

CRUELTY IN THE CONGO FREE STATE.

CONCLUDING EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNALS OF THE LATE E. J. GLAVE.

WITH PICTURES AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

JANUARY 17, 1895. Left Nyangwé, and reached Bayongé, below which the river closes and bursts about in narrowed limits, splitting its currents on small islands, and tumbling over sunken rocks. The Wagenia paddlers display good sense in navigating these waters. They have picked out the few possible channels, and with powerful strokes pass through the wild waters without danger, carrying a canoe over treacherous whirls and bubbling rapids which extend for about two miles.

January 18. Owing to the rain, I was forced to remain at Bayongé to-day. This is a post under Lemery. The natives have complained that they are compelled to bring rubber, which is bought by the officers of the Congo Free State; half of the price paid goes to the mgwana, or chief, of the district, and half goes to the natives. Many villages refuse to bring rubber; then they are attacked, and killed, or taken prisoners. While I was at Bayongé an expedition sent by Manahutto, under the orders of Lemery, arrived after having a fight with natives on the other side of the Wazimba. Many natives are said to have been killed, and thirty prisoners taken, mostly women. Lemery has compelled the natives to shift their settlements from the interior and to build on the shore of the river, to supply food, canoes, etc., their villages being convenient camping-places.

After seven hours' paddling I reached Mgwana Ndegé's. He is an energetic little fellow, representative of the Congo Free State. On my way to-day I shot several hippopotami. There was a herd of about twenty occupying the comparatively still and shallow waters at the head of an island. I took my canoe down below, then went ashore, and cut a way through the tangled bush of the island till I reached a spot suitable for shooting. I killed at least six; this number we saw flounder about helplessly, and plunge with weaker and weaker bounds till they sank. As the skies threatened rain, and there was no camping-place within one hour's traveling, I moved down stream to Mgwana Ndegé's, then sent back my canoes to pick up the dead animals. Upon their arrival, about six in the evening, they found that two had already

risen; one had been cut about the neck and shoulder by thieving natives, who fled at the approach of my men. The two dead brutes were brought to camp, arriving about eight o'clock. It not being practicable to cut up the meat at night, I made slits in the skin and tied the brutes fast by ropes. Not having a moon, we were unable to watch for the other carcasses which might rise and pass down the stream; thus I am certain we lost at least four animals.

January 19. This morning I set the men to work cutting up the beasts, a big crowd of natives, active and inactive, taking part in the operations. With some stout creepers made fast to slits in the beast's skin, the smaller was hauled bodily up a steep bank into a village by a big crowd of natives. The larger was found to be too heavy, so we cut off the hind legs while it was in the water. I gave Ndegé for his people one carcass, leg, shoulder, neck, and head, and gave them orders to drag their meat away to a distance from where my men were cutting up the meat. A tremendous lot of harmless wrangling accompanied the cutting up. Considering the number of knives busy at work at very close quarters, I cannot understand how many were not badly cut. In the belly of the big hippopotamus we found a large copper ball, fired into the beast in the past. In spite of serious warnings, the natives persisted in trying to steal meat from my men's portions, so wild are they to get a feed of meat—a very rare treat for them. It is a filthy sight to see a band of Africans cutting up a beast, pushing and struggling, their bodies spattered with blood and filth, slashing fiercely to get as much as possible, all the time shouting and mumbling, the sickening hubbub gradually decreasing till all the meat is shared.

January 20. Owing to the quantities of meat my men had smoked, the loads were so augmented that there was delay in getting everything packed. The river is now wide, with swampy islands in the channel, generally under water; there are plenty of water-birds, shrikes, and fish-eagles, and in the woods one hears the notes of the blue pheasant. We passed three successions of rapids

to-day, but none difficult. We got paddlers from the villages on the shore who knew the eccentric channel. With experienced hands, a deeply laden canoe with six inches free-board can pass safely.

Upon arriving at Nsendwé, I found my third hippopotamus entire—bones, skin, and meat. It had been found by Makula Melende, who recognized that it had been killed by a white man; so took it to Piana Gogorro, the Congo Free State representative at Nsendwé. I shared the large beast with the natives, and bought a few fowl with meat. The posts everywhere are in good condition, and a credit to Lemery. There are no longer grass roofs; grass is scarce; the roofs are of broad leaves. The natives are friendly and well in hand. Those along shore are Wagenia, stalwart fellows, good-tempered and peaceful. Telegraphing by drum is much in use. They are busy at it all day, and everybody seems to understand. When I decided to sell meat for fowls, the natives telegraphed the news to their friends, who perfectly understood the message, and brought their fowls.

There was a scare to-night. I put the goats and fowls in a large empty house. About midnight there issued forth a medley of goat-crying and fowl-screeching; immediately the sentry divined leopards, and fired

his gun off at the house, I think. Then about fifty people turned out, men, women, and children, all screaming that there was a leopard among the goats. About a dozen men were armed. I jumped out of bed, and loaded my gun with big shot, the most effective against leopard at night. The crowd was surrounding the doorway. I kept in the background, not risking my person in front of the men's rifles, which are handled, in a state of excitement, in the most erratic manner. (Two or three days ago, when I was shooting, a Sierra Leone man discharged his rifle carelessly close to my head, the gun going off before he was ready.) The crowd circled about the door, five yards away; a small boy, not more than seven or eight, snatched a fire-brand from the hands of a bearded man, and very pluckily opened the door of the house and entered, followed by a soldier with a loaded rifle. No leopard! A goat, tied to a post, and a fowl, also corded, had got foul of each other, and each started its respective music, joined by others; hence the fear of leopards. The crowd dispersed, but remained in knots discussing the incident, and sleep was impossible for an hour, when my blood-thirsty threats quieted down the excited Africans. It was a very plucky thing on the part of the small boy to enter the house;



DRAWN BY C. N. RELYEA.

WASONGOLA WOMEN AT MARKET.



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

LIEUTENANT RUE AND HIS BANGALA SOLDIERS IN A DUGOUT.

for had there been a leopard inside, he would have been struck down immediately.

The banks of the Lualaba [the Congo] are now a rich mass of verdure to the water's edge, the wine-giving, oil-producing palm with feathery silver-gray stems being prominent. The moist verdure gives one the idea of density, not merely a slim line of timber along the river's banks, but a land of dense forest with a way cut through it by the Lualaba. There is a good deal of swamp-land in the forest; both in the villages of Mwana Ndegé and Fundi Ismali there are swampy pools harboring croaking frogs immediately at the back of the settlement. The colors are a variety of greens and rich red. The river here is about half a mile wide. There are many islands, large and small, some thickly timbered, others merely clothed with grass. Rubber abounds; elephants are scarce. There are many small villages a little back from the river-banks. One sees all day long canoes floating here and there, and narrow paths cut in the steep banks, where natives get their water. The land bordering the river has generally steep banks, sometimes of clay and often of rock; more often than not, dense foliage reaching right to the water's edge hides the nature of the banks. Everywhere the natives are friendly and polite; and, thanks to the education received from Lemery, they are all well disciplined and submissive to the white man's demands. At

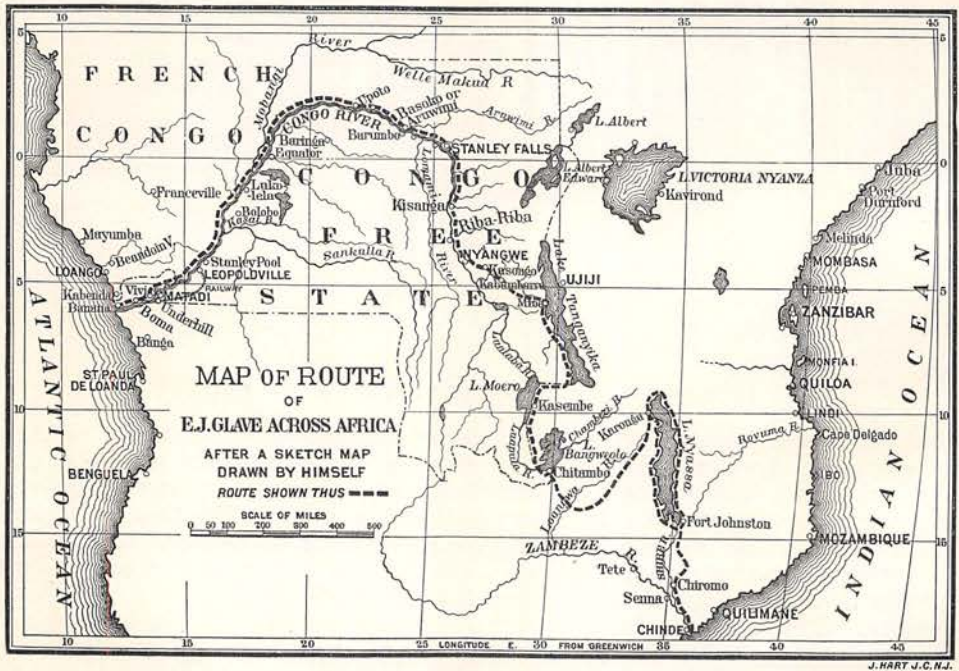
every camping-place the native chief, or mgwana, brings presents of fowls, eggs, bananas, palm-wine, etc., enough for one's self and one's men. This they are required to do by order of Lemery. It is optional whether one gives a present or not, but I have always done so.

January 20. Reached the native chief Malonga's Fundi Ismali. The gentle hippopotamus is cunning: he hides away in the daytime, and when least expected makes a nocturnal visit to a rice-field or a patch of maize, his single meal greatly diminishing the fruitfulness of the crop. He performs these little tricks with no clumsiness such as his body suggests. The hippopotamus is often looked on as clumsy, but he is an artful dodger, mentally and physically; his thick body, short legs, and bulky head can be used very adroitly. The natives are not lazy, good-for-nothing fellows. Their fine muscular powers are obtained by hard work, sobriety, and frugal living.

January 24. Reached Riba-Riba; found Lieutenant Rue, a non-commissioned officer in the Belgian army, and a fine fellow; his companion, Van Ril, is absent on business to arrange a quarrel between chiefs. . . . Rue has built excellent dwellings; he produces stores of rubber a month, and one thousand pounds of ivory. There is good discipline in the station. The chain-gang is always a disgusting sight to me in the stations on the

Zone Arabe, as those confined are generally old women reduced to skeletons by want of liberty, hard treatment by the negro sentries, and hunger. The policy of the Arabs is being rather too closely followed, and the natives are treated with the utmost severity. Five women who had deserted were in chains at Riba-Riba; all were cut very badly, having been most severely chicotted, or flogged.

native cannot be satisfactorily handled by coaxing; he must be governed by force. Hangings are now quite frequent on the state stations in the Zone Arabe; the administration is quite different from the treatment of the natives on the Congo. At Kabambarré there is a tree upon which a lot of people have been hanged—natives, Wangwana, and soldiers. At Kasongo I saw no



Lemery does not flog much, and uses only the bastinado for women. Women ought not to be flogged; this is the one thing to find fault with.

The native villages are attacked if they won't work in some way for the good of the land. Some are required to cut wood for station purposes; others to search for rubber; others for ivory; some to serve as soldiers for six or seven years. This is good, for when once broken in, the natives continue to work. It is no crime, but a kindness, to make them work. By the system of forced labor they gain cloth, etc., and by a little hard work can soon become rich. The state also makes a profit, increasing its finances so as to enable it to continue the occupation of the land, which means the saving of the natives from the slavers. For what it has done for the natives the Congo Free State has a perfect right to get some profit out of the land. The measures adopted are severe, but the

construction for this purpose. At Nyangwé and Riba-Riba there is a wooden frame which has often served the purpose.

Here at Risari's there is one of those ugly constructions for hangings. It is said that three natives were hanged by Rue because they would not work salt for the Congo Free State. The natives have not a very gay time of it. Before the whites came the Wangwana and Arabs were their masters; but now the Congo Free State authorities favor the Wangwana element far more than the natives, and the Wangwana and the Arabs have accorded to them the authority of bygone days, with tremendous power, which is most unmercifully employed. When a village does not consent to make rubber, the mgwana of that particular district is empowered to fight the offending village, and to kill and take prisoners, which is quite general. Kibangula had just returned to Kasongo at the time of my arrival, having been engaged on a

devastating exploit, burning, killing, and taking prisoners, two hundred of whom were brought to Kasongo station, being principally the people of Piana Kitété, who at the time of my visit to his village, just after a fight, came and gave me a goat, and asked me why he was attacked, his villages burned, his people rendered homeless, some killed, others, like himself, driven to hiding in the mountains. Wangwana and Arabs, to my mind, may be employed in small positions of authority, but at each station the number of capable whites should be much increased. This would lead to speedy peace and the rapid development of the resources of the country.

Left Risari's at 6:30. How different now is a trip down the river from Nyangwé, compared with the time when Stanley opened the road! The explorer's figures with regard to the commercial opportunities were scorned, but they have been more than justified. Heroic as has been the work of Dhanis and others, nothing has equaled Stanley's success in founding the line of poorly armed garrisons from Banana to the falls. He had tremendous and mysterious dangers to face. Stanley built the house, and others pointed the bricks. The formation of the Congo Free State was Stanley's conception.

Mosquitos were found occasionally at Kasongo, but nets were not necessary. At Nyangwé the mosquito-net was necessary, as the insects became very troublesome after dark. At Riba-Riba I felt none, and only an occasional tormentor between Nyangwé and Riba-Riba, at the different Wangwana posts. Health at these places is generally good now, but at first the stations built on the sites of Arab settlements were unhealthy.

All along the route since leaving Kasongo there have been multitudes of palm-trees, and most delicious palm-wine is to be had everywhere. We have had lightning sometimes in blinding, flashing ribbons; at other times sheet-lightning, which plays incessantly, flickering behind banks of rain-clouds, lighting up the heavens, silvering the outline of the darkened mass. We see strange birds every day: the blue peacock, with a note like liquid pouring from a bottle; the dark-brown, white-breasted fish-eagle, perched on an overhanging bough, awaiting a chance to pounce down on a finny morsel; numberless hornbills screeching; gray parrots, to the call of which my parrot, «Billy,» incessantly replies; and small birds of gorgeous plumage. Ashore there is a goodly stock of butterflies; but

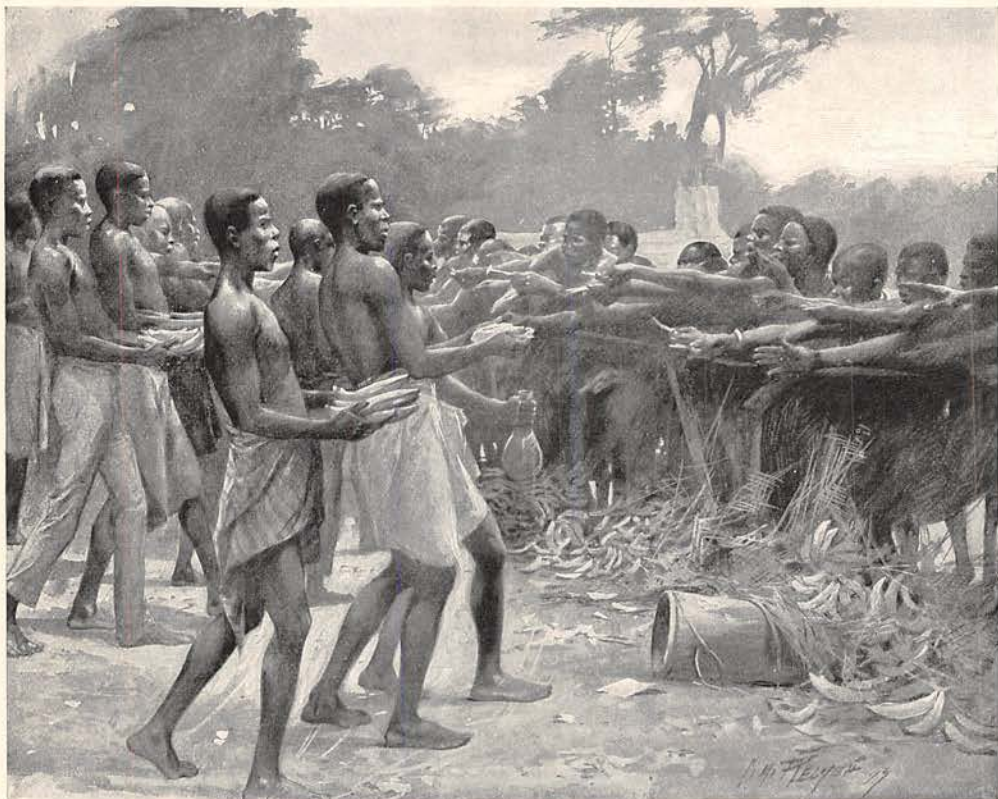
there are no representatives of the insect world of fascinating disposition. Mostly one's acquaintance with the insect world is not pleasant.

The chicotte of raw hippo hide, especially a new one, trimmed like a corkscrew, with edges like knife-blades, and as hard as wood, is a terrible weapon, and a few blows bring blood; not more than twenty-five blows should be given unless the offense is very serious. Though we persuade ourselves that the African's skin is very tough, it needs an extraordinary constitution to withstand the terrible punishment of one hundred blows; generally the victim is in a state of insensibility after twenty-five or thirty blows. At the first blow he yells abominably; then quiets down, and is a mere groaning, quivering body till the operation is over, when the culprit stumbles away, often with gashes which will endure a lifetime. It is bad enough, the flogging of men, but far worse this punishment inflicted on women and children. Small boys of ten or twelve, with excitable, hot-tempered masters, are often most harshly treated. At Kasongo there is a great deal of cruelty displayed. I saw two boys very badly cut. At Nyangwé and Riba-Riba boys are punished by beating on the hands. I conscientiously believe that a man who receives one hundred blows is often nearly killed, and has his spirit broken for life.

Salt is found now in great quantities in the interior from Nyangwé and Riba-Riba. It is extracted from saline ground by filtering. Nyangwé receives three hundred pots a month, each pot holding three or four pounds of good salt. Nyangwé supplies Kasongo and Riba-Riba. Below Riba-Riba salt is a very valuable commodity. Men are rationed with it to buy food. The money used between Kasongo and Nyangwé, and in the neighborhood of these places, is *mandiba*, or small mats of grass-cloth, iron axes, shoes, and salt.

We see now any number of ant-houses fixed up in the topmost branches of the trees, about the size and shape of an ugly foot-ball, undestroyed by the heaviest rains. Generally they are lightly fixed on the branch, but they resist all showers.

Before the arrival of the Arabs ivory had no value; the natives often did not store it. Having killed an elephant, they took only the meat; and when the Arabs came and, pointing to the ivory, wished to buy, the natives hunted about in the woods for ivory of elephants dead a long time, and big points were sold for a handful of beads, or a copper



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

MARKET-DAY AT WABUNDU.

The sellers remain in an inclosure made with rope; when they approach the rope with bananas, manioc, etc., the purchasers bid for the different parcels with beads, brass wire, tacks, and other popular objects of exchange.

or brass ornament. Kibongo was the first to settle after Stanley's passage; he is said to have bought immense stores of ivory; but all seem to have spent all they had. All the natives along here joined Tippu Tib on his way to Stanley Falls to establish himself, and they fought and took part in raids for him.

From Fundi Ahbedi's to Wabundu, just above the rapids, the country is precisely of the same nature as that we have been passing, but the banks are a little higher. The station of Wabundu, now named Pontherville, has been established six months only, but good progress has been made. The forest has been cleared away, temporary huts have been made, brick-making and tile-making started, and a good house has been nearly finished. Commandant Hancquet was chief, but died five weeks ago of liver trouble. Mr. Laschet, now in charge, is a good worker. I found the table excellent from every point of view, the boys spotlessly clean, all tableware the same, everything well served, things quietly done.

All Arabs have been permitted to retain

their slaves. Laschet contemplates a journey into the interior to organize the rubber industry. The market at present is small, but native villages are building in the vicinity. Two days before my arrival two Sierra Leones were hanged by Laschet. They were sentries on guard, and allowed to escape, while they were asleep, a native chief who was prisoner and in chains. Next morning Laschet, in a fit of rage, hanged the two men. They were British subjects engaged by the Congo Free State as soldiers. In time of war, I suppose, they could be executed, after court martial, by being shot; but to hang a subject of any other country without trial seems to me outrageous.

February 10. Left Wabundu (Pontherville) to-day with Captain Hoppenroth, in one very large canoe and one smaller; after half an hour's paddling, reached the Wabundu rapids. All loads were taken out of the craft, which ran through the wild, rough waters without shipping a drop of water. Natives in the neighborhood of the rapids are very expert. These men command one's admiration

and respect; they render the state great service, for which occasionally they receive a present of cloth. The Wasongola are beautifully shaped, good-tempered, powerfully built fellows, generally with shaved heads; or, when there is a tiny crop, the head is shaved, leaving different designs; they are much tattooed on face and body. Most canoes are passed down the falls carefully, but to-day a crew ran the big canoe down the bewildering slant, singing as they went, and shipping but little water. It requires sterling qualities to accomplish this successfully.

My boy Tanganyika is generally half asleep; he wakes up occasionally, with an abrupt dive at me and a big blow at a gadfly. When he succeeds in killing my tormentor, he shows all his teeth for a few seconds with intense satisfaction, and relapses again into his comatose condition.

February 11. Left Bomanga at seven, and reached Benlilukula in four hours; about one and a half hours wasted during the exchange of paddlers. Each stretch of rapids has its particular paddlers, who take one through the wild stretches, every inch of which they know. The Wasongola paddlers are remarkable people in the rapids. We rushed past rocks and snags, just grazing them, at a terrific rate, the water boiling round us, shipping but little of it, turning sharp bends, avoiding sunken rocks, and plunging down glassy torrents.

There is good ground for coffee at Stanley Falls, where it grows prolifically. The station is on the north bank, just below the rapids and falls. In former times the station was on the south bank, but the tendency with the Arabs has been to the other side of the river. All ivory and rubber comes to the station of the Congo Free State. No matter how wide a road you make, the natives soon have in it a tiny foot-path, and tramp one after another in single file.

I have visited the Chopo Falls, about sixty yards wide and thirty feet high. They are magnificent—a miniature Niagara. A raging torrent sweeps down from a wide stretch of river (four hundred yards), tumbles six feet over a ledge between massive rocks, then moves on in an angry torrent, the rocky banks of the stream narrowing. At first the volume droops in a placid fall of six feet, and then plunges down twenty-four feet into the river-bed. From a distance of five hundred meters, or even less, the falls are obscured by the cloud of vapor constantly rising. The Chopo River flows into the Linde, and thence into the Congo.

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This important stream is inhabited by the Lukeles, the principal natives in the vicinity of the falls of Wagenia. They are a bold water-people. They place their fishing-nets in the falls and rapids, and build great scaffoldings into the roughest waters, as the photographs I have taken show. The most dangerous rapids are just below the falls. The natives paddle through these right up to the falls; they spring out of canoes to the scaffolding to attend their nets and traps. Fishing-baskets are attached by cords to the scaffolding, and allowed to trail in the falls, the waters of which rush into the wide opening of the basket, carrying large quantities of fish. Occasionally the fishermen, who are always in force on the scaffolding, haul up the baskets and take out their catch. Men and boys walk about on the scaffolding in a wonderful way, without any supporting ropes. All cording used is composed of creepers from the forest.

February 19 or 20. I left Stanley Falls for Bazoko. The natives are compelled to transport in their canoes all state loads for nothing; also to provide work-people for the station, generally women; and each chief must bring a certain amount of fish. Occasionally they receive a small present of cloth.

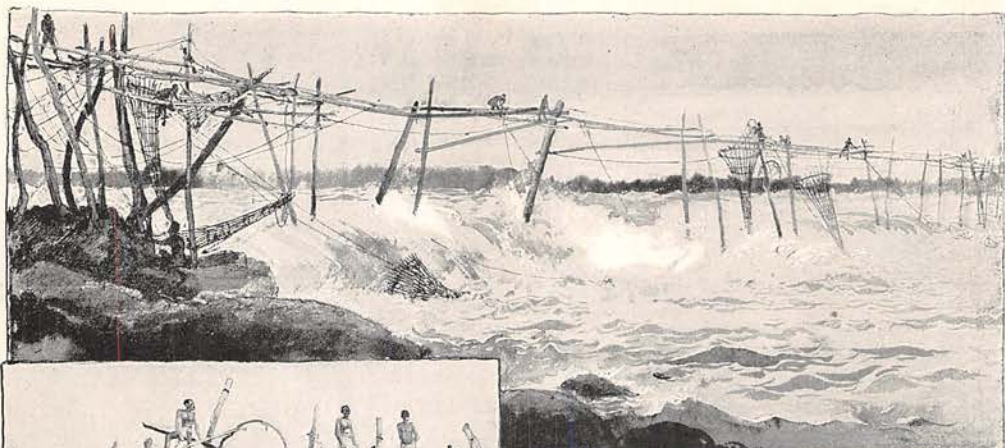
The state conducts its pacification of the country after the fashion of the Arabs, so



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A NATIVE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

the natives are not gainers at all. The Arabs in the employ of the state are compelled to bring in ivory and rubber, and are permitted to employ any measures considered necessary to obtain this result. They employ the same means as in days gone by, when Tippu Tib was one of the masters of the situation. They raid villages, take slaves, and give them back for ivory. The state has not suppressed



FISHING-SCAFFOLDS ON THE CONGO.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

slavery, but established a monopoly by driving out the Arab and Wangwana competitors.

The state soldiers are constantly stealing, and sometimes the natives are so persecuted that they resent this by killing and eating their tormentors. Recently the state post on the Lomami lost two men killed and eaten by the natives. Arabs were sent to punish the natives; many women and children were taken, and twenty-one heads were brought to the falls, and have been used by Captain Rom as a decoration round a flower-bed in front of his house!

Basoko is in a serious position, surrounded by a powerful enemy, so close that they can hear their speaking-drums. It is the natural outcome of the harsh, cruel policy of the state, wringing rubber from these people without paying for it. The revolution will extend.

Leaving Romée, we passed down the north bank; found all the villages deserted. At Bazoko the *Stanley* stays, ready with banked

fires, to admit of the escape of the whites. Passed several posts in Rom's district today—quite deserted, however, and the state's post-house empty, the mast without a flag.

February 23. Reached Lomami River, and the post of Isanghi, five hours' steaming from Romée. Left Romée in the afternoon. The post is twenty-five minutes' walk from the river-bank, and close to the large settlement of an important coastman, Kayamba, who now is devoted to the interests of the state, catching slaves for them, and stealing ivory from the natives of the interior. Does the philanthropic King of Belgium know about this? If not, he ought to.

February 25. Left Bazoko. Sand-banks on the Congo are constantly changing; each captain makes his own charts, but has to alter them repeatedly. On the shore-line there is a monotony of thick forests everywhere. The natives who are in revolt in the district of Bazoko are now close to the station. They killed twenty-two soldiers of the post within three hours, and during our stay speared a state soldier within five minutes' walk of the station. They say they have made «medicine,» and discovered by it that their efforts against the white man will be successful, but they must not begin the attack till after the appearance of new men in a day or so.

February 27. Reached Mbumba at nine o'clock this morning. Found that the chief of the station, a Norwegian officer, Sundt, was away on a war expedition in the *Ville de Ghent*. The persistent badgering of the natives for rubber and ivory has led to the revolt. All are agreed on this point.

February 28. At Upoto, where there are now one state station (white), one state post (blacks only), and the English Baptist mission (Mr. and Mrs. Forfeitt and two white colleagues). The latter have one or two houses of corrugated iron, and the dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. Forfeitt is nicely and tastefully furnished with books, papers, magazines, photographs, and an organ. But little trade is now to be done at Upoto; the South African Baptists have merely the rind of the orange, exhaustively sucked by the state long ago. Upoto is composed of several stretches of settlements, the huts being closely packed together, and about three thousand in number.

Two elephants to-day swam across the stream between two islands, a distance of two hundred yards; they were about one hundred and fifty yards ahead of the *Ville de Bruxelles*. Everybody fired, but apparently without doing any damage.

March 2. Passed the populous village of Ikulungu. Here I was recognized by a Bangala whom I had not seen for nine years; he was head-man of the first Bangalas taken down to Boma by Vanderkoven in 1886. Bangala is now a splendid station, all built of brick and tiles. There is much dissatisfaction everywhere on account of the non-supply of provisions and wine. By the state laws each white is entitled to a certain amount, but for the last three years there has not been enough for the lawful ration.

News is brought up, purporting to emanate from a letter written to Dhanis, that the Congo Free State will in the near future become a Belgian colony. If so, Belgium will not have a big catch. It is not a territory out of which a colony can be made. Naturally the officials hope for this change, as the Belgian government will give pensions after a certain number of years' service.

March 5. Equator, now known as Coquillanville, is removed from the old site of Equator founded by Stanley. At present it is near the mouth of the Ruki at Bandaka. The South African Baptist station is just above the old station, and the South African Baptist mission has moved half a mile

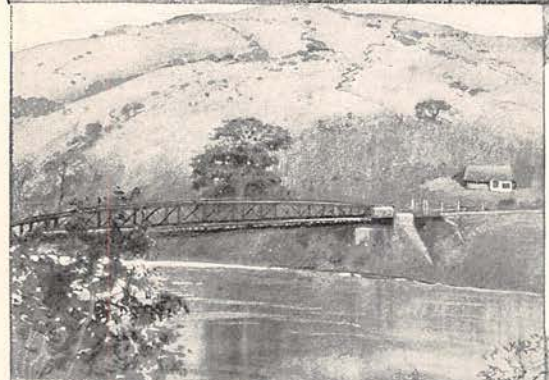
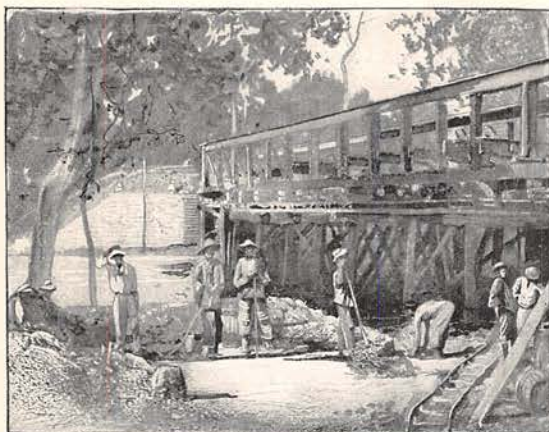
down-stream. Formerly the natives were well treated, but now expeditions have been sent in every direction, forcing natives to make rubber and to bring it in to the stations. Up the Ikilemba, away to Lake Matumba, the state is perpetrating its fiendish policy in order to obtain profit. We are taking down one hundred slaves, mere children, all taken in unholy wars against the natives. While at the mission station, I saw a gang of prisoners taken along by the state soldiers. War has been waged all through the district of Equator, and thousands of people have been killed and homes destroyed. It was not necessary in the olden times when we white men had no force at all. This forced commerce is depopulating the country.

March 6. Left Equator at eleven o'clock this morning, after taking on a cargo of one hundred small slaves, principally boys seven or eight years old, with a few girls among the batch, all stolen from the natives. As Schonberg had arranged to go at eleven, I left papers with Murphy on his boat, he happening to come in while I was there. We went down together, and called on Branfaut, in charge of the South African Baptists just above the old station of Equator. Branfaut was at Bolobo in 1883, when I first came to Africa. I saw many natives who recognized me. I am struck with the slight difference time has made in the natives. They do not age rapidly; the women I remembered as being in their prime seemed the same; the young men are young men still.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A PART OF THE CHOPO FALLS, FROM THE NORTH BANK.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

VIEWS ON THE LINE OF THE CONGO RAILWAY.

The *commissaire* of the district is a violent-tempered fellow. While arranging to take on the hundred small slaves, a woman who had charge of the youngsters was rather slow in understanding his order, delivered in very poor Kibanji; he sprang at her, slapped her in the face, and as she ran away kicked her. They talk of philanthropy and civilization! Where it is I do not know.

March 8. Reached my old station, Lukolela, the present state post being eight hundred

yards above. Mr. Sebau, a Swedish carpenter in charge to cut wood into planks, has built a very nice-looking place. There are few natives now on this side of the river; all have been driven to the other side by the impatient policy of the white man who succeeded Schoen

here. Very few people came on the beach to-day; in old times crowds thronged the place. Of the *libérés* brought down the river, many die. They are badly cared for: no clothes to wear in the rainy season, sleep where there is no shelter, and no attention when sick. The one hundred youngsters on board are ill cared for by the state; most of them are quite naked, with no covering for the night. They make small fires, and huddle round these for warmth. Many are getting the germs of disease sown in their little bodies. Their offense is that their fathers and brothers fought for a little independence.

Most white officers out on the Congo are averse to the indian-rubber politics of the state, but the laws command it. Therefore, at each post one finds the natives deserting their homes and escaping to the French side of the river when possible. Hundreds of people are killed in the wars, whereas if the state merely conducted a humane administration, and allowed traders gradually to develop the rubber industry, there would be no fighting. The Bakongo have gradually taken to labor, the number of porters increasing each year. The same prog-

ress would have been possible on the upper river. The decrease in the native population is very marked at Bangala, Equator, Lukolela, and Bolobo; my memory furnishes a very strong contrast, and it would be interesting to see a reliable census.

March 12. Reached Leopoldville. It is much changed: more buildings, and plenty of whites. Stayed at Kinsassa on the road; found a batch of letters, and news of everybody at home. Everywhere I hear the same news of the doings of the Congo Free State—rubber and murder, slavery in its worst form. It is said that half the libérés sent down die on the road.

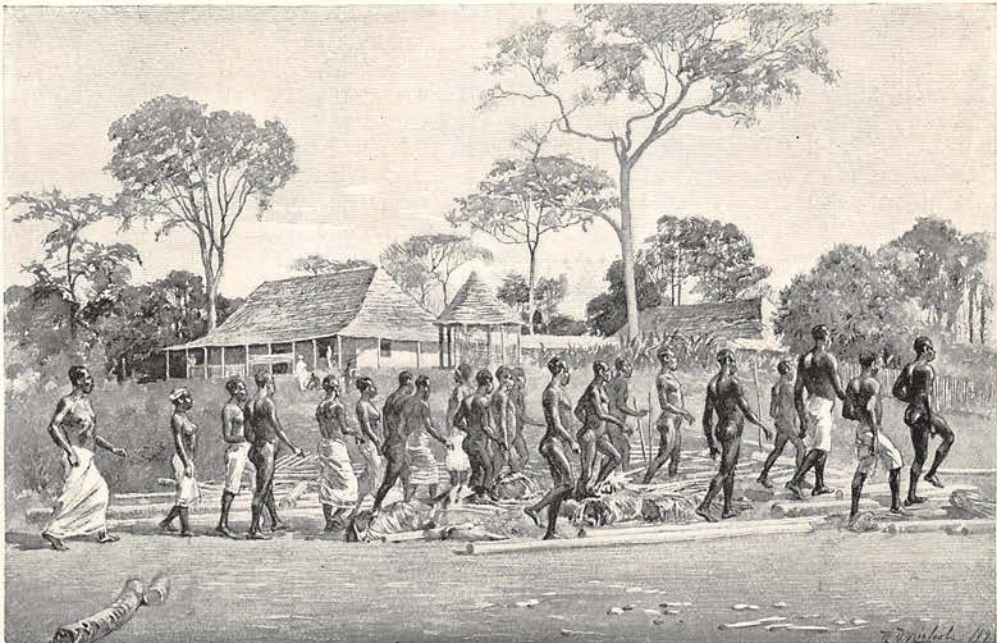
March 16. News has now been received at Leopoldville that no more libérés are to be sent down here; a new camp is to be made at Bolobo. This is a satisfactory change. All the children libérés are handed over to the Jesuit mission at Kinoninza, southeast four hours from Leopoldville. A *père* told Mr. Rogers that seventy-three died during the month, and thirty-five only a month or two ago. The Jesuit mission has not yet been established two years, and they have already three hundred graves, nearly all of libérés. In Europe we understand from the word «libérés» slaves saved from their cruel masters. Not at all! Most of them result from wars made against the natives be-

cause of ivory or rubber. It is only the state officials who make war; seldom do the traders have any trouble, and the missionaries never.

The Congo Free State has gradually developed its administration until to-day it has post-offices, law-courts, its own coin, police, *force publique*, transport, and communications by land and water. All is in a satisfactory condition except the miserable system of the libérés. I myself believe that the natives should be forced to serve the state as soldiers for a certain number of years, but a little consideration should be shown; if a man is married, for instance, his wife ought to accompany him. The wretched rubber business should be stopped; this would remove the great evil. It is the enforced commerce which breeds all the trouble.

Stanley Pool is a majestic place, and is well named, for it is a monster pool. At each end it is narrow, and widens out in the middle. It is studded with islands and sandbanks, and encircled by hills more or less timbered.

A native of Kinsassa is said once to have passed safely the rapids below Leopoldville. He was in a canoe, and endeavored to cross the river, but was swept into the rapids. By dexterous paddling he managed to keep his bark afloat through two miles of the wild-



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

STATION-HOUSE OCCUPIED BY CAPTAIN ROM AT STANLEY FALLS—A GROUP OF STATION LABORERS IN THE FOREGROUND.

est waters; then she filled and swamped, and the native swam safely to a small island. Here he remained six days. To cross the rapids and relieve him was impossible. Every day he could be seen waving his arms frantically, and his cries for help could sometimes be heard above the roar of the waters. After six days he was reduced by hunger, and determined to risk his life. He gathered together some light logs, lashed these with vines into a rude sort of raft, then dropped down from the end of the island, and, paddling with a stick, was hurled about by the rapids, which, however, are not so strong as above; and although carried down a great distance, he managed at last, by working his craft into a back current, to get ashore. Battered, terrified, and almost dead with hunger, he reached a fishing-camp.

March 26. I left Leopoldville with eleven porters hired from Sims. The porters are better paid and better rationed than they used to be. I do not see any great progressive changes here, except that the Arab power is broken; but on the Congo itself there is nothing of a very startling character denoting progressive development, promising a solid, profitable future for the Congo Free State.

Toyo, the boy I engaged of Sims, is more different kinds of an ass than any one I have met for several moons. The other day, after cooking something in the frying-pan, he placed the sooty side on the drum of my banjo! I do not understand his language very well, but from gesture and disgusted look it ought to have been clear to him that I objected to that sort of untidiness. When I threw off the frying-pan, he took it up carefully, wiped the sooty part with a cloth I had given him to clean plates with, and then put it back on the banjo! He has made tea in my coffee-pot without removing the coffee-grounds. He walks into my room without taking off his hat or removing his pipe. He is ugly, slow, and has no more intelligence than a rock. I found him wearing a hat which I had given him to carry, and wiping his sweaty face on my towel. What service he could have rendered Sims's mission I do not know.

On the other side of Nkisi I passed five whites destined for the Mongala River as agents of the Société Commerciale Anversoise. They are all sub-officers in the Belgian army. It seems to me rather a heartless proceeding to send off inexperienced men to a deadly hole like the Mongala; but the state wants money, and ivory is money, and in the Mongala there

is plenty of ivory. These sub-officers are poorly paid in the army, and the three hundred dollars a year, with percentage of purchases, presents to them a golden prospect.

There are markets along the trail at which plenty of food can be bought, but it is dear; the carriers do not suffer, as they now get a good ration. The state has built houses for whites and carriers at easy stages of two and a half or three hours; but generally between these points there is no shelter to be found, so if you are caught in a heavy rain you have to keep going till you reach the next stage. During the first part of my journey, in case of rain, I rigged up my tent hurriedly, and packed away in it all my principal loads; then I put up the tarpaulin, in the shape of a roof, to shelter my men and the remaining loads.

The state operations on the Congo demand a large transport, and any hitch on the road puts the up-river people in a serious position, and therefore they have to take violent measures to gain their ends. The natives are now better paid, and, besides, each caravan of over a dozen men going down to Matadi receives a pig besides the ration, which is two pieces of handkerchief for the way down. All carriers now want good, strong cloth; they wear much more than they used to. Each one now has a long cloth; one end is tied as a loin-cloth, and the long end thrown over the shoulder, or an extra cloth is carried for the shoulder.

April 5, 1895. I left Lukunga at eleven. I did not visit the state station there; in fact, I felt very seedy while at the mission station, and did not feel inclined to move about. Lukunga is the transport and forwarding station of the state's caravan service, and has undergone tremendous development; even the mission now needs ten thousand carriers a year to take up their stuff. The missions should be more particular to bring up only the things that are quite necessary. The iron frame and stand of a good printing-press were lying out in the rain at Lukunga; it never had been used, and now never can be, I should say. The type is stowed away in an old outhouse with a hole in it big enough for a man to go in on horseback. This material and the transport must have cost a lot of money. The big wooden house that was sent out to Lukunga was partly built, and then was found to be located on land belonging to the state, which claimed and obtained the heavy damages of two thousand dollars or more. A society that can stand such extravagance as that is both merciful and rich.



DRAWN BY C. M. RELVEA.

THE REV. AND MRS. LAWSON FORFEITT AT THE BAPTIST MISSION, UNDERHILL, MATADI. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY GLAYE WHILE THEIR GUEST. HE DIED IN THIS HOUSE.

With regard to this missionary business. The missionaries, who are very earnest, conscientious people as a rule, do not expect the natives to be Christians of a high, clean order. The native first becomes a Christian, according to their reasoning; then by education he gradually becomes honest, truthful, trustworthy, loyal, etc.; but when a man is dishonest, a liar, and a thief, I do not take very much stock in his acceptance of the Christian faith. About six hundred natives belong to the church at Lukunga.

I met Baron de Rezen, chief of the public forces at Lukunga and chief of the station. He agrees that rubber is the cause of all the trouble on the Congo, but excuses the state on the ground that it is necessary for it to have funds. He thinks the small posts placed among the natives without whites a mistake; the blacks, thus vested with a little authority, immediately take advantage of it and ill-treat the natives.

Between Nkisi and Lukunga the land seems to be divided into immense bowls, high ranges of hills forming the rim on each side.

You have to climb to a great height to get over this rim; then below you find an undulating plateau, cut in every direction by valleys, ravines, and land-slips. All these sheltered damp places are thickly covered with timber, the wine-giving palm-tree being very prominent. Pink lines where the wine has been carried are traced all over the land, showing the numerous trails from village to village, and to the markets and the caravan roads. There is no village on the road, the settlements always being some distance away. Many villages can be seen as one ascends the high places, some of them in hollows, and some clinging to the side of a hill like a swallow's nest. Many of the plantations are made on exceedingly steep hillsides, or on the damp sides of ravines. The timber is cleared away, and manioc, maize, etc., are planted. The natives say they get much better crops by planting in such places. The land on the hilltops and flat places gets too parched. The rich timber growth in the ravines is in utter contrast to the barren-looking hills with sparse

growth of dwarfed timber. The natives are all very friendly Barongo.

April 8. After three and a half hours' fairly easy traveling from Sekololo, reached Linionzo post, where I found a party of Bakongo burying a dead carrier. As a rule, when a carrier dies he is left by the roadside; this burial either displays unusual consideration for the deceased, or is the carrying

of officers often complain that missionaries employ too many carriers and make themselves too comfortable, while state officers in the far interior have to be denied even the necessaries of life from lack of transport. Twelve thousand loads are said to be in stores at Matadi. The majority of missionaries are in Africa for their whole lives, and therefore they naturally need a big transport



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

VIEW OF MATADI ON THE CONGO.

The site of the Underhill mission, where Glave died, is indicated by the white roof on the far promontory to the left.

out of an order which at least ought to exist compelling carriers to bury their dead. The carriers here always carry on the head, and rest awhile by putting the load on the shoulders. Carrying on the head develops the neck and shoulders, and makes them as straight as arrows. These people are a hardy race, but the carrying business is a great strain on the system, as is also the constant drenching they get in wet seasons. Often they suffer from hunger, and there are never spare men with a caravan, so that in case of sickness the carrier still has to lug along his sixty-five pounds' weight, a hard enough task for a well man, but killing for an invalid. One sees some miserable wretches dragging along in the rear of a caravan. State of-

to surround themselves with some of the comforts which would be theirs in Europe or America. Then, again, the state officers must know that the state does send up something like fifty thousand loads a year. Surely with such colossal opportunities they might arrange to supply their whites with butter and wine; the lack of these things constitutes the great grievance. Fewer guns and less powder, and more butter, would be better for both whites and blacks.

Carriers have to be coddled considerably to get them down to Matadi. All sorts of new cloth has to be introduced to attract their attention. Yesterday I saw a caravan of twenty-one natives, all of whom had received as pay a second-hand frock-coat, and in spite

of its being a hot, muggy day, were proudly wearing the garment. Some of them were carrying powder, others demijohns of wine in *matets* (rough baskets, elongated, and made of the leaf of the palm-tree), and still others had boxes. With their full-skirted frock-coats, and bare legs beneath, they presented a strange sight. For a time highly colored bed-quilts were the rage, and carriers flocked down in thousands to Matadi to receive this form of payment. Now the coats seem to be the fascination. But even with all the inducements held out, the state cannot carry up nearly enough loads, and only the railway can cope with this; then, if the Lower Congo becomes occupied by planters, the Bakongo may find new employment. Anyhow, they have now a taste for cloth; they can always get plenty of food from their own ground, but they must have cloth, which necessitates labor.

April 9. I visited Banza Manteka, the mission station of the American Baptist Missionary Union, in charge of a very determined, zealous, hard-working missionary, Mr. Richards, who has now had fourteen years of Africa, being one of the pioneers who pushed their way into the interior. For seven years he preached and tried to reach the natives with Christian teaching, but only toward the end of this time did he begin to see any result, when some of the courageous natives burned their idols, cast aside all emblems of heathen worship, and boldly declared their adoption of the Christian faith. Since then the number of members of the church has been rapidly growing, and now it has seven hundred members whom Mr. Richards can rely on as being earnest Christians who live according to the teaching of the missionaries. All those belonging to the church who have more than one wife may retain them, but in case of the death of one they may not replace her; and men having only one wife must not have more. *Mulafu*, the native drink, is prohibited. The church, made of corrugated iron, seats five hundred people, and was brought up river by the natives, who would accept no pay for their services.

To-day I saw the dead body of a carrier lying on the trail. There could have been no mistake about his being a sick man; he was nothing but skin and bones. These posts ought to give some care to the porters; the heartless disregard for life is abominable. Two days ago a native applied to me for medicine and food; he was ill and starving. The same day I met a poor liberated slave, emaciated, with nothing to eat. I gave him

food, but could not understand his language, as he was a poor wretch stolen from a far-away home. Native life is considered of no value by the Belgians. No wonder the state is hated. Carrying is pushed to such an extent that it is killing the people. They are on the road the whole time, without rest to enable them to recuperate and get strong after each trip. Often the mission stations are applied to for succor; but, as a rule, when the carriers present themselves they are thoroughly overcome by the exertion of carrying a load while ill, and they generally die. Formerly the state sent out its soldiers to tie up the women when the people refused to come in as carriers. This has now been stopped. Soon the railway will be finished as far as Lufu; this will relieve the transport considerably, if the service from Lukunga to Lufu can be arranged as regards pay with the natives. The Belgians often ask what will the Bakongo people do when the railway is finished. What did they do before the white men came to rule them? Did they die of hunger, and lie unburied on the road?

Mr. Richards has thirty or forty schools and churches all over the country, earnestly attended. His own church has trained native teachers and preachers. Many villagers have themselves built schools, and pay the black teacher.

I met a number of white men going up country to-day, all Belgians, to take part in the ivory traffic and the redemption of free people! Now Belgium is asked to take over the state and make it into a colony. They will have a very bad bargain; if they do, they must change their methods, and not be merely a trading concern. We must not condemn the young Congo Free State too hastily or too harshly. They have opened up the country, established a certain administration, and beaten the Arabs in the treatment of the natives. Their commercial transactions need remedying, it is true.

April 10. Hard day's tramp to-day from Naremboli, one hour from Banza Manteka, to Masa Mankengé, three and a half hours beyond Congo du Lemba. One's carriers are most annoying. They insist on waiting two or three hours in the middle of the day, resting and eating; then, late in the afternoon, they take it into their heads to reach a certain far-away point. To-night, for instance, it was eight o'clock before I reached Masa Mankengé. I was on my feet eleven hours to-day, which is really too much. Traveling after dark is not a sensible proceeding at

all. I lost my hat, besides working myself up into a vile temper, first by being caught out late, then by having to stumble over a stony trail, across which long grass drooped, making traveling very difficult; besides, there were several muddy streams to cross.

The present site of Matadi belonged entirely to the Livingstone Island Mission, now the American Baptist Missionary Union; but the state took the land away from them, and poked them away in a corner on an elbow of rock, about the worst place in Matadi. The mission was politely asked by the state to give up the land, with the threat that if it was not done graciously, the state would requisition it. The mission authorities were informed by the state that they should receive all sorts of consideration from the state, especially on the upper river, but the promise has not been kept. For each load from Matadi to Leopoldville the stranger has to pay two francs to the state for the use of bridges, roads, etc. Half the bridges are washed away. There are huts and sheds for carriers; but you have to get permission to use the old grass huts, and the mission and trading-house carriers are often turned out of the sheds to stay in the rain with their loads. But a sick Belgian never hesitates about going to the nearest mission station, where he is well received and tenderly cared for.

April 30, May 1 and 2, visited the American mission, at Ngangela, of the International Missionary Alliance, New York. The object of the work is to evangelize a big portion of the country. They aim to support themselves as nearly as possible, and have been established six years. At present twenty missionaries, male and female, are here. About thirty have been out, and ten of them have died. The missionaries spend as little money as possible, and go in largely for cultivating the ground, with the idea of sustaining the people on the station. They are deeply religious, and have their houses smothered over with religious texts. They say lengthened grace at meal-time, and have a service every evening with a great deal of prayer. Ngangela, with a very nice station, is the headquarters of the mission.

As Africans are civilized the condition of their women-folk improves. In the native villages women do all the drudgery, and have only a miserable standing; but at the mission stations, when a man has only one wife, and is trained morally so that he is intelligent, kind, and honest, the woman receives much better treatment.

Awfully hot weather; the thermometer to-day indicates 103° in the shade; it is most weakening.

Mr. Harvey heard from Clarke, who is at Lake Matumba, that the state soldiers have been in the vicinity of his station recently, fighting and taking prisoners; and he himself has seen several men with bunches of hands signifying their individual kill. These, I presume, they must produce to prove their success! Among the hands were those of men and women, and also those of little children. The missionaries are so much at the mercy of the state that they do not report these barbaric happenings to the people at home. I have previously heard of hands, among them children's, being brought to the stations, but I was not so satisfied of the truth of the former information as of the reports received just now by Mr. Harvey from Clarke. Much of this sort of thing is going on at the Equator station. The methods employed are not necessary. Years ago, when I was on duty at the Equator without soldiers, I never had any difficulty in getting what men I needed, nor did any other station in the old, humane days. The stations and the boats then had no difficulty in finding men or labor, nor will the Belgians if they introduce more reasonable methods.

The other day there was an accident on the railway. A train laden with trucks and a first-class wagon was coming down Calabala Hill, homeward bound. Beyond this point there are some sharp, dangerous bends. Coming down these, the engineer tried to put on brakes, but they would not work, and the train flew along, threatening to topple into the ravine at one of the sharp bends. Weyns and Judge Gore and another white man threw themselves off the train, escaping with slight injury. The black engineer and fireman kept their posts, as did all the black passengers, twenty-five in number; but I do not think this suggests superior pluck—rather the want of it. A wagon became derailed, and slowly brought the train to a standstill by its dragging, the sharp flanges of the wheels chopping off the ends of the sleepers. A few days afterward a wagon was derailed close to the mission station at Matadi, and afterward three trucks without an engine came rushing down an incline, and sped away almost into the depot.

The railway has had great difficulties to deal with. They have made no bold cuttings where they could wriggle here and there and maintain their general direction. Trains run fairly steady; the route is through a pic-

turesque country. The engine-drivers are Senegalis, with generally a white man as inspector of the train. The Congo Railway, it is said, has already spent twenty million francs. They employ three thousand blacks—Hausas, Sierra Leones, Accra, Senegalis; the last are said to be the most trustworthy, capable men in the company.

It must be apparent to all clear-headed men that the sale of alcohol leads to the degradation and degeneration of the African races. The Congo Free State allows gin to be sold as far as Nkisi on the railway. Any amount of this fiery poison is sold for half a franc a bottle. The employees of the railway, under its maddening influence, become guilty

of the gravest insubordination with regard to the exchange for natural produce. It is a short-sighted policy. Africans who are allowed to sell their produce for rum lose all energy and force, and produce only enough to give them the treasured rum. The African has no control over his vices.

A negro was listening to a white man speaking of the superiority of the whites. The native said the blacks were equally clever. «Can you make powder or guns?» asked the white man. «No; but what of that? If we knew how we could do it.» That is the great difference. On the other hand, natives often express indignation that they are so ignorant in comparison with whites.

[For Postscript, see «Open Letters.»]

E. J. Glave.

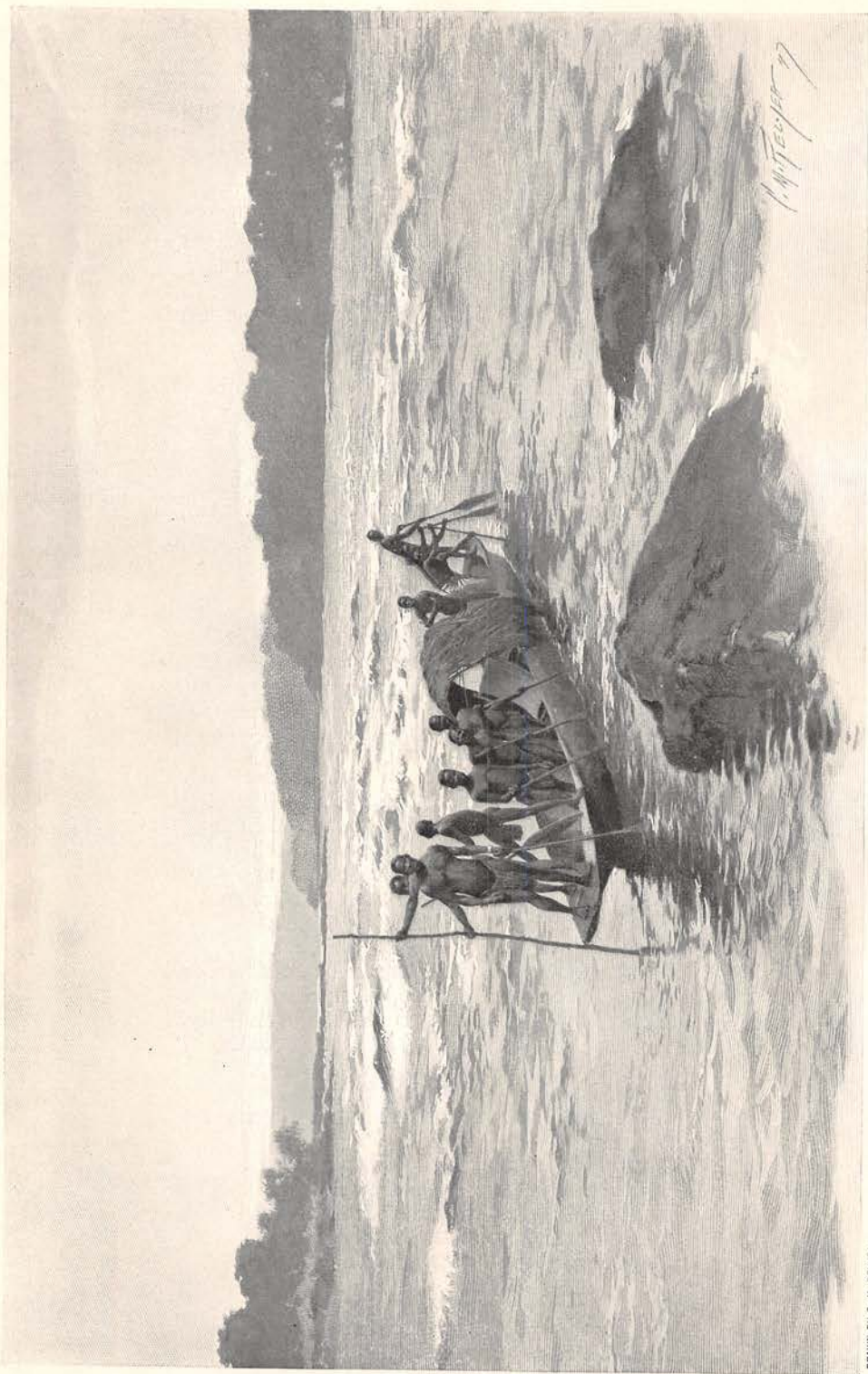


CENTRAL AFRICA SILVER WAR MEDAL PRESENTED TO GLAVE BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, ON ACCOUNT OF SERVICES RENDERED BY HIM IN THE WAR ON THE ARAB SLAVE RAIDERS ABOUT LAKE NYASSA, DESCRIBED BY GLAVE IN «THE CENTURY» FOR AUGUST, 1896. THE AWARD WAS MADE AFTER GLAVE'S DEATH.

RUSKIN.

PAINTER in words, on whose resplendent page,
 Caught from the palette of the seven-hued bow,
 The colors of our English Turner glow,—
 Silver of silent stars, the storm's red rage,
 The spray of mountain streams, rocks gray with age,
 Gold of Athena, white of Alpine snow,
 Cool green of forests, blue of lakes below,
 And sunset-crimsoned skies,—O seer and sage,
 Crowned with wild olive, fine of sense and sight,
 In thy prophetic voice, through work, trade, strife,
 The stones cry out: «By truth the nations live,
 And by injustice die. Be thy weights right,
 Thy measures true. These be the lamps that give
 The way of beauty and the path of life.»

R. R. Bowker.



WASONGOLA TAKING GLAVE'S CANOE THROUGH THE WABUNDU RAPIDS.

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

not follow with approval either all his philosophical leadings or all the details of his practical program; but probably most of those who read his argument will acknowledge to a new and vivid sense of the evils which need to be corrected in American municipal government, and will agree with the author that a great amount of ethical effort is being diverted from its proper channel in the refusal of so many men of virtue to make their influence felt for good government. Under the system of universal suffrage such diversion is little less than a crime against the state.

There are so-called «good men,» leading church mem-

bers, active in American municipal politics, who merely illustrate how much harm can be done by the possessors of a dual conscience—one for the Lord's day, and one for election day; and there are «political parsons» who are a public nuisance. But there are a great many churchmen who are «good» even in the trying field of public duty, and there are clergymen whose good sense makes their participation in civic affairs never other than proper and useful. But good citizenship needs to be reinforced more largely with these elements, for the fight is on for good city government in all parts of the country.



OPEN LETTERS

Glave's Last Letter and his Death.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE conclusion, in the present number, of the material from the diary of the African explorer Glave adds interest to the private letters which follow, and which form an interesting postscript to this important series. It will be remembered that Mr. Glave died just at the conclusion of his expedition, May 12, 1895, at Matadi, near the mouth of the Congo.

Shortly after his arrival at Matadi, he wrote a letter to the President of The Century Co., dated April 25, 1895, in part as follows:

« . . . The administration of the Belgians is decidedly progressive. Five large, comfortable boats have replaced the tiny A. I. A. *Royale* and *En Avant* on the upper river; a reliable postal service has been established to the very limits of the state territories; the Arab slavers have been crushed beyond ever again being a menace to the state's authority; and the Congo Railway, already running over a well-laid track for sixty miles, promises completion in three years' time, provided sufficient funds are found. This line will of course supersede the miserable depopulating system of manual transport by the native porters (the Bakongo), and will, when finished between Matadi and Stanley Pool, bring the heart of Africa within easy reach of the markets of the world by steam communication. The state intends also to carry a telegraph line from the coast to Tanganyika, and operations are already begun.

« Coffee of a superior quality has been found to grow out here in nearly every district, with most promising results; and, to my mind, coffee and rubber will constitute the main articles of profitable export. Ivory is getting constantly scarcer, and in a few years' time trade in elephant-tusks will have yielded up its important position in the list of African products. All the Belgians on the Congo are elated at the prospect of the Congo Free State being taken over by Belgium and made into a (colony); but this country cannot become a colony in the true sense of the word. Its unhealthy

climate forbids this. Not only have dangerous fevers to be fought, but the climate reduces one's vigor and strength, and one's blood becomes watery and poor. It appears to me that even if colonists decide to face these dangerous conditions, the next generation will bear the brunt of the experiment. I have frequently seen children who have been born out on the Congo, and they are always bloodless-looking little creatures, and at the first opportunity they are sent home for safety. The fact of being born out here does not exempt them from fevers. Recently I saw a little girl ten months old who had already had several fevers.

« With regard to African sicknesses, experience and experiment are constantly furnishing knowledge concerning the remedies and treatment to be employed. Billious, hematuric, or black-water fever is the principal menace to life, and often proves suddenly fatal; in spite of the ablest doctoring, a patient sometimes dies after two days' illness. On the other hand, certain constitutions resist these fevers in a remarkable way. Dr. Sims, of the American Union Missionary Society, who has been eight years at Leopoldville without going to a temperate climate, remains in good health in spite of having had, besides small fevers, twelve hematuric or black-water attacks! . . .

« The occupation of the territories of the Congo Free State by the Belgians is an enormous expense, and the administration is making most frantic efforts to obtain a revenue of a size sufficient to enable it to pay its way. In the fighting consequent upon this policy, owing to the inability or disinclination of natives to bring in rubber, slaves are taken—men, women, and children, called in state documents *libérés!* These slaves, or prisoners, are most of them sent down-stream, first to Leopoldville. There the children are handed over to a Jesuit mission to be schooled and to receive military training from a state officer established at the mission for that purpose. In two years this Catholic mission has buried three hundred of these poor, unfortunate little children, victims of the inhuman policy of the Congo Free State! In one month seventy-three new graves were made! On the *Ville de*

Bruxelles, the big state boat upon which I descended the Congo, we took on board at the equator one hundred and two little homeless, motherless, fatherless children, varying from four years to seven or eight, among them a few little girls. Many of them had frightful ulcers which showed no sign of having been attended to, although there was a state doctor at the equator station. Some few had a tiny strip of cloth, two or three inches wide, tucked in a string around the waist to hide their nakedness, but half of them were perfectly naked. As they were huddled together on the lower deck of the boat on the damp, chill mornings, shivering with cold, death was marking many more for hasty baptism and a grave at the Jesuit mission near Leopoldville. By the time we reached Kinsassa, Stanley Pool, there was a great deal of sickness among the children, principally fevers and coughs; many were hopelessly ill. If the Arabs had been the masters, it would be styled iniquitous trafficking in human flesh and blood; but being under the administration of the Congo Free State, it is merely a part of their *philanthropic* system of *liberating* the natives! The whole world seems to think that the Congo Free State is a civilizing influence, and that philanthropy and love of justice are prompting every effort of the administration. . . . It is his [the King of Belgium's] duty to learn the true state of things in the dominion of which he is sovereign. . . . I feel myself considerably run down by my residence in Africa; my physical strength does not diminish, but I am anemic, liverish, and mentally sluggish. . . .

«At this moment there are no startling movements on the Congo, and were it not for the forced commerce peace would reign everywhere. In the Stanley Falls regions Commandant Lothaire has a big expedition composed of twelve whites, three hundred regular soldiers, and a host of irregulars. He has gone northeast from the falls to Lake Albert Nyanza, with the idea of establishing the state's authority in these regions, and intends placing small garrisons along his route to establish communication through the land. One of the objects of this expedition—one might safely say the main one—is the collection of ivory, said to be in vast quantities in the native villages. Captain Franqui is on the Upper Onellé; and according to what news leaks out from the official bureau, the state has had serious fighting, and Franqui is in urgent need of assistance. . . .»

On April 11 the Rev. Lawson Forfeitt, of the Baptist mission at Underhill, near Matadi, addressed Mr. Glave, who was on his way down the river, in the following kindly spirit: «Your message arrived yesterday with a letter for Mr. Casement, who was here last month. . . . Thinking it possible you might be sick on the road, and in need of help, I opened your letter. I trust you will pardon the liberty. . . . My wife and I hope you will give us the pleasure of your company while you are in the neighborhood.»

On May 20, 1895, Mr. Forfeitt described the visit and death of Mr. Glave in the following letter to the President of the Century Co.

«The sad news of the death of Mr. E. J. Glave will have reached you ere this letter arrives. Mr. W. Clayton Pickersgill, C. B., British consul, landed here from the coast an hour after Mr. Glave died; and as he left two days later for Europe, he kindly undertook to write

you and the relatives in England while on the voyage. Just before the end came, Mr. Glave requested me to take charge of all his effects, and deal with them as per inclosed memorandum. In going through his correspondence I found letters from you, the tone of which showed me that you regarded Mr. Glave not simply from the point of view of professional association, but that you entertained for him feelings of real personal friendship and esteem.

«I feel, therefore, that you will wish to know something more than the *fact* of the death, and that any further details I can give will be received with sorrowful satisfaction by you and Mr. Glave's many friends in America.

«I believe Mr. Glave wrote to you by the mail which left here on April 27, so that you would hear of his safe arrival at this point, the port of departure for Europe, he having successfully accomplished the great feat of crossing the continent.

«I had not met Mr. Glave before, but of course his name as that of an old African was well known to me. I need not say that my wife and I looked forward to his arrival with much pleasure, and we greatly enjoyed his company during the two or three weeks he stayed here as our guest. We are happy to believe he also enjoyed the time spent here, for in a letter to my brother at Upoto, Upper Congo, one thousand miles from here, he wrote on May 10, only two days before his death, as follows:

«(I do not at all regret the delays, for the missions down here have extended to me the greatest kindness. To your brother and Mrs. Forfeitt I am deeply indebted for their untiring consideration and whole-souled hospitality. I have spent about two weeks with them, and felt from the first moment thoroughly at home. It is indeed a great privilege to enjoy such sterling friendship.)

«I trust you will not misunderstand my motive in venturing to quote Mr. Glave's kind words. My sole object is to enable you as far as possible to gather how he spent the last two or three weeks of his life, in agreeable association and fellowship with his own countrymen, and not away alone in the bush. This fact, I think, will give some comfort to his friends at home.

«While here Mr. Glave made excursions of two or three days each on the Congo Railway (in course of construction), and to Yellala Falls, the last of the cataracts. He took several photographs of the latter to include in THE CENTURY articles.

«On the 3d of May Mr. Glave had a small fever here, which was soon overcome; and for the most part, until the fatal attack of the 11th and 12th, he was in good health and spirits, and looking forward with great delight to meeting his friends in Europe and America once more. He had already taken a cabin on the steamship *Coomassie*, and all his luggage was on board. Indeed, he spent one night on the steamer, as an attack of fever came on suddenly when he was there on the 9th. I visited him early next morning, and found him dressed and apparently all right again. Finding the steamer's sailing was delayed two or three days, Mr. Glave preferred to return to Underhill in our boat with me, so as to be away from the noise and bustle on the vessel.

«That day, Friday, the 10th inst., was spent quietly

at this station. When he went to bed, we advised him to take breakfast before rising next morning. I went to his room in the morning, and placed my hand on his forehead to see if he had any return of the fever. Noticing this, he said, (Oh, I have no fever.) I thought he had, so fetched a thermometer, which registered his temperature at 102.2°. Of course we kept him in bed and applied the usual remedies and treatment. The temperature rose steadily, and continued high all day, but he was cheerful and took nourishment well, and also quinine, etc.

«I decided to sit up that night. At 11:30 P. M. our patient slept, and did not wake till 3:30 A. M. His temperature had come down well. I gave him (Brand's Essence,) and he went to sleep again until 6 A. M., by which hour the temperature was almost normal. Symptoms continued very favorable until after midday on Sunday, the 12th. At 2 P. M. the temperature went up a little, but it was not until four o'clock that it exceeded the previous day's record. We did all we possibly could to induce perspiration, but with little result. At five o'clock we felt the case to be very serious; and Mr. Glave himself evidently felt the same, for he turned to me and said: (If I die, Mr. Forfeitt, I want you to send all my papers and photographs to The Century Co., and all my other things to my brother, George Glave, 14 Paternoster Square, London, who is to sell all for the benefit of my mother.)

«Soon after this he became for the first time delirious and violent. We tried a cold bath to reduce the temperature; but all was unavailing, and at 6:15 P. M., after a short time of quiet, though still unconscious, our friend died.

«I cannot tell you how great a shock it has been to me and my wife, and to my colleague, Mr. Pinnock, who had shared the nursing. Our own sorrow is great, and we desire to assure you, and all the relatives and friends, of our heartfelt sympathy; and we earnestly pray that God may graciously comfort all who have been so sorely bereaved by this sad event. I have seen many fevers out here, and not a few fatal cases, but never one exactly like this in its course and sudden termination.

«On Monday morning, at nine o'clock, we buried Mr. Glave's remains in the graveyard of this mission, the funeral being attended by all our European neighbors who could possibly be present. I inclose several letters from some who could not attend, thinking you may like to see them.»

Edward James Glave would have been thirty-three years old on the following September 13. In THE CENTURY for October, 1895, was printed an account of «Glave's Career,» including his explorations in Africa and Alaska.

Editor of The Century.

Public-School Lectures in New York.

A SUGGESTION TO OTHER CITIES.

THE courses of free lectures for the people given under the auspices of the Board of Education in New York have met with such success that perhaps a few words concerning the system and its results may be of value to other cities. In 1888 the State legislature passed an act authorizing the Board of Education of New York City to provide for a course of free lectures for working-

men and workingwomen, to be given in the school-houses of the city. Fifteen thousand dollars were appropriated to carry out the plan. The Board of Education placed the matter in the hands of the Committee on Evening Schools, and during the first lecture season, which lasted from January to April, 1889, 186 lectures were given in six school-houses in the most densely populated centers of the city, the total attendance being 22,149, or an average of 119 persons at each lecture. During the next season 329 lectures were given between October and April, at seven centers, the total attendance being 26,632, or an average of 81 at each lecture. Comparing this number with that of the previous year, the committee began to doubt either the popularity of this form of instruction or the wisdom of the management. It was resolved to place the care of the free lectures under one responsible head, and Dr. Henry M. Leipziger, well known as an educator, was chosen to direct the work. His reforms in the free-lecture system were: first, the issuing of ten thousand pocket bulletins from each center, containing the list of lecturers and a brief statement explanatory of each lecture; second, large placards in the windows of neighboring stores and in shops and factories, giving the lecturers' names and subjects; Changes were made in the corps of lecturers, and liberal use of the stereopticon was decided upon. Technical scientific lectures were made plain by experiments. The attendance at the 185 lectures given the next season was 78,295, an average of 423 at each lecture. Some of the practical subjects treated that season were «Every-day Accidents, and How to Meet Them,» «How to Breathe,» «How to Take Care of the Eyes and Ears,» «Light and Color,» «Practical Electricity,» «How Worlds are Made,» «The Cañons of the Colorado,» «Abraham Lincoln,» «Money, and How to Make It,» «Survey of Architecture,» etc. While these lectures were not given in courses, a correlation was maintained between many of the subjects, so that a current of interest was supported throughout. The most instructive lectures were the ones most keenly enjoyed, and the attendance was so large at many of the school-houses that it was difficult to accommodate the people. A bill was passed by the next legislature empowering the Board of Education to rent halls if necessary; and Cooper Union Hall, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Hebrew Institute were brought into use. One of the problems confronting the managers was how to secure the services of able lecturers for the small sum of ten dollars; but it was soon discovered that many men of excellent talent were willing to lend a helping hand even for so small a fee.

The attendance during the fourth season was 122,243. The next year the lectures were made more varied, and 130,830 people heard 310 lectures. The sixth season, 170,368 people attended 383 lectures; and the seventh season there were 224,118 people present at 502 lectures. In 1895-96 this number was increased to 392,733 and 1040 lectures, of which 795 were illustrated with stereopticon views, and 73 by experiments. They were held at thirty different centers, and the attendance on the last night was 9289. During the past season, closing April 1, 1897, 426,357 persons heard 1066 lectures.

A strong evidence of the popular favor is the universal good order and eager attention characteristic of the