

WITH STANLEY ON THE CONGO.

NOTES BY HIS LIEUTENANTS.

Mr. Joseph Hatton, of London, sends to the *Illustrated London News* most interesting communications concerning the Great African explorer, taken from letters and sketches of the men who are now with him in the heart of the dark continent. Says Mr. Hatton:—

"It has fallen to my lot to be well acquainted with several young fellows who have worked for Stanley, and with him, including Mr. Glave and Mr. Herbert Ward (my Central African correspondent), who is now marching by the White Chief's side in this expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. The chief is known by his followers. Stanley's officers, one and all, appear to be worthy of him, and they, one and all, speak of him in terms of admiration and confidence. Mr. Herbert Ward, a true type of the roving English youth, was, it seems to me, only the other day bidding a last farewell to another brave youth on the Segama river, far away in the interior of Borneo. Since then he has filled responsible positions in the service of the Government of the Congo Free State, during a period of some three years. The accompanying sketches, with one exception, are from selected packets of drawings and letters which he has sent me from time to time, and his correspondence is not less interesting than his pictures, though the facts which I propose to cull from them must be extracted from among matters of a private nature, and it is by his own wish that such things as are thought worthy shall appear."

The following incident is a striking evidence of Stanley's tact in dealing with a lot of uncivilized black men who have the ability to make things very unpleasant for the whites when their sometimes unreasonable requests are refused.

"While Stanley was staying at the Pool," continues Mr. Hatton, "shortly before his last return to Europe, a deputation of black clerks (Houssas) appeared before him with a complaint not altogether unjustifiable, but one very difficult just then of remedying. Stanley, who was smoking a cigar with a friend in his tent, paid the gravest attention to the petitioners. When they had finished, he complimented them upon their costume, saying it was far better than any he could afford to trot about in. He also praised the neatness and healthfulness of their appearance. Then, gravely looking each man in the face with his eagle eye, said, 'Let us pray!' He knew his men. They were considerably awed, forgot what they had come for, and went back to their duties. 'I couldn't do what they wished,' said Stanley when they left, 'but I think I impressed them.'"

With reference to the station of Lukunga and the N'Ganga N'Kissi incident, Ward writes at the end of June, 1885; "I am very isolated at this place. There is not a soul for many miles around who possesses even the rudiments of our language, consequently one's news is confined to the locality itself. The most interesting item is, I think, an ordeal which took place the other day close by in this valley. It was a 'N'Ganga N'Kissi,' or medicine man's palaver; and I send you a sketch of the interesting gentleman at work. I learn from Mr. Harvey, of the Livingstone Inland Mission, that the

general belief in the Congo is that nearly all sickness and death is the result of witchcraft. The consequence is that when anyone is dangerously ill, the question arises, 'Who has bewitched him?' The guilty person is supposed to be secretly devouring the spirit of the unhappy sufferer. Should he die, a 'N'Ganga,' or medicine man, is usually sent for to determine who it is that is possessed of N'Doki (the devil), or is guilty of the witchcraft. The 'N'Ganga' is invariably a crafty individual of another tribe or from a distant village. He brings with him an elaborate apparatus, consisting of leopard's teeth and claws, snakes and

The mat, they plainly see, is beyond his control, as is everything else, his inspiration being from a superior and unseen power. Every now and then he pauses in his mummeries and listens with his head bent to the earth, and then he will bound up from this listening attitude and intently examine the various persons near him, and turn away from them with equal suddenness to frantically clutch the air as if trying to lay hold upon some unseen being. He shrieks and starts and wails, and is like one possessed. Usually, before declaring the name of the guilty or suspected person, the payment for his services (previously agreed

assured of the fact as his accusers. His body, from the effect of the poison, begins to swell, and he is either buried alive, (in some cases his throat is cut before the burial) or he is drowned."

"It is an open question," continues the narrative, "whether cannibalism is really a vice. Mr. Stanley, on his second journey through the Dark Continent, at a village named Kampunzu, found two rows of skulls running along the entire length of the village, imbedded about two inches in the ground, the 'cerebral hemispheres' uppermost, bleached and glistening white from the weather. He was told they were the skulls of the 'sokos'—chimpanzees, otherwise called 'meat of the forest.' The chief said the bodies had been eaten. 'What kind of a thing is this 'nyama,' or meat of the forest, as you call it?' Stanley asked. 'It is about the size of this boy,'—pointing to one of Stanley's attendants, 4 ft. 10 in. in height—and walks like a man, goes about with a stick with which it beats the forest, and it makes hideous noises. It eats bananas, and we hunt it, kill it, and eat it.' It was further described as very good food. Stanley offered a reward for one of these animals, but it was found impossible to kill one before several days should pass. Stanley had not time to wait for an example of the nyama, but he brought away several skulls of the alleged chimpanzee, which Professor Huxley pronounced to be those of negroes of the ordinary African type, upon which Mr. Stanley remarks, Professor Huxley, by this decision, startles me with the proof that Kampunzu's people were cannibals, for at least one half of the number of skulls seen by me bore the mark of a hatchet which had been driven into the head while the victims were alive."

"Mr. Ward not only takes it for granted that cannibalism is a reality among certain tribes of Central Africa, but he sends me the portrait of a well-known cannibal of Bangala, who is reported to have eaten eight of his wives; and he also forwards me a set of implements that have been used at cannibalistic feasts. They consist of two spoons and a curious fork. It may be noted in favor of the statement that there is no doubt as to the authenticity of these things, that they are by far the most primitive of all the articles of native manufacture which I have received. They are crude and ugly enough in shape and design to be the product of the most barbarous tribe; and if cannibalism is a Central African custom, one can quite imagine that these might well be the knives and forks of a cannibalistic feast."

RECENTLY preaching in his cathedral, the Bishop of Cork said: "Total abstinence I believe to be the only means under God of saving one who has become addicted to habits of intemperance. It is abundantly proved that total abstinence is safe for all, and that strong drink is unnecessary for any healthy person, although it may be needful for those not in good health to use alcohol as medicine. It is perfectly justifiable for persons to adopt the habit of total abstinence for the sake of example to others, and the subject of temperance is one which is deserving our most earnest attention."

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind.—Addison.



N'GANGA N'KISSI: A MEDICINE MAN CURING WITCHCRAFT.

other skins, a fetish idol perhaps, and rattle, and, above all, a plentiful supply of powdered chalk. When all his little arrangements are made, the 'N'Ganga' seats himself on rising ground, and displays his paraphernalia, which he manipulates very cleverly. He endeavors to give his audience the impression that each article springs to his hand without his own volition. He has some thing of the art of the conjuror, with his aptitude at sleight of hand. Even the mat upon which he sits seems now and then to be alive. He turns and looks at it occasionally when its manifestations seem to him as it were excessive. His well-feigned astonishment is not lost upon the throng,

upon) has to be made, and in these transactions he shows that his connection with the unseen world has not lessened his interest in the possession of the wealth that belongs to the material world in which he lives. He is not easily imposed upon, either, as regards the quantity or quality of the cloth offered to him as his remuneration. The guilty one being named, the poor wretch has to undergo the ordeal of poison. He must drink a certain amount of N'Kasa, prepared from a poisonous bark by the 'N'Ganga.' Should the dose act as an emetic, the victim is pronounced innocent; otherwise, Satan's presence in the man is proved, the victim himself being as well

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