

tant Missionary there. Taking a journey through some villages about twenty miles from the station where he resided, he describes the country as very beautiful, but when he remembered how it was polluted by guilty man, he said he had occasion to weep rather than rejoice.

“Eleven years ago, no one could traverse this region in safety, unless he was escorted by a force sufficient to resist the murderers who lay in ambush. The natives who acted as our guides, had a thousand tales to relate concerning every spot, so to speak, of a country which they knew so well. ‘Here,’ said one, ‘were laid the snares in which the imprudent feet of the traveller were caught, beyond the possibility of escape.’ ‘Do you see this tree?’ cried another; ‘from its branches the Cannibals were accustomed to suspend the spoils of the wretches whom they had taken in their toils.’ A third showed us a natural cavern excavated in a rock; ‘There,’ said he, ‘they have devoured more than one poor victim.’

But we were already approaching the villages of the natives; and, as one and another passed before us, some one in our company exclaimed, “Behold one of these Cannibals; that one who is coming toward us, was one of the worst of them all.” Indeed we found ourselves surrounded with people who, during a whole year had eaten nothing but human flesh; there were some even who since their infancy, had scarcely tasted any other kind of food. We passed near a cave where I was told that I should find human bones. I went to it and actually found more than sixty square feet, covered with the remains of human beings who had formerly supplied the kettles of these Cannibals. I grew faint, and it became necessary for me to leave a place which was so revolting.

Towards evening, we came to the village of Penane, chief of the Cannibal Bassotoas. An immense rock, suspended, and forming a regular dome, under which many hundred persons could arrange themselves, served as a residence for the chief and many of his subjects. The presence of Moshesh secured for us a good reception. A short service was held, a prayer was addressed to the Creator and Preserver of our existence; after which we surrendered ourselves to repose. My imagination retraced the horrors which had been enacted, but a few years before, beneath this dome under which I now found myself. The cry of the bleeding victims, the frightful shouts of these inhuman butchers, seemed to resound in my ears. Their park, now so well filled, served only to recall, more vividly, those companies of another sort, formerly collected in this very enclosure; for, in the language of these monsters, the names of oxen, cows, and calves, were employed to designate the different ages and sexes.