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Aid for Rural Negro Schools

A friend of the colored race has given \$10,000 to the Principal of Hampton Institute and a like amount to the Principal of the Tuskegee School toward the improvement of rural schools for Negroes in the South. This friend has expressed an intention of giving still further towards a fund, the interest of which shall be used for the purpose stated.

This is a timely gift. Many young men and women graduating from Hampton, Tuskegee, and other schools would be glad to return to their homes and take up the work of teaching, if only a salary could be provided on which they could live. There is a very natural reaction in many parts of the South against Negro education. With the constitutional conventions, which have reduced the number of Negro voters, there has come a feeling on the part of a large number of Southern whites that money for Negro education is wasted. Of course the better element does not sympathize with this feeling. The best men in the South demand education for *all* the people. An intelligent Virginia gentleman, after visiting the far South, said that the proportion of school taxes allotted to whites and blacks in most of the states he had visited was as four to one. This is as though one of the Northern States should appropriate four dollars to schools for native-born children and one dollar for those for the children of ignorant foreigners. "I find no enthusiasm for Negro education," said a prominent Southern editor. This is not strange. Many of the Southern white people considered that Negro education was forced upon them in reconstruction days, and they look upon their new constitutions as giving them release from it. They do not pass laws appropriating only Negro taxes to Negro education, but they attain their end in other ways.

It is essential that certain things be accomplished. The white people of the South must have better schools so that the masses shall be intelligent enough to believe in the education of every man, white or black. The hands of the Southern men who are working towards this end should be strengthened in every possible way. The colored people should be encouraged to raise funds for the lengthening of school

colored people in his county were renters. He helped them to buy land and build homes. The churches were improved. The migration from that county to Northern cities was stopped. For a space of five years no Negro was sent from that county to the penitentiary. Ninety per cent of its Negro farmers own and manage their land. The relations between the whites and blacks are of the best. Not only in his county, but through all Tidewater Virginia Mr. Walker's influence has been felt. He has driven out the saloon from a number of counties, and has helped to increase landholding, so that in thirty-three counties of Tidewater Virginia more than seventy per cent of the Negro farmers own and manage their land.

Light in Darkest Africa

Extracts from two addresses given at Hampton in February, 1905, by Rev. William H. Sheppard, F. R. G. S., an African Missionary of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and a Hampton ex-student.

YOU have heard before of my long journey with my dear friend and co-worker, Mr. Lapsley of Alabama, from America to the coast of Africa; of our landing at Matadi where I had my first African fever (I have since had sixty-five); of our expeditions to Stanley Pool, to Luebo, and to the Wissman Cataracts; of the establishment of our mission at Luebo; of Mr. Lapsley's death; and of my first journey to Lukenga's capital. You will remember that Lukenga spared my life at that time because he believed me to be the spirit of his son, Bobé Mekabé, who had died. This belief, which was once my salvation, brought me later into serious trouble. I will now tell you about it.

Old King Lukenga died and was succeeded by another Lukenga of a different dynasty. It is the custom for the new king to kill all the sons of the old one, so that he may feel secure on his throne. He succeeded in murdering seven; and then, remembering that I was one of the first Lukenga's sons, he sent to Ibanj, our new station among the Bakuba, messengers armed with poisonous arrows, with orders to shoot me. They came, and I heard they were there but they went away without carrying out the king's orders. I never saw them. Then he sent a messenger with one of his sceptres to ask me to come to his village because he wanted to see me. I set out with my people and traveled on foot the one hundred and fifty miles. It took us ten days. King Lukenga sat on the plain outside of the village, with as many as three hundred people around him. He said, "You have come." I answered "I have come." He replied, "I am glad you have come." I said, "I am glad to be here." He asked me to go into the village. I went to a house which he had made ready for me. Later he sent me food—

chickens, ducks, and corn—and the messenger said, “Here is some food for you and your people; when it is late to-night come and *come alone* to the king’s palace.” I determined to go. At midnight a man came and said, “King Lukenga is calling for you.” So I went into the presence of Lukenga. We sat down, turned face to face, folded our legs, and began talking. He said, “I am glad you have come,” and I answered, “I am glad to be here.” “Do you not know,” he said, “that it is the custom when the crown passes from one family to another to murder all the sons of the old king? Were you not told that you were to be shot with poisonous arrows?” I said I had heard

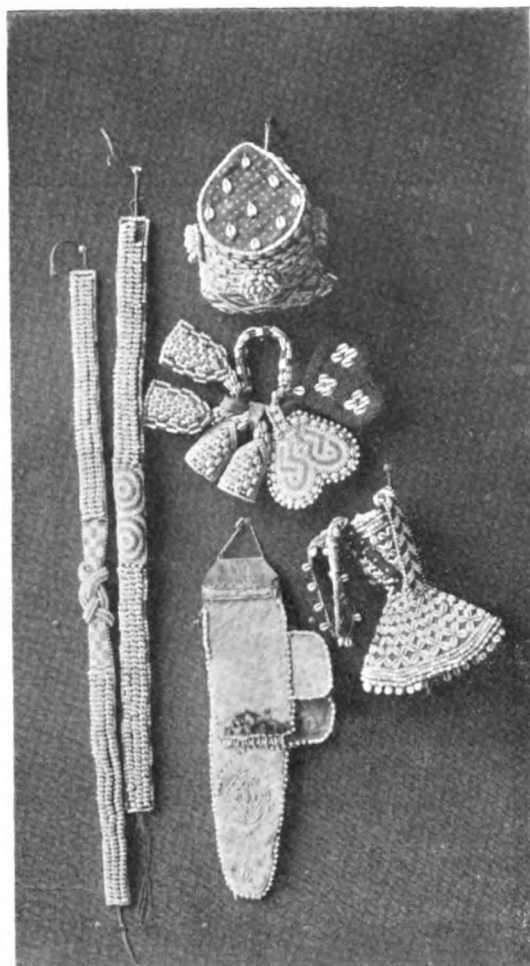


Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard at their Home in Ibanj

it but did not believe it. The king said, “It is true.” Then he added “Can we settle this thing now?” I said, “I hope so,” and I could see murder in his eyes. He called for a man. The man brought a small pouch of leopard skin. The king called another man and asked him for a banana leaf. He put it over the fire to make it pliable. Then he took some strong medicine out of the leopard skin and put it into the banana leaf. After sitting awhile he had it tied up and gave it to a servant, telling him to throw it into the Lingadi River. The king said, “Do you see that?” I said, “Yes.” The king said, “It has gone into the Lingadi, from that to the Ligadi, then to the N’gala. I cannot call it back and it will not come back. Just so everything is

gone that was between us which I had in my heart against you."——
 And I felt better. He said, "Now, what are you going to do?" I said, "I don't know your custom, but we have a custom of praying. If you will allow me I will kneel here on the mat with you and pray." After prayers we went to our houses. I stayed with him a week and then went back to Ibanj.

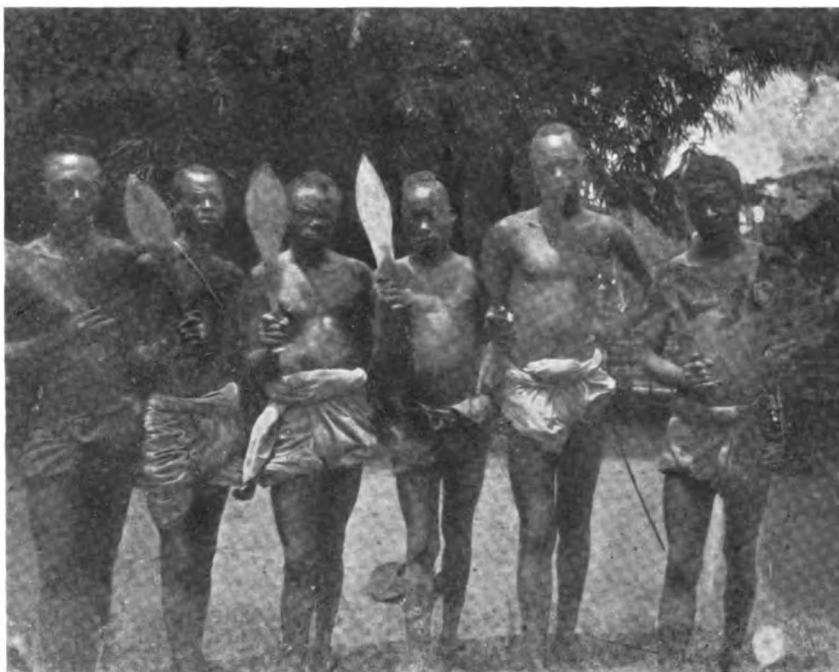
Since then I have had an experience with the Zappo-Zaps, a cannibal tribe, perhaps the lowest in Africa, which will give you some idea of the horrors which are being perpetrated in the Dark Continent, with, I am sorry to say, the encouragement of a so-called civilized nation. For this tribe is in the pay of the Belgian state officers and in carrying out their orders, adds to the natural depravity of savage ignorance the cruelty of civilized (?) greed. When we were at Ibanj a native came over from Pianga and said, "The Zappo-Zaps, the cannibals, have come down and are catching our people and murdering them inside the stockade, and we have come to ask you to help us drive them out." I asked who was leading them. "Malumba N'kusa leads them," was the answer. Malumba N'kusa is a man who, with his eyebrows shaved off, and his eyelashes pulled out, can yet look at the sun at mid-day without winking; his teeth are filed off to a sharp point; he wears little clothing, is very tall, and has a very long neck. He is a most repulsive looking man, but he is an exceedingly swift runner. I said to them, "If Malumba N'kusa is leading them there is no use of my going. He will never hear me. I have heard a great deal of Malumba N'kusa. Go back and tell your friends I cannot come." But they came again, bringing goats and chickens and other things. They said their friends had sent these presents, saying, "Long ago you were over in our country. You said you loved us. Now we are in trouble. Will you not help us out of this trouble? Come and help us." I said to them, "Sit down." They sat down. I said, "Now, if I leave the station something may happen to it while I am gone. When I pass through your country the people may take me for an enemy and murder me. When I reach the plain of the Zappo-Zaps it is nothing but murder. It is just as if I were to take a rope and go out behind the house and hang myself to that tree. Go back and tell your friends I cannot come. There is no use in exposing myself in that way and tempting Providence." We were sitting on the porch one day shortly after this, when a native called out saying that a man was in sight, running, coming in our direction. "Yes, and he is coming from Luebo," I said. He had a letter in a piece of bamboo; he was running fast and the perspiration was running from him. We wondered what had happened at Luebo. He handed me the letter. It was signed by Morrison, Bass, and another missionary. "Dear Brother Sheppard:" it read, "We hear of atrocities being committed in the Pianga country by the Zappo-Zaps. We commission you immediately on receipt of this letter to go over and stop the raid."



Articles made of Skin and Ornamented with Cowrie Shells according to Native Designs

These were orders. I had to go; there was nothing else to do. I called to one of the boys and said, "Run and quickly make the church bell ring out." We had taught the natives that when the bell rang outside of the regular hours for church services they should come and come quickly, that there was a fight or a fire and everyone must come. They came. I called out, "Fall in line!" So they fell in line, five or six hundred of them. I said to them, "You remember we have heard that there is trouble going on in the Pianga country, how the Zappo-Zaps have made a stockade and are killing all the people. We have just received a letter from Leubo that we must go there and stop the raid. You who are willing to go, stand in line. You who are not willing, go to your homes." I looked away for a moment and when I looked up everybody had gone! And to tell the truth I also wanted to join them, for I did not want to go to Pianga at all. But I was compelled to go, so I walked around and got eleven men to follow me. We knew the way to Pianga, for we had been

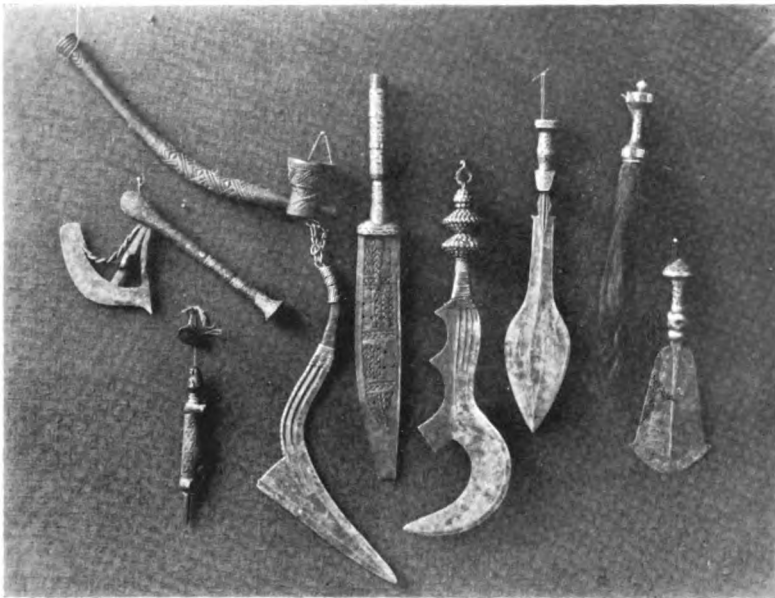
there before. After three hours' march up hill, and across plains and creeks, we came to the first village, which was deserted. There was not a soul there. The next village was also deserted and the next. At one of these villages we called into the forest. We heard voices, and called again. Then the voices came nearer, for they knew we were friends. A man came out and said many of his people were in the forest. He brought out a man whose hand had been shot to pieces. He said that he was in the stockade when the shooting began but he had leaped the stockade. We tied up his hand and sent him back into the forest. On we went to the next village, and on and on. During the night we called out into the forest and heard voices of



A Group of Cannibal Africans

men crying aloud all that night. Next morning five men came out. We said, "Give us a guide. We don't want to mistake the trail. Give us a guide to show us exactly where Malumba N'kusa is." They gave us a guide and we started on again. We were passing through a village when a native called my attention to a house. There we saw the frame of a poor woman leaning against the house. She had been murdered and her flesh carved off. On we journeyed. At one village we sat down and lunched. We thought, when this forest is finished we shall be on the plain of the Zappo-Zaps, the cannibals. We told the boys in what order to go. Then we started, but suddenly we heard a call and saw eighteen cannibals looking for fresh people to kill. We

had no time to jump into the forest. I called out, "Sheppard! Sheppard! don't shoot." One turned and said, "Stop!" They stopped. Then, when I got my breath, I said, "Stop a moment, is this the way you hunt animals? You don't know whether we are friends or enemies." A man stretched out his hand. This man was Chembamba, whose life I had saved two years before. For this kindness he remembered me and stopped his men or we should have been shot at once. If we had turned our backs we should have been shot down at once. We said, "How many Zappo-Zaps are there?" "Seven hundred," he answered. "Have they all guns?" (We were interested in that question.) "Yes, they are all armed with guns." I said, "Guide me to Malumba N'kusa. Tell him we are come not to fight but simply to talk." We started for Malumba N'kusa. Chembamba and another man went on



Knives and other Articles of African Design and Manufacture

before. As we looked back we saw the village we had left, on fire.

We started away through the forest; on we journeyed and when we came to the plain we saw a stockade. We saw men coming out of a trap door. The Zappo-Zaps ran in every direction like so many ants, and started towards us, beginning to shoot. There over the plain they were coming, leaping, screaming, and shooting. I shouted, "Stand still, all of you." On they came, and the one who was leading then called out, "*Moya*" (a salutation). I called out, "Sheppard!" He said, "Live!" I said, "You also live." Then he came up and said, "How do you do?" We said "How do you do?" Twenty-five of them said, "How do you do?" The others never reached us; they started back to the stockade. We stood there. They had not asked us to

come up. All went in through the small trap door. No one staid outside. We saw the chief coming out. He reached us, greeted us and said, "Come, come to the camp." We started on. I said, "I see some dead bodies on the plain. I notice men with their heads off." "Some one has taken a fancy to them," he said. "They have taken their skulls to rub their tobacco with." "There is a right hand off that one." "Yes," he answered, "you will see that when you are in the camp." "The flesh is carved off!" "Yes," he said, "they are eating it here in camp." And so we walked on, on to the small trap door. Malumba stepped aside and said, "Go in." "No," I said, "you go in." "No," he insisted, "you are the biggest chief, you go in." I said no, so he got on his knees and in he went. Then I got on my



Dresses and Rugs made by Negroes of Central Africa who have never seen White People

knees and went inside and the others followed through the trap door. One of the first things that Malumba N'kusa pointed out was the heart of a man, very black, with Malumba N'kusa's spear through it and his native medicine sprinkled around it. The native medicine is something like flour. He said it was the heart of N'funfu. I knew him very well. He had been a friend to us and had offered us hospitality. That was all that was left of that chief. I said but little for I thought it better policy.

On we walked and saw flesh on pieces of bamboo around the fire to dry for future use. We spent two days inside the camp and we counted the frames of people as well as we could and there were three hundred they had murdered and eaten. He had said there were sixty-

two women. I had seen only three, two outside tied to a tree and one inside; and the two we saw outside certainly had their flesh carved off their bodies before they died. I said, "Where are the women? May I see them?" He said, "Certainly." They were in the upper part of the camp and as soon as they saw me they knew me, and held up their heads. I walked up and said, "This one is not hurt." The chief said, "No, she is only tied here by the stump." We had a cheerful word to say to her in her own tongue, and I told her she should be released. Then I had a talk with Malumba N'kusa; but he would not let them go. "At least," I said, "you are not going to hurt these women. You will not kill them, surely." He said, "No, not now, anyhow. The people have plenty of flesh." We saw a flag flying in the center of the stockade. You would be surprised to know what civilized nation's flag it was. We said to the chief, "Now we have spent two days here and we want to go home." He said, "Oh, very well," and then the trap door was lifted up, and we started out of that place. It took us two days to get there. We got home in one day.

Two fast runners went to Luebo. The missionaries wrote up our report in which we requested the release of the women, and sent it to the Belgian state post, one hundred and fifty miles away. So these men ran to the first state post and gave it to the state officer; as soon as he received the letter he called a man to blow the bugle. The soldiers fell in line and marched down to Pianga, caught Malumba N'kusa and his seven hundred people, and rescued the sixty women. By our efforts these women were sent home into their own country. We have seen them since and they are exceedingly grateful. Malumba N'kusa they put in chains; and as the chains went around him and they put a strong lock on him, he said, "You have sent me to do this and yet you have put me in chains!" With our own hands, while we were in this camp, we picked up eighty-one right hands and put them in baskets. These were to have been carried up also to the state post to show how many of the natives had failed to bring in the rubber required by the state.

I have told you this story that you may see how much these Zappo-Zaps need the Gospel. When we first landed in Luebo not a soul had ever heard a word of it. All these centuries their fathers had died without knowing anything about the Lord Jesus Christ coming into the world to seek and save the lost. They had never laid their eyes on a book, and had never seen a newspaper. What changes have come since we were sent out there? First, there are three thousand members of the church in Luebo alone. Three thousand! These have, most of them, been brought up in our school there. We have teachers from Fisk, Talladega, Tuscaloosa, and other schools in the United States, and they have given the natives an intelligent knowledge of Christ and the plan of salvation. These converts are tried and true; they know the Scriptures and can read them for themselves.

After many months' trial we receive them into the church. They must know the catechism. All are required to know the questions and answers perfectly. We have hymns printed in thick books and they can sing the hymns by heart without trouble. But that is not all. Fifty native evangelists have been educated in our school and now have their stations where they are preaching the Gospel to their brethren. We believe this is the plan that the Master would have us carry out : Educate the natives and send them out to preach to the others. They are quick on the road, do not need a long caravan to go with them, speak the language fluently, and know the trails. We have in Luebo to-day eight thousand in the school—men, women and children—taught not only by the missionaries but by native teachers. Forty miles up at Ibanj, where we had a great deal of trouble in the early days, we now have five hundred children in school. We have native teachers there also, as well as teachers from this country, a large Sunday school, and a church of one thousand members. We had to make an addition to the church just before coming away. People came in flocks to attend the services. Before service they have brief prayers in their homes. In the way of translations, we have hymn books in the African language, and also the Scriptures, though these are not yet complete. We also have text-books that are used in our schools—arithmetics, geographies, and reading books. Some of these are printed by the natives. Several who were once cannibals are now assisting in this work. Twenty-five evangelists have gone from Ibanj station and established themselves in different parts of the country. Even at Lukenga's capital there are four evangelists, supported by the king himself, who are preaching and teaching school.

I regret to say that all this work I have been telling you about is now in great danger, which was brought about in this way. One of the state officers called King Lukenga down to Luebo to pay his taxes. He started on his journey but at the large villages people would collect from all around to see their new king. Therefore he was slow in getting to Luebo. The officer said to him: "Why did you not come sooner? I shall put you under arrest because you have been so long coming. I charge you 100,000 cowries because you did not come." Lukenga sent and asked the missionaries to lend him a hundred thousand shells. The missionaries did not even stop to count them out but filled some measures with them and sent them over in a bag. Lukenga showed it to the officer and then he paid his taxes, as well as extra ones which the officer put upon him. The missionaries got Lukenga out of prison and up to the mission and he went back to his country. But he was very indignant and when he got there, the drums began to sound, messages were sent out, and the people came in thousands and swept down on the stations. The backwoods people did not know the missionaries and so did not spare the mission buildings. We hear that everything at Ibanj has been burned and that an

attack on Luebo is momentarily expected. But this we hope is not true. In any case, we await orders and are ready to go back whenever we are sent, for it is God's work and it cannot fail.

Since Mr. Sheppard's visit to Hampton we have learned from *The Missionary* that Luebo was saved and that no missionaries lost their lives. A day was set by the hostile tribes for an attack on Luebo, but the Christian natives rallied to the support of the mission, and with the aid of a few state soldiers and some guns loaned by Roman Catholic missionaries, providentially on their way to protect their own mission station, the place was made impregnable. The state is sending soldiers to Lukenga's capital to seize him for exciting the revolt and has promised protection to the Ibanj station, which will probably be rebuilt by the time Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard return to Africa.

Mrs. Sheppard, who accompanied her husband to Hampton, is gifted with a beautiful voice. She sang to the school several of the hymns used in the mission and to some of the teachers she gave a specimen of an African folk song, which our readers may be interested to see.—Eds.

Chimpoong Galoo



Sal - la wī min - tang - gī chim-poong ga - loo Car - man

dess'm monum wā - di chimpoong ga - loo Mā - mi tā - ya wā - wā

chim-poong ga - loo Sal - la wī min - tang-gī chim-poong ga - loo.