aside the silver issue for four years.

The Work of Congress

The Democratic Senators have held a caucus to define their course with respect to the Government's policy. They accept Hawaii and Porto Rico as territory of the United States, favor free trade with Porto Rico, insist upon the creation of an independent government in Cuba, and, in the case of the Philippines, will be satisfied with nothing short of a declaration of purpose not to hold the islands permanently but to permit the establishment of a republic under American protection. Mr. Turner (Fusionist), of Washington, spoke at length last week against the Government's course in the Philippines, saying that we had been guilty of bad faith to the Filipinos, who

Atrocities in the Kongo Free State.

By D. C. Rankin, D.D.,

SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

JUST ten years ago (February, 1890) the Southern Presbyterian Church sent her two young pioneer missionaries to the Kongo Free State. These were Messrs. Lapsley and Sheppard, the former a white man from Alabama, the latter a colored man from Virginia. After careful exploration they planted their mission at Luebo, a thousand miles in the interior, in the southeastern part of the Kongo Free State and on the upper waters of the Kassai, the leading southern tributary of the Kongo. This mission has prospered beyond any planted by the Southern Presbyterians. The missionary force is still small (only a dozen foreign workers), but there is already a church membership of about 350, where ten years ago the people were naked savages, some of whom were cannibals. On the death of Mr. Lapsley, in March, 1892, Mr. Sheppard, then left entirely alone, made a very remarkable journey into the Bakuba country, making discoveries of such importance that in consequence he was honored with membership in the Royal Geographical Society. Since then the mission at Luebo has extended her borders and now has a strong station on the borders of Bakuba land, whose powerful sovereign is known as Lukenga.

From time to time rumors had reached this American Presbyterian mission at Luebo that atrocities were being perpetrated in the surrounding region by native soldiers in the employment of the Kongo Free State. As is well known, the affairs of this large territory are directly administered by a Governor-General who resides at Boma, near the mouth of the Kongo. The State itself (as large as the United States east of the Rocky Mountains) is divided into a dozen or more "Districts," in each of which a subordinate officer has charge of affairs. The American Presbyterian mission is in the "District of Kassai," and the officials having immediate charge reside at Luluaburg, 120 miles south-west of Luebo. As in India, the Government

utilizes native troops. In the district of the Kassai this native force is largely drawn from the Zappo-Zaps, a fierce tribe still largely cannibal. The reports of cruelties which reached the ears of the mission at Luebo had reference to this force. As the work of the mission was being seriously disturbed and the lives of its adherents threatened, the mission dispatched the Rev. W. H. Sheppard on a tour of investigation. He was the oldest member of the mission, knew the country best, and was best known by the natives. Moreover, his tact and heroism in the past indicated that he was the proper man to send on this perilous journey, which was made last September. His journal is graphic in the extreme, and extracts from it will no doubt interest readers of THE INDEPENDENT. The scene of the outrages he was to investigate was only two days' journey from Ibanje, his own station, where he has erected a church building and already gathered a goodly number of church members. His first day's journey was uneventful. But on the morning of the second day he entered the devastated district, and during the day passed through twenty towns burned and deserted. The early afternoon of the second day brought him in touch of the raiding Zappo-Zaps. He says:

"Just after leaving our last village we encountered trouble. We were near our death. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon. I had put our guide in the lead. At a curve in the path through the forest we met face to face sixteen Zappo-Zaps, who with lightning speed cocked their guns and took aim. The people of my caravan cried out and jumped behind. I leaped forward, threw up my hands and cried out in a loud voice, 'Don't shoot; I am Sheppard!' The leader of the party recognized me. I had met him many times at Luebo; his name is Chebamba. They let down their guns, turned them toward the bush, and lowered the hammers. Chebamba walked up and caught my hand with a hearty '*Moya*' (Good-morning). . . . I asked for a man to go with me to their camp,

and they gave me Chebamba. This party was out hunting food and people. On the way Chebamba told me almost all I desired to know of their raiding, burning and killing, showing me two men he himself had shot dead, and with glee exhibiting their spears, bows and arrows which he had taken. Meeting a boy, Chebamba sent him to the camp to notify the Zappo chief, Melumba N'Cuso, that his 'big friend' was coming. In twenty minutes we heard the firing of guns, beating of drums and war whoops, and here they came. The plain was as thick as peas with them, leaping in the air, firing their guns, throwing spears, shooting arrows, and falling to the ground as if to escape the falling arrows. As they drew near I could see that the faces of some were smeared with red paint; others with native flour. But for the presence of Chebamba my heart would have sunk within me. They were upon me. So we stopped and gave '*Moya*' (salutation), and then were off again. Such a noise! In a few moments the Zappo chief, Melumba N'Cuso, came, and with him a great crowd with drums and guns. By previous arrangement Chebamba was to show me where the dead were, and late in the afternoon took me to the place." [This place, spoken of by the missionaries in their letters as the "fatal trap," where so many of the people were slaughtered, is now particularly described by Mr. Sheppard, who continues:] "To enter the 'fatal trap' you must get down on your knees. A man brought me a kind of drink in a pot and placed it before me; but I refused, asking for water instead, which I could hardly drink because the man's hands were even then dripping with the crimson blood of innocent men, women and children. The camp or trap is 80 yards long by 40 wide, and is full of the odors of the dead lying about. The chief remarked: 'You don't like my treatment of the Bakuba people, do you?' I replied, 'That is not my palaver; the State has sent you, and so you have to go by your instructions. But was the palaver a strong one?' I asked in such a way as to draw the great chief out. He replied, 'I have been here nearly two months. I demanded thirty slaves from this side of the river, thirty from the other side, rubber, goats and fowls. They only gave me eight slaves, two points of ivory, 2,500 balls of rubber, a few goats and fowls, and some corn and chumby.' He continued: 'I don't like to fight, but the State told me if the villages refused to pay to make fire.' I then inquired to what tribes the State had sent him. He replied, 'To the Bakete [in whose bounds our mission is located], to the Bena Pianga and to the Bakuba, and especially to Lukenga's people,' among

whom we are just planting a new station. 'Are you going to Lukenga's?' I asked. The chief evaded, but one of his men eagerly said 'Yes, and we are going to kill them all.' I then inquired, 'How many guns have you?' The chief answered, 'One hundred and thirty cap-guns and eight State rifles, and plenty of powder, a big box full, which the State gave me, and plenty of caps.' 'How did the fight come up?' I asked. Melumba, the chief, replied: 'I sent for all their chiefs, sub-chiefs and men and women to come on a certain day to finish the palaver. When they had entered these small gates [he pointed to the fence around the spot] I demanded all my tribute and threatened death if they refused. They did refuse, and I ordered the gates closed and killed them here inside the fence.' 'How many did you kill?' I asked. He replied: 'We killed plenty. Would you like to see some of them?' He then added, 'I think we killed between eighty and ninety, besides those in other villages to which I sent my people.' The chief and I then walked out on the plain near the camp. There were three people lying near with the flesh carved off from the waist down. 'Why are these bodies carved so, leaving only the bones?' I asked. 'My people ate them,' he answered promptly. He then explained: 'The men who have young children do not eat people, but all the rest eat them.' Near by was the body of a large headless man. 'Where is this man's head?' I asked. 'Oh,' the chief replied, 'they have made a bowl of his forehead to rub up tobacco and diamba in.' As we continued our walk I counted forty-one bodies. I asked: 'Where are the rest?' He answered, 'The rest were eaten by my people.' As we returned to the camp we saw the dead body of a young woman lying near with the right hand cut off. I asked what this meant, and Melumbo N'Cuso explained that they always cut off the right hand to give to the State on their return. 'Can you show me some of these hands?' I asked. He then led me to a shed covered with a framework of sticks, under which a slow fire was burning, and there they were, the right hands of the victims of the slaughter. I counted them, eighty-one in all.

"There were about 500 Zappo-Zaps in this raiding party, which had been sent out by the State to collect tribute of ivory, rubber, etc., from the Bakete, the Bakuba and other tribes."

Such is the graphic, sickening story which this heroic missionary tells of what he saw. The barbarity of these deeds should cause all enlightened nations to rise up and demand of the Kongo Free State au-

therities an account. The members of this mission in the Kassal district have already sent their statement and protest to the authorities in Brussels, and doubtless proper steps will be taken by the Church which they represent in America to have the matter brought to the attention of the Belgian Government through our own Department of

State. King Leopold himself granted a personal interview to Mr. Lapsley, the pioneer of this mission, and showed him much kindness. For twenty-five years he has given evidence of a warm and philanthropic heart, and it can hardly be possible that such barbarous deeds as have been committed in the Kassal district will be approved by him.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Mr. Harum Sells Pigs.

By Ray Morris.

"**I** SOLD the deakin a nice litter of Bukshire pigs, this afternoon," said Mr. Harum, in a conversational tone.

"You hev'n't any Bukshire pigs!" said Mrs. Bixbee, suspiciously, looking up from her knitting.

"I dunno as I said I hed any, did I?" said David. "I said I sold the deakin some."

"If you've got a story, you might jest as well tell it right out," said Aunt Polly, "because you won't be happy a minnit until you do, you know."

"You rec'lect," said David, abruptly, "thet I was down in the ten-acre lot this morn'ing with a kalsomine outfit, makin' over the punkin crop into watermelons?"

"David!" said Aunt Polly, reproachfully, "you told me you was goin' to spray the turkey gobbler with Paris green and turpentine, because he was gettin' all et up with slugs!"

"Did I?" said Mr. Harum. "I'd forgotten what I told you. Wa'al, as I was sayin', I was down in the lot, workin' hard, when all of a sudden they was a great screelin' an' scrawlin', an' a hul litter of little white Yorkshire pigs come yappin' in with the deakin's great, fat, lazy Newfoundland dog behind 'em. I dunno what Carlo was reck'nin' to do with 'em when he got 'em thar, but he hadn't figgered on findin' me, for sartin', an' he stopped an' sort o' begun ter look for things in the grass. Mebbe I said somethin' pretty strong to him when he fust come in, but then I rec'lected that Carlo hed alwus been an obligin' sort of a dog, tho ignorant, an' I thought mebbe he'd do suthin fer me. So Carlo 'n I druv the pigs up to the barn, and

then I explained to him thet he was to impussonate a Bukshire hog, an' the pigs was to be his litter."

"David!" exclaimed Aunt Polly, looking up, "you didn't!"

"No, I didn't," said Mr. Harum, "but Carlo did. I tuk the sheep shears an' clipped him off jest as neat as you ever see, an' then I asked him did he puttickularly want his tail left on."

"I s'pose he said he did," said Mrs. Bixbee, sarcastically.

"He didn't say nuthin'," said Mr. Harum, "and I thought if it didn't matter to him it didn't matter to me, so I cut it off. Carlo was a little disap'inted, I reck'n, but he ought ter hev told me. Then I painted his nose yaller, with pink trimmings, and kalsomined the rest of him with the very handsomest black spots I knew how. He made up into a lovely hog."

"Then I s'pose you hung him on the clothes line to dry," said Aunt Polly, skeptically.

"Wuss'n thet!" said David. "I put him in the hay loft with instructions to be very careful what he did, an' on no account to set down till his tail got well, an' what'd he do but get out an' chase the calf till he scared it to death! Calf wasn't accus'tmed to bein' barked at by a hog."

"Do you remember what I told ye I was goin' to do when I started out after dinner?"

"You told me," said Aunt Polly, severely, "thet you was goin' to wash the hens in kerosene an' then burn it off to get the moths out of their feathers."

"Wa'al I changed my mind," said David,