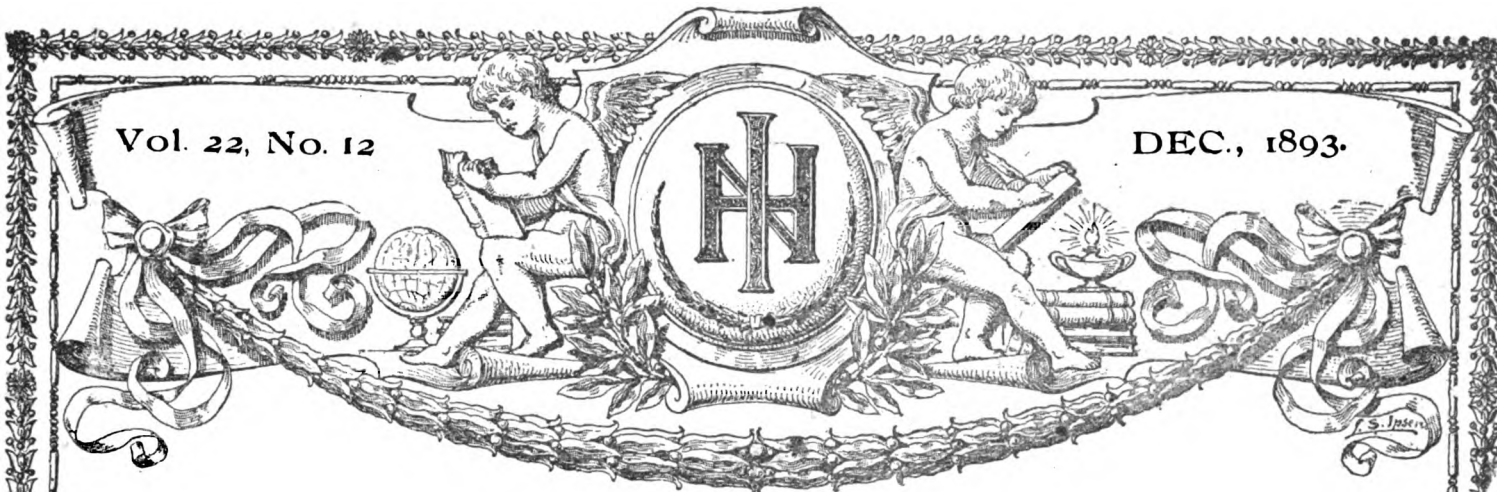


Vol. 22, No. 12

DEC., 1893.



SOUTHERN WORKMAN AND HAMPTON SCHOOL RECORD

Hampton must not go down. See to it,
you who are true to the black and red children
of the land, and to just ideas of education.

— S. C. ARMSTRONG.

Into the Heart of Africa,

Address by

Rev. Wm. H. Sheppard, F. R. G. S.
an ex-student of Hampton,
in Virginia Hall, Nov 14, 1893.

"I was quite a small boy when, in the streets of Waynesboro, Va., a good lady called me into her house and said to me 'William, I have been praying for you.' I was very much surprised to hear that. 'Yes,' she said—'I have been praying that you may grow up to be a good man, and that you may go some day to Africa to preach the Gospel of Christ.'

In the providence of the Master, some years after that, I came here to this school. In '83, one Sabbath afternoon, in Academic Hall, Dr. Frissell said to me, Sheppard, wouldn't you like to go with me to Slabtown? We've got a little mission work out there, some of the students have started; we go out every Sunday and hold Sunday school and prayer meetings.' He gave me a Bible and I went, and ever since that day I felt the purpose of doing missionary work for Christ.

In due time an opportunity opened for me to go to Africa as a missionary with Rev. Samuel Lapsley, son of Judge Lapsley of Alabama. After we said good by to our dear parents—my father and mother went as far as they could with me, his went to New York—we sailed from New York. As soon as we were off, we went down into our cabin and gave thanks to God who had put us into his ministry, and asked his blessings to rest on our parents and on us. In eleven days we reached Liverpool. Soon after, we sailed from there to Africa, by way of Spain and Portugal, then down the West Coast past Liberia and Sierra Leone—in all the voyage touching only at the Grand Canary Islands, for coal—and in twenty five days entered the mouth of the Congo. It is deep enough for an ocean steamer, and ten miles broad. We could see the river water rushing through the sea twenty miles from its mouth. We sailed up the river one hundred miles and landed at Matadi. We had to disembark there because there are thirty-two cataraacts in the river, in the two hundred and sixty miles between Matadi and Stanley Pool. We took out there the goods we had provided to trade with the natives, coils of brass wire, bales of cloth and cowrie shells from England. We also had European food—such as corned beef, sugar, tea, coffee and butter. We stopped a week at Matadi. There are missions there under Bishop Taylor and the Christian Alliance.

At Matadi I had my first African fever. I have had thus far twenty-two fevers, and I am going to return in February, to start on twenty-two more may be. There are three kinds of African fever—remittant, intermittent, and hematuric; the last is generally fatal.

We had to wait at Matadi for the Ba-Congo carriers to come down to get our guides from them. Ba-Congo means people of Congo; Mu-Congo means a person of Congo. *Mu* is singular; *Ba* is plural; *Ba-Kette*, *Ba-Kubi*, etc. The Ba-Congo are small dark people, not strong; but there are stouter, taller and lighter tribes further up the river. There are forty thousand on the road between Matadi and Stanley Pool. The carriers go up and down, carrying up beads, cloth, brass wire, etc. and bringing out ivory, rubber and cam-

wood. Twenty-five of these men came to meet us, and we hired them for our guides and carriers. We took down carefully each man's name and put the number of his bales opposite his name.

We asked each Kum-be-ku? What is your name? 'Mi guya.' Then we would write it down. We had to be so careful, because on the journey, some of them would hear of the death of some friend and they would have to go to his funeral, and the funeral would last six months. So we could go through the village and hunt up our man if we had his name. When a man is buried all the cloth he owns is wrapped round him—wrapped round and round till he looks like a bale of cloth himself—then a hole is dug and he is rolled in and a mound is made over him, and then plates and cups and saucers are set all round it for the use of the spirit. Every cup and saucer and plate has a hole made in the bottom. I asked what that was for, and was told to make them useless to living people, so that no one would carry them off. Now I have heard it said that in Africa a native never moves anything that is not his. I have heard that you can leave your gold watch in the road and if a native African finds it he will hang it on a peach tree till you come for it. I have heard that the market men set their baskets of provisions in the road with the price of each article marked on it, and the customers will come, take out an article and leave the money for it. I have heard all this, but I don't find it so in Africa. The Africans steal but little, but—my!—they steal so often.

Well at last we were all ready and started on our journey; the first day we camped ten miles from Matadi by a stream. The whole country is full of streams and rivers. Above Stanley Pool there are 14,000 miles of navigable water ways. We would walk in the cool of the morning from five o'clock to ten. In the middle of the day the mercury goes up to 108 in the shade; in the sun above where the thermometer will register. We would stop in camp till four, then walk till six and then pitch our tents for the night. We always sleep under blankets, the change in temperature at night is tremendous, the mercury falls to 49 or 50. And it is the same all the year round, in the dry and wet seasons, winter and summer. We walked from ten to twenty miles a day, according to the condition of the road. From Matadi to Stanley Pool, there is a regular road which was made by Stanley; above that only narrow paths. We crossed many market-places going up to M'zambi M'teku where are brought for sale, goats, peas, beans, potatoes, onions, squash, etc. At one of these market-places I saw a woman with a basket of eggs; I called her one side and asked, How much? So many brass rods. I paid her and took the eggs. One of my carriers came up and said 'You must be fresh in this country.' Yes I said, I came in the last steamer. I thought so! to buy eggs without examining them, and to pay whatever is asked. He looked over the eggs and found some good ones.

We passed through the village of M'Banzimunteké where there has been a mission station for sixteen years. The mission church is of iron and was shipped from Boston. A bell was given the mission, and two boys ring it for two hours every day. There is daily service. The women walk in from the field with their hoe on their shoulder; they lean it at the door, for it is unlucky, they think, to take a hoe into a house; many other things they think unlucky. When

the eye twitches, that is bad luck; when two go on a journey together, when they come to a tree they must walk on the same side of it; it is thought unlucky to sweep dust out of the house at night. When we started on a journey, one man found he had forgotten something, but, before he would go back, he made a cross, or X, in the road with his foot and spit into the middle of it, to destroy the bad luck of going back. A woman would go to service with two children tied on her back, a pot of water balanced on her head, a basket in one hand and a large child held by the other; she could set down all but the youngest child; sometimes that would cry, but nothing would interrupt the service unless a dog fight. Then the congregation will rush out to see whose dog is getting whipped. Dogs howl in Africa but never bark, and cows never low.

We went on to Lukenga, a mission station where are stationed Mrs. Gardiner from Washington, Miss Howard from Spillman Seminary, Atlanta, Miss Gordon, and several English gentlemen. They are doing good work.

Thence we went on to Stanley Pool, which is an expansion of the Congo river, twenty-five miles long and thirteen wide. In it is an island filled with large game: leopards and elephants. If any of you will come out and spend the Christmas with me I'll take you hunting. Now we had entered the country of the Ba-teke trié. Africa is divided between different races. In the north, there is the Vardan race. In the Soudan, the Fulah, in Central Africa the Bantu, in the south the Hot-tontot and Kaffirs—683 tribes in all. The Ba-tekké belong to the Bantu race.

Our first expedition was going up to Stanley Pool where we were directed to establish.

Our second was up the Congo two hundred miles to Kasai and return—a hazardous expedition in which we were five times nearly taken by savages.

Our third was up to Luebo, on the Kasai, 1000 miles from the coast. When we were set ashore at Luebo and the steamer pushed off and whistled good bye, we knew that for nine months we should not see any but native faces.

Our next expedition was from Luebo to the Wissman Cataracts.

Our next was to visit the Baketté and return to Luebo.

Next, south-east, to the Zop-pa-zop tribe—cannibals. You can trust them as far as you can see them—and the farther off you see them the better you can trust them.

Next, from Luebo north into the Bakuba region, to visit King Lukenga—and return to Luebo.

Some of the tribes whose dialects we have learned are the Ba-Congo, the Ba-tekke, Bayanzi, Benbiyamba, etc.

OUR WORK AT LUEBO.

The first thing the natives say to any foreigner is 'What do you want here?'—So they once asked the captain of a steamer who started off on one of the narrow paths into the country to try to buy some fowls. He didn't know the importance of the question and didn't answer the man who asked it, and the native shot him through the head with an arrow. So Mr. Hardistair, an English explorer whose interpreter got confused and didn't answer it clearly—was killed, in 1892, on the Congo.

So when we went out among the Baketté and Luebo they asked us, 'What do you want here?' We replied in the Congo dialect that we had not come for any

mean purpose. We do not come to steal and eat your children, but to preach to you about God and his son Jesus Christ. They said we will talk with you about it. So we had a long *palaver*—palaver is a Portuguese word, meaning a conference; what the Indians call a *pow-wow*. And the result was they said we could stay, and agreed to sell us nine acres of land for a mission station. Of course it took a long time for us to agree on the price; that is always the custom in Africa as in Asia. They started by asking for ten pieces of cloth—there are seven or eight yards in a 'piece.' We started low and went up, and they came down, till we met at one and a half pieces, with which every body was satisfied, and the chief took up a stick and broke it, as is the custom, to show that the bargain is made. He threw one end over his shoulder and told us to throw the other over our shoulder; so we did—and he let us know that we could not get our money back again, or they the land. Till this is done, no trade is regarded final; either party may come and give back his share and demand its price. So also they make friendship: sometimes they do this by cutting each his arm, and rubbing the two together, to mingle the blood; then they are friends formed by blood relation.

In the Bakete village we saw neat houses made of bamboo with squared roofs, thatched. We said we would like to buy that house; how much will you sell it for? They said, 'For 10,000 cowrie shells.' We said, 'We will give 1000, and again they came down and we went up till at last the stick was broken again. We bought the two houses, had them taken down, and carried to our land. We gave some men some matches to put them up. We laid out our nine acres in two cross streets and gave them very nice names—one was Pennsylvania Avenue—the other was Boulevard de Paris. We bought goats, sheep, chickens, monkeys, parrots and cows for our stock, and put up fences and sheds. Then we built a large shed, and told the natives 'This is for God's palaver house. When you hear the telephone, come to it and we will tell God's word to you.' I had bought a native telephone; two long iron bells welded together, without any clapper. One of these a native will take, and beat out in dots and dashes—like a telegraph alphabet—any message he wants to send. So one village will call another to its help. So when one village got on fire it signaled to all the villages within hearing 'Come help us put out the fire.' Once a native came in from the country to warn the village, that five hundred M'choco warriors were on the way to murder us. Queta seized the gong and sounded the alarm to the village; in a few moments all were there. 'Get your wives and children into the bushes!'—Then he sounded by the gong the call to the villages round. Wing-wing wing-wing it sounded out: ten thousand assembled; the M'choco did not dare approach.

We pointed out our God to the people. They showed us their gods,—idols made of wood from trees their hands had planted. They had not known a God of love. When Mr. Lapsley was preaching to them how God loved the world and sent his Son to die for all; how He gave them life and food, how He filled the river with fish and the land with food for them; one woman spoke out and said 'Why N'tomenjila if the Baketti knew how, they would sing to your God.' So their

hearts are being opened. One night there was a knock on our door at midnight. We opened it. A woman stood there weeping. She said to Mr. Lapsley, 'N'tomenjila come, my child is dying, come take it in your arms and tell your God about my child!'

THE BAKUBA.

While we were living at Luebo, we frequently saw quite a different class of people from the Baketti, coming in to bring goods for trading. They were tall and stout—Mr. Lapsley used to call them giants. They had taper fingers, firm noses; high insteps; a light brown color, and were dressed in cloth from head to foot. They were Bakuba, from a country north of Baketti. Mr. Lapsley said to me 'Let us make an expedition into the Bakuba country.' I said 'That's a good idea.' Mr. Lapsley said he would confer with the white traders on the other side of the river. He did so and they utterly discouraged the idea—said it was absolutely impossible. They had been trying it for nine years and it was useless. They said Lukenga, the king of the Bakuba, governed seven tribes and he would not entertain or tolerate a stranger. Mr. Engirin, the chief trader—a Belgian official—told us terrible things of Lukenga; that Mr. Lagotte of the Societe Belge, his predecessor, at the trading station, sent to Lukenga nice presents. They were received and the compliment returned by a gift from Lukenga of a beautiful tusk of ivory. Mr. Lagotte sent another present with a request that he might visit the king in his village. The present was sent back, the king would not receive them. Two years later, Mr. Butcher, the next trader, sent beads, cowries, cloth, brass wire—a hundred nice things—to Lukenga with the same request, and received the same answer—his presents were simply returned to him. Mr. Martin of the Congo State, another Belgian official, offered inducements to the king but of no avail. Mr. Johnson of the Societe Belge tried to see the king, but failed, and Mr. Engirin told us that he himself also had tried by every inducement to get Lukenga's consent to have a look at his town without success. Count Drucell and Prince de Croy, officers of the State, sent great presents to Lukenga and his sons by the Bakuba tribes and sent word that they were coming to visit him. Lukenga sent out word through all his kingdom: 'The Bakuba who shows a stranger the road will be beheaded.' The Baketti and Bakuba do not know the road and if you have not a Bakuba guide you cannot find the path. The last attempt was made by Mr. E. Stacke and Sir de Macar, both of the Societe Belge, but it was equally unsuccessful.

Then they said 'There are so many—hundreds—of narrow paths, made by antelopes, elephants, buffaloes and natives—which road will you take? Even if you should succeed in entering the kingdom, you will never return alive.' In spite of all this we didn't despair—We believed that 'the king's heart was in the hands of the Lord and He could turn it as the rivers of waters are turned. Mr. Lapsley was never discouraged. I remember once when we were on a long expedition, he was taken with the fever. He was very sick—his temperature up to 106. I asked for shelter at a native village. The natives would not give it, but drove us away in the dark night. We camped on an island in the river the best way

we could. In the morning we saw three hundred men getting out their canoes to follow us. Mr. Lapsley said to me, 'Go out and kill them a hippopotamus.' I waded out breast deep, shot one with my rifle, and our people called to the men, 'Come, here is meat for you. They dragged it ashore, and the villagers came down—men, women, babies and children—and feasted and carried home the meat. So they became at once our friends.

So Mr. Lapsley was not discouraged for his plans for the Bakuba—He said to me: 'I'll go by the next steamer to Stanley Pool and make preparation. He went and sent back word to me, 'I'll go on to Boma—at the mouth of the Congo, the capital of the state—and see the Governor. I'll come back by the next steamer; you be learning all you can of the language meantime.'

So I went to work to pick up the language by entertaining the Bakuba traders. They were not hard to entertain. I don't believe any one is when you spread a table before them—nice elephant steak, etc. The people at Luebo dearly loved Mr. Lapsley. They gave him the name of *N'tomenjila*—'path finder.' He was to them a pathfinder, a doctor and friend a good missionary—so they loved him. There was one girl in the village who had been a cannibal and had helped eat up her own mother; she was captured as a slave, but Mr. Lapsley rescued her, as she was being dragged off, and she was gratefully devoted to him. So when I said to the people, 'Let us make the village look nice for N'tomenjila when he returns, all gladly went to work, cleaned up the village, added new houses and built a nice fresh house for him to live in.

The steamer's whistle was heard and all the village turned out to meet him. I hurried on board waving my handkerchief. I did not see him any where. 'Where is Mr. Lapsley?' I asked the Captain. 'Mr. Lapsley has not come.' I felt great disappointment, but the Captain said, 'Here are some letters for you.' I seized them, there were none of them in Mr. Lapsley's hand writing. I opened one and read: 'You will be grieved to learn that our friend and brother Mr. Lapsley has been called away from earth. He took the fever in its worst form. He had the best of treatment and nursing, but nothing availed. God has called him to his reward in heaven.' I read the words over and over—they seemed meaningless. Then I turned away and went on shore. The people met me and asked, 'Where is N'tomenjila? Hasn't N'tomenjila come? I said 'N'tomenjila will come no more: he is dead!' Then the people wept and wailed about the village as for one of their own children.

I went alone in the woods and communed with God. Then I called the people together and said, 'I want to carry out N'tomenjila's plan to carry the knowledge of God to the Bakuba, and I want some of you to go with me.' Twenty-five men stood out and said 'We will go with you.' I said, 'It is a dangerous expedition, as you know, as well as a difficult one. We may be all marching to our graves. Those whose hearts are still strong to go, stand there, the rest stand back. Nine stood out and said they were willing to take all risks. The next day we gave each man his load—and we started. I knew the way through three villages, and I thought that if we went on the line of the market places, following the trad-

ers from village to village, we could thus find the way.

The first day I passed through three Baketta villages without any palaver. The next day we passed through two more and attempted the third, but lost our way, so next morning I followed a fisherman and we reached the next village.

IN THE BAKUBA COUNTRY.

Now comes the trouble, for the Baketta villages are finished and we started in on the Bakuba. There was one great advantage I had: I could speak their language. In the five months of waiting for Mr. Lapsley, I had, by constant study, picked up a great deal from the Bakuba traders, though it is a more difficult dialect than some.

When we reached the last of the three villages to which I knew the road, I went to the home of one of the chiefs of the village, and said to him, 'I would like to get you to show me the path to the next market place.' He said, 'No, I cannot do that. Lukenga has forbidden us to show these paths to foreigners. I dare not disobey him.'

To show you how stern King Lukenga is, I will tell you an incident about him. He had made a law that whoever should move a tusk of ivory off from a grave (where they are placed as a monument or tribute of respect) should be beheaded. It was reported to him that one had been stolen. He ordered search made for the robber. It was found that it was one of Lukenga's own sons who had stolen the tusk and that he was gone into the country of the Benib'yamba. Lukenga sternly ordered—'Very well—get forty strong men, go and take him and bring him before me.' He was brought and beheaded. That's Lukenga.

Yet I had no fear of him, and yet, in a sense I had, but I felt, 'the Lord is my light and salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host should encamp against me, in this will I be confident.'

I slipped out of the village quietly, and stood in the road at a place where three paths met. By and by I saw a man starting out to the market place. I stepped out and followed him without asking any questions, making a mark at the cross paths, so that my men could come after me. When I reached the market place, the people of the village were at first afraid of me, but I would catch up some little child and play with it and then they saw that I was friendly. Then I told them that I wanted to buy eggs. The name of the first Bakuba village was *Bena-Mafe*. The chief came and shook hands with me and soon had me and my people nicely housed, with two goats and ten chickens on hand to eat. I knew we couldn't dispose of all that food in one day, so I concluded to have a sit down for four or five days; but the food rolled in without abatement. My friends gave me two monkeys, three antelopes and four dozen eggs—my men and I just pic-nicked for those days.

This was all very good; but when I wanted to leave, no one would give me the least hint of the road. I had an idea that my route lay north-east, and, naturally, on the line of the big markets. The day after the people refused to show me the road happened to be their market day to go to a market about ten miles away. I asked them if I might send one of my men with them to buy eggs and bring them back to me. 'Oh

yes, that would be all right.' The marketers and my men returned the next day: so then we knew the road to that market place, and the following day we moved off. So day after day we moved along in this way. For three months we did nothing but buy and eat eggs. At one village, when I made my usual request, the chief said I need not go away for eggs, they had plenty there, and his wife brought a large basket full. So I had to wait till we finished all the eggs they could bring us. Then I asked them again, and they let my man go with them to get more.

In two hours from the first village, Bena-Mafe, I came to a nice little village, but the people were having a burial service, and did not have time to entertain me, so I shoved on to the next village which was called N'galico-co. The people here had abundance of leisure and desired me to share it. There was no use talking: I had to stop. They were very kind. They gave me and my people chickens, fish and plenty of potatoes. I presented in return, beads and cowries. During the night, the town crier called through the village that whoever should show me the road should be punished. By sunrise I was ready to move, but every man, woman and child plead with me earnestly not to continue my journey. Quetor, chief of the village, actually cried like a baby. He said, 'Perhaps Lukenga will do you no harm, but our existence is only a matter of a few days after you pass us.' Had this been the *Ba-songo Mena* ('People-of-the-filed-teeth') tribe, who have just eaten up (literally) three big expeditions of the Societé Belge, they would not have plead, but only pressed on me with a spear. Two of my own principal men also called me privately aside and said, 'We may possibly escape the King's wrath, but these people cannot.' It is true this touched me closely, for my heart is not made of stone; but my conscience continued to say (*just as distinctly as an audible voice*) 'Go FORWARD!' In view of this, I gave orders to my men to move forward, and left my friend Quetor with his right hand over his lips and his left supporting it.

After a half-hour wading through a swamp which at times took me up to the third button on my vest, and two hours across a beautiful plain, we came to *I-Fong*, the market place. There we bought some eggs, chickens, corn, etc., and had a good dinner. My people thought it not wise to leave that day, having only a half day before us and no knowledge where another village was, so I agreed with them. I entered the house of one of the villagers and called for a hair trim and shave. I was promptly served, and paid my fifty cowries, got my Bible and off into the woods to get spiritual guidance from my Master.

I stopped at this market place two days and scraped acquaintance with many friends from neighboring villages, but none of them invited me to their village. So I just fell in with three old sisters who were starting for home, and my men behind me, and followed them plumb into their village. Some of the people were frightened, I told them, 'Do not be afraid; it is only I.'—but they seemed not to know who I was. The young chief of the village, 'Fong N'joka' (which means 'an elephant like a mountain,' though his name is a size larger than he) met me, and after three claps of the hands—for shaking hands—we sat down on a large mat. I

opened up the discussion by saying how I had been successful in buying eggs in other villages and hoped he would not object to furnishing me with a few dozen. His obliging wife hearing this was soon to the front with a basket full, about half which my cook pronounced good, but the other half 'filled with small boys.'

For nearly a month I was detained in this village of M'boma (the name means hippopotamus, and is the same as that of the port at the mouth of the Congo, only the latter has, in European speech, lost its native prefix). It was quite rainy and no one would go with my man to the next market place. But I was glad of the opportunity thus given me to tell these villagers something of the gospel of Christ.

Every day we were secretly trying to get a clue to the right road. At last it came, when three ivory traders passed through the village on their way back to Lukenga's capital. I said to one of my men, 'N'goma, is your heart strong enough to go with these men and mark the road for us?' He said, 'It is strong enough.' So, with their permission, he went with them, to go a day's journey and buy some eggs; but, according to my instruction, he put a cross mark at all cross roads, so in about two hours after, I was on his trail. We passed through three villages of a good size and found my man in the fourth town—*Bishibing*—buying eggs. The traders had refused to allow him to go further, and slipped away in the night and left him behind. One night, the chief of the village came and besought me to go away and go back where I came from. He said, 'We'll give you meat and eggs, all you want, if you will only leave. If the king hears you are here all our heads will come off.'

[Mr. Sheppard here exhibited the knife with which such executions are performed and described the method. The victim's hands and feet are bound, his arms strapped to his side; a strong sapling is bent down and his head is so tied to it that his neck is stretched and held taut. The executioner whirls the knife—a broad murderous blade with undulating edge like an exaggerated 'Christy knife,' and with one stroke severs the head from the shoulders and cuts the cord that holds it, so that it is flung, ghastly and horrible, at the feet of the awe-stricken spectators.]

I told them I would sleep over it that night and go away the next day if they wished. We went outside the town and slept in the jungle.

But meanwhile the ivory traders or some one had reported to king Lukenga that a foreigner was in the country, and had got as far as Bishibing on his way to the capital. The king called for his sons; called for his forty fighting men, who use bows six feet high, and can send an arrow through a buffalo; gave his spear and knife to his son *Ton-zaida* and said, 'Go down to Bishibing and bring back the chief, the foreigners, the villagers—all—and I will behead them.'

The next morning, as I was reading a copy of the *Daily News*—a copy two years old—I heard a great noise out in the village. A herald of Lukenga had come storming in and was proclaiming, 'Hear the king's message. The king commands you all to come before him; the chief and the people and the stranger. Because you have entertained a foreigner you are all to be beheaded.' The whole village was in intense excitement. Everybody was running and screaming. My own

men were crying "Cannot you save us?" My boy ran to me screaming "Oh, we are all going to be murdered!" I wondered what I could do. It was too late to run away. I could not rescue my people by force, but I sent for the King's son, and I asked him to hear what I had to say. I said 'I understand that these people are to be beheaded.' He said 'Yes; that is what my father said.' I said 'These people are not to blame. I have had no guide; no one showed me the way. Last night the chief begged me to go away, but I did not go. I am the only one that is guilty.' He said 'You are a foreigner yet you speak our language.' 'Yes.' But, did you know all these paths many years ago?' 'No.' 'This is the first time you have been here, and you have had no guide, yet you are a foreigner!' 'Yes, that is true.' 'Well that is very strange. I would like to speak to my father about this.' I said, 'Yes—I would like to have you speak to your father about it.' I added, 'Now, wont you allow the people to go free while you go to speak to your father?' 'Very well—he said—he was 'real clever'—Very well; in three days I will return and tell you what my father says. Till then they may be free.'

As I need not say, I was certainly anxious those three days. It ever I prayed, I prayed most earnestly then, 'Heavenly Father take hold of the King's heart. Though others have suffered at his hands, save thou us.' 'And at our nightly prayers, my people would pray in the same strain.'

On the third morning, To-en-zaida, the King's son, two of his sons in law, Bo-pé and Bo p Quaitor, and seven lesser lights, all walked into the village, dressed in great style, came to my home and there was a general hand shaking. I said to Toenzaida, 'Is it well, or is it not well, signor?' He replied, 'It is well,' and to prove it, urew from his belt Lukenga's knife and said 'You need not try to hide it longer from us. You know our paths and we know who you are. I said to my father 'The stranger has had no guides, our people try to turn him back. He knows our roads, he speaks our language. My father called the wise men together and said to them, Who is this stranger? He knows our roads without a guide, yet he is a foreigner. He speaks our language, yet he is a foreigner. The wise men studied this mystery and they told my father, we know who this stranger is. He is no stranger, but Bo-pé Mekabe of your own family, who has returned to earth. Then my father was glad and said to me, Son go and tell all our people that 'Bo-pe has returned to us.' The people are rejoicing. You need not try to hide it from us longer. You are Bo-pe Makabé who reigned before my father and who died. His spirit went to a foreign land; your mother gave birth to it, and you are that spirit.'

Well—that ran all through me. I knew not what to do. Outside I heard the people beginning their rejoicing. But I said 'You are mistaken. I am not Bope Makabe. My name is Sheppard, as I have told you before.' 'You can't fool me' he said, 'We know you, you are Bo-pe Makabe.' Well—as I couldn't fool him—I could say no more, so I said nothing. My poor boy, Isusu, was standing on his head with delight. Every body was shaking hands and rejoicing, goats and sheep were killed to feed the visitors.

The same day we left M'boma, and

in two days we were entering the town—I should rather say the city, for I had seen nothing like it in Africa—I fuka, Lukenga's capital. The streets were thronged, even out into the country, with people coming out to meet us with rejoicing. The people all wore clothes, even the children. They brought me to a house prepared for me. It had four rooms, cleanly swept, with fresh mats on the floor, a bedstead of carved wood, with a quilted covering, a sort of chair adorned with tusks of ivory, and a rack on which to hang my clothes. Hundreds of people crowded my yard, and for three days I did not go into the street, but the king sent me fowls, eggs and provisions.

On the fourth day the king sent for me to meet him in the great square of the town. I was escorted by two of his sons, M'lunfu and To-en-zaida. A throng of people and children followed us through the streets. We went through a broad avenue into the open square. There a half ring had been formed, fenced with blanket cloth about a hundred yards. In the semi-circle, leopard skins had been sread, and on these skins sat Lukenga's seven hundred wives and his aged sister. In the middle of the square were five men with large drums. They played and sang till through the shouts of four thousand people (that is, most of the population of the town,) the king was borne to the centre. Everybody was standing and formed a large circle. As soon as the sixteen men lowered the king's hammock, everybody sat down. His son caught me by the arms and escorted me before his presence. His dress was of blue *savalase* (a kind of blanket cloth) trimmed with cowries, beads etc. He wore a crown worked with blue and white beads, with a white tassel in it. He had a small brass ring around his neck and legs. As he pleasantly greeted me, he pulled from his belt a knife, and saying, that it had been handed down in the red halls of the Lukengas through seven generations, presented to me." [Mr. Sheppard exhibited the knife; it was not very large—about ten inches long, with a straight, thick, two edged blade pointed at the end. The handle had been some time split where the blade joined it, and carefully mended; and seemed to be made of some hard wood curiously inlaid with bits of copper and iron in an intricate pattern.]

"He had me go and speak to his sister. She looked about seventy five years old and he about seventy. The ceremony closed and I was escorted to my home, where Lukenga had sent five goats, fifty chickens, five pieces of fine cloth and a parrot. All day there was music and dancing, and singing to native harps. The Bakuba, like you, are beautiful singers.

ALMOST CIVILIZATION.

In the afternoon, after the grand review, Lukenga's son took me through the town. I-fuka is built on a table land; you can look off towards all points of the compass. It reminded me of Lookout Mountain—I don't know that it is as high or as steep. The town is laid off in perfect blocks—it reminded me of a checker board. Each house has one or two high fences round it, nine or ten feet high, of bamboo poles set close, so that the fence is as solid as possible; even the smallest cracks are looked after. The blocks and streets are all named. The streets are broad and clean. You can see hundreds of little children playing

eap-frog, hide the switch, rolling hoops made of withes, and playing with marbles made of clay.

On the principal street, I saw a nicely made house with two big window openings and an extra large door; inside I could see a stool with a cup on it. I asked who lived there. My friends informed me that whenever there is a 'stealing palaver' and they have not clear proof against the accused, he is brought to this house to drink poison and test his innocence. In our ramble we crossed a beautiful spot about an acre large. I thought to myself—just wait a few months and we will have God's chapel raised upon this spot. It is like a well tended lawn. There is only one house on it and that was built for the King to sit in at the annual dance.

About six o'clock in the evening there is such a stir of the people on their way to market. The bustle and bustle of men and women, the carrying of big and little baskets, the merriment, the double-quick time and the long strides of the little children trying to 'keep up with mamma,' all make one feel that he has again entered a land of civilization. How many markets do you think I counted in this town? I counted six proper markets that afternoon, and the next day I counted eighteen—i. e. six in the morning, six at noon, and six in the evening. This is not hearsay; I counted them myself. This was in September. The people tell me that there is a time in the year when there are many more, and another time when there are many less.

I was at I-fuka, four months. As soon as possible, I went to Lukenga and did all I could to disabuse his mind of the idea that I was Bope Makabe. I did not know what the result might be, but I conscientiously did my best to make him know the truth. But I could not change his mind on that point. The Bakuba all believe in the transmigration of souls. I told him my object in seeking his country to preach the gospel, to tell him and his people about God and what He has done for all men. He told me he believed in a Supreme Being, who sends thunder and cyclones. He had no idols. The Bakuba are not idolaters. I told him that I wanted to have missionaries come and preach the truth about God to him and his people. He said all right, and he gave me land—9 acres—and said they could put up two houses.

I-fuka has a population of five thousand, and the number is perhaps doubled every day by the people who come in to the markets from the country and villages around. The town is divided off in squares. These squares are fenced round as are the houses inside it, and one man is appointed to be responsible for the peace and proper condition of the square. No noise is permitted after nine o'clock. They sing songs a great deal, but all stops at nine. The village is still as death. One night I did hear a noise—screams of a woman, drum beating—then all was still. In the morning I asked what had happened. I was told that Lukenga's law was that none of his wives must ever touch the hand of a man. One of them had shaken hands with a man in the market place. She was put to death the same night, and the man was caught and would also be beheaded. They have also laws against stealing, with penalties of fines or severer punishments; also against gambling, as they do with cowrie shells.

Sometimes a man's wife and children are confiscated for this or other crimes of the man. There are laws against drunkenness. The King has many wives, but a subject can have but one. Betrayal of chastity is punishable by beheading.

The Bakuba have numerous industries. They till the ground with hoes, and raise beautiful corn and various vegetables, and make a very good sort of cornbread, which—like all Hampton boys—I knew very well what to do with. They make their own hoes, also iron axes, spears, etc. They get iron and copper near the surface of the ground, melt it and beat it out. They make also several kinds of cloth, from grass and palm fibre, which they weave in a hand loom, then beat till it is soft and pliable. The beating makes holes in it, and these they patch, sewing in the pieces very neatly. [Mr. Sheppard exhibited specimens of this cloth and curious patching; also some very ingeniously made with raised work made by drawing threads in and clipping the ends, making a pile like velvet, in different patterns and colors. He showed also elaborately ornamented battle axes, and an ear of native corn.] The native dress is just one long piece of cloth draped so, as to cover the most of the body yet leave the limbs free for action.

The houses have two or three rooms generally, with well beaten earth floors. The people keep themselves and their houses clean. One of them made me feel ashamed by asking me if I had not a good knife that I did not keep my nails cleaner.

At a certain time of the year two or three hundred of the men, some taking their families, go far away to another tribe and spend four or six months buying ivory. The Bakuba are merchants, buying and selling ivory, rubber and cam-wood. They do not trade in slaves. You can buy in the markets, pigs, antelope meat, chickens; fish, fresh corn, and dried corn; peas, peanuts, beans, greens, palm oil to use for cooking or burning; honey, sugar-cane, pumpkins, sweet potatoes; salt and pepper; bananas and plantains; cloth, caps, pipes, mats, etc.

All this is the bright side. There is also a very dark side. The Bakuba are very superstitious, like other native tribes. They believe in witchcraft. A child died suddenly in the town. The wise men said, It is bewitched. So they rushed through the streets crying out, Where is the witch—where is the witch? They saw an old woman sitting alone in a house. Some cried out 'There is the witch.' They seized her. She said 'No. I am no witch.' 'Why did you kill that child?' I did not kill any child. I did not know it was sick.' 'Will you drink the poison to prove your innocence?' 'Yes—it was her only chance. They dragged her to the poison house; gave her the poison; she drank it, and in a little while was seized with pain, but could not throw off the poison, fell down and died in agony.

When a master dies, his slaves must go with him to the other world. I said to a man one day, Conachila, where have you been? He said 'My father has died and I have been to buy slaves to send to him. A woman was helping my people one day to make a wall. The next day I saw her taken away to die with her mistress. I tried to save her but could not. I was shown the grave of Lukenga's mother in a grove of palms. It was planted

with tusks of ivory and surrounded by a great many other graves. 'Whose are these other graves?' I asked. 'Oh those are the slaves who were sent with her.' What—so many? 'Yes, the people loved her, and all the villages around contributed slaves. There are a thousand in all.'

A man stole some very nice cloth hanging at my door. He was seen to do it, and, as he refused to give it up, I reported him to Lukenga, thinking to have him fined and thus put a stop to such things. Lukenga sent for him and I was horrified to hear the King say, 'You have stolen from Bopay—that is stealing from me. You must die.' 'Oh no' I said, 'I do not want him killed for taking a piece of cloth.' 'Yes, if he stole from you, he stole from me; he shall be beheaded.' I told him I would not stay in Ifuka, but he would not relent. I went to the King's son M'funfu, and said, 'Go with me to your father.' He accompanied me and after long talking, Lukenga said to the man 'Well, you may go this time.'

While I was in Ifuka, a cyclone passed through the town, blew down some houses, carried away trees and people in its path. Men went out and blew horns and beat drums to frighten away the evil spirit. My boy, Isusu, and I went out of the house and held on to a tree. When it had passed we went back and slept. Next morning, as the people passed, one and another said 'We had a terrible storm last night.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I could not sleep. I was afraid the house would blow down.' 'What, you afraid. I thought you could make storms.' 'Oh no, I can not make storms.' 'Do you think perhaps some other village is angry with us and sent storm on us?' 'Oh no' I said. In the course of the day who should appear at my door but the king's son, To-enzaida, with a band of his strong men. 'The king calls for you,' he said, 'Very well,' I said. I fixed myself up with care, in my best clothes, cleaned my shoes and my nails, and went with him. 'What does the king want?' I asked. 'I don't know; my father never tells the reason of his orders,' he replied. As we went past the king's son M'funfu's house, I called out to him, 'A bad storm last night. Do you think it was sent by some other village?' 'No, no,' he said, 'Such storms will come.' 'Did you ever have storms like this before I came?' 'Oh yes, this is the time of year for storms.' Your father has sent for me, I said 'wont you go with me?' He came.

We reached the king's house, and knocked at the door. An official put back the curtain and said, 'The king allows you to enter.' We entered and found the king seated in the court. As I came before his presence, I bowed respectfully and waited to hear what he wished of me. He said to me, 'My people are very much frightened about the storm last night; they say they saw your boy washing your clothes down in the creek yesterday, and so he stirred up the water and caused the storm.' I said, 'It is true that my boy washed my clothes in the creek, but I don't think that caused the storm. Here is your son; if you will allow him, he has a word to say about it. M'funfu testified that they had had such storms before I ever came into the country, especially at that time of the year. Lukenga listened, and said gravely, 'Then my people made a mistake, and it is all right.' 'And may I continue to wash my clothes in the creek?' 'Yes, that is all

right; it was a mistake'. I was much relieved as you may imagine, for I did not know but he would take this head off; and it is the only one I have.

Soon after this I went to the king and told him I had to go home. 'Oh no,' he said, 'You must stay with us.' After a few days, I went again. 'He said 'We love you, we want you to live with us always.' But again I went, and he told me 'You may go and remain a year, if you will leave two of your people with me and if you will then return.' I made the promise and left with him M'puya and N'goma.

Then I started away escorted by his son and other friends. We went by a new road, passing through twenty-two villages which I had not seen in entering. On and on we went; crossing a deep river in a canoe, one of my men fell overboard with a basket of cowrie shells on his head and came near drowning. As he appeared on top of the water I jumped in after him. He had almost too much life for me to manage him and came near drowning both of us. I managed to get him out, but the basket of cowries—my pocket-book—lies at the bottom of the river. On and on we traveled, and, at last, without more to tell, got back to Benikafuga and then to Luebo, from where I started for the unknown country.

So my friends, I have told you of the condition of my people in far off Africa. Think of the Bakuba, the greatest of all the tribes on the Congo, and not one missionary in all that vast densely populated region! Never before had they ever even heard of Christ. Do you say they live up to what light they have. Do we? Do they? No! no! Oh for the time when this people will call the Lord their God! The appeal comes to you. Will you lend a helping hand to carry the light of the gospel to Africa?"

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

The morning after Mr. Sheppard's eloquent address, which had intensely interested all his hearers, he was so kind as to meet the school again and answer questions, as follows:

"Will the king know when your year's leave has passed?"

"He tied a long string inside his door. Every moon he ties a knot in it, and when he ties twelve he will expect me."

"Do you expect to start a mission there on your return?"—"Yes, that Mr. Adamson and Mr. Snyder will remain at Luebo, Mr. Rowbotham and his wife and myself—will go to the Bakuba."

"How long is the journey from here?"—"Even days to Liverpool; thirty from there to Boma at the mouth of the Congo; thirty from there to Stanley Pool; thirty more to Luebo on the Kasai; then 200 miles across the country to Ifuka."

"Shall you get back by the end of the year?"—"I am afraid not quite."

"Do the Bakuba attribute their superiority to the outside influence of any other people?"—"No."

"Have they any thing like schools?"—"No, but the children are taught various things at home; for instance, to count: the Bakuba can count by fives, tens, hundreds and thousands."

How are they kept separate from and superior to the surrounding tribes?"—"King Lukenga claims all the surrounding tribes as his subjects, but they never intermarry. They go to other tribes to trade but do not allow them to come to them freely."

"What is the population of Lukenga's kingdom?" "There are said to be 250,000 Bakuba; I don't know how many in the other tribes."

"Does Lukenga know about Europeans?" "He knows them through his ivory traders."

"What is his idea in forbidding their entrance to his country?" "I have heard that he believes that if he should see one he would die, but I don't know. I was rather careful not to ask him too many questions."

"Are there any sanitary regulations in his town?" "Yes, I saw a woman fined for throwing dirty water into the street." "Where should she have put it?" "Into an earthen pot, until it could be carried further away."

"Do they cook their food as we do?"

"Yes, they boil it in clay pots, or some times broil a monkey over the coals."

"What agricultural implements do they have?" "Only a hoe. They are very industrious; husband, wife, children and slaves work in the field from dawn till ten o'clock."

"What is their trade?" "They get cowries in exchange for ivory; some times a little foreign cloth, but no one can wear it except the king and some head official. They protect home industry."

"What are their amusements?" "The children's games are wonderfully like ours, as I have said—marbles, hoops, and leap frog, and hide the switch, and they toss a ball made of rubber. The older boys shoot with arrows; the men hunt elephants, and they have singing and dancing. I went hunting elephants once with the Bisoongo; they found one two weeks dead, swollen by lying in the rain, but I could not keep them away from it. One climbed on to it and broke in. He didn't get any help from me, but the rest got him out, and they cut off the flesh, carried it home and dried it to eat; but other tribes are better than that in their ways."

"You spoke of slavery among the Bakuba; who are their slaves and how are they treated?" "The Bakuba never were enslaved. They do not sell slaves, but they buy them, and enslave their prisoners captured in war; the slaves are kindly treated in life, but are often killed when their master dies, as I have said."

"Do they have anything like clocks?" "No, they tell the time of day only by the sun."

"Have they a calendar?" "They count weeks, months, seasons, and years, but they have no writing."

"Have they any way of keeping a record of events?" "They notice times in the year when different fruits ripen and speak of an occurrence as having happened at some such time."

"Have they any oral history or tradition?" "I guess so but I haven't found it out. I have been cautious about asking questions, especially of the king."

"The Bakuba keep two days in the week as a sort of a Sabbath or rest day; not working in the field, but staying at home making mats. They have looms and needles."

"Is this rest day a religious obligation?" "No."

"What religious rites or observances have they?" "None of any kind. They have, as I have said, a vague belief in some supreme power, not to be worshipped but feared. They speak of it sometimes as 'that animal up above us that sends storms,' and sometimes try to scare it away by beating drums etc. They do not worship idols or animals or anything. But they are very super-

stitious, believers in witchcraft, conjuration, charms and signs. They believe in some sort of future life and in transmigration of souls."

"What are the wise men you spoke of?" "Twelve men chosen by the king, and supposed to have special power to advise and answer his questions."

"You spoke of salt—how do they procure it?" "They are twelve hundred miles from the coast. They cut a kind of reed in certain swamps, dry and burn them, and boil the ashes, skim it and collect the salt that is deposited. They also make soap by making lye of the ashes of plantain and banana leaves and boiling it with palm oil."

"Have they domestic animals?" "All the tribes have sheep and goats. The Bakuba have cows also. A curious thing is that in Africa the cows never low; and the dogs never bark, though they growl and howl."

"Are the wild animals very dangerous?" "I have known of only five persons carried off by any since I have been in Africa. Leopards will run from a fire; jackals follow an expedition. A herd of elephants may run over you if something makes a panic among them."

"What is the latitude?" "Four degrees south of the equator; longitude twenty-five degrees east. The wet season begins in September and lasts till May; that is their summer. In the winter, or dry season, from May to September, no rain falls in the lower country; but we have a little all the year round—say once a week in the dry season. In the wet season we have say two hours shower a day or in two or three days, but not incessant or very long storms, or heavy rain falls."

"Any thunder?" "Thunder?—oh my! That is where we make thunder!"

"What are the marriage customs of the Bakuba?" "In many of the tribes marriages are made in early childhood, but not among the Bakuba. There a boy is not allowed to wear a hat till he is about fifteen years old. Then a ceremony takes place. Perhaps seventy-five or a hundred boys make their hats and are brought together into the presence of the king. The king takes a hat and puts it on the head of the boy, fastening it with a long pin to the knot of his hair which is rolled up on the top of his head—'Pompadour style.' If the king drops the hat or pin, it is bad luck and the ceremony cannot go on; that boy must go out and wait till the next time—he has a cry over it, poor boy. When all the hats are on, the king gives a charge to the boys, saying, 'Now go out, build yourself a home, and cultivate some land. Then when you see the one your heart desires, ask her to be your wife, and when she says 'Yes,' marry her and take her to your home.' The girls have the right to refuse an offer, but when her consent is gained and her parents', the court is called together, and the young man and woman and their people go before it. He takes two large mats which he gives to her parents; also cakes of salt and cowrie shells—some time fifteen thousand and three hundred more to pay the judge (300 cowries equal five cents). They take their seats. The judge says to the young man, 'This is your wife. You must have but one, or you will be headed.' He tells the girl, 'This is your husband; you are to love him'. He charges them both not to beat each other, with sticks, tables, hoes, brooms, etc. or they will be fined. Then there is a general clapping of hands and congratulation, and the ceremony is over."

"If either dies, may the other marry again?" "Yes, among the Bakuba. In the Bagalla tribe, when the husband dies, they stand the wife in the grave and bury her up to her head, give her no food and leave her to die. The Bakuba show their women much respect and affection. Husbands kiss their wives good bye when they are going off on a journey, and I have seen them walking arm in arm in Ifuka, something I never saw anywhere else in Africa."

"What has made the Bakuba so superior do you think?" "I don't know. Perhaps they got their civilization from the Egyptians—or the Egyptians theirs from the Bakuba (!)"

"What is the outlook for trade?" "There is plenty of ivory and cam wood in the country. There is a railroad from Matadi to Stanley Pool and there are twenty-five trading steamers on the river."

"Are the native traders fairly dealt with?" "Yes—of course a large profit is made. A Bakuba comes with a large tusk of ivory of fifty kilo weight. It is worth \$250 in Liverpool. He gets \$12 for it, which satisfies him."

INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

Incidents of Indian Life at Hampton.

On Sunday night, October 22, when the school was assembled in Virginia Hall chapel, Mr. Turner gave a short account of his western trip. Not only the Indians, but the colored students and the teachers were greatly interested, for while to some it brought back pleasant recollections of home, to others it gave new impressions of Indian reservation life. The whole trip occupied six weeks and during that time, Mr. Turner visited the Omaha and Winnebago reservations and also went to Santee and Standing Rock. The Winnebago Agency is not attractive but the country about is beautiful and well adapted to agriculture. Here Mr. Turner saw four hundred acres planted with corn, which is raised in such abundance that it is even used for fuel.

On this reservation the whites outnumber the Indians, there being 3,000 of the former and only 2,400 Indians, who own the land and rent it to the whites. These often take advantage of the Indians' ignorance of business affairs and get possession of the land by dishonest means. For instance, if a white man wishes to rent land for a term of years, he makes out the contract to that effect, but the Indian, who can not read, is given to understand that the contract is for one year only. At the end of the year he expects his land to be returned, but the white man can show his contract, legally drawn up, and there is no help for the Indian. No wonder Mr. Turner urged upon the boys the necessity of learning to speak and read English. The sooner the Indians acquire a ready use and understanding of English, the sooner will they be able to prevent this double dealing on the part of unscrupulous whites.

At the Omaha Reservation, Dr. Susan LaFlesche aided Mr. Turner in looking up boys and girls for Hampton. All who have known Dr. LaFlesche were grieved to learn that her health is suffering greatly from the constant demands made upon her