

for the double purpose of supplying shade to the community, and bark-cloth to the chief. The doorways to the huts are very low, scarcely 30 inches high. On presenting myself in the common, I attracted out of doors the owners and ordinary inhabitants of each hut until I found myself the centre of quite a promiscuous population, of men, women, children, and infants. I saw before me over a hundred beings of the most degraded, unrepresentable type it is possible to conceive. I strive, however, to interest myself in my gross and rudely-shaped brothers and sisters. I turn toward an individual, whose age marks him out as one to whom respect is due, and say to him after the common manner of greeting:—"My brother, sit you down by me on this mat, and let us be friendly and sociable;" and as I say it I thrust into his wide open hand twenty cowries, the currency of the land. One look at his hand as he extended it made me think I could carve a better looking hand out of a piece of rhinoceros hide. While speaking I looked at his face, which is like an ugly and extravagant mask, clumsily manufactured from some strange, dark brown coarse material. His nose was so flat that I inquired in a perfectly innocent manner as to the reason for such a feature. "Ah," said he, with a sly laugh, "it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tight to her back." His hair had been compelled to obey the capricious fashion of his country, and was therefore worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones.

If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint, without offence, my humbler brothers and sisters who stood round us? As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly—uglier—ugliest. And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists; the tags of monkey-skin and bits of gorilla bone, goat horn, shells, strange tags to stranger tackle?

It happened that one of the youthful innocents, a stirring fellow, more restless than his brothers, stumbled across a long heavy pole which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of the men severely on the head. And all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and