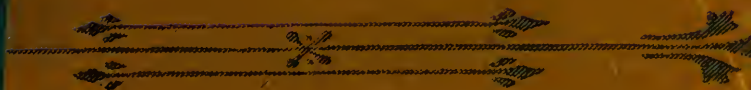


AFRICANA



OR,

Heart of Heathen Africa.



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

AFRICANA.

A. KING AND CO., PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

AFRICANA;

OR,

THE HEART OF HEATHEN AFRICA.

BY THE

REV. DUFF MACDONALD, M.A., B.D.,

LATE OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND MISSION, BLANTYRE, EAST CENTRAL AFRICA.

VOL. II.—MISSION LIFE.

“Your vain conversation delivered by tradition from your fathers.”

LONDON: SIMPKIN MARSHALL & CO.
EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES & CO.
ABERDEEN: A. BROWN & CO.

1882.

[*All rights reserved.*]

Up
M14a
v-2

TO

H. H. M.

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

THE GREATEST TRIALS PATIENTLY ENDURED

FOR THE GOOD OF AFRICA.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.—EARLIER ATTEMPTS TO CHRISTIANISE CENTRAL AFRICA.		PAGE
Portuguese Discoveries. Early Missionaries—Santos, Carli, Merolla. Exploration. Communication between the East Coast and the West,		1-9
CHAPTER II.—THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.		
Livingstone and Slave Caravans. <u>Battle with the Yao.</u> The Missionaries pledge themselves. Native Treachery. Death of Bishop Mackenzie. Departure from Magomero. The Mission Policy condemned. The Field abandoned,		10-17
CHAPTER III.—SCOTCH MISSIONS.		
The Scottish Churches. Missions at Livingstonia and Blan- tyre. Relation between the Missions. Threatened War. Part taken by the Europeans,		18-25
CHAPTER IV.—CONTACT WITH SLAVERY.		
The English Name. Slave Refugees. A Free Native Vil- lage. Asylum for the Slave. Civil Jurisdiction. Punishments,		26-37

CHAPTER V.—PIONEER WORK.

	PAGE
Difficulties. Industrial Work. Religious Work. Colonial Work. Efforts made to find a Clergyman. Unfair Position of Missionaries,	38-48

CHAPTER VI.—QUILIMANE TO BLANTYRE.

Traces of early Missions. Detention at Quilimane. Journey to Mazaro. The Zambeze. The Chiri. Hippopotami, Lions, Elephants. The Native Kings, . . .	49-72
---	-------

CHAPTER VII.—THE MISSION STATION.

The Houses. Fever. Artisans. Visitors. Neighbours. Interpreters. School,	73-93
--	-------

CHAPTER VIII.—FIRST HALF.

Translating and Teaching. Visiting. Diary. Native Funeral. A Murder. The Blantyre Colony. Native Law. Insecurity,	94-114
---	--------

CHAPTER IX.—SECOND HALF.

New Year's Day. Sewing Class. Housekeeping. School Work. Native Wars,	115-130
---	---------

CHAPTER X.—SECOND HALF—*Continued.*

Pilfering. The Station set on Fire. Expedition to Mlanje. The Native Language. Scarcity. Trading Company. Field for Emigration,	131-147
---	---------

CHAPTER XI.—THIRD HALF.

Founding Zomba Mission. Lake Chirwa. Attack on the Mission Carriers. A Slave Raid. Anxiety, . . .	148-177
---	---------

CHAPTER XII.—FOURTH HALF.

	PAGE
Improvements. Increase of Pupils. Boarders. Negro Laziness. Preaching. Slavery, touching cases. Missionary Methods. Amateur Physicians. At Cherasulo and Zomba,	178-212

CHAPTER XIII.—FIFTH HALF.

Hermit Life. War. Mission Difficulties. Kidnapping. A Scare. Wild Animals. Amusements. Visit to Zomba. Young Elephants. Strange Refugees,	213-232
---	---------

CHAPTER XIV.—SIXTH HALF.

Native Headmen. Translating. Imprisonments. A Slaving Chief. Sheep Stealing. Hopeful Pupils. Evangelical Work. The Colony again,	233-261
--	---------

CHAPTER XV.—SEVENTH HALF.

Start for Scotland. "I wish to go with you." The Magololo. Sabbath on the River. War in Front. Suspense. Discomforts. A Native Crew. Magololo Harem. Anyasa Carriers,	262-287
---	---------

CHAPTER XVI.—CONCLUSION.

Work resumed. Return of Pupils. Slavery. Second Departure. Game. Adventure with Hippopotamus. Matekenya's people. Morumbala. Mazaro. Civil Jurisdiction again! The Slave Trade. Quilimane. Slaves in the land of their Captivity. Mission at Zanzibar. Missionary Prospects in the Interior,	288-315
--	---------

APPENDIX.—NATIVE TALES.	316-371
---------------------------------	---------

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOL. II.

	PAGE
Magomero Mission,	10
Women of Mazaro,	61
Cutting up Hippopotamus for food,	64
The Blantyre Mission,	75
Native Female,	89
Mode of carrying in the hand,	121
The "Manse," Blantyre,	178
The Basket Makers, Blantyre,	185
Anyasa Village on the Chiri,	271
A dangerous Hippopotamus,	290
Hippopotami at Home,	293
Night Halt on the River Bank,	296
The Kwagwa,	300

CHAPTER I.

EARLIER ATTEMPTS TO CHRISTIANISE CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE Ancients were not so ignorant about Africa as is often supposed. Ever since that old Phenician fleet went down the Red Sea and appeared, three years afterwards, in the Mediterranean, people knew that it was possible to sail round the Continent. It is said that the great Portuguese explorers derived an impulse from old maps which described Southern Africa as bounded by sea, but in any case the Portuguese are justly celebrated for their African discoveries, for all the knowledge on this subject that came from antiquity was in their days as faint as a half-forgotten dream.

No sooner had the Portuguese discovered places like the "Empire of Monomotopa" than they wanted to open them up. They sent their colonies and their armies; and the Church of Rome soon had missionaries among the native tribes. ✓

At Sofala the new settlers asked permission to build a 'warehouse,' but built really a fortification. The native king becoming aware of this, tried to surprise and

massacre them, but he failed, and they eventually became masters of the country.

Joano Dos Santos tells us in his history of Eastern Ethiopia how he left Portugal for Eastern Africa in 1586. His book contains several notes on the inhabitants. He questioned them about their belief in God, and inclines to think that at some period in the past they had been acquainted with 'true religion'. He mentions in confirmation of this that they kept certain festivals with a strictness that might put Christians to shame. He found that they used 'disagreeable herbs' for an ordeal, and thinks it is possible that the Deity may interpose for the punishment of the guilty and the acquittal of the innocent. He expresses the view that the ordeal is founded on the Bible. The natives were fond of showing him their hunting powers and presenting him with what they caught.

In his book, which is more a history of the country than of mission work, he takes note of the barbarous customs of the people; he speaks of their beer-drinkings, which on special occasions would last for a week, during which no one knew his companion. He mentions a tribe near Tete where men, women, and children were kept in pens, and killed and eaten in succession by their barbarous prisoners. Sometimes the natives would overpower the settlements of the Portuguese, who were then treated in the most horrifying manner.

The monks that were in the country served more as chaplains to the Portuguese armies than as missionaries to the heathen. The Portuguese were endeavouring to introduce some kind of order among the native

tribes, and to develop the resources of the country especially in gold and silver mines. Hence the Portuguese soldiers appeared in this quarter following the crucifix and the arms of Portugal. A successful chief on the other side would don the 'clerical dress' of some monk that he had slain, and appear at the head of his clan with the chalice in one hand and a spear in the other. But in course of time the country became more settled, and the missionaries had numerous stations.

On the west coast the Portuguese missionaries seem to have laboured with great zeal. Father Carli (1666) has recorded his experiences of African life both in health and sickness, and many of his statements give a good idea of inconveniences to be met with in Africa even at the present day. He says, "My bed was against a wall which might well be called a nest of rats—they were so many and so large that they troubled me very much, running over me and biting my toes, which kept me from sleep. I caused my bed to be put in the middle of the room, but to no purpose, for those cursed creatures knew where to find me. I caused mats to be laid all about my bed for my blacks to lie on and defend me, not only against the rats, but any other wild creatures that might come. This precaution stood me in no stead, for there was no night but the rats disturbed me." In his distress he applied to the Great Duke. "I took the freedom," he says, "to acquaint the Great Duke with the trouble I had from the rats, and the stink of my blacks who had always some wild and disagreeable smell." The Duke promised him an infallible cure, and sent him forthwith a tame monkey

which lay at the foot of his bed. When the rats appeared the little monkey blew hard at them, two or three times, which made them run away, and its scent of musk corrected 'the ill smell' of the blacks. "The little monkey," he adds, "kept my head and beard clean and combed, better than any of the blacks would have done; and to say the truth, it is easier to teach those monkeys than the blacks."

There is perhaps a note of bitterness and disappointment in the last remark, but those that can understand the poor writer's condition at the time will readily forgive it. For many weeks he had been watching by the death-bed of his companion, and afterwards was prostrated by extreme sickness himself. He had no one with him but the blacks, "who stole what they could and brought him when they thought of it, a porringer of broth". One night his bed was attacked by a swarm of ants, and he had to be carried outside. Alarms of fire annoyed the poor invalid in the same way. Yet he was not forgetful of his commission from the Church in the way that he understood it. "Every day," he says, "I baptised ten or twelve children; and not being able to sit up alone in my bed, was held up by two blacks, another holding the book, and another the basin." The instruction given at baptism was by no means elaborate, even when the sacrament was administered to adults. Though but a short time in the country he had baptised an almost incredible number of natives. He says, as he looks back on the 'great fatigues' of his travels, that he would think his days well spent "if but one of 2700 children and youths he baptized obtained salvation

through his ministry". The good man, I have no doubt, had some misgivings as to whether the mere rite of baptism had permanently benefitted all that had received it. His stay in the country though brief would be long enough to raise doubts in his mind on that point. He does not speak hopefully of all the baptized. If he had been able to stay with them and teach them directly in their own tongue, this criticism would be much modified. Still the efforts of these missionaries would not be lost. They tried to do God's work, and no one can have a higher motive. If there be anything in their methods that we now think inexpedient, let us learn the proper lesson, and let us remember the courage and zeal they manifested amidst their trials. Moreover, he does speak of a school where natives were taught the Portuguese language and received instruction in religion. Some of them, "though blacks," showed considerable genius. The people, he tells us, did not trouble about laying up great stores of provisions; they scarce cared in the morning whether they should have anything at night. When they accompanied the Father on any of his journeys, sometimes he had nothing to give them because he had nothing for himself. Then they would take a piece of wood for a mattock and cut up the ground, and eat certain little white balls they found near the roots of the grass. He says, "I could not for the life of me swallow one of them, yet after such a wretched meal they would skip, dance, and laugh as if they had been at a feast".

Merolla (1682) is one of the earliest to give a detailed account of mission work in Central Africa. He and

his companions found themselves greatly opposed by wizards, who were often seized and sent to the Portuguese Governor who condemned them to death. As the native law itself possessed similar provisions, the people supported the missionaries in this measure and assisted in bringing wizards to justice. One of the laws introduced was that after a person was absolved by the missionary, he was freed from the consequences of any civil crime. "If God has pardoned, how can man pretend to find guilty?" They had established the Confessional, and many of them, like Luther, would try to make it a means of correcting the faults and informing the minds of their people.

They also had their troubles with slavery. A Cardinal wrote them 'in the name of the sacred college complaining that the pernicious and abominable abuse of selling slaves was still continued among them, and asked them to use their power to remedy the said abuse'. They had little hope of checking the evil, because there was no trade in the country except 'in slaves and ivory'; but they met together and petitioned the authorities 'that heretics at least should be excluded from this merchandise more especially the English who made it their chief business to buy slaves here,' and whose slaves were in danger of having the good principles instilled into them perverted by contact with Protestants! The authorities granted their petition, but opposed its operation. This brought the missionaries into serious collision with their governors, whom, however, they promptly excommunicated. When the struggle was over, the Governors wished to be restored

(See) w/ Gov. (1840)

to the church, and the penance prescribed for them is instructive, as showing how the Missionaries studied, and tried to remodel, the whole social life of their people. 'The penance I imposed upon the Count was that he by his authority should oblige 300 of those that lived in unlawful wedlock to marry.' The restored Count did even more, he 'brought over 400 to the holy state of matrimony'. On the whole the Missionaries seem to have introduced greater purity into those regions. They could also do much to prevent wars and bloodshed. They had great influence with native rulers. Occasionally kings and their subjects came expressing a desire to be received into the Church in a body, but, alas, their motives were not above suspicion—before submitting to baptism, these converts insisted on making stipulations about 'trade and commerce'; these stipulations the Missionaries assented to and tried to fulfil. On occasions of baptism, it was usual to bring presents to the Mission, and nothing can better show the discouragements that surrounded these men than the fact that on such occasions they were often presented with poisoned food. Merolla mentions seven Missionaries that were thus poisoned, and he himself had a narrow escape. They carried silver chalices, censers, &c., which were, in some instances, an inducement to take away their lives. They set themselves vigorously to oppose all 'idolatry'—under which head they classed the native charms. They were not without apprehension of the power of sorcerers. Merolla mentions that an old witch lay down on the ground beside him, and began to scrape a hole in it. 'At the sight of this,' he

says, 'I immediately ordered my interpreter to begone, being more concerned for him than myself, for as a priest that had always trusted in God, I doubted not but to render her charms ineffectual as to myself.' But he does not seem to have been quite at ease, and tried afterwards to avoid her. He explains that when they dig a hole thus in the ground they have the intention of bewitching a person to death. In estimating the native character, he says, 'The Negroes are both a malicious and a subtle people, and I likewise must allow that they spend the most of their time in circumventing and deceiving, yet I cannot allow that because they are a stubborn soil they must be left uncultivated'. 'To say that they are always obstinate and perverse, and man-eaters is not to be made an objection against them, because our Saviour says, 'Those that are well do not stand in need of a physician'. He contends that they really embrace Christianity

The above quoted Missionaries, it will be perceived, all belonged to the Church of Rome, which was earliest at work in this quarter of Africa. Their experiences are valuable to this day, as showing the nature of the difficulties to be met, and suggesting also that Missionaries should study more and more closely the ideal of Mission Life contained in the Acts of the Apostles. While admitting that these men spent much of their time in instructing their converts, I still think that their work in the district of the Zambeze would have been more permanent if they had set themselves to teach these natives to read and to form an intelligent judgment on the message that was brought them. But printing

presses were not easily procured in those days, and the Missionaries did 'what they could'.

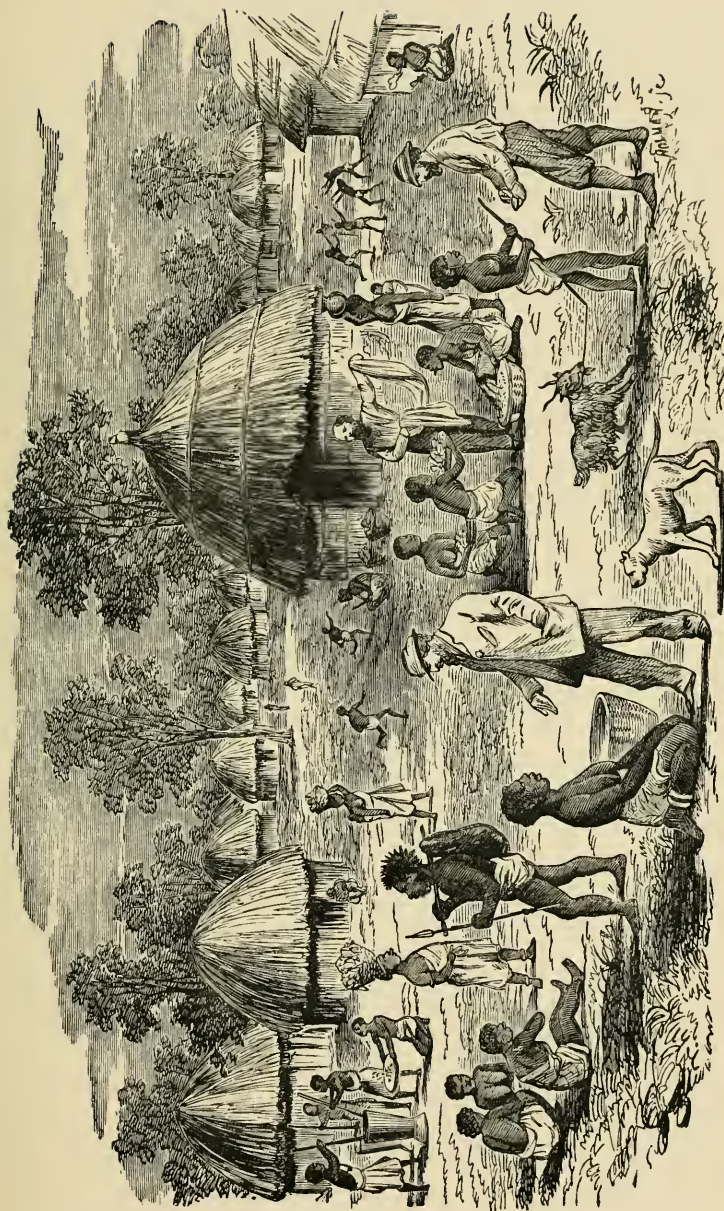
Before the time of Livingstone, the people of England knew little or nothing of Central Africa. But the Portuguese were fairly familiar with it. They had explorers as well as missionaries. Foremost among their explorers was Dr. Lacerda, who set out from the neighbourhood of Tete in July, 1798, and encountered quite his own share of the difficulties of African travel. His carriers left him in scores, and he was tortured by the fear that they would all desert "in a body". He had little confidence in the tribes that he was to pass through; and his heart sank within him on finding that the natives with him hardly knew how to use their muskets. After a march of about three months, he died at Kazembe's. Father Pinto kept a diary of the return journey, from which it appears that the party suffered much from sickness and enemies. They had to fight their way through the Awisa, and even after they were out of Awisa territory, every little chief contrived either to rob them or make them give up their goods as 'presents'. They were so dispirited that the least threat made them yield. Tete was so far civilised by this time, that Pinto had a repugnance to appear on daylight except in 'decent clerical attire'. In 1806, Baptista performed the journey across Africa between Angola and Tete, and soon after, a decree was issued from the Palace of Rio de Janeiro ordering the formation of a company of pedestrians to be employed in the communication between the East coast and the West.

CHAPTER II.

THE UNIVERSITIES' MISSION.

ONE brilliant effort to introduce Christianity into this region of Africa was occasioned by the explorations of Dr. Livingstone. An excellent staff of clergy headed by Bishop Mackenzie was sent out by the English Universities. The party reached the scene of their work in July, 1861. They met with their first difficulties at Mbami, a short day's march from the Shire. A large caravan of 84 slaves brought from Zomba came into this village, and Livingstone set the slaves free. Bishop Mackenzie wrote on this occasion 'Livingstone is right to go with loaded guns and free the poor slaves; and there being so few English here, we are right, though clergymen and preachers of the gospel, to go with him'.

They soon chose Magomero, on a stream called the Namasi, as the site of their first Mission station. The rescued slaves felt that they were safe only with their deliverers, and staid with them. The Wayao were now pressing into the country of the Anyasa, killing, enslaving, and spreading terror on all sides. On July 23rd,



MISSIONARIES BUYING FOOD AT MAGOMERO.

(See the Story of the Universities Mission by the Rev. H. Rowley.)

Dr. Livingstone, the Bishop, and nearly all the party went toward their encampment. Dr. Livingstone told them he was come for peace, but they did not believe him, and a fight ensued. The Yao thought they were more than a match for the Europeans and rushed forward, but after receiving a few well directed rifle shots they changed their minds. One Anyasa man was slain on the English side, and another wounded.

By the 14th of August they were fully committed to the policy of going against the Yao. The lesson this tribe had received already had not been sufficient, and great bodies of them were pillaging the Anyasa. The latter had applied to the Missionaries for aid, which, after three days' deliberation, was promised them, on certain conditions. These conditions were:—

I. That all the chiefs then present should solemnly promise that they would never buy or sell men, women, and children again.

II. That all captives found with the Yao should be perfectly free; that no chief or person should claim any one of them; but that all should have liberty to go to whom they liked, and where they liked.

III. That all chiefs present promise that they will unite to punish any chief who sells his own people, or the people of any other chief, and that each chief will punish any of his own people found guilty of buying or selling men, women, or children for slaves.

IV. That if any Portuguese or other foreign slavers came into the land they would drive them away, or at once let us know of their presence."

The Missionaries clearly saw what was needed, but

wounded
in
the
warfare
wounded
old
ashes
June

ashes
social
of
June

their theories were somewhat bold, at least for a beginning. Probably if they had been as many weeks in the country as they had been days, the idea of binding natives to promises of this nature would have struck them as a doubtful method. As I read these conditions I think of the poor Interpreter that had to translate them: the English idioms employed are not such as would facilitate his task. The conditions, as we might infallibly anticipate, were all received, and the English undertook to help the Anyasa against the Yao. As we might as infallibly anticipate from a slight knowledge of the natives, those that appeared with guns on the eventful day had "no powder," and expected English ammunition. August the 14th must have been felt to be the beginning of a new era. All were up by four o'clock. There were eight Englishmen, besides the great multitude of Anyasa. The party marched straight on Zomba, where a great body of Yao lay. A parley was tried but failed. Then the battle began, and when the Yao found that the English guns carried so far, they were soon in retreat; perhaps about five of them were killed.

But the Yao tribe continued to give trouble. By 17th of October another march was made against them. Though the Anyasa guns took about an hour to load, the expedition was able to start at six in the morning. The majority of the mission staff were unwell, and in no fit state for such troubles. On the 18th the Mission force reached Lake Shirwa. They found, as the Bishop remarks, that they could rely on their Anyasa allies "only for cowardice and falsehood". But the Wayao,

instead of fighting, ran away after two shots were fired, and the party went on and burned their huts.

During all this time, and in spite of difficulties and interruption, the missionaries were labouring hard among the natives. On the 4th of November the Bishop writes, "We have plenty of room here for setting down six or eight missions". On the 2nd of December another interruption occurred. Messrs. Proctor and Scudamore, two clergymen, went to see whether the Ruo could be made available for the transport of goods. They were received and treated civilly by Mwanasomba, a chief near Mlanje, who offered them a hut to sleep in all night. His plan was to burn this hut at midnight, kill the missionaries, and then take possession of their goods. The treachery was fortunately discovered, but it was with difficulty that the party made their escape.

On 31st December "it was arranged that they should start very early, so as to get to Mwanasomba before people were awake". "They were not going in private revenge, but to free the captives and punish the robber and would-be murderer in God's name. They had the good word and the approval of the chiefs around." When they were about half-an-hour from the village they met Mwanasomba and his people who called out "Stand still, do not come on," but when it was perceived that the party was well armed and contained many Englishmen, Mwanasomba's people ran away. The natives with the English tried to catch some of the opposite party for a consultation, but failed. The English party then pressed on to the village and set the huts

on fire. They recovered some of their goods, and found a number of sheep, goats, and ducks, which would be a great temptation to the natives that were with them. As they were making their way through some reeds on their return, they were fired on. Two of their natives were wounded; one afterwards died. The Bishop says, "We had vindicated the English name, and had shown in this neighbourhood that it is not safe to attack an Englishman: and I hope the lesson may not be thrown away on these people".

On the 31st of January, 1862, Bishop Mackenzie died. He had been little more than half-a-year on the Shire Highlands, but he had fully faced all the difficulties and trials of mission life there. A month before his death he wrote, "I have much at times to depress me; more than ever I had. But I expected it, and must not complain. I should not mind discouragement among the heathen, but it is among our Cape Town men." His death was a great blow to the Mission. Still the Mission was strong in its band of clergy, and they had one medical man; but war and famine desolated the country, they had the greatest difficulty and anxiety in getting food, sickness was ever among them, and death called many of them away. The Rev. Mr. Burrup, a strong young man, came into the country to die: he was buried at Magomero.

In a short time the Station at Magomero was abandoned. A letter of Dr. James Stewart, now of Lovedale, written in 1862, states that there was a stampede at the end. "The Yao tribe had been ravaging the country round about, and had come within a few miles of the

Station, which was threatened. Then a precipitate retreat was made with nearly all their goods and chattels down to the River Shire." Both Dr. Livingstone and Dr. Stewart thought the Mission had lost all "prestige". I quote this merely to illustrate the atmosphere in which the Missionaries lived. Everywhere was war, and they may have felt to some extent unsettled. But they had now been about a year in the country; they had found plenty of work to do in trying to acquire the language, &c., and in proportion as they were busy these scares would not so much affect them. But no doubt the danger was great, and as they were suffering from fever they would feel it all the more. The Anyasa were ever asking their aid, but they 'determined to go and fight for them no more,' and as they did not consider Magomero a healthy site they settled on the banks of the Shire. This was an advantage for communication, but I fear they had by no means found a healthier spot. The removal took place about May; on 1st January, 1863, the Rev. Mr. Scudamore died; and in a short time Mr. Dickinson, the surgeon, was in a grave beside him. One of their greatest trials was want of food, which rendered their position almost desperate. The Mission never returned to the Shire Highlands again, although some members like the Rev. Horace Waller were much in favour of doing so, and this course would have likely been pursued if the Mission had continued in the country. But just as all their troubles seem to have been overcome they withdrew. Most of the survivors were so reduced by sickness that it was necessary for them to return home if they would save their lives.

One of their great difficulties had been to get provisions. Large supplies were sent from England, but scarcely anything reached them, as their stores were plundered by the way. Many of the deaths might have been prevented by proper food. It happened at the same time, that there was a great famine in the country, and it was difficult to get food for the poor people that came under their protection. One sentence from Mr. Rowley will describe this. "War and famine," he says, "had done their work, and ninety per cent of the Anyasa were dead; save in our immediate neighbourhood, the land was a desolation."

Their troubles with the natives had involved them in misunderstanding with the Church at home. To quote again from Mr. Rowley:—"The news from home, informed us of the condemnation of our policy against the Yao, by some of our friends at Oxford. This did not come to us officially, for the committee simply expressed confidence in us individually and collectively. I do not think any of us were surprised that our policy had been condemned, seeing the men who condemned it, did not understand the causes leading us to adopt it, and the motives actuating us. - We were not angry; but we were thankful that the Bishop and Scudamore were removed from the pain, which the manner of some in condemning, would have given them."

In 1863, Livingstone refers to the famine and death caused by the slave trade, and writes, "I have been visiting Bishop Mackenzie's grave. At first, I thought him wrong in fighting, but do not think so now."

Bishop Mackenzie's successor considered the country too unsettled for continuing the Mission. For about twelve years, nothing further was attempted for this unhappy land.

CHAPTER III.

SCOTCH MISSIONS.

IN the days of the Magomero Mission the Free Church of Scotland had thought of Africa, and had sent out Dr. Stewart to see the country. But at that time matters were very discouraging: the difficulties of Mission work had been clearly demonstrated, besides it would have been an invidious thing for another Church to send its missionaries into the very spot then abandoned by the Church of England. Still, many Christians would think of these heathen, and when Livingstone's death seemed to call his countrymen to their duty, the Church of Scotland and the Free Church awoke to a feeling of their obligation to send the Gospel to Africa.

The first to move in the matter was the Rev. Dr. MacRae of Hawick, who began to collect funds for a Central African Mission in connection with the Church of Scotland, and asked Mr. Young, R.N., to lead the expedition. In a short time the Free Church also entered heartily into the idea of sending a Mission to Central Africa, and appealing to certain liberal and wealthy members, soon secured the necessary funds, and

applied also to Mr. Young. The naval officer made the sensible suggestion that a sort of Scotch National Mission should be tried, but this idea was not entertained. Dr. MacRae had not yet collected the necessary funds, and when the Free Church party started, all he could do was to send out one agent along with it.

In April, 1875, Mr. Henderson, the pioneer engaged by the Church of Scotland to go to Lake Nyassa, was introduced to the Foreign Committee by Dr. MacRae, who then addressed him in these words :—" You will be placed in circumstances in which you will feel that you are an exile from home, and separate from your brethren. In the path of duty in that far land you will encounter difficulties, privations, and hazards, which it will require no ordinary courage and patience to sustain and conquer; and you will be brought into contact with scenes most revolting to the sentiments of enlightened nature."

On arriving in Africa the Free Church missionaries pressed on to Lake Nyassa, and settled at a station which they called Livingstonia. Mr. Henderson started from this Lake and passed down by Zomba till he reached Ndilande, near which he chose a station, which was named Blantyre, after Livingstone's birthplace.

Other agents for the Blantyre settlement were selected in the course of the following year, when the Directors appointed a medical missionary, Dr. Macklin, and five artisans. Among the latter Mr. John Buchanan was enrolled as gardener. The purpose before the mind of the Church is well explained in its *Missionary Record* as follows :—

"The Mission is industrial and evangelical, designed

to be a nucleus of advancing centres of Christian life and civilisation to the Nyassa and surrounding region. It is the first mission of the Church of Scotland to the continent of Africa, her first contribution of Christian love to the people who have been for ages the miserable victims of blood and violence. It is the first step which she has taken to make some reparation to the African people for the unnumbered wrongs which our forerunners perpetrated upon them." "It was observed with surprise and regret that there were no ordained ministers among the party, but the Directors hoped in the course of a year to send out at least one clergyman and two or three more artisans and teachers."

On 16th May, 1876, at a meeting held in Edinburgh, this party were commended to the care of the Almighty. On 16th June, they reached Capetown, and about a week later, they found themselves at the ultimate limits of civilisation; and after they had travelled as far as they could by the ordinary mail steamers, they chartered a Swedish vessel called the *Ansgarius*. On 9th August, they reached Quilimane. Mr. Henderson, who had gone to wait for them at the mouth of the Zambeze, now received a message requesting him to meet them at Mazaro, which the party reached in the beginning of September. Starting from Mazaro on 16th September, they arrived at Makukani's on 7th October, after a long journey, during which they were never all free from fever. It was 23rd October before they reached the spot chosen for the Mission. At Blantyre there was a native village, but as its chief had been recently killed by Makukani, all the houses were deserted (41).

By the time they reached their destination some had suffered severely, and were unable to walk. In those days a large part of each man's time was spent in bed. In this condition they were cut off from all communication with their friends. No letters could be sent home. One of their first opportunities for writing was in April, 1877, when Mr. Henderson left the Mission.

It was a long time before the party regained health ; but about the middle of 1877, we find letters reporting considerable progress. One of these says :—" Mr. Stewart has succeeded in making out a good line for a water course. This will bring the water into the station, and serve for irrigation as well. A large stream is not necessary just now, but Mr. Stewart says twenty cubic feet per minute, or even thirty, can be got. This work, however, will not be begun till the houses are finished." Mr. Stewart was a civil engineer who, instead of spending his Indian furlough in rest, went and engaged in mission work in Africa.

Mr. Buchanan, writing in August, 1877, says :—" Within the last two months Blantyre has got a very different appearance from what it formerly had. Our station is laid out in the form of a square—100 yards long and 55 yards broad. A road 11 feet wide goes down both sides, and across both ends. In the centre is a circle of 32 feet diameter. A road 12 feet wide goes down the centre. From the centre, at the east end, two roads take their start. One 400 yards long, and 3 yards broad, runs in a south-easterly direction to the stream where we get our water. Another 1000 yards long, and 4 yards broad, leads to the north-east in

the direction of Malunga's village ; the direction also to Pimbé. Another road, 700 yards long, and 4 yards wide, leaves the centre at the west end, and leads in the direction of Makukani's and the Shiré. A fourth road from the south side goes to the rice ground. 60 yards from the starting-point of the first two roads is one crossing from the one to the other, and forming the base of a triangle. In the centre of this triangle is a mound 20 feet in diameter, in which at the proper season I shall plant a few of the *Eucalyptus globulus*. This angle is all I intend for a flower-garden, along with some small spots besides these. Should flowers do well this first season, it can be easily extended in the following. On both sides of the square houses are being built. Plans for eight are laid out, three are already built. They are after what is called the Indian bungalow style ; their dimensions are 30 feet by 20, with a veranda of 5 feet all round. From the level of the floor to the wall-plate is 10 feet, the perpendicular of the couples 7 feet 6 inches. The frame is put up of posts from 4 inches diameter, 45 inches apart ; bamboo is tied on horizontally 8 inches apart ; sides, end, and roof are thatched with grass. The walls are plastered outside and inside with mud, and finished with a white-washing of lime. This is got by burning shells, which the natives gather and bring for sale."

Relations between the Two Missions.—Although the Church of Scotland and the Free Church have differences at home, the missionaries sent to Africa felt it to be their interest, as well as their duty, to overlook such quarrels. The Missions needed each other's

assistance in various ways, and such assistance was freely given. Those upon the spot saw that the labours of both Missions were in the same cause. It takes a long time to lay the simple Gospel message before the natives in their own tongue. If a minister were to begin by preaching to these poor negroes about theories that separate good Christians at home, he would be a miserable trifler. We believe that one missionary got a hint from Scotland about "distinctive principles," but he replied that he could not find a native word to express these differences, and that he did not care to invent one.

The Missions joined together in the transport of provisions and the making of roads. On many occasions the absence of one settlement would have been a terrible calamity to the other. The missionaries were dependent on supplies received from home. After they ordered anything, a whole year would elapse before they received it, and occasionally a steamer would sink with their goods. But for mutual help, the missionaries would have been often reduced to extremities. The Church of Scotland had the healthier station, and the Free Church men often went there to recruit. At Blantyre it was possible to do a great deal of work, both mental and physical, without suffering; but at Livingstonia, Europeans had to be exceedingly careful. Fever was ever lurking, ready to make them a prey. They had to be on the shores of the Lake for easy communication, but though they there enjoyed a beautiful view of the Nyassa, they missed the bracing influence of the mountainous regions.

Threatened War.—On July 16th, 1877, there were alarming rumours of an incursion of the Mangoni (Maviti). It was stated that they had crossed the Chiri; and the natives from all parts were fleeing to the hills in great terror.

This country had been the scene of a constant succession of wars. In the time of the Magomero Mission, the Yao drove the Anyasa out of the Blantyre region. After this the Anyasa, under the Magololo, were continually making small attacks on the Yao, while the latter were constantly retaliating. Then the Mangoni appeared on the scene, and attacked both the Yao and the Anyasa. They killed all that made any resistance, and captured such as could not escape. The Yao ascended their mountains, the Anyasa fled to islands in the Chiri, while all their food and property fell into the hands of the Mangoni. The Yao suffered most. Many of them were surprised and killed, and those that escaped could only look down with sad hearts from the tops of mountains upon the invaders, who had possession of their wives and children, and feasted upon their crops. It was

“The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should take who has the power,
That he should keep who can.”

Although the Yao had but lately profited by the maxim, it was none the less bitter when applied to themselves.

When the Mangoni had consumed all the crops they withdrew. The Yao then came down from their fastnesses and sowed another crop, but as soon as it became valuable, the Mangoni appeared again. Others might sow, but they would reap. This process was

carried on year after year. Some of the Mangoni settled for a short time on the Blantyre side of the Chiri. Yao chiefs were quite dispirited. But while matters were at the darkest, the missionaries appeared on the scene. A Yao headman said to me, "The English are very clever. We could not tell them that we were all dying—that the Mangoni were killing us, but they knew themselves and came to help us"

On July 23rd, the missionaries held a meeting with Kapeni and Malunga, regarding the defence of the district, and the day after they began to load cartridges with slugs, and to make bricks for a mud fort. In all quarters of the country the natives seemed terribly alarmed. From distant Zomba there came an embassy to tell the Mission of the death of the former king or chief. From Kumpama and Mkanda messages also came, and it was clear that every native chief was eager to secure the friendship of the Mission at that crisis. It was an anxious time for the Europeans themselves. They thought it necessary to institute target practice. The Mangoni being a branch of the Zulus, were no contemptible foe. The danger happily passed away, the Mangoni returned without attacking a single village; the occurrence was attributed to the presence of the white men, and all the natives looked upon the Europeans as their protectors. From the time that the missionaries made their appearance, until now, the Mangoni have not come at their wonted season. "They were afraid to interfere with the friends of the white men."

CHAPTER IV.

CONTACT WITH SLAVERY.

BY AND BY not only oppressed tribes but oppressed individuals looked to the Missions for succour. In the interior the English name had long been associated with opposition to slavery. The natives regarded Livingstone and the members of the Universities' Mission as the special friends of the slave. Such of them as had visited the coast had picked up information about English ships of war which were the terror of the slave-drivers.

The Free Church.—As early as February, 1877, we find Dr. Stewart saying: "Livingstonia seems to have taken a start and begun to grow in one of the directions we specially wish it to grow—aⁿ anti-slavery centre". When the Mission party arrived, there were hardly any natives settled at Livingstonia. Soon many came seeking protection, and were received by the missionaries. It was proclaimed that any one that ran away to escape being sold would be received. The great slaving chiefs, as might be expected, would be against the Mission in this policy, but they took no hostile steps. It was

seldom that owners inquired after refugees, and when they did they had to go away very crestfallen. They were told that refugees proved guilty of any crime would be given up, but that innocent men and women crying for English protection should not cry in vain. Dr. Stewart had the Fugitive Slave Circular before his mind, and recognised that many complications might arise, and yet he expressed his conviction that the missionaries could not do otherwise than they were doing.

Church of Scotland.—In the same manner the Directors of the Blantyre Mission proclaimed in their Reports: “No Arab gangs will come near an Englishman, if they can help it. With them the English name is synonymous with destroyer of slavery. When Livingstone was at Nyassa, they fled from his neighbourhood and took to distant and circuitous paths to avoid meeting him. This guilt and terror on their part is contrasted with the confidence and reverence inspired by Englishmen in the breasts of the natives. We are assured that a Mission once established, they will settle around it, receive our instructions and our help, place themselves under our authority, and rise by order and Christian observance into the state of civilised communities. What is done on the coast, and at a vast expense (yet most righteously), by vessels of war, will be done here by Christian missions—with this difference, that in delivering the orphan, the outcast, and the captive, they will introduce them to a home life of security and freedom, will take them out of the low prison, and show them ‘the glorious liberty of the children of God’.”

An extract from a letter of Dr. Macklin's, of 7th Dec.,

1877, which was published in March, 1878, in the *Missionary Record*, will show that neither the Blantyre missionaries nor the Directors at home hesitated to espouse the cause of the slave :—“Some time ago there were two boys here supposed to be brothers : after they had been here some months their father came and took them home because they got no calico. Well, not a long time afterwards, one of them came back and told us he had run away, and wanted to stay with us ; said he was not the man’s son, but a slave, and had been bought some years ago. He asked our protection, and I said, ‘You shall now stay with us, and no man can touch you’. Two days afterwards his father, as he called himself, came for him. I brought Evangeli out and confronted him with the man, and asked him the same questions which I had previously, and he gave the same answers. I then said to the man, ‘He is not your son, but a slave, and he has my protection, and is now free’. All this took place in public before a great many Yao men. The man said he did not wish to be an enemy, but that the boy was his. I told him we gave him his freedom and English protection.”

A Free Native Village.—Mr. Stewart, writing from Blantyre in November, 1877, says :—“I must mention another very interesting and promising circumstance. We have a native village growing up near us. The first-comers were three or four families from the neighbourhood of the Cataracts, who, on account of the insecurity of their village from Mangoni raids, but without having been actually hunted from their homes, came here, and spontaneously put themselves under our

protection. Land has been given them, and a site for their houses. They are required to build substantial square houses ; the size adopted is 20 feet by 14 feet. Four such are now being erected by their unassisted labours. They have been joined by one or two families from this district. The men are well built and athletic, with open, smiling countenances. They and the women frequently attend our meetings. They are, I think, a good beginning of our future tenantry." Of the school he says :—" It fluctuates in numbers, and has not grown as fast as might be wished. Parents cannot be induced to leave their boys here for long at one time. The boys are docile, and willing to attend ; the difficulty is with the parents." Soon the children of these refugees became the main hope of the school : while their parents attended the religious meetings and formed a congregation. The state of progress by March, 1878, is summed up in these words, where special emphasis is given to the position on slavery :—" Our Mission at Blantyre continues to prosper in its various operations ; the natives are friendly, and are impressed with a sense of its value ; the school is well attended ; the area of cultivation has much increased, and Blantyre has become an asylum for the slave."

In Dr. Macklin's letter we find the following :—" We have three more slave refugees here at present, two women (one has a child) and a boy. The first one came nearly two months ago, having run away from her master because he abused her ; no inquiries were made after her by any one. The second one—the boy—came about three weeks ago, he having run away on his being

taken to join a gang of slaves from the Cherasulo district. A man came after him next day and said he was his son ; but this was an evident falsehood, for the boy was not Yao at all. I dismissed farther hearing of the case for four days, until Mr. Stewart should return with the interpreter. But it seems after the boy had left the house the man had attempted to seize him, but the boy eluded him and ran back to the house, and the man after him ; but my servant Ropa prevented him from getting hold of the boy. I ordered the man off the place, but he would not go, and continued to talk to me ; at this I ordered Ropa to catch hold of him, but the man resisted ; whereupon both Mapas and myself rushed at the man and disarmed him and sent him from the place. I need hardly say he did not return again. The third—the woman with the child—came three days afterwards, having escaped from the large gang. We learned that the gang was going to Nyungwi on the Zambeze. Accordingly, we determined to try and stop them ; and so we sent a present of two blankets to the Magololo chief, Chiputula, asking him not to allow them to cross the Shiré, by refusing them canoes, but on no account to fight with them. It is a fortnight nearly since the woman came, and no one has come after her. You thus see that, in a measure, we are succouring the oppressed and setting the captive free. Would that we could as easily set them free from the bondage of sin and the darkness of ignorance !”

All the white men in the country disliked the system of slavery, and struggled against it. In this they were applauded by the Directors at home. They had no

clergyman regularly at the station, and, although evangelistic work was not neglected, the secular side of the Mission was by far the more prominent. The Church of Scotland did not expect so much at first from the religious side of the Mission, as from the Industrial. It was felt, as in the days of Gregory the Great, that Mission work would move by "steps and not by leaps". The cultivation of the soil was eagerly looked to, as a means of rendering the Mission self-supporting, and the missionaries were urged to acquire land. By May, 1878, we find Dr. Macklin writing—"There are evidences or indications that we are beginning to influence the natives for good, by our conduct towards them and by our example. We have now got five women and one boy, escaped from slavery, under our protection. Concerning the acquisition of land as our own, I may here state that I have succeeded in getting from the chief a large grant, of which much of the land is excellent. In consideration of this grant we must make some annual present to the chief."

Besides espousing the cause of weakest, the Mission also commended itself by acts of kindness. Dr. Macklin writes with reference to a famine—"During the height of the distress I sent some hundredweights of grain from our own store to Katunga, one of the Magololo chiefs, who is a great friend of ours, and has supplied us with most of the sugar-cane we have."

We conclude this chapter by extracts from a letter of Dr. Macklin's, written in the end of March, 1878, which throws much light on the various aspects of the work.

“The Mission in its civil and social aspects is making reasonable and satisfactory progress. As an asylum for the poor, persecuted slave, Blantyre is becoming known and prized. We have now six fellow-creatures rescued from the lash of the slave driver, and miseries worse than death. And this in turn, prepares them for giving a ready reception to the free offers of the greater emancipation, salvation by grace through Jesus Christ our Lord. My present circumstances give a new emphasis to the old law of the city of refuge. Just think of the poor, fainting woman bearing her child, fleeing for her life, but sustained by the hope that if only she can reach the British flag, which already she sees fluttering in the evening breeze, her child shall live and herself be free.

“I think I told you in my last, that we were annoyed with some pilfering, but had not been able to bring the petty thefts home to any one. Recently, however, we have found that the thieves do not belong to our Africans, but to another tribe, namely, to Makukani’s people. Had we the benefits of a good Glasgow reporter, your attention might be arrested by some such heading as, ‘Daring, Exciting Chase, and Clever Capture’. The story is as follows:—On the morning of the 13th February last, about four o’clock, both Mapas and William Koyi were awakened by attempts being made to pull the blankets off them. Mapas recognising at once the position of affairs, waited for the arm being put in again at the window—nor had he long to wait; but in the darkness he failed to secure the arm, and only alarmed the thieves, who made off

with the booty already secured, and well packed in two large bundles. Mapas instantly roused the others in that house—there are now eight houses—and gave chase. Koyi who waited to put on some clothes, saw another man coming from the line of the stores, where our white men, Walker and Fenwick, sleep. The thieves, observing that some one was approaching, threw down the bundles and ran. Koyi, being armed, threatened to fire on them if they did not stop, but on hearing this the thieves plunged into the bush and were lost to sight. William Koyi, being a man who can endure a great deal of comfort, now gave up the pursuit; but brave Mapas and Kumlomba, the headman of the village, who had been roused by the noise, knowing the thieves would try to strike the road at another point, pushed on to anticipate them, and were just in time to meet them face to face. On being challenged they again plunged into the bush, whereupon Mapas fired. The report of the gun brought us all to that point, and I, having posted sentinels at several points, led a small party into the bush for the purpose of scouring it thoroughly, but we came upon no man. In the meantime, Mapas had come upon the trail of one man, and had pursued him for a space of eight miles, and that, too, in his shirt and bare feet, through tall, wet grass and stumps. It was, indeed an exciting chase, the thief ran for dear life, Mapas for the glory of victory, and the good of our Colony. You will say he deserved to win, and he did win, and bring back the thief a prisoner. We are Britons, and we are fond of British pluck, but in what is this man's blood

and spirit inferior to our own? And surely there is good hope of the race which can furnish such men. The thief, when brought back, was called into 'Court,' got a trial, in which, according to the phraseology of Scotch forms, he emitted, admitted former thefts, and implicated his chief in a charge of reset and participation. This, in all probability was a false charge, and made in order to throw the shield of his chief's protection over himself. I hope this part of his story is not true. In the afternoon, however, he was sentenced to get nine dozen lashes, and before all the people he got five dozen that day, and was then led to the stocks. Three days after, he received the remaining four dozen, but the flogging was nothing like the flogging which used to be for British sailors and soldiers. Some skin only came off on the second day. We kept him in all about a month, and then the people being all assembled, we made proclamation that, if after two days the prisoner should be found on the Yao territory, or on this side the Kabula river, the people were at liberty to kill him. Of course, this proclamation was made by the Yao headman. After this proclamation was made, the prisoner was escorted out of the Yao country by armed men. The other thief was never seen, and did not return home; neither, indeed, need our prisoner go back, for his people would kill him—probably on the old Spartan principle, not because he stole, but because he was so inexpert as to allow himself to be caught. The chief denies all knowledge of the thefts, and declared that we ought to have shot the man. Mr. Stewart spoke to him on the sub-

eight,
Linn

ject, and that is his statement ; but it is not right to shoot the poor creatures ; and if they would let us, we could show them a more excellent way ; and I hope the day is not far, at all events, very far distant, when the law of the eighth commandment will reach further in Africa than the commands of any chief.

“The people among whom we live were delighted at the capture of the thief, and they came up to me and said proudly, ‘Now, you see it is not Yao people who steal your things ; we are friends, it is the Anyasa who steal. They are thieves.’ This affair has undoubtedly been of use in clearing away those clouds of suspicion which had settled down, impairing our confidence and making all our intercourse less happy and enjoyable. Horses, I think, would give a great impulse to civilisation in this part of Africa, and, of course, would more than double man’s ability in every question of time and space. Will anybody bestow even one horse on the Mission, and make a fair trial of the horse in Eastern Africa ? The cows we got are doing well. Senhor Nunes, of Quilimane, says a good horse could be brought from Port Elizabeth for £50 or £60—that includes all charges of conveyances. Do not some of your merchant princes spend that sum on a single party ?

“I had almost omitted to state that the brave Mapas belongs to the Livingstonia Mission and Dr. Laws, and that we made him a present of £10 in all. What I may call the subscription sheet bore the following heading :— ‘Testimonial to Mr. Mapas Ntintili, as a mark of personal respect and recognition of his perseverance and

bravery on the morning of February 13th, 1878.' His feet were so cut and torn with the long race, rough ground, and tree stumps concealed among the tall grass, that he was lame for several days. Hitherto we have had to carry our goods from the river to this place, but we expect the time will soon come when we will have a bullock waggon 'trecking' our goods from the rivers. Convey my thanks to the kind friends who, through Mr. Mackeith, have sent some things very valuable for working the Mission and attracting the natives; and assure them that Dr. Laws, of the Livingstonia Mission, shall have the free use of everything alternately with myself. Just now, he is here writing beside me, and the co-operation of the two Missions, as only different branches of one, is very pleasant, and I think very useful. Christianity ought to be presented as one thing—not many—as our Lord's outer garment without seam, woven from the top throughout, all one piece. Our water course is now completed, and we have water flowing throughout our station, and channels are cut in several directions, enabling us to run water to our wheat, corn, rice, and maize fields, and to our terraces where our garden produce is raised. This supply of water is an unspeakable advantage. Our Cape gooseberries have done well, we have now an abundant supply of them, and also of French beans, lettuce, beetroot, tomatoes.

“Of all these and others we expect to have a supply all the year round, now that we can water the beds. Let me add one thing more. We have got upwards of fifty orange, lemon, and lime trees—young, of course,

but all doing well, so that in three years we may be eating our own oranges. As for bananas, we have three or four hundred of them, many of which are already bearing fruit."

CHAPTER V.

PIONEER WORK AND CIVIL JURISDICTION.

PIONEER work is slow, and many people grumble at this. Some imagine that pioneers are immediately to enter into houses built of stone and lime, having grapes hanging in clusters from the walls, and surrounded by lovely bowers amidst orange groves. These houses, they further expect, will be accessible by the easiest roads, while at every stage there will be an inn erected for the refreshment of travellers. If the pioneer do not find all these things ready-made, he would need a magic wand to call them into existence in the short time that such people allow him for the accomplishment of his work. In reality, the first settler is beset with difficulties at every step. Place a European in the centre of a tropical forest extending twenty miles each way, where no road has ever been made, tell him that within two years he must there erect a model station, and though he have several artisans to help him, his first idea will be that it would take the whole of that time to clear away the timber : at all events he will feel that his fruit harvest will not fill his bosom very soon. This is no fanciful supposition, for the pioneer may be placed in

a much larger forest, and he soon realises that work at home and work in his new circumstances are quite different. After erecting some miserable shed for himself, he may wish to begin his task by making—say a wheel-barrow. This duty he assigns to the joiner, who sets to work, and for days upon days is occupied with that wheel-barrow. The superior thinks that he is trifling and begins to grumble.

“Why, I have known a carpenter at home make a barrow in a third of the time. What can you be about?”

“True, sir, but the carpenter at home gets all the wood properly cut up for him and well seasoned, and for wheels he has nothing to do, but——.”

“Still, if you reckon your time, that barrow has cost more than £20 already.”

“Yes, sir, but I had to go and cut down the trees and convey them up here. Then I had to saw them up and begin to cut out——”

As the practical man proceeds thus to enumerate the stages of his work, his missionary friend begins to fear that the victory over the forest will not be gained even so soon as he at first expected. Perhaps the saddest part of the experiment is to come. After the “barrow” is made it is of no use! Many early experiments end in this way. The learned critic at home exclaims, “Why should the blockhead want a barrow? If I were there, I would use the cattle and horses of the natives for beasts of burden!” But the critic has a great advantage over the hapless pioneer—it is so much easier to create cattle and horses in the imagination than in the African jungle.

Religious Work.—Difficult as it is to be a Pioneer of Civilisation, it is still more so to be a Pioneer of Religion. Christians in Central Africa find it easier to make the forest a farm than to make the savage a Christian. These Europeans were confronted with the delicate and difficult problem of evangelising, and they most realised their powerlessness when Sunday came round. As the natives pressed about them on the day of rest, they felt in their hearts “we must do something”. But what could they do? Absolutely nothing. They had no interpreters. Unable to speak to the natives, they might try to show good feeling by looks and gestures, but after all, these appeared to the savage as nothing better than ridiculous grimaces. But they happened to have a musical box, and on a Sabbath afternoon, they judged it better to turn this on than to do nothing!

The Livingstonia Mission fortunately possessed interpreters, one of whom was ultimately lent to Blantyre. Still unless interpreters are educated, and understand something of Christianity, they cannot be relied on. They may assist a missionary in learning the language, but they will not do for preaching. On one occasion a European missionary of much experience was delivering an able, and as he thought, a solemn address to these natives through an interpreter, when all at once the whole audience burst into a fit of laughter. Everyone appreciated the joke intensely except the speaker himself. Now an accident like this may happen even where the interpreter is rendering most literally. Indeed if a clergyman were suddenly introduced into

the heart of these tribes, able himself to speak their words, he would find that many vocables he used, have very different associations in their tongue from what they have in his own. In order to benefit the natives one must be able not merely to speak their words, but to understand their mode of thought.

Civil Jurisdiction.—It would clearly be no light task for men to perform all these duties, even where left to work without interruption, and under a settled government. But the missionaries discovered that life and property were not so secure as in Britain, for soon they suffered much from thieves. They had good cause to be watchful, as if their clothes were all carried off, they had no chance of getting more for a whole year. In that remote land there were no clothiers and tailors, and through a successful theft, or a fire, a man might be reduced to the primitive fig leaves. A European superintending road-making at a distance from his colleagues, awoke one night to find that his wardrobe was—nothing to boast of!

The missionaries were bound to face the problems of dealing with thieves, and the method adopted has been described at the end of last chapter, in a letter which was published in full in the Scotch newspapers, and of which extracts were made in the Missionary Record of the Church of Scotland. On that occasion no one criticised the Mission or its Directors; but at a later period the method was entirely condemned. For myself, I was very much astonished the first time I was told that the Directors had sanctioned the practice. I thought it objectionable, not

because I fancied that there was the least suspicion of cruelty or danger, but because I did not like to see it connected in the remotest way with Mission work. Still those that know the state of the country will not wonder that the Directors had assumed civil jurisdiction, sanctioned flogging, and asked certain agents to act as magistrates. In a letter which was sent out long after, for the special guidance of the missionaries, we found the words, "I do not see how you can possibly do without corporal punishment,* and I strongly advise it". A person on the spot would see that the criminal thus got more lenient treatment than he would have received at the hand of his fellows. By the native law of the district, a thief puts himself beyond the pale of human rights, and becomes liable to be treated as a leopard. No sooner was that offender (page 34) taken than certain of the native workmen at Blantyre said, "Give him to us and we will kill him". But the punishment of death for theft, though inflicted by African law, could never be countenanced by English missionaries. Still it may be said, might they not have thought of merely confining the criminal? They did think of this, and sometimes wondered how they could make the imprisonment proportionate to the offence. These were thefts, often of valuable property

* After the subject of Civil Jurisdiction was re-adjusted by Commissioners sent out for the purpose, criminal cases were specially considered by a lay superintendent in the Mission, and the offenders were kept in slave-sticks by the headman of some of the Blantyre villages. Any headman performed this task with great zest when the offender was an alien, but when obliged to confine one of his own people (his 'brothers'), he grumbled very much.

as compared with the native rate of wages, and if the thief were kept till he wrought even for half the value, he would not be liberated for years! Though this looks an absurd difficulty, yet it was discussed by some of these pioneers in a grave manner. Only they seem to have felt that imprisonment was hardly a punishment at all to the native. He has no fine susceptibilities, and if he had to do no work, to be housed and cared for by Europeans, would be the acme of enjoyment to him. In any case the real punishment of an imprisonment would fall upon the European jailor that attended the prisoner. In adopting the plan of flogging, I have no doubt all parties were fully persuaded that the criminal thus received a milder chastisement than he would have had from his own countrymen.

But strictly speaking the Mission (although this did not appear at the outset) was wrong in assuming that it had a right to inflict any punishment at all. The Agents that were instructed to act as Magistrates, had the general sanction of the African Law and the special consent of the Native Chiefs, but while they remained British subjects they were breaking Acts of Parliament which forbade the civil jurisdiction that had been assumed.

This plan, however, went on without any incident for about a year, when it terminated* as follows:—A

* One of the last cases where a flogging was proposed, took place in the following manner:—A drunk man threatened to make a martyr of one Englishman whom he attacked with an axe. After a struggle, however, he was caught and laid past for a flogging. When told of the matter I was very anxious that the poor fellow should be spared this. He was a native doctor—a man of some standing among his tribe. Fortunately the white man that had been assaulted was one

native carrier made away with a box containing about 70 lbs. of tea, and was subjected to the usual punishment. But in this case the culprit seems to have been given over to the tender mercies of some natives. Now this might have been quite justifiable as an experiment in carrying out native law, but it was a doubtful method on the whole, as it is too common for natives to flog a person to death for the most trivial offence. It happened in this case, that the poor fellow died.

The medical man testified that the flogging did not seem to have been sufficient cause of the death, nor was it suspected at the time that the unfortunate thief had been beaten with undue severity. But precognitions, taken long after, went to show that the punishment inflicted was much too severe. This supposed evidence, however, was not carefully sifted, and it came from men who were allowed to have an *animus* against an artisan who was afterwards found to be entirely innocent. Still the case gave a lesson to all and sundry regarding the danger of this method of punishment, and though it was not connected with the Mission it ultimately shewed the danger of mixing up Mission work with civil affairs. Such a position as the Church had taken might be necessary in a lawless land, but the promoters of a

who could make allowance for a native. Next night I got hold of an interpreter and went to reason with the prisoner, pointing out that he had forgotten himself, and was most likely to feel the consequences. I explained that I was sorry for him, but that I could do nothing to help him, and that the only way of escaping was to tell the injured party that he was sorry for what had happened. I don't know how he worded his apology, but next morning he was described as having been let off because he was so very penitent!

colony ought to have considered exactly how it was to be carried on. Were they to ask an Ordained Minister to act as a Civil Governor? Such a one if he had the spirit of a Missionary at all, would find more congenial work, and would reply, "I cannot come down: why should the work cease, whilst I leave it and come down to you?" At the same time, if there did arise any suspicion that criminals were treated with too great severity, it became the duty of everyone to endeavour to discourage such an administration of justice, even though he could put nothing in its place.

Efforts made to find a Clergyman.—Hitherto, the Missionaries at Blantyre had been laymen, but the Directors tried earnestly to get a clergyman to join the Mission. In the report of 1877, they say:—

"It is with pain and regret that the Committee have to report that, notwithstanding many and sustained efforts, they have not succeeded in obtaining an ordained minister to the Mission. The staff at Blantyre were sent out to prepare the way for a minister, and, indeed, it was plain some time would elapse before the services peculiarly called for at a minister's hands would be needed. But it is felt the Mission is the nucleus of a Church, with the minister as the proper head—the instrument and director of the Christian agency among the people. It was scarcely dreamed of, that a year would elapse, and yet, notwithstanding many calls, see the Mission without its spiritual leader. The want, indeed, is temporarily supplied by the charity of the sister Mission (*i.e.*, of the Free Church) but is it not matter of humiliation that no one has come forth from the ordained

ranks of the Church to go to Blantyre in the spirit of their Master's love, and to gather into His gentle fold the thousands of poor and crushed, but docile and willing natives, who are day and night crying inarticulately for the day of their redemption ?”

Even the above touching appeal although most widely circulated had no effect. On this matter (which we venture to allude to, as bearing greatly on Mission work), it may be remarked that the difficulty in finding Missionaries arises chiefly from the position that these men occupy. Notwithstanding that the Church of Scotland throughout her history has said much about Presbyterian parity, her Missionaries are placed on a very inferior footing as compared with her regular Clergy. In using the word inferior, I do not apply it to the Missionaries themselves (who have the same training as other clergymen) but only to their position, although, unfortunately, most young men feel that the footing on which the Church appoints such Agents gives a key to the value that she sets upon their work. The Minister of a Parish in Scotland cannot be deprived of his charge till an accusation is formulated against him, and found proven by a regular legal process, but the Missionary must put himself under a Committee of Managers who may dispense with his services at their pleasure. Hence we rarely hear of any Minister of the Church of Scotland leaving a home charge for the sake of Mission work, however urgent, and indeed it is not often that the Church goes in quest of Ordained Ministers, her Missionary posts being usually filled from the ranks of students, and students

too whose education has been aided by the Foreign Mission Funds. Another difficulty that meets the Missionary arises from the want of interest in his work. The Ministers at home are fully occupied with the affairs of their own charges, and they cannot be expected to attend to the comparatively insignificant efforts made abroad, and when they have to think of Foreign Work at all, they lay hold of the views that lie nearest the surface. It has frequently been the experience of Missionaries that the ignorance of their true circumstances was as great as the amount of ocean-water that separated them from their native land. Shortly after being ordained to a charge in the North of Scotland, the writer had the Blantyre Mission first brought under his notice when he received a letter of 12 Nov., 1877, which began as follows:—

“I have no idea whether the following suggestion may at all commend itself to you, but I write simply because what I have heard of you is so favourable that I am confident you would suit on your side, if the idea should be entertained by you. A clerical head is wanted for our new Mission in Africa.” But although the necessities of Africa appealed strongly to every generous impulse, the Missionary Regulations of the Church seemed to present a barrier to any reasonable adventure on behalf of that dark land. The missionary requires some guarantee that he will not be torn away from his work after he sets his heart on it. At the request of the member of the Mission Committee who had sent me the letter, I went to meet him, taking with me a copy of the Missionary Regulations. I pointed

out the Rules that I thought objectionable, and was told that they applied to India and not to Africa at all, and that my position would be practically that of a parish minister. Receiving this statement with full confidence, I inferred that the chief enemies to calculate on now, were discomfort and dishealth. Still such cases present a dilemma. While a person is convinced that there is a strong call to mission work abroad, he feels also that much good work may be done at home. After more pressing representations from headquarters, and subsequent interviews with devoted men like Dr. MacRae of Hawick, whose missionary zeal was infectious, I began to feel that my duty was more clear. But I deliberated much on the matter, and on 1st January, 1878, I wrote Dr. MacRae not to trust to my going but I said, "I see clearly it is the duty of some one to go".

By the middle of January, however, I consented to go to Africa. As it was deemed very dangerous to encounter the tropical rivers till much later, our start was deferred till 11th April. By May 4th, we reached Capetown, where we met Sir Bartle Frere, who takes much interest in Central Africa. A few days more brought us to Port Elizabeth. Here we received a letter from Dr. Stewart, of Lovedale, warning us against entering the country at such a dangerous season. But since we had the promise of our Directors that the Medical Missionary would meet us at Quilimane, we felt that it would be unfair to make any European risk his life in waiting for us at such an unhealthy place, and consequently we pressed on.

CHAPTER VI.

QUILIMANE TO BLANTYRE.

ON our journey out we saw little or nothing that calls for remark. Flying fish and frisking dolphins are great wonders at first, but one soon gets used to them. Intending travellers sometimes trouble themselves by speculating about the evils of intense heat and sea-sickness. But our thoughts went beyond these annoyances, knowing as we did that we should have to grapple with the malaria of tropical rivers and mangrove swamps. Still we found it a distressing experience to be shut up in an underdeck cabin with the port-holes closed. It is a pity that ships have no apparatus that would shut when the waves come up and open when they recede : modern mechanics ought to solve this problem. With regard to sea-sickness, however, we seem with all our science to be no better off than our fathers. We are told that the motion of the vessel disturbs "cerebral circulation". We are thankful for this information, but all the same we must resolutely keep down our heads on the pillow !

By the 22nd of May, 1878, we passed the mouth of the Zambeze. As we gazed on the spot where the great river discharges itself into the sea, well might our

thoughts turn back to the time long gone by when the Portuguese missionaries used to land there. These men had stations all along the Zambeze before there was any European settlement at Quilimane. The name Quilimane, or more correctly Quelimane (Kwelimani) is said to represent two native words which mean "Come and hoe". This derivation I heard from the Portuguese, and I have no hesitation in preferring it to one given by Captain Burton, which would make the name mean "From the hillock". "Kwe-limani" might almost mean "Come and hoe" in the Yao language. The tradition is that an old missionary found out the place, which was then under a native chieftainess; and on requesting her permission to settle, he was told that he might "come and hoe". The native name for Quilimane is Chuambo, which other dialects make Chuabo and Chiwambo. The old missionaries worked hard, and in course of time they had a convent of considerable importance at Quilimane. But many are the changes that take place amidst the lapse of centuries—the Quilimane river now flows over this consecrated ground. The church of Luabo at the mouth of the Zambeze was the victim of a similar fate. Houses "built on the sand" are peculiarly unstable on the margin of a great tropical river. Alas! those missionary efforts of the remote past have left no trace behind them except in a few chants still sung by the boatmen of Mazaro, who keep time with their paddles to the tune of some old missionary hymn. One of the greatest favourites begins "Sina mama, sina baba," and the burden of it is "I have no father, I have no

mother: thou, O Mary, art our mother". We were told that the belfry of the church of Luabo stood out in the middle of the broad Zambeze long after the rest of the building was submerged. The natives would not allow the old bell to be taken away—it was to them a kind of patron saint, and might, amidst all their superstition, carry them back to a time when the Portuguese tried to reach their hearts by something more sacred than merchandise or military discipline. All that we had heard of Quilimane led us to believe that it was one of the most unhealthy and undesirable places in the world. Livingstone speaks of it as a mangrove swamp, and we knew that some of his European followers had died there and been buried, although, as we afterwards discovered, the natives did not allow them to rest long in the grave. Even the Portuguese have to watch the graves of their kindred for several weeks—a circumstance which does not prepossess one in favour of the native population. With regard to the European inhabitants we learned that Quilimane had been used as a penal settlement, and that every second person we should meet must either be a convict himself or a descendant of convicts. Then as to its comforts, one of our countrymen who had visited the place complained that he had been charged an exorbitant sum for accommodation not good enough for a cow.

On the 23rd of May, our steamer anchored at the mouth of the Quilimane river—a distance of twelve miles from the town. We found to our great disappointment that no one had come from the Mission to meet us. But we soon got into a small boat manned

by Africans and proceeded up the river. Our black boatmen were hearty fellows, and every few minutes they struck up a lively song. The noise was something terrific! But we were delighted with their wild chants, which seemed to afford equal pleasure to the singers. I saw one man prepare a cigar, and just as he was proceeding to smoke, another song was begun. I watched with interest to see whether he would prefer his pipe to the music. At first he seemed disposed to try both; but soon he decided in favour of the song, and laid aside his twisted tobacco leaf. After we had rowed for about two miles, our boat captain shouted "Inglez" (Englishman)—and pointed to an "Englishman" coming down the river in another boat. There is a proverb that every Englishman found on this coast is sure to be a Scotchman, and it proved true on this occasion. We had the pleasure of meeting a Scotch gentleman—Mr. Fairlie—who had been hunting on the Zambeze, and who was now hastening down to meet the steamer. From him we learned that in Quilimane there was only one person that could speak English—hence we could see that our society would be very select. By the time that we arrived, it was dark. As the river had a broad border of mud, in which the natives were sinking over the knees, we could not step on *terra firma*, but had to be taken out of the boat on the shoulders of two negroes. A palanquin was brought for the lady. We now met Senhor Nunes, the British Consul, who received us kindly and conducted us to the hotel. Here our wants were attended to by half-a-dozen little black boys and one young girl who acted as housekeeper. At first we

were greatly startled at the scantiness of their dress, but we became accustomed to them, and found them careful and attentive. The hotel accommodation was much better than we had been led to expect. No doubt charges must be high, as it is difficult to bring provisions to this "outlandish" place. There is not even a butcher in Quilimane, and at dinner here, as in many other African places, the first course is fowls, the second course fowls, and the third course fowls. Occasionally, we were treated to delicious shrimps and prawns with which the river abounds. We were soon informed that the Mission boats had not come down and that we should have to wait for ten or fifteen days. Wait in Quilimane for fifteen days! We were stunned by the very idea of this, believing that it was certain death to spend a week in this dreadful place. We were full of bright plans in those days. A messenger must be sent on at once to Blantyre to tell the missionaries of our arrival, and to request them to come to our aid. Amidst our anxiety we did not perceive how ridiculous our proposal was. Why, it was as if a man had been despatched from John o' Groats to Yorkshire six hundred years ago. After such a messenger had passed through all the 'Grants, Mackenzies, and Mackays'—all the wild Highland clans and fighting Lowland chiefs, very little of him would have been left; and so our devoted messenger, after going on for about a week, wisely stopped short at Mazaro.

Our objection was not to the people or to the hotel and its fare—but to the place; we wanted to get out of Quilimane. The Portuguese we found exceedingly kind

to us, the only part of their sympathy that we did not relish was when they remarked that Quilimane might, after all, be a better place than Blantyre. Consumptive people were able to tell us that after being sent to Madeira without any benefit, they had recovered at once on coming to Quilimane. The town, built on the site first chosen by the missionary on account of the harbour, bids fair to become a flourishing place. It stands on an island: for besides the Quilimane river and another twelve miles further north, there is a third river connecting these two. So level is the country that this river flows sometimes in one direction and sometimes in the opposite—a phenomenon which the Portuguese are fond of pointing to as an explanation of the conflicting statements of travellers in the interior, one of whom states that a river flows north while another asserts that it flows south. The Portuguese treat the natives with kindness, although they keep them at a respectable distance. Their domestics live in whole families at the back of the houses. When a visitor takes a walk in the country, he is quite astonished at the multitude of natives that have crowded round the Portuguese. I marched on for miles before coming to the end of these villages—a circumstance which shows how much the natives prefer the government of the white man to the misrule of their own chiefs. But the Portuguese believe that the native is not capable of much improvement, and they assert this opinion with the greatest confidence. As we reflected that they had been face to face with the natives for generations, we were somewhat discouraged by

the conclusions formed by these acute and practical Europeans.

Language is a great difficulty here. In order to get on at Quilimane one requires to know both Portuguese and Kafir (or Ichuabo as the natives call it). We felt as strange as the foreigner, who, being unable to communicate with any one, was deprived of all human sympathy; at last he heard a cock crow when he exclaimed, "Ah! poor fowl, you are the only one that understands me". It is a considerable trial for one to be in a country where he understands no human utterance except perhaps the cries of a child. In every way it is a great change to be transported from the snows of the North into the heart of tropical scenery and many are the thoughts called forth by the transition. Here the very birds seemed to sing in a foreign tongue. We were ready to sympathise with the stanza:—

"The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs,
And to the Indian Maid
The bulbul sweetly sings.

But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea;
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie."

It would not have been correct to add with reference to Quilimane,

"Ah! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,"

for there was one very active bell, whose tones were heard almost every day. Opposite our abode stood a

small Roman Catholic Church, and all the bodies of the deceased Portuguese were taken here for the funeral service. The negroes do not receive Christian burial. We asked whether they had any worship of God, and the answer was, "No, No, the Kafirs are like brutes, but the missionaries are teaching them in the interior". The natives work on Sundays as on other days. They are splendid porters, they carry everything on their heads,—even weights of 70 pounds; nor do they dash boxes as is often done at railway stations in Britain. They are never in haste about anything. They consider sixpence a day very good wages. As they wear no clothes and get food easily, they have hardly any motives to work, and when they obtain a few coppers they generally spend them in rum. There being no carts or horses at Quilimane, many natives were employed in carrying enormous trees, each of which required about 30 bearers. Every party was accompanied by a man with a whip who seemed to have as hard work as any of them!

We were detained for nearly four weeks at Quilimane. Often did we stand and look up the river to see whether the Mission boats were coming, and even after they did come there was much delay. A journey to the coast occupied from six to eight weeks and was seldom undertaken by the Missionaries. Consequently it was always desirable to take up to Blantyre as much goods as possible. It is at Quilimane that strangers first realize the nakedness of the land they are going to, and here they have the last opportunity of buying anything.

[The merchants are Banians, and the prices are three

times the rate of goods in England. There is not only great expense but also great risk in taking goods to such a remote place. Many articles that would not cost fourpence at home were charged a rupee here. "It only costs 4d. in England," says the buyer. "Oh yes, in England! Well you—my brother, I'll give it for two shilling!"

We all suffered more or less from our stay at Quilimane. One morning none of our party was able to be at breakfast but myself, and I was far from well. As I thought of the terrible journey that lay before us, I concluded that our lives were not worth much. In this land one is much impressed with the uncertainty of time. I knew a Missionary that made no secret of carrying, on every journey, a box containing a will—more I suppose as a matter of form than because a poor Missionary has anything to bequeath.

Besides making many friends among the Portuguese gentlemen, we found that our landlord's black servants began to take to us very much. They seemed to wish to go to Blantyre in a body. Of course we endeavoured to dissuade them from leaving their master, and took pains to explain both to him and to themselves that we did not want them at all. But one boy Lasertha whose father lived at a great distance up the Quilimane river, took the matter in his own hands. He disappeared about a week before we started, and one day after we had forgotten all about him, he and his father came to us, and it was arranged that Lasertha should join our party.

From Quilimane to Mazaro.

It was the afternoon of the 18th of June before we started from Quilimane. We were taken up the river in small boats, propelled by paddles. A grass awning was put up to defend us from the rays of the sun. The sides of the river being lined for many yards with deep layers of mud, we had to be carried to and from the boats on the shoulders of the negroes who were liable to fall, and we therefore made the journey as seldom as possible.

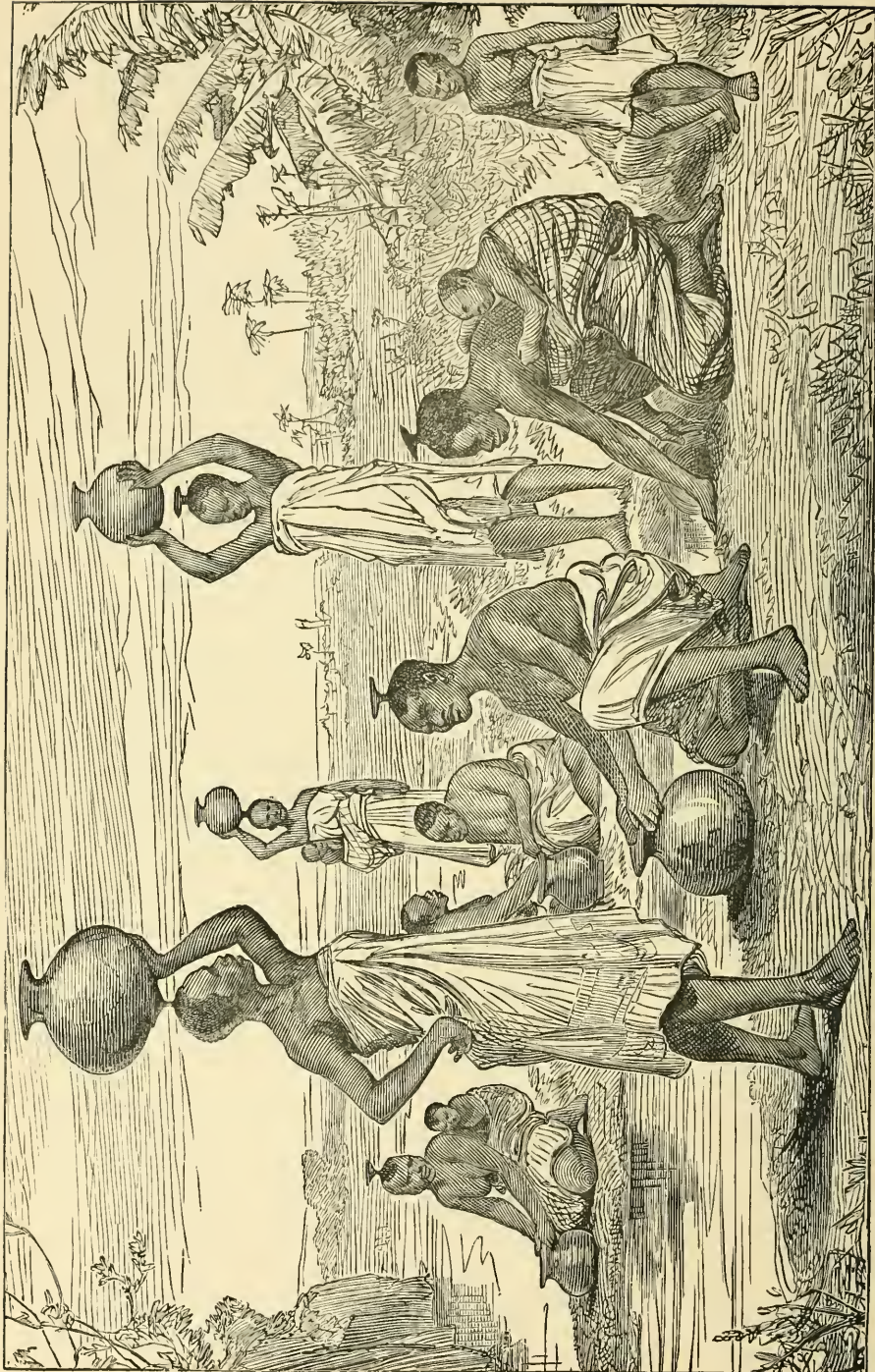
When we came to the place where we were to pass the night, the boats were pushed towards the side of the river, till grounded on the mud. As we suffered from thirst, we tried most eagerly to procure drinking water—but none could be found. At this wretched spot there had once been a village, but its inhabitants had run away on account of lions, and their well had dried up. The river was quite salt, but the natives dug a hole with their hands and feet in the dirty mud at the side and procured some water which we had to use for cooking. In those days we possessed a big black kettle which served as a tea pot: it was sometimes my duty to empty this vessel and I can testify that there was often fully an inch of mud in the bottom after our tea had been poured off!

This was the first night that we spent beyond the limits of civilization. Our cork beds were now spread out for the first time. Though we afterwards found them convenient, we had hitherto been used to a softer couch, and might as well have tried to sleep on a

section of Caithness pavement. Soon our rest was disturbed by other causes. When the tide ebbed, we were left on a mud bank far out of the river. The mosquitoes scented fresh blood, and attacked us in hundreds. We had already endured these little pests for four weeks at Quilimane. There every night as soon as the sun set we became their special prey. At first, they rather astonished us by showing that they could bite through a thick pair of trousers, though ultimately we became more familiar with them. But the mosquitoes of Quilimane were feeble compared with those of the desert. Moreover, we found it difficult to arrange beds and mosquito-curtains in the small space that was at our disposal. Consequently we suffered much from their attack—our faces were so bitten and swollen that we could hardly recognise each other. After spending three or four hours in trying to sleep, we passed a unanimous resolution that sleep was impossible, and as a measure of desperation we spent the remainder of the night in proposing riddles to each other! Next morning, as soon as the tide flowed, we resumed our miserable journey. We had to sit patiently under our curtains till the sun rose and drove the mosquitoes away. During these imprisonments we sometimes debated why the book of Exodus says nothing about the trouble that the Israelities must have had from mosquitoes in the wilderness, only we were inclined to think that these followers of Moses must have been as impregnable as the natives around us. Besides our curtains we tried another method of repelling this troublesome foe. We kept pieces of twisted paper

smouldering by us, and the disagreeable smoke held the mosquitoes at bay. We were now far beyond the region of daily or even weekly newspapers, and when our supply of paper was exhausted, we burnt pieces of cloth. This method of defence was soon brought into discredit; one of the party lighted a cloth without twisting it sufficiently, and it suddenly flared up and set his mosquito curtain on fire! During the day as the boats moved wearily along we lay under our grass awning in a little space where we had scarcely room to turn. Our nights were extremely uncomfortable. While the angry mosquitoes were buzzing outside our curtains, the negroes were constantly talking and beating drums to frighten the wild beasts. As we proceeded up the river the water became very low, and our crew had to go out and put their shoulders to the boat in order to force it over sandbanks and along shallows. This was tedious work; but the richness of tropical life and scenery unfolded itself around us. Amidst the vast tangle of bushes and branches there sat birds of bright plumage which gazed on us as tamely as if man had never before disturbed their solitude. At certain spots, enormous flocks of wild fowl retreated in terror as we approached. Here and there a monkey surveyed us for a moment from the branches of some giant tree, and then hid itself among the dense thickets. When night let her curtain fall on the scene, the banks of the river were illuminated with fire-flies, which made every tuft of grass shine and sparkle.

Soon the water was so shallow that we had to leave



our boats altogether at Mugurumbe. Here we slept one night in a native hut. Our journey was continued next day in palanquins: about six natives were told off to carry each European. Owing to the heat of the climate none of the Portuguese here ever walk. Even when they are going short distances, they employ natives to carry them. The road is about two feet wide, and lined on both sides with African grass (which rises to a height sometimes of ten feet) and also with many varieties of flowers, shrubs and grasses, some of which were brought before our notice very forcibly, as the men rattled along without thinking of their living load. At times we came to patches of cultivated ground, and then we knew that we were near a village. The villagers welcomed us by a loud clapping of hands. They looked much delighted when we responded to their welcome in their own way. They seemed to feel as if we spoke in their own tongue, and at one village they repaid our condescension (as they thought it) by sending out volunteers to help on our palanquins. At Mazaro we got our first look of the Zambeze, and a magnificent river it is. Though not very deep, at this spot it is exceedingly broad—the natives take an hour to sail across it. Here our steel boat awaited us, and a welcome sight it was after the small boats that we had hitherto had. We had now reached another important stage, and we expected to complete our journey in three weeks. The first week we should be among Portuguese subjects, the second in the country of a Portuguese outlaw, while the third week would find us among the people we were to christianise.

From Mazaro to Makukani's.—Leaving Mazaro on Tuesday, 25th June, we committed ourselves to the water once more. The navigation of the Zambeze is by no means easy. Generally we were sticking upon sandbanks. Our boatmen were seldom able to use their oars, they had either to push the boat by long poles, or to drag it along the banks with a rope. Here and there there is a deep channel, but the current is so strong that it promises to carry everything down to the sea.

We expected to reach Shupanga on the first night. It is here that Mrs. Livingstone lies under the large baobab tree. But we did not get so far, and, as the channel of the river has changed, we passed next morning on the other side. Mrs. Macdonald was disappointed at this, as she wished to place a wreath of flowers upon the lonely grave. Neither did we see Bishop Mackenzie's last resting-place, as it was late at night when we passed the spot. The natives perceiving that we felt an interest in these graves, spoke of them with an air of solemnity. Our boatmen were all from Mazaro, and ought to have known something of Livingstone while he stayed at Shupanga. We produced a portrait of him on the lid of a match-box, and fondly hoped they might recognise it!

On June 28th, we reached Shamo, where Dr. Macklin wished to buy a score of cows for the Mission. As our big boat was apt to fall behind, he sent us on before, proposing to overtake us in a few days. Soon we were on the river Shire (more properly Chiri) which is

narrower and deeper than the Zambeze.* Here the boatmen used their oars oftener. On getting a favourable wind they put up a small sail, but as sails are not a native contrivance, their method of using them was not very assuring. Notwithstanding the force of the current we made fair progress, but we waited longer at every landing place, in order to be overtaken by the rest of the party. Thus we had a better opportunity of seeing the country. One night we walked over to see a celebrated hot spring at the base of Morumbala. Still, we had a salutary dread of making ourselves too much at home in this malarious region. Three or four of our men in succession, suffered from fever, and as the Doctor was behind, I had to try my hand at making pills. The natives receive our medicine with such implicit faith that the cure is half effected the moment they swallow it. I took care, above all things, not to give them anything too weak. We used saline draughts both for ourselves and the natives. In malarial climes there is a craving for such beverages. One medical man

* Often spelt Zambesi. Where my spelling of African names differs from what is sometimes seen in English books, I had a reason. My attention was directed to the subject in the following manner:—One day I spent a long time in setting down the derivations of several African names. To my great annoyance, I felt that in many cases I was busying myself about words which no African native *had ever heard!* Hence, although sometimes complying with use and wont, I have often given what I think the more correct spelling. The Portuguese are more fortunate in spelling native names than English writers are. Only when a man like Luther could spell his own name in four different ways (Luther, Ludher, Lutter, Lothar), people that are not etymologists or phonographers, may excuse some laxity in writing African words.

told us that seidlitz powders required to be labelled 'poison' as otherwise they disappeared like magic.

Along the Chiri we saw many hippopotami and crocodiles. The former are hunted by the natives for



NATIVES CUTTING UP A HIPPOPOTAMUS FOR FOOD.

their flesh, the latter are killed on account of their venomous character. When any of these creatures appeared, the men were very anxious that I should fire on them, and as we never slept soundly at night, the shooting was an agreeable excitement which revived us for the day. One hippopotamus came against our boat with all its might, and gave us a shock which would have certainly upset a smaller craft. After passing, it looked back as if to see how much damage it had done. At times we had much conversation with the "boys". They formed a singing class, and made rapid progress.

There were with us, Bismarck, Armasao, Lasertha, and Rondao. Bismarck was the philosopher of the party. The boatmen have a habit of whistling for wind, and he explained it thus, "When you have a friend far away, you call on him when you wish him to come". But notwithstanding their whistling, the wind was often slow in coming. At midnight on the 5th of July, we were awakened by an awful screaming. My first impression was that we were drifting down the river, while the boys were trying to awaken us. I was surprised at this, since I had taken special pains with the anchor that night. But as the noise continued, I perceived that it was a terrible cry of distress—at the same time the dog we had brought from Quilimane (which was known by the name of Elton), was barking furiously. Before I had time to understand the situation, little Lasertha shouted out in a voice tremulous with fear, "O master, master, take my hand". This he said in Portuguese. Then Bismarck entered by the stern of the boat. "What is it, Bismarck?" "Lions, lions." "Are all the men in the boat?" "No." For the first time in my life, there flashed across my mind the depth of meaning expressed by the simile of "the roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour". My rifle which lay loaded beside me, I at once discharged, not with the idea of shooting the lions, which could not be well seen in the darkness, but in order to scare them. Most of the men were in the boat in a moment. They acted with great presence of mind. I often wondered why in the excitement they had not tried to pull the boat ashore before raising the anchor! All swam to

the boat with the exception of Armasao, who waited till it was pulled nearer. He seemed more afraid of the crocodiles in the water, than of the lions on the bank. Of course, beds and cooking gear were left behind in the terrible race for life. After all were safe, the lions set up a hideous roaring, which continued for hours. I asked whether Elton was in the boat, and understood he was. But when we put back in the morning, Bismarck called out in a piteous voice, "Elton die!" and held up the dead creature before me. He had not been devoured by the lion, and the body had no mark except in the region of the heart. This noble dog had been the means of saving the life of at least one of our men. He began to bark as the lions were coming through the long grass, and as soon as the first one presented itself he ran to attack. By this time the men were entirely at the lion's mercy, but for the diversion caused by the dog. As it was, the spot where Elton lay dead was just at the side of Bismarck's bed. In fact, the dog was lying dead almost at Armasao's feet before he was safe himself. If this had been a native dog, he would have been the first to flee. The little incident sometimes served to illustrate among simple natives, how one being might die to save others. All our companions had been much alarmed, but none more so than one of the little boys, who told us that one evening as he sat with a group at his own home, a lion dashed into the circle and killed a man.

We had still great trouble from mosquitoes. As soon as it was dusk they were upon us in full force. We would ask a little boy to light some grass, and as it

kept smouldering beside us, the smoke filled the boat, and made it easier to take our evening meal. The boatful of smoke, though not pleasant, was more acceptable than mosquito bites.

Some evenings we encountered great shoals of white moths. They fell upon the boat as thick as snowflakes. One night I lighted a candle and such were their numbers that they extinguished it several times before I could put it into the lantern. Those harmless creatures were very short lived, and in the morning the boat was literally covered with their dead bodies.

Along the Chiri the scenery is for the most part monotonous, but at times we see beautiful ranges of mountains, some of which call up memories of a distant land. We observed sharp-pointed conical hills like the Pap of Caithness, craggy mountains like Arthur's Seat, and no end of those common rounded hills with oval tops.

On the *8th of July* we descried a large herd of elephants. We had observed a few on previous days, but here was a herd of about forty. Such an instinct have the natives for meat (nyama) that they were out of the boat and standing close beside these huge animals in a few moments. One lad went up to an elephant and deliberately fired several revolver shots at his head. The great monster merely shook himself, and moved off with his companions. The boys pursued for some distance, but returned complaining that elephants had very thick skins. The natives do not fear the elephant as they do the lion.

On the 10th we arrived at Makukani's, where we

left our boats. We met with a most enthusiastic welcome here. About three hundred natives were on the banks, and Bismarck said, "It is to see the white lady". By this time, we were among people who understood *yes* and *no*, and said "good morning". They were quite as fortunate in the use of their salutations as our friends had been at Quilimane. It was common there for a gentleman to *introduce* himself in the evening by holding out his hand and saying *good night*, instead of good evening, greatly to the amusement of such of his friends as knew more of English. Intercourse with foreigners calls attention to the peculiarities of our own idiom. When we say to a native, "Now, look out," he is very likely to look *out*, and thus expose himself to the very danger that he is warned against. If he had warned himself, he would have said 'look *in*.' One morning Ropa burnt my hand through my telling him to 'hold on,' when I wanted him to let go. He did 'hold on' most faithfully. At this place people came great distances to meet us. They had heard that Englishmen were come, and the new arrivals had been announced in such a way as to convey the impression that the Rev. Horace Waller had come back. Accordingly we had a visit from an old woman, accompanied by a man and woman much younger, who had all been members of the Magomero Mission. The old woman looked round to see if she could recognise "Atate anga, atate anga" (My father, my father,—meaning Mr. Waller), and when she failed she looked disappointed, and said in a kind of despairing inquiry, "There is no coming back for my father again?" She

had no pelele, and on asking the reason we were told that Mr. Waller had taken it out. We soon discovered that the natives were great beggars. At the beginning of our river journey we were beset with people who requested rum (kachaso), here the cry was chiefly for cloth: it was only the men at the top of the social scale that begged for rum! The chief Makukani was a stout man, somewhat bent, and blind of an eye. He could be easily distinguished from his men, as his dress was even scantier than theirs. He expressed an earnest desire that the English would bring out a white wife for him. He has an enormous harem in which we saw one or two men armed with knob-sticks, whose duty, we were told, was to keep order among his wives. He promised to send his sons and daughters to school, but this was only the promise of politeness. His sons had been already at Livingstonia, where they had proved rather troublesome, and two years elapsed before they came to Blantyre. We occupied one of the chief's huts all night, and started next afternoon for the Chiri hills. The carriers were at first likely to leave us at a spot where there was no roof to sleep under except the canopy of heaven, but on learning that Mr. Buchanan was at the Kabula we made them push on to reach him. Mrs. Macdonald arrived first, and by the time I came up she was in possession of his snug little tent. Next morning he went down to meet Dr. Macklin. By this time I discovered that I had lost a small pocket diary; and it is worth saying that though lost among the wildest-looking hills, it was found by a native and restored with all that it contained. I began at once

to extol the honesty of the negroes! But the circumstance is easily understood when one considers that a 'paper' is of no use to a native. On Friday the 12th of July, we started from the Kabula at eight o'clock, and continued our journey through wild and beautiful scenery. Our progress was much interrupted, and often one of the natives would use his hatchet to cut down small trees that obstructed the path. The sun was exceedingly hot and the palanquins had no shade over them. We also found that we could get no water to quench our burning thirst. When on the Chiri we had drunk freely of its waters, ignorant of the number of criminals that are thrown into this Tophet by the Magololo. About mid-day we came up to a beautiful stream. Mrs. Macdonald had reached it more exhausted than myself, and I found her fast asleep under a tree. We had started without much breakfast, but we carried a pocketful of boiled eggs for lunch, and partook of them by the side of this mountain stream. At four o'clock we reached Blantyre. Mrs. Macdonald was a few yards in advance, and received a hearty welcome from a crowd of native men and women who were in the square expecting our arrival. It was three months since we had left England. We were exceedingly tired after such a long journey, and welcomed a night's rest. All along I had kept a loaded gun by my side, which I now wished to get rid of. The artisan opened his eyes at my proposal, and said it had been judged safest to sleep with weapons beside us. That very night our slumbers were broken by a great commotion during which we heard the report of a gun. We were prepared

to find that some enemy had come, but it was only a leopard that had carried off a young pig.

On Sunday we had a short service in English and two native meetings. At the meetings the schoolroom was quite full. No Englishman in the country ventures to use the native language, all rely on the interpreters. On Monday there were over twenty pupils in school, some reading small books and making letters on slates; others learning the alphabet.

After the heat experienced on the river, we felt Blantyre quite cold especially in the morning and evening. We were very thankful that we had enjoyed good health on the whole. We were the first party that had travelled from Quilimane to Blantyre without suffering from fever by the way.

It was a few days before we got our baggage, and Makukani had possessed himself of some valuables that had been sent out for the Mission. We had come out with a very high opinion of the brave native kings, but incidents of this kind were fitted to destroy the enchantment. Before leaving home I had asked very anxiously what we were to do if a native caught a white man and put him in a dungeon. I was told that the rest of the staff would know how to manage all that. This was quite correct for their years of experience in the country gave them the practical tact necessary in dealing with the strange people about them. On this occasion they imprisoned several of Makukani's men and took their guns from them. In order to get back his guns, the chief sent up all the missing articles, which would have been entirely lost but for this prompt measure. The belief

at the Mission was that these chiefs would take everything if they thought that they had more power than the Missionaries.

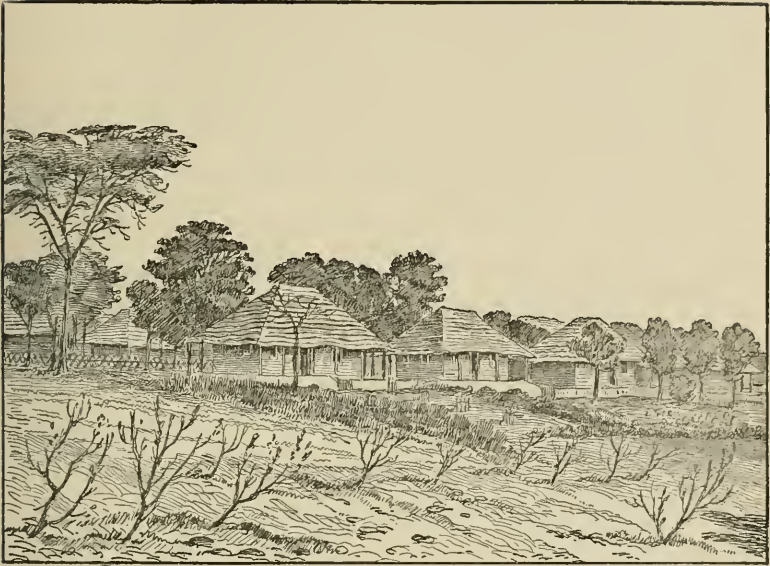
CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSION STATION.

FORTUNATELY we had seen too much of Africa to expect a carpeted room and a cushioned chair at Blantyre. We had slept so often in "shielins" incomparably worse than a Scotch hen-house, that we did not care what kind of roof covered us. "If you want to make a man happy," it is said, "strive not to increase his comforts but to lessen his desires." An experience like ours recommended the proverb; and as we stood for a minute (we would have sat if there had been a spare chair) "glowrin frae's" in what we might call our own "fowl-house," we saw that we should have many opportunities for exercising self-denial. When our friends in Scotland had tried to dissuade us from going to Africa, they had pointed out how prudent the men were who go no farther in mission work than to address drawing-room meetings. Still, we were quite contented. We had been promised the prayerful sympathy of the Church at home, and now we knew most of our difficulties. At least we thought so, and were happy, but "*Dici beatus ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet*". Blantyre,

although highly praised at home, did not possess many attractions for the newcomer. On our first introduction to the manse we perceived that it contained two rooms. In the larger of these there was nothing but a huge table, which was noteworthy in many respects. It was the only one we had seen for a month, and with the exception of a board used by the artisans, it was the only table within a hundred miles. It had to serve too in surgical cases: when any poor native had to undergo an operation, it was on this that the doctors had to place him. The smaller room we may describe as a bedroom, though when we were first ushered into it, it contained neither bedstead nor bed, and boasted only of one small chair of the rudest description. In our hut there were two doors, but neither of them had a lock, and one had no fastening at all. When we learned that thieves and wild beasts were frequent visitors, we began to barricade doors and windows with chairs, books, and buckets. At this moment, however, as our luggage had not yet arrived, we were safe from theft, unless we should be served as were certain members of the Universities' Mission, who had their very coat buttons cut off. There were three other inhabited houses built on the same plan as ours, but none of them were so well furnished! While there was one efficient door in the manse, and perhaps another in the doctor's house, the artisans' had no doors at all, but mattings of grass were propped up in the doorways at night. Chairs were a great rarity; I do not think there were more than four in the whole station, old boxes doing duty instead.

But although our houses were only mud huts they



THE BLANTYRE MISSION.

had an English finish about them and were very acceptable to those that had wandered so long. Writing at this time I said:—"The present houses promise to last only for about three years, so that in a short time we must make brick, with a view to more permanent dwellings. Rats and white ants annoy us considerably. With the former we are constantly at war, assisted by traps, and cats, and a tame owl. Sometimes a gun is used when half-a-dozen of them may be killed by a single discharge. They are so troublesome from their great numbers, that we must try phosphorus paste or some such poison. White ants come up through the floor, and attack books or clothes, rendering them quite

useless in a single night. When a person wants a skeleton for a specimen, he has only to put down the animal near these ants, and in a short time he finds nothing but the bones. Smaller ants creep everywhere. One method of placing our food out of their reach is to put it in a box suspended by a rope from the ceiling. In our house there was, by and by, an apology for a cupboard the legs of which had to be placed in water, but notwithstanding this precaution these insects made a bridge over the bodies of their drowned companions and covered our breakfast fowl in such numbers that the fowl itself actually could not be seen. One of their most annoying tricks is to visit a sleeper in bed. More terrible still are the large red ants (salau). Their attack has made many a traveller leave his bed and stand in the smoke of a fire for the remainder of the night. They bite furiously, and do not let go their hold even after the head is severed from their body. When a European happens to stand among them he has to rush into the house at once, and divest himself of all his clothing. After he has apparently destroyed all his enemies, he has some difficulty in taking their heads away from his skin. According to the natives they will kill an elephant. Entering his nostrils they cause such irritation that the animal commits suicide by dashing against trees and rocks; and then the ants enjoy the carcase. They attack their victims with much skill, waiting till they have spread themselves all over his body, and then working by well understood signals. When on the march, the smaller ants go in the middle, while the larger who are the 'soldiers' line the

sides. On a disturbance the soldiers hasten to the scene of danger. The average line of march is hardly an inch broad but may be half a mile long. They go very closely probably about 30 being on every square inch. When they threaten to enter a house the best way of diverting them is by putting fire on their path. Sometimes the Missionaries had to stand a siege for a few hours from these formidable armies."

The Mission Station was situated on a knoll, and well exposed to all the cool breezes. The wind is never high; seldom can a man get his hat blown off. But occasionally there are whirlwinds which toss native baskets in the air to a height of several feet. A "cloudless sky" has been often mentioned as a characteristic of a happy land, but here one does not appreciate the metaphor. There are large grasshoppers which the natives catch for food, as also many small birds which the schoolboys shoot with blunted arrows.

African Fever. All of us, not excepting the doctor himself, paid the penalty for passing through the fever region. We thought that after reaching Blantyre our troubles were to be at an end. A week passes after our arrival, and still no fever; surely we are all right now. Only let a man get a chill, and he will soon discover. A person passes along our clay floors without his boots of a morning, and the thing is done,—he may take any preventive measure he chooses, but the fever will take its course.

Our illness began ten days after our arrival, and we were laid aside for about three weeks. During this time all the other Europeans on the Station were also

ill, and no one was able to take care of another. Dr. Macklin often rose from a sick bed to do what he could. One of our greatest difficulties was to get food. The cooking of the natives when left to themselves exceeded anything we had yet encountered. Besides, the black people did not understand a word we said. If we asked for a glass of milk they would bring a tin of biscuits, after that they would try a tin of butter, and then in despair they would bring in an armful of books! But it is when the invalid begins to recover that he misses the comforts of his native land. There are certain things that a sick man must have at home that he cannot get here: he sees this at once and there is no use of fretting over it. Not only is the invalid bereft of home comforts, but he is subjected to a great many annoyances. He hears the jackals and the hyænas screaming round the station, and a single night is sufficient to convince him that these creatures have most powerful lungs. Besides, a lion may be sitting coolly in the verandah. The roads round the mission are marked each morning with the footprints of animals of all kinds. The station is just in the middle of a dense bush, which has not been cleared farther than was absolutely necessary. As one looks out at a window he may see large buck at about 100 yards from him.

Artisans.—The first thing that struck us as we approached the station, was the paleness of the four or five Englishmen that were standing to welcome us. The effect of this was heightened by their contrast with the hundreds of black faces that surrounded them. Members of the Free Church Mission were there too. Most of

the young men felt their isolated position, all had suffered severely from fever, and already death had been thinning their ranks. An air of stillness, not to say of sadness, overhung the place. After we had recovered from attacks of fever; there was a magic lantern entertainment, where through an interpreter I acted as demonstrator. I can never forget Dr. Macclin's remark, that "there was more fun and laughing that night, both among natives and Europeans, than he had seen since the Mission began". The men were all of that age when hope is strongest in the human soul, but they had met with much to discourage them. As the dawn of Christmas morn reminded a man of the festivities of the season, and of his friends in the far off home, he found himself lying in bed overcome by weakness, but obliged to hold up an umbrella to shield his blankets from the rain. All had felt what it is to undergo long periods of sickness while destitute of every comfort. The Directors at home, who were entrusted with the Church collections found it necessary to cut down the Mission expenditure. The poor fellows in Africa, though separated from friends and weakened by sickness, had this grim fact ever staring them in the face. The watchword was, "Man, think of the bawbees at the Kirk door!" On one occasion, it had been settled that they must retrench. They could not afford to pay the ordinary price for fowls. On Christmas morning a native came to the Mission, wishing to sell a beautiful cock. It seemed as if Providence had designed them a special treat for the festive season. They began to try to purchase this

“tambala,” but, alas, the owner was obstinate. He expected the old price. Economy was supreme, but said one, “I was very sorry as I looked after the man going away with our dinner !”

These hardships naturally caused irritation and discontent. The party for the Government, while making the best of the circumstances, had often to face the hungry Opposition—and the proverb says, “A hungry man’s an angry man”. The speech, “Now, you must not think that I am standing over the provisions like a dog set to keep you from them,” would call forth the reply, “It looks very like it !” But the evil was beyond the power of the Government and the Opposition, both parties being to some extent made victims. Such evils generally begin at home. Persons sent out are told that everything will be done to mitigate their hard lot. Bright promises are held before their eyes, perhaps not by the Directors formally, but by certain of their members. Some of these would be found in the young men’s path at every turning, loudly shouting, “Peace and plenty”. I know nothing more painful than the action of such irresponsible go-betweens. The Directors as a body, cannot, of course, approach the various individuals. What they do, is to refer in an off-hand manner to some of their most zealous members, who take upon them the task of giving information, without first informing themselves, and the result is the most complete deception. Promises are made in good faith, and seem most reasonable in themselves, but the very men that volunteer to give such pledges, have no power to fulfil them, and once the man is abroad, he finds

that he has been outwitted. Such hardships as are inevitable, are often a milder item in Mission life, and are always borne with greater cheerfulness, than such as are inflicted through culpable misrepresentation and carelessness.

Men whose hearts are not in the work have little patience during such trials, while even earnest workers are liable to be made discontented while always hearing the grumbling of others, and knowing that it is not without cause. Still amidst much to dishearten them these poor fellows had their day dreams. Hope, the last goddess to forsake the miserable, hovered about their home in the desert. A good story is told of a small party whose walk brought them by chance to the banks of a beautiful rivulet. Amidst the impressive vastness of the African forest, and all the rare scenes of a new country, their hearts were ready to admit most brilliant hopes. As one of them looked about the rivulet he fell on something whose effect was magical. All at once his manner became dignified, the tones of his voice changed, at last he had found a balm for his sorrows. "It's gold! yes, gold! we need never lift a hammer again." But alas! the vision of splendour was not realized. It gave place to the usual wrangling about rations, and the proverb "Golden dreams make one awake hungry" was painfully appropriate.

It is most essential for a Church to see that when a band of artisans is sent to places so isolated, every cause of irritation should be avoided; when this is not done the results may be serious. When a great play is acted on this world's theatre it is one thing to sit as a spectator,

and another to be admitted behind the scenes. When I read, as a little boy, of Waterloo, and such celebrated battles, I thought everything connected with the victorious party must be great, and good, and glorious,—that every soldier and officer must be a model of virtue and excellence. But once I met with a Waterloo veteran, and my pre-conceived opinions received a cruel shock. This man told me with the greatest complacency, as if it had been the merest matter of course, that soldiers were put under the strictest discipline, that many of them were men that required this, that frequent quarrels took place, and that many a soldier welcomed a battle as an opportunity for killing not the public enemy, but some private enemy who belonged to his own side and fought in his own regiment! Though man has heavenward aspirations, it is true, alas! that he standeth upon the earth.

We arrived at Blantyre at a very critical period of the Mission's history. A few months before, an able Missionary on quitting the settlement, said that he left it either to "sink or swim," and hinted that the former alternative was not improbable. Many of the artisans did not wish to continue in the service of the Mission, believing that they would find it better to become traders and chiefs among the natives.

All the artisans had an enormous influence in the country. In the service of the Mission, they had hundreds of native workmen under their charge. In a private capacity each had one or two black butlers, not to speak of cooks and clothes-washers! Some were large landed proprietors on their own account. They

found that any chief would give 1000 acres without a moment's hesitation, and some of them had acquired whole tracts of territory. But their riches lay lightly on their hearts, and a visitor to the station would not have found out that such freeholds had been acquired. Except in a moment of confidence, no artisan would speak of his great fortune, and unless specially informed we could not have distinguished the man that possessed miles of land, from the man that had not a foot. But it had been mooted at home that some missionaries held land in their own name. Letters which had been quite unintelligible at the time, showed that there was an alarm over the ridiculous subject. Artisans that bargained about large tracts of country were still in the Mission, and did no more good or harm by the transaction than they would have done by acquiring a freehold in the moon !

Chiefs fawned upon Europeans or rather on their goods. They would promise anything or everything for the present of an old coat. When they made a grant of land to one man and received his "present," they saw nothing inconsistent in giving the same land to a second man, or more correctly to a second "present". Soon these chiefs were better understood, and however willing the artisans were to keep on good terms with these "great ones," their constant begging was too much for human patience. The sneaking beings were found to be a perfect nuisance. They put themselves on the footing of beggars, and the most unpretentious of the Europeans had to treat them as such.

The artisans set themselves to train the natives to work.

It was difficult at first, but they showed considerable firmness. Some of them believed that the native despised leniency, and formed the opinion that the more they kicked him the more they were respected. This was an unfortunate interpretation of the servility of the African. The plan more frequently adopted was to dismiss any obstinate man without payment, the only danger being that the whole squad would have to be thus treated. Many were slaves, and as they might have to give over their wages to a master, they were not at all sorry to be dismissed. Often masters and slaves would work side by side under the European artisan who did justice to all without respect of persons.

The industrial work was prosecuted with vigour, many natives being employed in making roads. When the bugle sounded on Monday morning, there was a rush of hundreds of men and women who had come to receive employment. One artisan stood ready to select as many workers as he wanted, and he was soon hidden from view as the people crowded around him. Before enrolling the candidates he looked at their hoes and axes, and rejected such as had inferior tools. He rejected also women that had babies on their backs, but when this became known to a native mother, she handed her child to some one else until her name was once on the book. As the native names were sometimes very long, the artisan had a great demand on his powers of writing. "And what's your name?" he asks. "Unechemtyosyamaguluwe."¹ "Tut, man, the half of that

¹ (I-am) the-driver-away-of-the-pigs: but owing to the abridged notation the gentleman would go down on the roll-book as Mr. Pigs.

will do!" is the rejoinder; and a high sounding name like Emmanuel is reduced to Emma.

Visitors.—For several days after our arrival there was great excitement. Our larger room had four windows, which were thrown open to admit the air, and every morning a crowd gathered at each window to see the white lady! The natives of the Chiri Highlands had seen white men before, but they had scarcely realised that women too would be disfigured by this strange complexion. Some visitors asked an introduction to the newcomer on the ground that "they were women too". We had to shake hands with all the groups. This was not a native salutation, but we wished to be cordial towards our black brothers and sisters. After grasping a score of dark hands, our own partook of a similar hue. A stranger might feel inclined to wash his hands after the ceremony, but he would return to find that more visitors had come, and that the whole process had to be repeated. The natives are not much inconvenienced by "matter out of place". Even persons that came from working clay would advance and hold out their hands. But they had good excuse. At this season they had no water on the spot except a little for softening their clay, nor had they any towels. Their loin-cloth seemed often too scanty for wiping the fingers. But in later times when we visited the villages, we have seen women run off to wash their hands, that the English lady might have a proper welcome.

Neighbours.—I began to confine myself so closely to the acquisition of the language and work in the Mission School, that for a long time I knew nothing of the dis-

trict round Blantyre. The first occasion on which I saw a little of the country was on a visit to Sochi in company with Dr. Macklin, who went to settle several quarrels with Kapeni, the chief of the country. In going along I was astonished to find so many villages. When the villagers saw us, they made a point of hastening up to say "Morning, morning!" (which is their usual salutation to Englishmen). The males seemed to have all their time at their disposal. With the exception of one who was sewing a piece of cloth, we saw nothing to show that the men did any work at all. But the women were pounding corn or working in the fields.

On reaching the chief's village we asked for him, but he could not be found. It was thought that he was afraid to show himself. One by one his villagers gathered round till they formed a great assemblage. Some had bows, others knives, and one had a gun, so that they had nothing to fear. We were without weapons of any kind, only an Englishman is always believed to carry a great supply of war medicine. After we had waited a long time, the old chief appeared with a large clear knife in his hand. He sat down at a great distance; when asked to come near he said "No". Some time ago he had sent the Mission a present which had not been accepted, and he "was ashamed to have it returned". Our interpreter went over and induced him, after much persuasion, to come beside us; then he sat down on a skin under a large tree. After being introduced, I went up to shake hands with him, and I am not sure whether the poor old man did not regard me with suspicion, for while he gave me his left hand, he

held his knife very firmly with the right. Such was my first acquaintance with the king of the country. The sending back of the present was then discussed. The Mission had two complaints against Kapeni: (1) His men had carried off from Blantyre a slave woman that had come there for protection. (2) One of the Blantyre lads when hunting in the district of Sochi came to a village where the chief's son and certain companions were drinking beer, and they took away his gun and gave him a beating. But the inhabitants of this village feared that the matter would not end well. They reasoned that the outrage had been done in *their* town, and that the English would come with guns and inflict a severe punishment upon them. Accordingly they took back the gun and returned it to the Blantyre lad, whom they escorted home. The old chief of course denied any knowledge of these facts. He had just "heard about them". After a little talking, matters were settled in a friendly way, and we ended by inviting the chief over to Blantyre. He said he wished to see the white lady, and to hear the harmonium which had just come, and he bargained to be gratified in these respects. He was much astonished when told that the lady, or "Donna," never *went out*—he thought it strange that she should not be seen hoeing the fields and pounding corn.

On our way home we passed the village where the gun had been taken, and the doctor invited the men that restored it to come and see how the English people valued their friends. On an appointed day they came and received a present of calico. The chief of Sochi

also paid his visit and brought a present of fowls, receiving in return a blanket and a piece of calico.

Interpreters.—When we arrived there were two interpreters—Tom and Sam. They had been in a slave gang which was liberated by Bishop Mackenzie. Tom remembered his capture. He was playing beside a stream with his little sister when a man seized him. He knew the reason at once. “The man wanted to take me to the coast and sell me for calico.” “Why did you not scream?” “Can’t scream, they put flour on my mouth.” Thus the boy was separated from his parents and his home, and the little stream that he played beside, at once and for ever. He could never tell where was the home of his infancy; only he believed that it “was far away in the Yao country”. Sam’s story was much the same; and they both remember how glad they were when met by the white men who set them free. They had acquired a knowledge of the English language at Capetown, and had seen a great deal of civilised life there—perhaps a great deal too much. To these young men I had to look for instruction in the native tongue. I early recognised that I need not expect to do the people any good unless I could speak to them. During our voyage up the river I collected a few words and formed a scheme of the verb. But on attempting to make some use of this material I was told that the Blantyre people did not understand my Chinyasa because they spoke Yao. I felt as if the interpreter had been playing a practical joke upon me. Here I had a note-book filled with this Chinyasa, and I was now coolly told that it would be of

no use! I began next to find that some Yao words were the same as their Chinyasa equivalents, and this made me reserve my manuscript with more hope.

For some days after recovering from fever I was unable to walk to school, and I got Katunga, a big chief who came in to tell us about Doto Livisto (Dr. Livingstone), to point out the names of common objects as mountain, tree, &c. He laughed very heartily at my imitation of his words. In beginning to form a vocabulary, I took a Dictionary and went over it day after day with the interpreters, noting down all the native words I could find. I also wrote a translation of several passages of Scripture from their lips. But I found they often had difficulties. When I wished to translate the "Hail master" of Judas, they said that there was no word for "Hail," but (referring to English salutations



NATIVE FEMALE (TRIBAL MARKS, TATOOS AND LIP RING).

recently introduced) they assured me I would make nothing of it unless I said "Morning Master". The "kissed him" was a similar puzzle. For *kiss* they gave me one word which, as I afterwards discovered, meant *to bite*, and another which meant *to smell!* They could come no nearer the idea. No mother here kisses her child. One has only to look at the photograph of a native female to see that she cannot kiss.

Notwithstanding their residence at Cape Town these men were often unable to translate the most ordinary English into their own tongue, and yet they were better interpreters than any we could expect to train for several years. When I once tried hard to find a word for *guilty*, they could give nothing but the word *bad*. One gentleman said that they had occasionally been offenders in Cape Town. He was sure that if I followed the usual legal forms, and mentioned the sentence of working for a month at the docks, they had sufficient experience to tell me! But though I supposed cases as like this as I could without betraying the matter, I failed to get the information required. What I most deplored was that if these men had got the word in the middle of an address, it would have given them no trouble! From the translations I wrote down I afterwards formed a conception of how they would treat such an expression as, "His delight is in the Law of the Lord". They would break it up into two sentences, of which the first would be "Light is low," and the second some very unintelligible statement about God. I could not have believed that such nonsense was possible unless I had actually come into contact with it. The African inter-

preter who said, 'The salvation of the soul is a great sack,' is I fear quite an average specimen of his class. But this is due more to the difficulties of the English language than to any natural incapacity in the African. I have employed many to translate from one negro dialect to another and they could do this very well. The native congregations that listened to the interpreters must have been much puzzled at first. Once they heard an address on the healing of the leper—and every time the word 'leper' occurred it was rendered 'leopard'.

When the magic lantern was used for the entertainment and instruction of the natives, they at first looked on with fear. When told "This is a man that lived long ago," they actually thought that people were brought back from the dead. But soon they enjoyed seeing English people and English buildings. One day we showed them 'the house of John Knox'. The interpreter of course had never before heard of such a man, but he was not the person to hesitate, and he said, "This is the house of John the Ox!" (John Ng'ombe).

Still in telling people how to hoe and to carry grass and on all ordinary occasions, the aid of interpreters was most useful. They were also much valued for their advice in difficulties that arose with the natives. They understood matters of this kind better than Europeans did. When I arrived they were just making ready to leave the country and their departure was a great loss to the Mission.

School.—Next to the acquisition of the language came school work. This had formerly occupied about two hours in the forenoon, but I introduced an afternoon school.

At first we felt teaching very hard, owing to the heat, and often we were almost fainting. But we succeeded in keeping our pupils interested. Had we possessed books in the native language we might have done much more good, for our pupils must have found it a hard task to read English. But in a short time we introduced a little of the African. One of my first attempts was to write out a simple English verse with a Yao translation. Mrs. Macdonald printed this in large letters, and in a short time the pupils could both read and sing,

“Set thou thy trust upon the Lord,
And be thou doing good ;
For so thou in the land shalt dwell,
And verily have food.”

When I asked which of the verses was best, Anyasa pupils said they liked the English, but the majority of the school preferred—

“Tululani mtima wenu Mulungu,
Tendani yambone mowa gosepe
Iyoyo somehitama muchilambo
Mwambone somehikola yakulia.”

The words of this other verse were much longer, but they conveyed a meaning to the natives, while the English words conveyed none. Notwithstanding all that I could do with the interpreters, the translation would come out in eleven syllables. Now there was a puzzle to find a tune. It happens that a metre like this is common in Scottish songs, and we tried an adaptation of the “Flowers of the Forest,” which acted admirably. I never saw any melody tell so much on the natives. It actually brought tears to their eyes the first day we

sang it. The harmonium was a great attraction in the school. The children seemed more amendable to music than their parents. The old folk were fond of coming to hear this wonderful instrument, but when something lively was played they frequently looked grave, while they were almost certain to laugh at a plaintive air! Only the great novelty of the instrument itself affected them so much at first, that they could not appreciate emotional effects. The pupils began to do a little arithmetic. The numerical system in central Africa is quinary. Hence the English notation puzzled them at first, but not so greatly as might have been expected. As natives seldom count, their own numerical system had not engaged their thoughts so much as to oppose the new one. In the Yao language there are three distinct methods of numeration. One of these calls in the aid of the human voice in order to bring out certain numerical distinctions, and would require a ventriloquist to do justice to it!

But it is high time to point out that the Minister himself had now gone to school, and to describe his progress thereat. Looking back upon this period I may now characterise it as follows:—First “half”—Darkness; Second “half”—Groping; Third “half”—Efforts at making a fire; Fourth “half”—Beginning to see the bystanders; Fifth “half”—Forming friendships; Sixth “half”—Instructing our friends; Seventh “half”—Farewells.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST HALF. JULY 1878—DEC. 1878.

Weekly work.—On Sunday morning, I devoted my attention to the revisal of Yao discourses and prayers prepared during the previous week. The first discourse had to be given at nine o'clock in the morning. It was chiefly a translation of some passage of Scripture, with one or two remarks for the purpose of explaining or applying the subject. I stuck to the Scripture itself as much as possible. After this I prepared for our English service at two P.M., which was conducted after the method usual at home. Next I had to revise my Yao discourse for the evening service. Every week-day except Saturday I took the school from eight to ten, the last half hour being occupied with the more advanced pupils. At ten we breakfasted; and till two P.M. I was occupied with various items. A long time was spent over the language. There was a meeting for the natives every evening, and I required nearly the whole day to prepare for it, having not only to find words, but to verify their application. As the boys that assisted me could not speak a sentence of English, my task was difficult. I found it necessary to use signs, nor was it easy to

devise suitable ones. After earnest endeavours I often failed to make the natives understand me. Then I practised my signals before a European, and he could not understand them either, and what was worse could suggest no improvement. I sometimes felt as helpless in my efforts to talk with a native before me as if I had been still in Scotland.

At two o'clock school was resumed till four. I had not much difficulty in sustaining the attention of a class of twenty-two, a fact which said much for the docility of the pupils. At four o'clock we dined, and after dinner I again prepared busily for the native meeting at six. At its close we had time for a short walk in what would be the twilight at home. We generally went to one or other of our three villages for the purpose of talking a little with the villagers, and making them feel at home with us. At seven P.M. we had evening prayers, and after that my time was free for linguistic studies. We proposed at first to have classes for mutual instruction in the native tongue, but it was soon felt that each man must study by himself before there could be any instructor. The language became the largest part of my work. The Scripture readings I gave took a great deal of time. I found it interesting work, and was always delighted to get hold of a new word. Occasionally I got words for which I could find no exact English equivalent, and in that case I had to construct a kind of mental formula. Sometimes I made best progress in translating the Old Testament, although I chiefly tried the Gospels.

The school-children, as a rule, are very agreeable with

each other. I have seen few cases of strife, and these were easily quieted. The very fact of making a formal examination settled everything. In one case, where a little boy complained of a bigger one, I first instituted a long, solemn inquiry, to see whether the bigger one was to blame; when it was found that he was, he, rather to his astonishment, was sent out to bring a bamboo! Then followed a long dissertation on the bamboo, in which I pointed out how it would hurt and cut. By this time, the little boy had tears in his eyes, and said he did not wish the other one to be punished; which was the very effect I aimed at. But after a time this failed. On asking a boy whether he wished a companion beaten, I would often receive the answer, "I do not know, you, father, know best". As girls came to the station, Mrs. Macdonald took them under her care, she had first to improve their habits and get them to wash their own clothes. Soap was a great novelty to the natives; they were much amused with the peculiar "feel" it gave to clothes. They thought it was a kind of clothes "medicine," and trusted more to its magic than to their own rubbing. They used to dye their cloth black, a custom which made washing unnecessary. But after becoming acquainted with soap, men and women made a great rush upon the commodity, and notwithstanding every care in distributing, our six tins of soft soap were speedily reduced to two, and we had great anxiety as to what should be done when the two remaining tins shared the fate of their predecessors. The natives began to like the coloured clothes which were sent out. A box of clothes was a

great acquisition. Shirts, trousers, and blankets were eagerly sought after, and some of the workers accepted these as payment in preference to calico, while our pupils regarded them as the best kind of prizes.

Visiting.—On Saturday mornings, accompanied by a little boy, called Walani, I used to visit native villages. On these occasions I was much impressed with the African's powers of observation. Once we had gone a great distance and were very tired. We came to a little hill, from the top of which we saw smoke, which guided us to a quiet little hamlet. As we were approaching, I wondered whether the villagers would know anything of the "white men" at all. Here they lived in a wild spot, apparently without communication with the rest of the world. I was surprised to find that at this distance (at least six miles), they at once called Walani by his name, and knew about all the Englishmen on the station. In such villages I endeavoured to speak about the God of heaven; and the people looked thoughtful, and were quite disposed to listen. The natives are by no means a stupid people, and I should not like to hear them called utter savages. Certain it is that had they been acquainted with writing and other contrivances, chiefly of a mechanical nature, they would have presented a very different appearance. They seem to stand before us as a people destitute of every religious observance. But this may be accounted for by their want of men set apart for religion. It is with them only what it might be with any people destitute of books, and without a form of church government. Besides, in judging the natives we ought

to bear in mind how easy it is to proceed upon incomplete observation. The other day I made a discovery which surprised me very much. Though for three months I had been teaching girls to read, I did not know that they carried a number of little stones in the mouth! The other Europeans were equally ignorant of the custom. Still it is the fact that all the native girls carry from six to ten little pebbles under the tongue. They told me it was for the purpose of making them speak well! After this it would not astonish me to discover one day a complex ritual among the natives! Meanwhile, in their constant cheerfulness and kindness to each other, we find aspects of character that true religion would inculcate; nay, more, may we not see in these features of their disposition, some traces of the working of that *πνευμα* which "bloweth where it listeth"? At this time I wrote: "We have made little progress in setting the Bible truths before them as a system. As yet I have found no words to express the ideas of trust, faith, substitution, mercy, or justice. Hitherto I have stated the simple narratives of Christ's life. But I am confident that they would appreciate trains of reasoning, and be as able to follow the Epistle of the Romans as ordinary people are at home."

I add now small cuttings from my journal which will give a general idea of our life at this period.

Saturday, Nov. 16.—In the morning before 10 o'clock I had a walk with Walani, now called John MacRae, for the purpose of learning the language, and speaking to any people we might find in the villages. John is now fond of plucking all the flowers he sees, in order to take

them home to Mrs. Macdonald. A few months ago the natives laughed at the idea of gathering flowers, but now they are rather fond of doing so. The boys, under Mrs. Macdonald's more immediate care, put up bunches in their bedrooms.

Sunday, Nov. 17.—Maseo, one of the Magololo chiefs, arrived on a visit: he was accompanied by two of his wives and one of his sons. He was present at our evening service. Having been a long time with Dr. Livingstone he knows a few English words, and likes to use them, e.g., “thank you,” “look here,” &c.

Monday, Nov. 18.—The chief comes to breakfast, and we get a great deal of practice in trying to converse with him. He speaks both Yao and Chinyasa.

Tuesday, Nov. 19.—We had a “Magic-lantern entertainment”. The chief recognised Dr. Livingstone, and stood up before the screen to have a good view. His two wives visited Mrs. Macdonald in the forenoon, and got a present of a dress each, and listened to some music.

We received the report of a mwai case which resulted in the death of an old man who lived beside us. I found that our schoolboys all believed in the mwai, and I began to argue against the superstition. We happened at the time to be poisoning rats, and I asked whether the rats died because they were “bewitchers!” The little fellows appreciated the illustration very much, but still retained this faith of their fathers.

Wednesday, Nov. 20.—A man came and asked leave to “propose” to a woman that Mrs. Macdonald has been training to do washing and other household duties.

The woman in question came up much disappointed. She seemed to fear that she would be compelled to marry in the native fashion,—*i.e.*, without having any choice in the matter. She admitted that she was willing to marry, but said that she wanted another man. When we stated that she might certainly marry the man she preferred, she went away highly satisfied.

Thursday, Nov. 21.—Four couples paid me a visit in the forenoon, expecting to be married on the spot. After trying to explain the nature of marriage, I told them to come back next day. Mrs. Macdonald's servant was among the number, and seemed to be the ringleader.

Friday, Nov. 22.—Four marriages were celebrated in the schoolroom with as great solemnity as possible. I should have put on a pulpit-gown if I had possessed one. We killed a goat for the occasion, and presented each of the ladies with a dress. Dr. Macklin gave each man a knife. All the previous marriages on the station had been civil marriages, which were arranged by the Doctor. These cases were almost semi-christian marriages.

In the evening two other men asked for wives. We inquired whether the ladies had agreed, and presently they were brought up to declare their consent. But the men had no houses, and the marriages were deferred till houses could be built. The females said they were willing to wait.

Saturday, Nov. 23.—We discovered that one of the men married yesterday had another wife. We had been particularly careful to enforce that this could not be; and therefore, partly as a punishment for his unblushing

falsehood, we executed a summary sentence of banishment on him. His other wife was on bad terms with her rival. The man that was refused the other day by Mrs. Macdonald's servant, now comes to say that he has found a wife; and that there may be no mistake this time, he brings the lady with him. As he has no house, the marriage is deferred till its erection.

I paid a visit to various villages for the purpose of getting more children to school; I met a few naked boys playing beside a stream, who said they would come. They looked at my umbrella, and seemed to be astonished at the folding up of it. As usual on such occasions, I showed them my watch, which has been exhibited so often that I begin to regard it more as a magic-box than a timepiece.

Monday, Nov. 25.—One nice boy has been added to school as a result of Saturday's visit.

The chief takes his departure. We pressed him to send his boys to school, and he said "he would *dream* about it". He tells us that the Magololo chiefs are much guided by dreams. After some talk on the subject, we gave him a parting present, with the view of inducing a favourable dream!

Tuesday, Nov. 26.—A messenger came from Chiputula, accompanied by two of the chief's sons, and carrying a present of goats and bananas. A Yao man had run off with one of Chiputula's wives and a gun. Kapeni is the man's chief. Chiputula wishes the English to tell Kapeni that if he does not deliver up the offender Chiputula will make war.

Wednesday, Nov. 27.—Mrs. Macdonald took up

Chiputula's two sons, and entertained them with books, music, and sweetmeats. She was much pleased with the two little princes of the Ruo.

Thursday, Nov. 28.—Dr. Macklin went over to Sochi to see Kapeni concerning Chiputula's message. But the old chief was not to be found. The Dr. thought he was at home, nevertheless, and left a message for him to come to Blantyre.

Friday, Nov. 29.—Kapeni sent a message to ask for an interview at a half-way village. He requested me to come "because I could speak Yao!" I started at 6:30 in the morning, and reached Kapeni very early. He gave the utmost satisfaction, and professed much friendship for Chiputula.

But I believe he bears a secret grudge against us for the protection given to run-away slaves of his. This subject is a delicate one. It looks very well to give protection to slaves when they come and say they are going to be sold. Yet the relation between a chief and his servants is one of the things that go to form the social order of these tribes; and by treating the matter rashly, we may bring about a great deal of anarchy.

Friday, Dec. 6.—Mrs. Macdonald's sewing-class contains twelve girls, who seem very willing to learn. We had some difficulty in obtaining female pupils, as the Yao girls are engaged at a very early age, and after such engagement they are not so free as they would otherwise be. Many of our female pupils are slave girls who have come here for protection; they live on the station, and as they increase in number, they will require a female monitor for themselves. At present the

care of them gives us much anxiety ; only they marry as soon as they find a husband.

All our earlier intercourse with the natives brought before us the cheerful side of their character. I found them always full of fun. As they have no difficulty in procuring food, clothes, or houses, they suffer from none of the cares that press so heavily on Europeans. Still, we discovered that they had their troubles too. The first occasion I saw any sorrow, was in connection with death. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when a message came from a father asking me to be present at the interment of his little child. On enquiring when the funeral would take place, I found that it was to be immediately. On going to the village, we saw that a few of the man's neighbours had assembled, and were waiting for our arrival. As soon as the Englishmen had all come, two natives entered the house. Here the little child was stretched upon a bamboo mat, with a piece of calico thrown over its body. The mother lay mourning on the side of the mat. The father we had already passed sitting outside the house with a few men round him. He took no farther part in the funeral ceremony ; contrary to our expectation, he did not accompany the body to its last resting-place. The two natives that went inside removed the calico from the child's body, then they folded the mat round the corpse, and tied it up so that the whole formed a small cylindrical parcel. After this the men came to the outside again and washed their hands very carefully. They did this, not for the purpose of ordinary cleanliness (natives are not so careful in this respect), it was a ceremonial act, deemed

necessary after touching the dead. Two men now took up the body, and carried it the whole way. The headman of the village seemed to think it was his place to follow next the bearers. Some of us had an idea that the child would be interred near the house, but the procession went on to a time-consecrated burying-ground. Once or twice the bearers seemed to lose their way, and then the headman went to the front and carefully examined the paths. When at length they arrived at their destination, we were puzzled to find that no little grave had been dug. The body was then laid down under one of the large trees, and the headman came and asked what was the English method of burial. We said that we wished them to bury after their own manner, only we took the opportunity of stating that when the English were buried a prayer was offered up to God. Then we engaged briefly in prayer.

By this time a procession of females approached. They had been following us all the way at a short distance. At their head came the child's mother, who was supported by two other women. As soon as she arrived she sat down nearest the body of her child, while her companions threw themselves on the grass beside her. The little band of females looked more like mourners than did the men, for the latter sometimes talked and laughed more than would be considered proper at an English funeral. The women carried a few earthen pots to place on the grave. A Yao burial-ground is easily known by the number of pots that are there. The place where we stood was covered with pots as thickly as a home churchyard is with tombstones. The

men now began to break up the ground for a grave, while the women watched the sad work. On asking how deep they made it, we found that it was to be about three feet. After watching their work for a while, we concluded that they would take three hours to complete it, and we requested to be excused from waiting longer. Then we all shook hands with the mother, and tried to comfort her. She had been throwing dust upon her person as a sign of her sorrow. Before leaving, we enquired whether an English implement would not be better than their hoes. They heartily assented to this, and despatched one of their number to bring a spade. In the evening I went down to see the mother, and tried to speak to her. From what I could gather, she seemed to think that she would meet her child again (10). How much I wished that I had been able to use their language, so as to bring home to their minds all the comforting truths about that child's great Elder Brother! Had we been able to stay till the burial took place, we might have seen some more instructive rites. I wondered whether their ceremonial washing spake of some connection in their minds, or in the minds of their fathers, between physical death and moral pollution (or sin): and whether the pots placed on the grave spake of a hope that the activities of their owner were not ended for ever.

A murder.—The next funeral I saw was much sadder. The female mourners wrung their hands and shed tears of grief and despair. The men attended in great numbers, and their dark faces spoke of rage and determination. The previous evening a poor woman

had gone to the stream to wash her maize. About sunset a gun was heard, which, however, caused no concern. Though the woman had not come back the villagers did not miss her, and retired to bed as usual. But at night they heard the cries of a child, and discovered one little creature wandering alone in the darkness, and weeping for its mother. The villagers immediately arose and hastened to the stream, where they soon found the woman's dress and her basket of grain, but the woman herself was nowhere seen.

That night the Missionaries on the Station were all sitting together after evening prayers. It was Christmas time, and our friends had come down from Livingstonia. We had received no letters from England for three months, the natives of Mazaro had rebelled against the Portuguese, and war had put an end to all communication. Matters were looking dark. We had no calico to pay native labour, the little that remained was required for buying the necessaries of life, and as it was nearly exhausted, starvation loomed in the distance. The white men were seriously talking of an expedition to get up goods, when a loud rap was heard at the door. "The mail! here's the mail!" was shouted, but it was Kumlomba with half-a-dozen of his villagers. In great excitement he rushed forward and threw down at the Doctor's feet the bit of calico that had been the woman's covering, as he exclaimed, "My child is dead!" This unexpected "mail" took the breath from us all. We tried to calm the poor man. "There was no evidence," we argued, "that the woman had been killed. A slave-gang was being made up by

Kapeni's people—it was certain she had been caught for slavery." A celebrated lawyer said to a novice who was going to act at a trial, "Give your opinion boldly, but don't give any reasons for it: your opinion may be correct, but your reasons will almost certainly be wrong". The advice is noteworthy, and often have I thought of it when dealing with an African: what he states in expressing his belief is generally right, what he adds by way of argument is often wrong, and it seems doubly so to persons unacquainted with the native mind. Kumlomba said a few things that appeared very disjointed to Europeans, and confirmed our belief that the woman was still alive. The chief listened to us with patience but did not seem satisfied.

Next morning the mystery was solved—the woman was found lying dead in the stream without any clothing, and brutally mutilated (36). The Doctors were soon informed, who examined the body, and told the people to bury it. After the funeral was over, Kumlomba and other natives, as also all the Europeans, met to discuss what ought to be the method of procedure on this sad occurrence. The natives were only too familiar with such cases, and some of the Europeans had been three years in the country, and were well acquainted with native law. They agreed that a message must be sent to Kapeni asking him to give up the guilty party. On being thus appealed to, Kapeni convened an enormous meeting of his people at Sochi. He there stated that he had not yet discovered who the assassin was, but he assured us that as the Yao people always "talked," everyone would know in a few days. But

according to native law, Kapeni must either deliver up the assassin or forfeit the friendship of the Mission people. Being anxious to find a third alternative, he asked, what would happen if he could not find the man, but native law appeared to recognise no such neutral ground. In the end two sticks were brought, and the question was asked, "Which of these does Kapeni choose?" Finally, he agreed to give up the assassin. But he was in no haste to do so; nor was this wonderful, since the Ndilande people threatened to kill him if he attempted to fulfil his promise. After a long delay, Kumlomba became impatient, and went over himself unaccompanied by any European. Kapeni asked him whether he had not heard all about it: for by this time the truth was generally known, but Kumlomba stood on his dignity and kept to the previous question, "Give up the man". One thing was remarkable about this visit. The Englishmen always admitted, at least for the sake of argument, that Kapeni might not know the man, but Kumlomba refused to entertain the supposition, and in fact Kapeni did not dare to urge this plea upon him. Kumlomba said among other things, "Don't take *me* for a white man. I am a Yao like yourself, and I know all the customs of my country." The natives about us were strangely unanimous in asserting that Kapeni knew who was guilty. They led us to understand that he had received a present from the murderer, and had granted him absolution. Of course few of us were then old enough to know even that the natives shaved their heads in a case of ordinary death, much less that they observed a complicated

ritualism for murder. Kumlomba did not ask Kapeni to punish the criminal. Such a demand would have been abhorrent to native custom. The chief is the father of his people, and native law is too polite to ask a man to execute justice on his own son. The native custom, moreover, is in accordance with native religion. A man's deceased relatives become his gods. While Kumlomba persisted in demanding his rights at this meeting, one of Kapeni's counsellors said to him:—

“Why should you come bothering Kapeni, the men live beside yourselves?”

Soon after this the assassins were captured, but although Kumlomba insisted, “Give them over to us and we will kill them,” which would have been native law pure and simple, the Europeans that were present, not being accustomed to see human beings killed with so little ceremony, refused to do so. By this step they did credit to their own humane feelings, but they transgressed native custom. Kumlomba was but ill satisfied when about a month after, in the execution of native justice, he levelled his musket at one of the men—the other having meanwhile escaped. His view was that besides killing this man he ought to have got “six people”. The six people, or slaves, he fixed as the ransom of the person that had escaped. By native law he was entitled to damages of this kind. I have known Kapeni himself concede larger demands.

One effect of the execution was to bring in an enormous number not only of slave refugees but also of free people who wanted to live near the English. In a short time the population of Kumlomba's village became

about five times as many. The slaves that escaped were aware that they exposed themselves to the danger of assassination. But at the beginning of this case had not one Missionary of the greatest standing told them that an Englishman considered the life of a black person as precious as his own life, and that it was a murderer himself that ought to die for his deed, and not "two or three" of his slaves (96)? In this unsettled land these statements somehow were much prized both by bond and free.

Another effect of the case was to terrify Kapeni from coming to Blantyre. Happening to be at Kapeni's about a month after, I found him from home. I asked his son when he was coming to see us, and received the answer, "The Ndilande people say that they will kill him if he go to Blantyre". The Ndilande people had wished Kapeni to be more decided, and to refuse to negotiate against them. The old man had wavered. In such circumstances a native must feel it hard to come to a conclusion. He cannot tell by inspection which course will be most for his interest. Nor can he talk with any certainty of eternal and immutable morality. No wonder that amidst this thick darkness and painful suspense he attempts to confer with the spirits of his fathers (14).

But while Kapeni had a duty to perform in giving up the transgressor, whose duty was it to punish him? Kumlomba asserted that it was for him to deal with the case. As this man was my instructor in the native language at the time, I was thrown much into his society, and I heard him declare that he wanted to take

the whole responsibility. Besides he had carried out a capital sentence long before. It might be true that in the eyes of Englishmen these negroes looked bad dispensers of equity. Some of the Portuguese also said that it was not right for the Mission to allow savages to figure as administrators of justice. Still the natives had dispensed their own laws for hundreds of years.

But at Blantyre was there not a Colony as well as a Mission, and had not the Colony power to punish? Undoubtedly the Blantyre settlement was established on this principle, and when Dr. Macklin wrote to the Convener of the Committee giving an account of the occurrence, and stating his determination to give judgment on the murderer, the latter at once agreed with the Doctor's reasons, remarking that the native mind would accord with the doom decreed, while he ever afterwards defended the execution on the supposition that it was the duty of the Colony to carry it out. But against this position it was argued that it was not lawful for British subjects to punish transgressors without the authority of the Government. This objection was found to be serious, though it did not occur to any worker in Africa. Even the promoters of the settlement, many of whom were legal men, seem to have overlooked this difficulty though they had by them books on statute law of which there were none in the desert. But though I for one never thought of statute law, I had once read carefully the old Acts of the Scottish General Assembly, and though I had no books of authority by me I was aware that clergymen had been censured or deposed for acting as magistrates, and

I mentioned to the others that I was bound by laws or precedents like these. At the same time I held strong views to the effect that no clergyman ought to act in civil matters at all. In every colony I could think of, such duties fell to laymen. So far as I could understand the case, there were two civil authorities both asserting their right to punish the offender, one being the natives and the other the Blantyre colony.

In such circumstances various courses were open. The case might be taken up (1) by the natives alone, (2) by the colony alone, (3) by both acting together. The natives acting alone would in accordance with their own laws have killed the offender at once as they proposed to do. If the English colony was to act it had to determine its relations to Kumlomba. These were not clear. At one time (page 34) this man figures as the chief of the Blantyre territory, at other times as a subject of the colony. If he were the superior power he would execute offenders at his own discretion, and if he were a headman of the English colony he had a right according to native law to expect the latter to hand over entirely to him those that were alleged to have offended against him. If the colony were to ignore native law, and try to carry out purely English law, then it would have to judge and deal with the prisoner on English principles. If it resolved to call witnesses it would have been a fair thing first to explain what the precise effect of testimony was in a purely English trial. After such explanation all Kumlomba's men would have sworn to anything, and all the prisoner's friends would have sworn to the opposite. In the same way if a jury

of natives had been impanelled, their verdict would have depended on whether they were friends of Kum-lomba or of the prisoner. Suppose the Englishmen had wished to get out of the difficulty by an ordeal like *mwai*, the natives would have insisted that it was not a case for the ordeal, while to Christians the measure would have seemed an enormity. The same might be said of the plan of redeeming a murderer and executing slaves in his stead.

As a matter of fact the colony acted along with the natives. A formal trial was held at which all the Europeans were present: at this I declined to attend because I had been acting as chaplain to these prisoners, consequently I cannot tell whether it was the colony or the natives that took the lead on this occasion. It was also deemed expedient for the Europeans to attend the execution in case the natives should follow their barbarous custom of dishonouring the criminal's body.

Every circumstance was reported to the Directors, and the workers in Africa felt that the view taken at home would be of importance. One day an assassin might cut down some native that had left a home at Quilimane or Mazaro in order to stay at the Mission, and of whom the Europeans were the sole protectors. Long ago Dr. Macklin had asked the Directors what was to be done in the case of murder, but had got no advice.

After the execution the feeling of insecurity soon passed away. The air had been full of threats to the effect that the Mission people would be all similarly treated. By thus killing the enemy, one after another,

had not the Yao destroyed certain Anyasa that had ventured to settle by them? Lads were now afraid to take charge of the Mission cattle, children would not venture to come to school, and those that stayed at Blantyre were afraid to sleep in the dormitory. One sees at a glance that fear is a large ingredient in the native character, but a stranger born in a well-ordered country has difficulty in realising the extent of this fear. A boy who ventures out at night is apt to see some one that wishes to shoot him, and forthwith he rushes into the house screaming with fright. Girls and women feel if possible more unsafe, knowing how many of their comrades have been surprised and carried off. Occasionally we had an opportunity of pointing out that their fears might be sometimes groundless. Nothing is more ridiculous to an African than the sight of his friend under a false alarm. One night an Englishman had gone out for the purpose of making astronomical observations. He had carefully prepared his artificial horizon, and was bending down over it with a sextant in his hand when the stillness of the evening was broken by a terrible scream, and the observer had a large basin thrown full in his face. One of our boys had gone out from the light, and had taken the astronomer for a lion. It was long before his companions allowed the lad to forget the incident.

CHAPTER IX.

SECOND HALF. JANUARY, 1879—JUNE, 1879.

THE first day of the New Year was celebrated in proper Scottish fashion. Our brethren of Livingstonia, and all the Englishmen within our reach, had been invited to Blantyre. At an early hour all the gentlemen, lay and clerical, donned aprons and began to cook. Some prepared a "haggis," others a plum-pudding, others had charge of soups and meats. Though kindly exempted from culinary duties, I thought that the exemption would prove of small service. Every corner of our little house was filled with plates, cups, trays, crystal, &c., &c., and so great was the stir that study was impossible. At last I went to another hut, and sat in the verandah with a group of natives, who enabled me to add a few more words to my African vocabulary. I could not help contrasting a tropical New-Year's Day with an English. In Africa I did not venture to leave the shade of the verandah without a thick hat and an umbrella. Coats and vests were dispensed with, and even the lightest clothing that we had was burdensome.

But amidst our new surroundings it was pleasant to remember the old customs of our native land, and we sat down in due season to a New-Year's Day dinner. The natives had been watching the strange preparations with breathless interest, utterly at a loss to know what it all meant; and as dinner proceeded, more than a hundred—men, women, and children—stood gazing in at the windows and doors, which had been thrown wide open on account of the heat. We observed all the time-honoured ceremonies as gravely and formally as if we had been at home. In connection with the toast of "The Queen" it was remarked that most of us had been long enough in Africa to appreciate the value of an orderly government. One gentleman proposed that we should take a note of each other's names, and see where we should all be four years later, little thinking that long ere then he would sleep by the soft-flowing waters of the Chiri. At the close we joined hands and sung "Auld Lang Syne". That day was quite an oasis in our desert, it brought us the long-expected mail.

Next morning saw the first pic-nic in the history of the school. At sunrise we started for the top of Michiru. I was the only European that went, but my valour exceeded my discretion, for at one spot I had to lie down till two boys ran to a stream for water. Little fellows of 10 years put me to shame as they ran up the steep sides of the hill like baboons. A buck was shot, cooked, and nearly all eaten on the spot. It was late in the afternoon before we returned.

— Since our first arrival at Blantyre the School attend-

ance had doubled, and by this time a good number of girls had come, to whom Mrs. Macdonald's sewing class formed an attraction. They were set to make dresses for themselves, and the first few days all the old men and women in the neighbourhood came to watch the operation. It was regarded a privilege for girls to be allowed to take so much cloth in their hands, not to mention the prospect of wearing it. At first, these pupils were awkward. They had never attempted to sew before, for it is the men that sew in this country, nor had they ever seen scissors, or thimbles. Scissors, or "the little knives" they were specially fond of. But the thimble they did not half appreciate, as the skin of their fingers would set ordinary needles at defiance. It was amusing to see our young ladies fitting on their thimbles. A new comer when told to select the one that suited her, would respond by putting a thimble on each of her fingers! The sewing class had to face difficulties that would not occur at home. When the war at Mazaro disturbed communications, the girls could not be supplied with enough of cloth. One night robbers entered by our windows and carried away among other things their half-finished dresses and all their sewing materials! This was a serious misfortune. Though thimbles and needles are of little intrinsic value yet we could not manufacture them, and eight months might elapse before their place could be filled. The thimbles, however, were all found not far from the station, having been thrown away as of no value. But the needles would be considered a splendid prize, and if the thief were at all enterprising he might

buy a wife for them! The natives at first would gladly sell a dozen eggs for a single needle. Although sewing was a novelty for girls, old men were to be seen at every village engaged in the art. While plying the needle, they sit on a mat holding one end of the cloth with their toes. We were very anxious to teach the natives to knit, but at this time we had no worsted.

Housekeeping.—The difficulties of Housekeeping were great, the subject being quite new to the African girls. Untidy and dirty in their habits, they considered us very peculiar when we objected to plates and spoons that they thought clean. Besides teaching them to do indoor work, Mrs. Macdonald had to see that they dressed their hair, and washed every morning, and as they wore light clothes their wardrobes required special supervision. Hence the native girls that came to assist Mrs. Macdonald did not immediately win her confidence, and at first did little to lighten her task. When nursing they would even let the child fall, a mistake that they were liable to by attempting to hold their charge not in native but in English fashion. So to ensure safety the nurse had to sit beside her mistress, while the latter amused the baby and did the househo'd washing at the same time.

The introduction of anything new was always noteworthy. At first the cook-boy caught his fowls about an hour before breakfast, and plucked them before they were dead, because the feathers thus came off more easily. As soon as facts of this kind came under one's notice improvements were tried. In order that the fowls might not be plucked alive, the cook was asked to

get them the night before. He was most carefully instructed in the new part that he had to play, and specially told to "hang up" the fowls in the kitchen. That night the usual stillness was considerably broken. I always valued the evening hours for study: they were so much quieter; but on this particular night it seemed as if some fowl house had been transported to my study window. As the unwonted noise continued, a light was got, and efforts were made to solve the mystery, the kitchen was explored, and several fowls were found hanging on pegs in the wall with their legs tightly bound together, while others similarly secured had fallen down and were struggling on the floor, but all were alive! The boy had faithfully "hung them up," but he had seen no necessity for killing them!

The natives that acted as housemaids had similar interesting experiences. Of course, they had never before seen teapots, cups and saucers, tumblers, forks, or spoons. Forks they called "thorns!" Consequently they were ushered into a new world, and found a pleasure in being permitted to touch the white people's dishes. They now had at their disposal spoons of all varieties, and it was perhaps in spoons that they were most interested. They have a large *ladle* of their own for transferring porridge from the clay pot to a wooden platter, but their spoon is an instrument of much greater antiquity. A good idea of its use may be gathered from Mr. Anderssen's description. A repast was provided for him among the Ovambo. He hesitated as no spoon was to be found. "On seeing the dilemma we were in, our host quickly plunged his greasy *fingers*

into the middle of the steaming mass and brought out a handful which he dashed into the milk. Having stirred it quickly with all his might, he next opened his capacious mouth, and the agreeable mixture vanished as if by magic. He finally licked his fingers and smacked his lips with evident satisfaction, looking at us as much as to say, 'that's the trick, my boys'."

At first one could never be sure of the native servants, except when standing over them. Their views had to pass through many phases: one day they would wash knives in mass by putting a whole collection in a tub and stirring them round, without thinking of dealing with each separately; next day they would take silver plated articles and rub them one by one in the sand! The first dishes brought out for the Mission, were fortunately of enamelled tin, which did not break. But in that region amid fever and discomfort, the appetite becomes fastidious. Those accustomed to civilised plates said that their food did not taste the same when placed on the iron dishes. Accordingly, other plates were tried, but they were short lived. 'Accidents will happen', and at first they were frequent. When at length glass tumblers ventured to take the place of the iron jug that held our water, the natives felt that they had to deal with a serious innovation. Some who had seen glass at Quilimane, informed the others of its strange qualities. A dark deputation visited the white people, and represented that these dishes were "all the same as eggs," and that the waiters would have serious difficulty in keeping a tumbler together. Feeling the force of these representations, the Europeans took the

tumblers under special protection for a time. But as in all such cases, a day of reckoning was sure to come. The natives carry plates, tumblers, and everything of this kind on the head. To them this habit is so much a second nature that if asked to fetch a kettle of boiling water, their first impulse I fancy would be to set it on the head! Still they thus carry things with a steadiness most surprising. I was once much struck with the expertness of a little girl who was sent to a brook for water. She picked up a very narrow bottle about 18 inches long; although her hands were both empty she set it on her head, walked off to fill it, and returned carrying it the same way. Such is the usual custom; and hence though the native can make baskets of every variety he never puts a handle on one of them. In carrying soup, they balance the plate on the palm of



METHOD OF CARRYING IN THE HAND.

their hand, which they throw back above the shoulder. Their method is better suited for jars than for plates.

The missionary party had to be their own bakers, butchers, and what not. When settled in such a dis-

trict a man learns for the first time how many manipulations are required before he can have dinner. The first-comers made it a rule never to see the cooking. What the natives brought they got through as well as they could, but they suspected that if they looked at all the cooking processes their peace would be broken. On one occasion two of us were at Zomba. I was suffering slightly from over-work, and enjoyed a change of labour. We were much delighted with a supply of goat's milk, which a boy brought each day. After school I used to sit in the verandah studying the language. I often observed a piece of cloth lying on the ground at the foot of the wall. It had once been white, but was now very dingy. It was generally damp, and covered with sand and mud. Further, it had an attraction for the playful toes of the group of natives that were always about me. I had a vague idea that it was used for cleaning the lamps, and regarded the rag with a kind of affection. But one morning my companion shouted out, "Look here! Just fancy! See the abominable thing that he puts our milk through!" The boy was carefully straining the milk which we so much appreciated by means of the dirty piece of cloth. At once all the enchantment of that rag was gone, and so was the enjoyment of our nice milk. But the boy's diligence was quite commendable: he might fancy that the white people strained milk in order to effect a "charm," and so far as he saw, one rag was as good as another.

On our first arrival we often had dishes that tempted curiosity; but an appeal to the senior members of the Mission was always answered with a suggestive quota-

tion of the maxim "Where ignorance is bliss, &c." Seldom, therefore, did the processes of Meg Dods' art, as practised by the natives, engage attention. Sometimes a boy was asked, "Do you call that roast fowl?" He listened to the implied rebuke with a marked air of penitence; but as soon as he rejoined his companions outside, he repeated, "Do you call that roastee fowlee? Ha! ha! ha!" and there followed a burst of loud and prolonged laughter, which greatly amused the Europeans also. The white man's mess was tacitly regarded as common property, but if the cook happened to be on bad terms with the various "tasters," the affair might become public. One day I was addressing a class, everything was calm and still, the pupils sat in respectful attention, the subject had advanced to the point of greatest interest, when all at once a boy dashed into school with a half-eaten potato, and the cook dashed after him with a ladle. The interruption was a grave misdemeanour. But the cook called out in great indignation, "I am cooking for the white men and not for this boy!" The little boy had evidently regarded the school as a house of refuge, could he only reach it before his pursuer. But the building had no doors, and many large holes for windows as well as a large doorway, and before they were aware, they had both committed themselves, and might expect to be much laughed at. The natives, however, were usually too prudent to let these things come to light.

Baking was not without its difficulties. Bread was made at first by means of the native beer, and was exceedingly sour. Still those that had become accustomed

to it generally took it without a murmur. Occasionally a native of some originality would bake several loaves with water alone, only this was apt to cause considerable criticism.

In many articles native taste differs from European. Though few natives eat eggs (c), those that do, resemble the Hottentots, who are said to take kindly to eggs that would "alarm a European at six paces' distance!" Before the use of spoons was properly understood, our servants attempted to take the eggs out of boiling water with their fingers, one half standing to laugh at the experiment, while the other half tried to carry it out!

In times of health one enjoyed these amateur cooks and their productions, but when sickness came, the joke was not so well appreciated. After an attack of malarial fever passes away, the invalid often has strange cravings of appetite. Forgetting for the moment where he is, he expresses a wish for "bread and butter". He can eat nothing else but he fancies he could take this. He is soon reminded that butter cannot be had, and the sour bread alone would hardly tempt even a healthy man. But what about milk? Why not let the poor fellow have a little milk? This is ordered, and the invalid has his hopes raised. After a long time the milk appears. But what makes the sick man hesitate so? He looks as if he were going to ask what the milk was made of. The new-comer may have yet to learn that there are no milk-strainers in this part of the world! Sometimes he may be glad if he get water. The water used on the Mission was taken from the little stream and was very unwholesome. Still it had

the advantage of being quite cool in the morning. At Nyassa on the other hand, when a person ordered water he would wonder whether it had been taken from the kettle instead of the Lake, and be tempted to think it must be useful chiefly as an emetic, but after being placed for some time in an earthen pot, it becomes cool and agreeable.

There was a certain provision made for sickness but of a very limited description. Beef-tea was in the store; as was also a little wine, but the supply was generally so small that it could not be used except in extremity. At one period there was only a single cork screw on the settlement, so that when the Doctor ordered a bottle of wine the invalid had to wait for the man that possessed the screw!

We had two great methods of dealing with the difficulties of housekeeping—training the natives and ordering appliances from home. The education of the natives was slow but it was sure, and in time some of them began to be very useful. Appliances were ordered from home, but often just when we fancied we were about to be properly supplied we were informed that our valuable boxes had been stolen on the way.

Regarding the *school-work* we wrote at this time, “The natives are beginning to see meaning in our teaching. One of our more advanced boys put to me the question, ‘What must I do to receive the Holy Spirit?’ He said he was wicked, and had much need of the Holy Spirit to make him better. We are glad that the Sabbath-school children of Scotland take an interest in our pupils. Some of our boys and girls they would

like very much. They might at first shrink from them because they are black, but after a time they would find them attractive. I could show them some broad little figures with broad little faces beaming with fun and good temper. Some of our pupils would run if they were to see white children; but after the first fright was over they would come near, and soon become good friends. The other day I was at the back of a hill where children had never seen a white man before, and they all took to their heels; but after a short time they gathered round me, and when I spoke to them and showed them my watch and my boots, they became better acquainted; and as we shook hands, some of them said they would like to go to Blantyre to school. If we could send home photographs of our pupils, the school children would have a better idea of them. They would then wonder a good deal at the woolly heads and flat noses.) Before we came here all the women and girls had their upper lips bored to hold a large ugly ring, which made them a terrible fright; but now they are laying aside this custom. I told all our black pupils that the children in Scotland were sending them clothes and money, and they were delighted. One said that he would like to know English, to be able to thank the white children. Another said—'Tell the children that we are glad to hear they are good, and can read about God. Mrs. Macdonald and all the white men are very kind to us, and teach us about God. Before, we knew nothing, but now we can understand a little, and we thank the children very much.' The communion of the Lord's Supper has now been celebrated twice at

Blantyre. Dr. Laws was present on both occasions, and addressed us after the ordinance. We called in the more advanced boys as witnesses of the rite. Hitherto we have not baptised any natives. I am not so familiar with their language as I should like to be before doing so. Meanwhile our teaching is so carried on that I should not wonder though some soon ask admission to the ordinance. I pray that we may be directed in these matters; they will mark a crisis of spiritual life among our pupils.

“I have written out about 40 pages of Scripture matter in the Yao language, which I shall send down to Lovedale to be printed. Attempts of this kind will show the natives the use of reading.”

The natives are fond of paying compliments, and by this time Kumlomba would tell me that I had finished Yao. I proposed therefore that he should now teach me Chinyasa, but he said, “If you speak Yao for another year, you will understand Chinyasa without learning it”. I found afterwards that the native was not far wrong. It is well for the Missionary not to attempt at first to speak more than one language. Thus he might expect that after seven or eight years' persistent training he could wield the weapon with considerable effect, though I fear he would fall behind the native orator by an immense distance. We all know what a mess many a man makes of a foreign language after he thinks he has acquired it. But though only speaking one tongue, the Missionary might write as many as he pleases, for the various dialects throw much light on each other.

In trying to form a native reading book, I had to grapple with all the difficulties of the native language. Not only so but I required to form a special vocabulary for Theology. Hence the first three months of this year was a time of very hard study, but I succeeded in drawing up a small Reading book, and forming at the same time an extensive vocabulary. From this period, and during my whole stay in Africa, I used at least twenty native words for every English word that I employed, and latterly the English proportion became still smaller. But often in my efforts at translation I had to pause a while in despair, and devote more time to writing down native tales. For a long period we had nothing but English books. This is one great disadvantage that new Missions have to contend with. Had we possessed Yao books at the outset, the great part of the school would have been able by this time to read their own language. As it was, many could read English very fluently—although they did not understand it. A free-thinker who frankly declared that he did not believe in Missions, expressed much surprise on hearing English read by some boys that had not known a single letter a twelvemonth before. Their drill in English was by no means lost for, when our printed matter arrived, we had fifty pupils that could read it without hesitation.

During this period there occurred an episode that was invested with all “the pomp and circumstance of glorious war”. Chelomoni, a Blantyre headman, was attacked when on a journey by another headman, and had his wife taken from him. He was himself wounded by an arrow, and came to the Station bleeding very

profusely. The outrage, called for some remonstrance, and Chelomoni's villagers at once prepared to march upon the offender, and some of the white men thought it best to accompany. As the party approached the village, the inhabitants came out to meet them, and to ask what was to be done in view of the action of their headman. They explained at the same time that the guilty man had run away. After some consultation it was agreed to set fire to his huts, and the men belonging to the village, some of whom had been patients of Dr. Macklin, shewed which huts were owned by the aggressor, and after the valuables were all carried out, fire was applied. In such a case Chelomoni being the injured party was the proper person to punish. But if the Directors at home assumed that the Mission was a colony with Chelomoni for a subject then it would become the duty of the Mission to punish, and the native punishment for such offences is to make war on the offending village, and obtain damages by capturing slaves. As it was, the presence of the white men that happened to be there, did much to calm the opposing parties.

The Directors hoped that the Mission would become self-supporting, but although the territory that belonged to the settlement was about 600 square miles, this result was far from being attained. They advised extended cultivation, but it was gradually discovered that this meant extended loss. Dr. Macklin, however, made an arrangement that promised to be remunerative. He gave some of the villagers an allowance of powder with which they went out in search of elephants.

W. H. H. H.

When they killed an elephant, the Mission was presented with one of the tusks and bought the other at a fixed rate. This plan was afterwards largely adopted by various traders. But soon the natives began to take advantage of the white men. They would beg a large supply of powder, representing that they had seen a herd of elephants, and after hunting for several weeks and even trading with the powder, they would come back to report that they had shot an elephant which had no tusks!

CHAPTER X.

SECOND HALF—CONTINUED.

BESIDES stealing articles that were on the way to the Mission, the natives gave considerable annoyance by pilfering at the station itself. Before becoming accustomed to the heat of the country, we preferred to sleep with the windows open. At Quilimane our landlord would not permit this, but bolted all the window shutters "to prevent the blacks from coming in". But at Blantyre we ventured for some time to keep a window open at night, and, strange to tell, no one came in. Becoming more used to the climate, we shut our windows; but one night thieves broke into our house, and took everything that was of value to them. Most of our goods they carried outside and spread before the window. Then they selected everything that was made of cloth. Many things that we could hardly have done without, such as waterproofs, &c., they fortunately left. Books also escaped, while they carefully placed some silver articles off the table, in order that they might carry off the tablecloth. Anything that has the appearance of "calico" at once appeals to the natives' cupidity. When we were honoured by the visit of a

great chief, our royal guest carefully felt first the tablecloth, then the window-blinds, and after that the paper on the walls! It was not our neighbours that had committed the theft, for they had long seen the windows kept open all night, and had not entered. All who had been in the Mission during the previous thefts blamed the Anyasa people. After this, two night watchmen were employed, and bamboo shutters were fixed on the windows. But for many months the station was beset with thieves, who had been encouraged by this success. It was chiefly by windows that they tried to enter, though occasionally they pushed the doors till the rafters of our little houses cracked. Each night before retiring to rest we piled empty tins behind every window, so that they might fall and frighten the robbers. But to our great annoyance, the rats frequently knocked these down. We had no ambition to catch a thief in the act, for in that case we should have likely felt the sharpness of his assagai. For a long time we were in a miserable condition. While we had the hardest work during the day, we could never enjoy a night of undisturbed repose. On one occasion nearly all the cloth windows in two of the houses were cut by thieves. It almost seemed that a band of housebreakers had encamped near us, for the express purpose of besieging the station. They carried on their operations with great coolness, for when they laid hold of a tin of split peas, they opened it and left it beside the house. They were too knowing to trouble themselves with the carriage of anything that was unsuitable. They would at times plait a ladder to reach a store window, and go off leaving the ladder beside the

wall. The watchmen were of no service; they sometimes became plunderers themselves, and disappeared before morning. The first parties that were employed as watchmen came from the same chief as the thieves, and were probably glad of their position in order to assist their friends. As the natives wear no boots and hardly any clothing, they can break into houses without making much noise. Still the Europeans became very expert in attending to everything that betokened the presence of a thief. Our houses were full of rats, which are here better equipped for making a disturbance than rats are in England. It was Livingstone, I think, that first complained of the laughing rats of the Zambeze! These inmates of our dwellings not content with biting our fingers, knocking down tins, and dancing at large over everything that was capable of giving out a noise, aspired to divert us by going into fits of loud laughter! All this performance, it will be thought, made the task of the housebreaker more easy. Yet it sometimes produced the very opposite effect. When the rats discontinued their dance, the European was at once all ear. "My rats are quiet. What *can* be the matter? There must either be a snake on the verandah, or a robber at the window." This reasoning, strange as it may seem, led, at least, on one occasion, to very important results. But the thieves gave indications of their presence in various other ways. As I lay one night in bed, the moon which seems always to shine brightly here, cast the shadow of a native on the calico window. The man's movements were suspicious: although he would not contemplate anything more

serious than theft; yet so small was our room that a native could have easily given us the full benefit of his assagai as we lay in bed. I thought that this chance of scaring a thief was too good to be lost, and I fired a revolver bullet through the calico. From the man's shadow I could easily see where he stood, and so avoid the risk of striking him. It need scarcely be said that he disappeared at once. As we were all expected to get up on any nocturnal disturbance, the other members of the Mission were over in a few minutes, but could find no trace of the person, and it was not likely that the same individual would return that night. Several nights after this, a noise was heard at midnight in our larger room. I got up and stood before one of the windows for a long time, till I began to shiver with cold. But everything was quiet except that I could hear our two watchmen snoring very loudly under a large tree not far from our door. Becoming tired with waiting, and wishing also to rouse the watchmen, I fired the revolver through the calico as before, when to my surprise, I heard a great scamper. A thief had really been at the window. In his rapid retreat he threw away his bow. The calico in the window was cut in the usual way, but so quietly had he been working, that even although I had been sitting awake in the dark room, he might have ultimately entered without my hearing him! Afterwards we kept a lamp burning all night, and I had only to carry it to the window where a thief was, in order to secure his instant departure. We often wondered why negroes who were so lazy at work, put themselves to so much trouble in order

to steal. But their thieving propensities are everywhere recognised. When we were at Quilimane, I remember that after the custom-house was closed for the night, Dr. Macklin was asked by the Portuguese authorities to send a watch in order to protect the goods that he was taking out. Blantyre men were accordingly armed with guns and cautioned against falling asleep. Up at the Mission, Makukani was believed to be the instigator of all the pilfering. The other Magololo said that if the English would visit him on a beer-drinking, they would see all their stolen clothes and dresses. After a great "take," this chief would send up requesting the present of a box to hold his clothes! When spoken to by Dr. Macklin on the subject, he was quite pleasant, but of course, declared that he knew nothing of the thefts. To put a stop if possible to this annoyance we determined to surround the station with a hedge of thorn, and take various other precautions.

But before these improvements could be carried out, we were made still more alive to the dangers of our position. In the beginning of June, I wrote to the Committee to the following effect:—"On looking at the journal of last month, I see that the greater part of the time has passed without anything noteworthy. Happy, it has been said, are the people that have no history; still there are a few items that we could have 'spared'. On 21st May an attempt was made at fire-raising, which would have been serious if successful. Our own house was chosen, as being to windward of the others, and at midnight we were visited by a man who carried a few embers in a clay-pot, and set fire to the

roof. Our roofs are merely grass, tied down with bamboo. But for an ever-watchful Providence, the whole house would soon have been in flames. The incendiary had waited for a windy night, his plan being to burn all the houses in the same row. If this house had been set fairly ablaze, one half of the station would have been demolished. But one of the artisans on the opposite side of the square being sleepless on account of ill-health, observed the glare through his calico window, and at once gave the alarm. The bugle was sounded, and all the natives turned out, as well as ourselves. By means of a good supply of water and wet blankets, we soon extinguished the flames. We have since taken several steps with a view to additional security. We are giving every attention to the watch at night. We have not swords, as you suggest; and a native would be of more service with his assagai on an emergency. Hitherto the watch has been armed with guns. You are anxious that natives should not form an acquaintance with fire-arms, but the country is already full of them. One can hardly take a walk to Ndilande without meeting half-a-dozen men with guns. In a single day's march here, a person sees more guns than he would see in Scotland in a six days' journey. Another precaution has been the cutting down of the bush for several hundred yards round the station. Hitherto, a native had to run but a few yards in order to make his capture impossible. To prevent fire we have had our houses covered with a coating of clay, thin on the top, and thicker on the veranda. The rainy season will probably wash off this; but it will serve its

purpose, as roofs are not so easily set on fire during the rains.

“The best way of securing the goodwill of the natives is to mingle much with them. Those in our neighbourhood are all most friendly, but they are impulsive. I must explain that I have thought it my duty to stick closely to school work, so that my time for visiting in the country is not much. But Dr. Macklin and I have begun to spend Saturday forenoons in going about among the people. The other week we were at the back of Sochi where there is a good view of the Mlanje range. I had been reading, for the first time, Mr. Rowley’s book on the Universities’ Mission, and it gave a new interest to the prospect that lay before us. As we stood gazing on the very valley that our predecessors must have passed through to Magomero, we felt that we were amidst hallowed associations. We cannot help thinking that the dealings of Providence were very mysterious with regard to a Mission so well equipped.

“Our new villages show much improvement. Instead of the original little round hut the Blantyre natives are beginning to erect square houses with verandahs and calico windows. It would be desirable to spread our energies over a larger field. When we succeed in planting one or two stations this end will be gained. We cannot predict what course our work will take in the future. After we have a few stations besides Blantyre, we may be able to subdivide the district thus occupied into twenty parishes. Were we at this stage, we could secure for the native pastors an endowment in the form

of a small freehold. Such an organisation as this would, with the blessing of God, tell strongly on the heathenism of the country; but the attainment of such an end, whether it be near or distant, will not be secured without many a prayer, and many a persevering effort both of the Church at home and of its representatives in this distant land."

After the Mission Directors recommended extension, we turned our thoughts to Mlanje and to Zomba. Dr. Macklin went to the former district, but found the country very unsettled. At one place he underwent considerable anxiety, and his men kept awake all night, but he was relieved by discovering that his interpreter was acquainted with one of the chiefs. The Doctor wrote, "This was a very pleasant discovery, and quite set my mind at rest. The chief said he knew the English were friends; he knew them long ago when he lived on the coast; how that the English had saved his people from being enslaved by the Portuguese; and how the English ships of war used to capture dhows and set the slaves free. He was glad to have a visit from us, and expressed himself pleased at the prospect of the English coming to stay amongst his people to teach their children, as he knew learning was good. Next morning I received a present of a fine goat, a large quantity of rice and native beer. I had another interview with him. I told him I wished to explore the district and visit Matapwiri. He thereupon earnestly recommended me not to go to the other side of Mlanje, or go up the hills, or visit Matapwiri at present, but to come back again, and then he himself or his brother

would be my guide. He said I was likely to get into trouble if I went on now. He asked me to stay a few days among his people, to let them get acquainted with me. He said he was sorry he must go away that day, but he was desirous his people should learn more of me. He also expressed his regret that the people in the first village had given me trouble, and he was angry with them. Indeed, he went that way to take away the present from the headman."

Then the chief departed to carry on his wars. We kept up communication with him to the last. Various presents were exchanged, and on one occasion he sent over his young son on a visit to Blantyre.

Meanwhile the Mission was steadily advancing in every department. Details may be gathered from the following extracts:—

"By this time many natives are more decently clothed. Saturday is the great washing-day, so that on Sunday we have quite a respectable (not to say a gaudy) congregation.

"The dresses with bright and variegated colours have been highly prized, especially by the school children and the females. Some of the men, however, are not so much influenced by colour in selecting their garments. They are so utilitarian that they form an opinion of a dress only after giving it a few good 'tugs'.

"Our pupils make marked progress. We have two boys that did not know a single letter last year, who can now read the 37th Psalm. I have set one class to read the metrical version of the psalms, as the rhyme pleases them. They also gain insight into our language,

by reading the poetical version along with the prose one."

We had long felt the necessity of building larger houses, and had thought of various plans. Turf houses were suggested, but none of us had ever seen turf in this country. Bricks were next spoken of. But Dr. Macklin, learning that the earth of the ant-hills could be used for mortar, proposed to build with stone, and Mr. Buchanan in a very short time reared the walls of the first stone house that had been seen in this region. Its erection gave the mission a new standing altogether. The natives had been of opinion that in a short time we should become tired of them and go away like our predecessors. But when they saw that we no longer built *masakasa*, as they said the "Magomero Mission had also done," they reasoned that we gave more promise of a permanent stay. Besides, the white people had children on whom many hopes were placed.

Kapeni's sister paid Mrs. Macdonald a visit of compliment on the birth of her son, and asked to see the white baby. She brought with her a little girl of about six years, and made some hints to the effect that she would like a marriage with the white people! She said the young Scotchman was a Yao child, and I replied that I had little doubt he would soon speak Yao. When asked whether she would leave the little girl for school, she said she would attend school with "*him*"! The natives, although afraid that their own children would not learn to read, never admitted the same doubts regarding the white child, who had the medicine of its fathers.

By the end of this half-year I was able to converse with the natives sufficiently well to profit by their instructions in the language. From morning till noon and from noon till night, I kept noting down native words wherever I heard them, and I hired special teachers besides. Having realised from the beginning that the first work of a Missionary was to acquire the language of his people, I was daily discovering that the best way of mastering an unwritten tongue was to note down native tales. By this time I could write as follows:—

“I am glad that I have advanced so far in the language as to have overcome the mere drudgery part. I now pay special attention to the idioms. From twelve noon till two every day I have a man engaged to give me stories, for which I pay him in handkerchiefs, needles, or soap. I write down these tales to dictation, and occasionally in shorthand. I believe that in a little I shall be able to utilise phonography in this language for private use, and thus save much time. The tense-sequence is more simple than I at first thought; the natives have a device like what Hebrew grammar has called the Waw consecutive. Thus, when they speak of the past, they put the first verb in the past indicative, while the rest of the verbs in the series are infinitives.

“These people are not destitute of a traditional literature: they have a great many riddles, which I am trying to collect. They have also many tales. At the head of these there is an account of the first man; this is followed up by genealogies of all the tribes in their neighbourhood; then there comes a long catalogue of

wars and consequent famines, interspersed at intervals with times of peace and prosperity. I have also accounts of their important ceremonies, some of which are very objectionable, and much resemble practices that were associated with the idolatry of ancient Israel. Some particulars my informant communicated in a whisper; others were 'hidden,' and if he revealed them he would die. The man that has been my chief instructor is anxious to get 'our stories,' by which he means the stories in the Bible. After coming to Africa and seeing the effect of Scripture narratives on the native mind, my appreciation of the Old Testament history has been much deepened. To take one instance. The natives were greatly impressed with the incident in the history of David, where he had Saul in his power and spared him—they considered David's action a most admirable one.

"Congregations at home are anxious to get truth in a more abstract form, and would consider time wasted if the sermon were taken up with these simple stories; but these natives like to ruminate on every particular, and to conceive the whole narrative as vividly as possible. Though we, from familiarity, look on these narratives as simple, people hearing them for the first time may recognise in them not only a divine sublimity, but a supernatural intellectual power."

When we reached the Mission last year, the natives used to bring large numbers of fowls for sale: at first they brought more than could be used. They were equally ready to sell eggs. Moreover, when there was a rumour of war in the district, they fetched in fowls

from every quarter, for when they had to run to the hills they could carry their "money" more easily than their fowls. The effect of all this was that the native villagers in the neighbourhood soon sold off their stock, and as a consequence the Missionaries had no meat. On fowls we depended almost entirely, for though the Magololo had a few sheep and goats, they did not care to sell them. Various means were tried in order to keep the wolf from the door. In the early days of the Mission, before there was much to do, and when most of the staff were unwell, it had been possible to tell off an invalid to look after the fowls, but all of us were too busy now. We adopted the plan of giving fowls over to villagers, and we soon found that if they could not take better care of them than the white man they could always *account for* them better, for every now and then they were able to report that a dozen had been killed by a leopard! But the matter became serious—we often found ourselves without food. On one occasion we had to live chiefly on beans for nearly five weeks. The only good solution of this difficulty was found when we planted a new Mission. To it we looked for a supply till the Blantyre district recovered itself. Many a time the petition for daily bread had a significance for us here that it never had in Britain. It might be supposed that a Missionary is in danger of becoming less spiritually-minded when surrounded by the heathen. But on the contrary, not to mention the solemn call which he feels when he is face to face with heathendom, he is apt to realize his dependence on God much more vividly than in a civilized land. Each night he

knows that a drunk native might easily burn him in his hut before he awakes.

Trading. In a short time the African Lakes Company began to exert an influence in the country. Its agents brought out a steamer to ply between Mazaro and the Mission settlements. The intention was to aid the Missions and encourage the natives in commerce. The negroes, it was felt, might easily wonder what could be the object of the Missionary, but they could all understand the object of the Trader. Hitherto the great trade of the country had been in slaves, nor could a native chief be expected to lay aside this traffic all at once, seeing, as he did, no harm in dealing in human flesh and blood. He pleaded, and that truly, that he had nothing to sell but slaves. Some legitimate trade required therefore to be introduced. In dealing with the natives, Trading Companies would evidently have to face great difficulties. Unfortunately these negroes had learned to look to all traders for rum and powder. Besides, as time is of no value to the native, he demands for his goods the same price in the interior that he would get at the coast. Like the Missionary, the Trader in such lands has to educate the people gradually. But the Trading Company soon conferred a great boon on the Mission Stations. At first we had always great difficulty in getting ordinary stores from England. For a long time while we had plenty of tea we had no sugar, on other occasions while we had plenty of sugar we had no tea! But the superior means of communication put an end to these difficulties.

This company is desirous of opening up the country

by making a road as far as Lake Tanganyika. This is certainly a very good programme. When operations are extended over such a large field, no doubt, many difficulties may be expected. On one occasion a chief robbed and murdered no fewer than fourteen natives that were employed by the company, and when a party went back to remonstrate, another man lost his life in the scuffle. But the making of roads is a work that the natives much like, and which soon advances the civilization of a district.

Field for Emigration. Livingstone as he passed through this region often thought of the poor in his native land. He knew how human beings were crowded together in large cities, where they seldom saw a green field or enjoyed the pure air. There they lived, cast aside into some filthy street to be hidden as it were from the more respectable citizens. Might not this hard fate be modified? The vast unpeopled plains and mountains of Africa impressed us with the lesson that Great Britain is but a little part of God's vast world.

The state of the lake region of Africa just now, points back to what Britain must have been many centuries before Christianity reached it. If we had then sailed up the Thames or the Clyde in some canoe, we should have seen only an occasional savage clad perhaps in skins, who would quickly rush in terror into the dense jungle. Could the man of those primitive days now revisit his old haunts, he would not recognise them. A greater contrast could scarcely be imagined. What in his time was a swamp is now a railway station, places then quite impassable by reason of bush and branches

are now busy streets, spots which were then a barren waste are now fertile farms. For every person that could subsist in the country then, there are thousands now. With reference to Africa, many Englishmen say that if Britain instead of Portugal had held the coast, the country would have been already opened up. The remark looks invidious, but in any case it cannot change the past, and those who have at heart the sad condition of the African must seek to improve the present. I have no doubt that settlers willing to endure the hardships common in uncivilised countries, would by steady perseverance soon make themselves comfortable homes. Sugar grows well in the district. The natives have the cane, though they know nothing of the manufactured article. Tobacco also grows everywhere. The same may be said of India-rubber. Cotton is indigenous, and flax thrives well. Coffee has succeeded, and it is almost certain that tea would. Oil seeds (like the castor-oil bean, ground nuts and sesamum) are abundant. Native labour is cheap. The rate of wages at one time was a foot of calico per day for each man, and nine inches for a woman; and as the Mission had always more applicants for work than could be received, even this small wage was reduced. Still, parties settling far inland would not gain by exporting, as for a long time the expense of carriage must be high.

One thing much to be regretted in connection with the opening up of the country for commerce is the wholesale destruction of the elephant. At every port along the East coast the mail steamers receive tons of ivory. It is a pity that the African elephant cannot be

utilised in some other way. Unless the noble animals have some mercy shown them, they will speedily become extinct.

CHAPTER XI.

THIRD HALF. JULY, 1879—DEC., 1879.

MLANJE district having proved too unsettled for Mission Work, our thoughts turned to Zomba, where there was greater quietness. The Rev. Horace Waller said that he had ever looked upon this great mountain as a 'Land of Promise'. Its height gave us good reason for expecting that a healthy site could be found in its neighbourhood. We started for Zomba on *July 30*. It was 8.45 before we had all the carriers in motion. I went off in front, while Mr. Buchanan brought up the rear. We carried with us provisions for a month, and tools to build a house if we should find a good settlement with friendly natives. As we crossed the shoulder of Ndilande, our march was quite an ovation, the natives running from every village to salute us. Two hours from Blantyre brought us to a wooded plain, uninhabited but well watered, in which we proceeded for two hours more, till we reached a village on the side of Cherasulo at one o'clock. After resting for two hours we resumed our journey, which now lay

through a valley at the foot of Cherasulo—a most fertile spot, with sparkling brooks and gigantic trees.

At this point one of our carriers fell behind, and could not be found. He managed his little trick so skilfully that I did not understand it till long after. When we started we intended to pass Mkanda's, but on further inquiry we resolved to go by Kumpama's. On our change of route becoming known, this poor carrier who had been a slave of Kumpama's, contrived to 'miss the way,' although beside his old home. He then 'wandered a long time in search of us' and at last returned to Blantyre. I mention this to shew the reserve of the natives. All knew the facts as well as I do now, but no one hinted at them and we were left to suppose, if we liked, that the carrier had run off and stolen his load.

That night we pitched our tent in the village of a 'brother' of Mityoche's, who treated us with great kindness. Since the expedition to Mlanje had caused so much anxiety we took the opportunity at this place of writing back to Blantyre, and two of the villagers were very willing to act as postmen.

On *July 31* we resumed at 7 o'clock hardly expecting to see a single habitation till we were near Zomba. But there are a few hamlets a little way off the path. One large village we reached at 9, and there we rested before entering the desert. We partook of breakfast while our carriers regaled themselves with native beer. As the 'English' are held in high estimation as Physicians, a poor man covered with a kind of leprosy was brought to us here. At 11.20 we came to the Namasi, the

largest stream we had yet crossed. The road is uniformly level. It seems as if nature had meant it for a railway. On the sides, here and there, are rocky heights rising about 150 feet above the plain. 1.50 P.M. brought us to the Ntondwe, another large stream. After 3 the descent was gradual, almost imperceptible, till we reached, at the foot of Zomba, a fine stream called the Likangala, by the side of which at 5.30 we pitched our tent under the shadow of the great mountain. At this spot there are some villages on sites as beautiful as could be conceived. The inhabitants are numerous and intelligent. They have had much intercourse with the coast, which they can reach in about seven days. Their chief is Chemlumbe. All the people were exceedingly kind and each headman recommended us to stay beside himself. The Cherasulo people could not see why we preferred Zomba, and Chemlumbe's subjects were sure that we would settle with him.

Aug. 1.—We started for Chemlumbe's own residence. He wished us to rest three days before doing anything. This is an example of some of the lazy customs of the country. But there are certain principles in human nature quite as strong as habit: through the offer of two shirts we procured a guide, and by twelve o'clock we stood on the top of Zomba. Once there, we went round the whole of the side towards Blantyre, and the whole of the side towards Chirwa. To our disappointment we found that, at the nearest point, the lake was at a great distance from the base of Zomba. One hill called Chikala is nearer the lake only our guide said

that it was the chosen abode of war and tsetse. By the time we were ready to descend the mountain, it was dark. Our guide had left us in the afternoon because we were going too far in the direction of a hostile chief called Malemya. We were not sure whether to sleep on the hill or to press onwards in the moonlight. Ultimately we resolved to press on. Our men were so tired that they preferred to stay behind and we went on alone, though very faint, having eaten nothing since morning. Before we had gone fifteen minutes Buchanan, who was leading, declared that it would be a difficult descent, and in about fifteen minutes more we were in a perfect 'fix'. At one point it seemed to be quite impossible to go down, while it was nearly equally difficult to go back. We kept struggling for about two hours. Once we thought of lying down till the moon came round; at another time we proceeded to take off our clothing to serve as a rope by which we might project ourselves to a certain tree. We cannot be too thankful that this last plan was abandoned, as we should have reached the tree only to be precipitated down hundreds of feet of perpendicular rock. The want of food, and the exertions of the day, had made us exceedingly weak; we could hardly speak. But we did not lose our trust in God; and it gave us comfort to think that we were not forgotten by praying people at home. In a short time we found a less dangerous path, and reached a stream about midnight. A few draughts of its delicious water made up for want of food; and in a short time we tried to wade down the channel, as having thus the easiest passage to the foot of the mountain. In the

stream our progress was no longer obstructed by bush, but we encountered large slippery stones. One or two falls among these convinced us that the mountain must be our abode all night. We found a level stone for a bed, and a few logs, which made a fire. One of us was to sleep, the other to watch and scare the wild beasts. I was constituted watchman, as Buchanan who was better acquainted with Chemlumbe was to bring round the carriers next day.

Aug. 2.—In the morning we were as fresh as could be expected, and urged on by hunger, we resumed our journey as soon as we could see. We now discovered that we had reason to be thankful for not having attempted to descend farther in the night. Towards the foot of the mountain we found timber, bamboos, and other requisites for building, growing more plentifully than at Blantyre. Having started at six we reached a native village—Kalimbuka's—about eight, and our knowledge of the language at once recommended us to the people. We allayed the pangs of hunger by devouring a few raw eggs, which we bought for a handkerchief. Though some of these had been taken from under a hen as usual, we found as many fresh as served our purpose. Then we made a meal of sweet potatoes which were roasted among the ashes. After we had time to examine ourselves we found our clothes had been cut by our falls among the stones the previous night. An aneroid barometer which we laid down in the chief's verandah, soon collected a great crowd. The chief had tried to catch the hands below the glass! and was so much surprised at his failure that he called

his people. They were all still more surprised when I produced my watch. They thought the larger hand might be a "picture" but they saw the seconds hand actually moving, yet despite all their efforts, they could not catch it. Every man in the village had to try the experiment for himself before he was convinced. A brave old veteran who had slain his hundreds, came forward perfectly certain that he could take hold of the "little stick". He pushed aside the rest of the people with an air of contempt—they were good for nothing if they could not hold that stick. They made way for the mighty man who placed his forefinger opposite his large thumb and pounced upon the watch glass with the greatest confidence. He repeated the attack again and again, but the seconds hand still kept moving on as before. Gradually a puzzled look crept over his face, and the crowd raised a loud laugh, while the warrior tried to cover his defeat, by saying, "Can you catch hold of it, father?" By the time that the men had all tried to catch the "stick," the female population paused amidst the labours of their busier life, and came forward in a body to see the phenomenon that had so puzzled their husbands. They showed equal astonishment. The watch opened with the usual spring. And being anxious to get an illustration of the "post hoc, propter hoc" fallacy, I invited one man to blow upon the back of it, when to his astonishment, the lid opened at once! After this all the villagers crowded round for the purpose of blowing on the watch, and they clapped their hands and huzzaed, when the lid always opened! Before the exhibition had finished, every villager had to

put the watch to his ear to hear what it said. Then he told his friends that it said, "Telu! telu! telu!" The natives often gave an interpretation of sounds which was different from ours. According to them a cat does not say "mew," but "nyao".

In the course of the day, our goods were brought round from Chemlumbe's, who seemed offended because we had not settled at his village which was unfortunately unsuitable. Chemlumbe is related to Mityoche, and had we settled with him, the latter might have always allowed our carriers to pass in peace. We asked Kalimbuka whether we could get leave to choose a spot in his neighbourhood, and he was delighted with the idea. But wishing to observe every little point of native manners, we requested him to take us first to Malemya, the chief of the whole district.

Sunday, August 3.—We held two services in the native language, which were well attended. When we repeated the Lord's prayer, our new friends specially noted its last petition, "Deliver us from evil".*

* The translation "Deliver us from the Evil One," adopted in the Revised Version, is not so easily understood by persons that hear the prayer for the first time. But (as will be seen from the 3rd and 4th chapters of Vol. I., as well as from the Native Tales in the Appendix) the supernatural world of the African is by no means tenantless. Moreover, the negro is very eager to hear all that the European has to say on this subject. When a Missionary rendered the well-known words addressed to Nathanael, "Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God *crawling up* and *crawling down* upon the Son of Man," he was soon asked to explain what he meant by "angels"! The moment the native understood they were spirits, he was able to improve the translation which had led him to place them in a different category.

Monday, August 4.—With Kalimbuka's son as guide we set out for Malemya's. In this journey we found more traces of foreign influence than are seen at Blantyre. We met with one man that could speak Swahili, and with another that had been the slave of some Portuguese planter. When we expressed a doubt as to whether a Portuguese slave would run so far inland, Bismark said, "There can be no doubt about the matter, if you look at his side, you may see the mark!" and so it was. When the man raised his arm, we found that he had a brand on the side.

On reaching Malemya's, we asked an interview with the chief. After some delay, an old man who was evidently a great snuff-taker, made his appearance, and announced himself as Malemya. We shewed him all the tokens of respect due to a king, and stated our errand. He was quite favourable and condescended to give us a general idea of his kingdom and its relations. He bitterly complained of his neighbour Kawinga, who tried to capture all his subjects. After everything had been discussed, he said he would take a few minutes to consider how he would deal with us, and retired. During his absence, Bismark and some of our men were asked to a private interview. In a little, Bismark returned laughing and said, "That man you saw is not the chief at all! The chief is a young man. You will see him if you come round to the back of the house." On this explanation being given, all the natives laughed, feeling that the white men had been cheated! Though some even of our own retinue must have known that Malemya was a young man, they gave us no hint of

this, but seemed to enjoy the little game: they afterwards remarked that Machinga chiefs always acted in this manner with strangers. Malemya himself was very cordial. When we tried to explain that we wanted a little bit of ground as well as a house, he did not understand how we could have a house without getting all the land about it! In his view, the one gift implied the other. We were careful to explain that we should not interfere in the usual native wars. He wished us to stay and rest with him, but we declined, promising to call again.

Next day we set ourselves to choose a spot for a house, and to begin operations. In choosing the site we had many conditions to fulfil. (1) There must be people about us. On seeing this spot from the top of the mountain, we were delighted with the cluster of little villages. Here we were on the borders between Chemlumbe and Malemya, having a ready access to both kingdoms, and the subjects of these hostile chiefs laid aside their petty jealousies and worked side by side with us. (2) There must be a supply of good water. On the banks of the Mlungusi we had as favourable a position in this respect as could be desired. (3) It must be a healthy spot. The elevation of the site at Zomba secured this, our station being on the southern side of the hill, about 400 feet higher than Blantyre, and quite accessible to every wind except the north, which would be a hot wind. Here, too, the mountain juts out, giving us even more than our fair share of fresh air. (4) It must be a secure spot. This site seemed specially suited for preserving us from such trouble

from thieves as we had at Blantyre. The whole district round as far as Malemya's is well watered and populous. The people, too, are quite as knowing as those at Blantyre, most of the men having been at Quilimane. They were able to give me much help with the language. At Blantyre I had been long searching for a Yao word equivalent to our "hundred" but without success. At Zomba I got it at once, but it is seldom used—the natives rarely counting so high.

Tuesday, August 5, found us at our new settlement. After clearing a little spot we raised a grass hut. In this we had just room for our beds and a table. The bedsteads which we had brought with us were not strong and sometimes fell down and knocked our heads through our wall! A table was made by driving four posts into the floor, and fixing a bamboo boarding above them. For chairs, we had old boxes. Our cooking was done under a big tree. We had no windows, but the walls of our house were convenient, as we could at once make holes to look through when a disturbance arose. The native workers slept in similar grass tents around us. One night they accidentally set fire to a dwelling, the flames spread and destroyed several others, soon the whole bush was in a blaze; but our hut escaped. It did service for three weeks, until the larger house was finished, when Mr. Buchanan abandoned it in favour of some fowls that he had bought.

We were glad that we could address the people in their own tongue, and they listened with much attention. Of course they did not yet know to come to us, and we had to go to them. One Sunday I held a great many

services, moving about from village to village and preaching in them all. When I returned in the evening, a congregation soon assembled. By this time I was quite tired, and when addressing them I adopted a sitting posture; but so earnest was their manner in listening, that it soon brought me to my feet. I often asked Bismark to address the natives, and his words produced a profound impression. He delivered some addresses of such an earnest, practical character, that they would not have been amiss in the English language, and in a home pulpit. Zomba on the whole gave promise of doing well as a Mission station, and secular work was also carried on with great vigour. Besides building a house, Mr. Buchanan had to hoe the ground for crops and to make a road to the new Station. The natives in the neighbourhood were exceedingly anxious to obtain employment. Those about Blantyre had all benefited by working at the Mission, and by this time they were more civilized in dress. Compared with our people, the inhabitants of Zomba looked very naked. In their district there was no cloth except some Blantyre calico which they had purchased from other natives, and a little that had been bought from the slave-drivers a few months before. Every Monday, workers were enrolled for a fortnight. More applied than could be engaged, but as several came from great distances, Mr. Buchanan always took on as many as he could.

One afternoon I started to pay a second visit to Malemya. He and his people were in the midst of a beer-drinking, which had lasted a few days already, but which he assured me was only beginning. He gave me

a hut in a village at some distance from the scene of the beer drinking. Though he was quite drunk when I arrived, he soon recovered and came down beside me. We spoke of the great numbers of people that could be reached from Chirwa, and he promised me a guide to its shores. He said the Lake used to be full of water, but that it was becoming drier every year—"What could be the reason?" Problems of this kind often occupy native chiefs, who are always glad to hear the opinions of a stranger. On going along its shores next day, I saw that the Lake at one time had been broader, and that over a great part of the land still covered, the water was only a few feet in depth. That night I slept in a village near the Lake. The headman urged me to occupy his own dwelling and accordingly proceeded to clear out his poultry. Bismark warned me against entering the hut as it was full of "what was called fleas". But since the people were so kind as to give up their home for me, I thought it best not to be fastidious. On the whole I was comfortable; once I awoke and was quite overawed at hearing the gnawing of the rats. It seemed as if hundreds of mouths were munching at once. I lighted a match, and then there was a great scamper, which disturbed the few fowls that still roosted above me. I could see that the roof where my host kept his maize was alive with rats. For a while they paused in their carnival, but slowly and surely the dread sound returned. I buried my head under the blankets and wished for the Pied Piper of Hamelin! In this village there was great plenty, and in its neighbourhood we saw large herds of game. As the village was situ-

ated beside a stream, the people were all experts at spearing fish.

The time had now come when it was necessary for me to return to Blantyre. There Dr. Laws was waiting with his bride, and we had the prospect of celebrating the first European marriage ever witnessed in this land. Before I left Zomba the supply of calico was low, and Mr. Buchanan had to face his workmen one morning with an empty exchequer. Some grumbled, and said they were to be "cheated". But the Blantyre men came forward in a body to explain "that the English did not cheat". I often found that I could be of considerable service when a dispute arose among the negro workmen about wages. As I did not interfere with secular affairs, I was appealed to by the natives as being a neutral party, and I could keep them amused till calmer counsels prevailed. When I set out on my return journey at the end of August, Mr. Buchanan was left to work at Zomba alone. On reaching Blantyre we were much pleased at the arrival of copies of our new books in the native language, which soon gave a fresh impulse to all our school teaching. It was no uncommon thing this half year to see lads in every corner with books in their hands. Formerly we were quite satisfied when they attended to their lessons during school hours, but now there was a revolution, and many began to study with real enthusiasm. The only drawback was that here a book would be read threadbare long before other translations could be printed.

In *travelling* one sees and learns much more than

when closely confined to school-work. The days occupied in founding the new station at Zomba were the first I had as yet spent out of Blantyre. As we passed through the country we were often in danger of walking into native traps. Some of these are constructed so as to hang the party that enters, others bring down a log or a heavy stone upon his head. Pitfalls of about five feet deep are dug, and carefully covered over. These are dangerous, and white men often fall into them. But the natives are good observers, and when one knows what they say, he always gets warning in time. In the same way when marching after sunset, they warn each other very faithfully of any stone on the path or any hole in it. Should there be a stone each man says "stone" (liganga) as he comes to it, and the word passes along the whole file with solemn regularity. The red ants are a great trial to the unwary traveller. If he walk for a few minutes upon them, he will feel severe bites all over his body, and will soon be compelled to take off every stitch of clothing. When marching as we did in single file, we are apt to incur peculiar dangers. Most natives carry a bunch of poisoned arrows over the shoulder, and if there be a sudden halt a European needs to be careful that he does not run against the armoury of the man that marches before him. As we passed Cherasulo, which was a great slaving district, we occasionally saw some poor woman standing in a slave-stick. Our carriers showed a desire to go and release such people; and since every European that travelled in this country figured to some extent as a liberator of the slave, they expected us to encourage

them, but we felt that it would be most inexpedient to interfere.

At this period we had the Rev. Horace Waller congratulating us on the peaceful state of the country, as compared with his own experience. But a very painful incident now occurred which I shall describe mainly by extracts from letters of this date. On *Tuesday, 16th September*, when I was in school, a note came from Mr. Buchanan, stating that the goods sent to him had been taken away after a brisk battle with the carriers, in which guns and arrows were freely used and some wounds inflicted. The Livingstonia Mission were then removing a great quantity of stores which had been waiting for them at Blantyre, and it was said that a number of Mityoche's men had for days been waiting on the Livingstonia road to secure this booty. But they were a little too late; all the goods passed safely, and the robbers had to return. On their way home, however, they met a party of ours going to Zomba, and the result was a successful attack upon them.

When Mr. Buchanan's note came to the station, Fenwick and I prepared to go at once and have an interview with Mityoche. My great difficulty was to get away from School for the purpose, but Mr. Moir of the African Lakes Company who was then recovering from fever undertook to teach for me. The people of Zomba had earnestly entreated me to go back to see them soon, and I would thus have an opportunity of paying them a visit. Taking duplicates of what had been lost, we started at five o'clock in the afternoon, about an hour after the news arrived. We intended to camp at Cherasulo,

but it was found that our tent had been left behind, and as the sun is so very hot just now during the day, we pressed on all night fearing, as we did, that Mr. Buchanan who had been without cloth for some time, would have difficulty in making a settlement with his workers. About one o'clock in the morning we reached Kumpama's, and might have stayed there, but a guide volunteered to take us to Mityoche's at once. As we should thus be able to reach Zomba in the course of the day, we accepted the offer, and after resting a while we resumed our journey. It was interesting to pass the villages at night. The guide was a great smoker and at every place he roused half-a-dozen men to light his pipe. The natives rise at night with great ease as compared with people that have to put on clothes. It was nearly daylight when we came to Mityoche's. We sent the guide to tell that we wanted an interview. All at once the fellows seemed to know our errand, and they would not be cordial. We never failed so entirely in getting natives to be friendly. When we asked to see the chief they demanded whether we wanted war, and when we told them that we were men of peace, they replied that we might have an interview with the chief if we sent him a present. A present of calico was accordingly sent to show that our intentions were friendly. The reply came that it was too little—the chief wanted more. But by this time his fighting men came rushing in with loaded guns, and assumed threatening attitudes towards our party. Although it was the standard present and the natives with us were determined to stand by it, we sent another to prevent any cause of offence. Still we

were told it was too little and another increase followed with the same result. By this time we began to fear that a thorough "brush" was inevitable, and we wished to get out of the village if possible. The other party brandished their guns, and swung them about in a sort of wild war dance. Our own villagers advised them to caution, and cried out, 'The English are your friends and they could eat you all if they liked'. Some considerations of this kind weighed with them, and the chief told us that we might go. We were much relieved even by this concession.

The guide was loud in condemning Mityoche's conduct, and set off to lead us to Zomba. We left the village, but we had not got two hundred yards away, when we saw a party rushing after us. Some of our last men were seized and stripped, and in a moment we had iron bullets whistling about our ears. Self defence was inevitable, and we fired. We did not act for one moment on the offensive. I had only a small fowling-piece loaded with shot. I discharged both barrels in the air, and reloaded for the purpose of showing how quickly our loading could be done, and then remembering the criticisms on good Bishop Mackenzie we retreated. Fortunately no one was killed or wounded. We thought we were marching on Zomba, but we found that our natives, who were afraid to go farther, were merely taking us across to the Blantyre road. We were much afraid for Buchanan. He might be safe so long as he staid at the station, but what if he should come on, as he indicated in his letter, and enter Mityoche's village without knowing what sort of a man he

had to deal with ! We were full of anxiety as we hurried back to Blantyre, which we reached at six P.M. on Wednesday, after twenty-four hours of continuous marching.

On the following day, messengers came from Kapeni, regarding men of his that had been with us, and who were believed to have been taken prisoners. Some of Kumlomba's villagers were supposed to be captured also. We heard, too, that Mityoche's men had become afraid, and deserted his village. They had all fled, it was said, to the top of a hill. Next day, Mr. Walker set out to effect a union with Mr. Buchanan, to see after prisoners, and do all he could to smooth matters. He had little doubt he would be successful in getting things peacefully arranged ; the natives, he said, would come and say *chonde ! chonde !* (please, please). I mentioned to him that in the event of any difficulty it would be better to go on to Zomba directly. He took with him the two best interpreters that were at Blantyre, and said he would be able to get on with their aid. I urged that if there were any further difficulties he should first see Mr. Buchanan and Bismark. This party, however, got into a fight. When they came back, I was told that Mityoche's people had met them ; Kumlomba, the Blantyre headman, got a severe wound below the knee, and one of Mityoche's men was killed, while another was believed to be wounded in the leg. Poor Kumlomba had to be carried back, and was taken to a hut out in the fields, in anticipation of death. When a bullet breaks a piece of bone, the case is by the natives considered hopeless. But under English treatment Kumlomba gradually recovered. Mityoche after

this last adventure, lived for a long time on a hill—as the natives always do in times of trouble. When Kum-lomba heard, in two months after, that Mityoche had returned and “was eating porridge” at his own village, he thought it was a great scandal! He would have eagerly gone to attack him. The natives take a strange pleasure in war—which reminds one of the ancient days when the women chanted in the cities, “Saul has slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands.”

So far this adventure with Mityoche had proved very unfortunate. Hitherto the Missionaries had got on well with the native, much by reason of their very boldness. When something was done that seemed to proclaim war against the Missionaries, they had gone straight to the aggressor as if nothing had happened. Still, unless he was assisted by slave dealers, Mityoche was not likely to make war upon the Mission. He had not so strong a force at his command as any of the headmen of the three largest Blantyre villages. Kapeni and all the leading men around us were most eager to go and make war against him, so were certain of the Magololo. (The Directors of the Mission when they heard of the matter recommended that these men should be asked to punish him.) But unfortunately the African chiefs would have looked at the step not so much as a method of administering justice, as an excuse for killing Mityoche and capturing his wives. There would have been no use of crushing the man, and for a long time we tried to send messages to him. All these efforts were fruitless. The great difficulty was that he lived so far away: had he been within a day's journey I should have visited him

on my Saturday holiday with every hope of removing the misunderstanding.

At the end of September, I wrote to the Directors, "Now we could go and use greater force than Mityoche's, but nothing can be farther from our inclination. We trust that all you can do to release us from political work will be done. The Committee must make up their mind to get some one to do the Police of the country. The only safe alternative is to recall the Mission." At this time there was no one to manage the "colony". The Directors advised that the natives living at Blantyre should select one of the laymen to carry out some kind of government. Mr. Walker perhaps would have been the successful candidate, and might have been willing to take the duty, but I learned from other home letters that he and the other artisans were required to work under Mr. Henderson, who had returned to Blantyre a few days before, and who was expected to "act as a Christian Magistrate". But Mr. Henderson himself declined to take the responsibility of the office. As for myself, I was precluded as a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, from any thing like civil or colonial work, and the Directors themselves recognised that the magistrate must be a layman. At this time I urged that the political work should be held quite independent of the spiritual. If civil government was to be well conducted it would require a man's constant attention. In connection with this subject, I wrote, "For myself, I am anxious only for immunity in carrying out the evangelical work, though I by no means overlook the importance of peace and civilisation. It is hard that a great many quiet

and docile natives should be deprived of this teaching owing to the presence of a few roughs. We do not think that matters will ever be satisfactory, while Missionaries are expected to be their own protectors. Missionaries are ever being called off their proper work for subjects of the most delicate kind, and for which they have no special aptitude."

The Directors had long contemplated the formation of a trading company in connection with the Mission, and it was hoped that this company would manage all civil affairs.

The policy of the Scotch Missions on the slave trade, was expressly given as the reason for this conduct of Mityoche's. A great many refugees had come from his district, and according to native views, the reception of such refugees was a good cause for war. Having been opposed to this policy all through, I wrote home at this time, "All the Missions to this region have run their heads against the question of slavery, and out of it has sprung a world of troubles. We might have done our duty as missionaries, and let slavery alone entirely. We do not find that the great Church of the Middle Ages ran against the question, and it had as many opportunities as we have now. To say the least of it, our taking the matter up hitherto, has been premature; we have not such a knowledge of the language and the feelings of the natives as to justify us in dashing at once into a difficult question like this."

The remainder of October was quiet. In the course of the month, Mr. Henderson visited Zomba. We had asked Mr. Buchanan to consider the expediency of

abandoning this station, but he felt quite safe. We also suggested that he should try a stockade but he wrote, "I do not think we should try a stockade.* The particular kind of wood is not at all plentiful, and the expense would be more serious than the chance of an attack." Upon the mountain side he had very little trouble, but the whole plain between him and Chirwa was scoured in the interests of the slave trade.

Soon we had more trouble at Blantyre as the following extracts will show:—

"A little after midnight on November 5, we were told that an attack had been made on Malopa's village and that prisoners had been carried off. This was a new hamlet about twenty minutes' walk from Blantyre. Malopa had escaped to bring the intelligence. The attacking party had retreated by the back of the Nyanhadwe, and there was little hope of capturing them. Mr. Henderson and an artisan hastened to the spot. One house was in flames and beside another they found the mangled corpse of Nampala, and his little child standing by it. Nampala's wife and his elder child had been captured and carried off. Another woman with two children had been lodging, for the night, in this unfortunate place. One of her children had been taken, but she rescued the other, although one of the ruffians had cut its face severely by a stroke of his gun. It appears the attack took place in this way. A disturbance was made in the village, and one house set on fire. Nampala was the first to awake, and when he went out to see what was the matter, two men

* Our stockades were formed of growing trees.

standing on opposite sides of his door poured the contents of their guns into his body. Everyone that afterwards appeared on the scene was carried off, and the attacking party retreated in great haste. Next day which was my Saturday holiday, Malopa, Chendombo, and myself, traced the footprints for miles. The natives have an almost miraculous power of doing this. They concluded that the attacking party had come from a distance.

“That night we told Kapeni that one of his people was among the captives. As to who were the offenders he had no suspicion whatever, but he assured us that in a few days we should have full information. Nampala’s brother came to the funeral, accompanied by several friends. The most friendless object was the little child who being unacquainted with its uncle, and its other relatives, could only cling to Malopa. We offered to take it and bring it up like an English infant, but the uncle naturally wished to keep it.

“This sad incident is an illustration of one of the effects of the Slave Trade, being quite a normal instance of kidnapping as it goes on around us. It is the first that has taken place at Blantyre since I came here. It takes us to the heart of the sufferings of the people. Surely if in any place on this earth the cry of the oppressed goes up to heaven, it is in Africa.”

Here was another unfortunate problem. We had learned from the Mityoche case that it was dangerous to go to negotiate with a chief that had anything upon his conscience, and no native messengers would go alone. This attack had been premeditated, and moreover some

of our natives had been forewarned. For several nights before, one of our large villages had kept awake all night. Long afterwards I went to visit a pupil who lived about six miles off. While I was in his father's village, a man entered it carrying a large basket of fowls. He seemed much astonished to find me, but I began to talk with him, and after he became acquainted, he asked me several times whether he might come to Blantyre to sell his fowls, and he seemed anxious to get a very definite answer. I told him that I should be very glad to have his company all the way back. Then he gave over his fowls to two men that were with him, whom he took aside and instructed to proceed, and he told me that he and his daughter would wait till the white man was ready to go with them. After a little we started for Blantyre. The day was exceedingly hot and there was not a breath of wind. All the trees and bushes were as still as if they had been pictures. My companion was a very fat man, and at one point we agreed that we must sit down to rest. After we had rested a while, I glanced at my watch to know the time. A native has such an eye for the objective world that a European cannot move a single muscle without attracting his attention. Perceiving that the man wanted me to explain myself, I took out the watch and told him what I used it for, and then I handed it to his little daughter telling her to catch the seconds hand. While she was amusing herself by trying to do this, her father asked to see the time-piece, and tried the same experiment. The man at once became greatly agitated! His fright was unmis-

takeable—his limbs actually trembled. He “wanted to go on—we might rest at a village farther along!” So we proceeded and came up with one of the men that had gone before us with the fowls. A little further on two negroes with guns came rapidly out of the jungle and appeared on the path before us. In a short time they disappeared as rapidly. Soon after, I happened to look behind me and found another stranger following noiselessly with a gun. I thought that the whole appearance and conduct of these men were rather suspicious. No Missionary in this land goes unarmed, and I had a small revolver by my side. But on a narrow path in the middle of a dense jungle a person might easily be assassinated by an unseen hand. I saluted all these mysterious strangers, and kept up a spirited conversation with my companion. When at last we came to the end of Kapeni's territory, he said he would not go any farther himself, but that his little girl and his slave would go on to Blantyre and sell the fowls. When near the station I told them where the storekeeper lived, and then said good-bye. In less than half-an-hour I found that these two individuals had plunged the whole settlement into a dreadful state of excitement. Both of them had been captured by the Blantyre villagers. The man, it was said, had taken part in the recent slave raid, while the little girl was the daughter of a small chief who was our most deadly enemy, and had planned the whole attack. I had some difficulty before I could persuade the villagers to release the unfortunate captives. I insisted that the little girl at least was quite innocent, and I was very

glad to find that she was unharmed; but the man's head, unfortunately, required sticking plaster. As the party had come to the Station under my escort, they naturally appealed to me for protection, while I was fairly responsible to the Mission people for bringing in such friends! The Blantyre natives were always enthusiastic in the defence of the settlement. On one occasion a great number of them, on hearing that a woman had been kidnapped, ran a distance of ten miles in order to intercept the kidnappers.

At this period the whole country was greatly unsettled for a long time, as the following extracts from my journal will show.

13th Nov.—“Chologwe came to seek protection from Chiputula. He is one of the men that left their home to accompany Dr. Livingstone in his researches here. The majority of these adventurers have established themselves in the country as chiefs. But Chologwe lived with his ‘brother’ Chiputula, who now threatens to kill him. Chiputula sometimes gets brandy, and on these occasions this usually fierce man becomes a perfect tiger. In the beginning of the week we had six other citizens of Chiputula asking an asylum; but knowing the danger of meddling with the Magololo chiefs, we advised them to go home. As poor Chologwe had come so far from his native land, and that in company with a white man, we thought he might stay till Chiputula enquired about him. Refugees from the Yao come to avoid being sold; refugees from the Magololo to avoid being killed.

“*16th.*—A letter came from Zomba showing that

everything was peaceful there. So far as we can keep Blantyre and Zomba distinct, they will be valuable experiments of two widely different methods of mission work. Blantyre has received refugees, Zomba admits none.

“*19th.*—A man came in from Mkanda’s neighbourhood with his wife and two daughters. He stated that his headman had threatened to kill him because he would not let his daughters be sold. The man had originally belonged to the foot of Sochi, and many of our people came to confirm his story. Being a free-man, he was allowed to stay.

“*20th.*—The Livingstonia Mission has had great difficulty in bringing up a boiler for the steamer. Dr. Laws has sent down many men to accomplish the work.

“*21st.*—The air is full of wars and rumours of war. Many of our villagers keep watch on their own account all night. Yesterday, carriers that were sent from Blantyre with food for the Livingstonia workmen, returned as they came to a scene of bloodshed. Chelomoni, who had come up the road, was the first to enlighten us on the subject. He said Mkanda wanted to attack the carriers belonging to Blantyre. Ten men went armed with guns. They saw a party carrying maize, and immediately fired on them. One man received a bullet in the forehead; another fell with a severe wound. If Mkanda did want to attack the Blantyre people he had played himself a clever trick. The attacked party were, surely enough, carrying maize, as well as our people, but they had come from Mkanda’s

own district, and were going to sell their maize for salt at the Lower Chiri.

“ It is probable that Mkanda wanted to strike a blow at Blantyre by this raid. The leader was a headman of his that has had some provocation. About a week ago he is reported to have lost five slaves in this way:—The traffic has been so brisk that they had not slave-sticks ready for their victims; so this headman made the slaves fast by tying. Some of the slaves, however, had strong teeth; and when one is liberated he is not always forgetful of his companions. The result was that they escaped and started for Blantyre. But they were not a match for the pursuers that tracked their steps. They were all overtaken and slain, when but half-way.

“ The Arab slave-traders are clever men and show much tact in managing the chiefs. They are carrying on their work between our two mission stations. Their popularity is due to the fact that they deal in rum and powder which the natives cannot get elsewhere.

“ *23rd.*—Slave refugees have come in. Those traders have the whole country in a perfect uproar.

“ *29th.*—I had a walk with ‘John’ to Ndilande. At every village we have the pleasure now of meeting some of our scholars spending the Saturday holiday at home. They are among the first to greet us. There is six times as much cultivation here as there was the first time I saw the district.

“ *8th December.*—At Zomba there are four thousand people who wish to be received under ‘English’ protection. Several of these are at present kidnapped to

make up the Arab caravans. We all feel as if we should like to go and put these Arabs in stocks. We should be told, however, and truly,* that it was no business of ours to interfere. We wish that some civil power would take the matter up.”

About the end of the year Mr. Buchanan wrote :—

“ Much annoyance has been caused in the district by a company of Arabs, who have come to Kawinga, on Mount Chikala. Kawinga having been supplied by them with powder, sent his men, armed with flint-locks, into Malemya’s territory to capture and carry off all the people they could lay hands on. At one village, about twenty women and children were carried off during the night ; at another village four people ; and in a number of cases single individuals have been taken away. In the midst of it all, not a few have lost their lives. Fortunately things have quieted down, but the natives themselves say that Kawinga is only preparing for another raid.”

During a visit of slave dealers we often were afraid of being attacked. We put on night watch-men but, as they frequently fell asleep, their presence did not entirely remove our anxiety. For a long time I used to get up about two o’clock in the morning in order to look for enemies. On such occasions I tried to observe whether there were signs of a new camp fire. During the darkness of the night, one sees, along the hill-sides, a multitude of fires that are not visible by day. Most

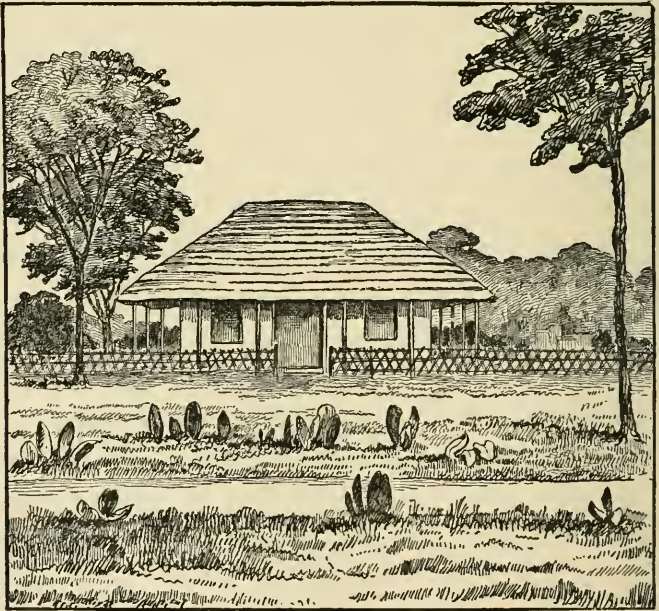
* This sentence of mine was published in the Church Missionary Record, but the words, *and truly*, were inadvertently omitted. They were, however, in the original letter.

of these arise from trunks of large trees which may keep burning for weeks. Parties on leaving a camp fire do not extinguish it, and travellers coming after them gladly make use of the old fire. The natives taught us to look carefully at all these fires! We had times of great trial. Being obliged to live in a miserably small hut with little or no furniture, we did not enjoy robust health, while the food that we could procure was not of the most tempting character. But we saw what an enormous field for labour lay around us, and we were seldom home-sick. Instead of writing home about difficulties, we rather tried to derive amusement from our peculiar circumstances. Dr. Macklin used to tell us playfully that he had never written but one grumbling letter, and the steamer sank with its weight! Now, although the trials of a Missionary's life might be heavy enough to sink a steamer any day, we could not afford to do such damage to the mail service! Usually we were without letters for about two months, and when a mail did come there was much excitement. We had no inclination, and indeed no time, to read the daily papers minutely. The events had happened so long ago, that we regarded them as fragments of ancient history. But after perusing our letters we found a good mental tonic in the pages of *Punch*: while scores of our dark pupils came up after school and studied the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*.

CHAPTER XII.

FOURTH HALF. JAN., 1880—JUNE, 1880.

DURING this half year there was a great removal of discomforts. In particular the minister's lot was improved. For nearly two years, he and his family had



THE "MANSE," BLANTYRE.

been cooped up in the small hut already alluded to,

which contained less space than one ordinary room in a civilised land. A fourth of the hut was filled with boxes, another quarter was a bed-room too small to be healthy: while the remaining half, though occupied very fully by an enormous table, had to serve not only for dining-room, but also for nursery and study. At the beginning of April we bade adieu to our old home and entered a larger house built of stone. This was an acceptable change for the purposes of study, as well as for many other reasons. It had the advantage of being much cooler than the grass huts, its thick walls apparently warding off the rays of the sun better than the wattle and daub. Being one of the largest houses the natives had ever seen, it was an object of great admiration from the outside. But when inside, the natives did not feel at ease; since they saw none of the posts that they were accustomed to in their own houses, they feared that the roof would fall on their heads! Unfortunately we shared their apprehensions, for the roof had not been well bound together and threatened to push out the walls.

Cloth windows began to disappear while the introduction of glass gave the settlement a different appearance. These new windows were a great marvel to the natives few of whom knew that glass could be broken. Thieves, especially, were disappointed as they feared they would not be able to cut the glass as they had done the calico. But soon the natives became aware that glass was brittle. As it was no breach of etiquette to gaze into windows, a girl one day pressed her head through, and as there was no glass to mend the pane, it remained a standing

text to convince all and sundry that windows would not resist every force. So when an inquisitive chief asked what would happen if he struck a window, we had simply to point to what had happened, and to warn him against cutting his hand.

When we reached Blantyre, we had only one very small looking-glass, and though we made an effort to obtain a larger one we were unsuccessful, the article like many others being stolen by the Magololo when on its way up from the coast. But this half year a large mirror arrived safely and caused a great sensation. The smaller one was now available as a toy, and was much appreciated by old and young. When a visitor came from a distance, our little natives suggested that he had not seen the mirror. I would then ask the man if he wanted to see 'my friend'. The children knew what was coming and began to clap their hands, while our guest looked as if afraid of some magical trick. I went and fetched the mirror, and my visitor soon gazed on the white man's friend. He shouted out Amao! (mother) or Ngondo! (war) which are two native interjections of surprise. Acting on his first impulse, he would look behind the mirror to see if there was any one there! He was quite overcome, and it was long before he was composed; as he opened his mouth in exclamation, the white man's friend did the same, as he laughed, the figure laughed in his face. He easily recognised himself, but this mimicry at close quarters was new and tickled him exceedingly.

By this time we had been able to procure many necessaries from home, our baking was improved, milk

strainers were introduced. At first, jams were sent out in small quantities, and could scarcely be obtained even by an invalid, but the medical man after some experience of the climate, pointed out that these were often not so much a luxury as a necessity, and now they could be bought from the store. Sometimes the distinction between luxury and necessity was mooted again, and then one would hear the pathetic appeal, 'Tell us where we have a single luxury in this wilderness!' When the supply of fowls became deficient, we could fall back on a small store of tinned meats, but these were so few that we tried to reserve them for cases of extremity. If ever the Station should be besieged we could live for a week on our own resources! The expense of the Mission was great, it could not be otherwise. About this time I wrote, 'If the old monks had been so dependent on help from their homes, Britain would have never seen Christianity'. We were recommended to trust a good deal to the productions of the country. But the true question was, not how the Missionaries could be kept alive, but how they could be kept in such health as would enable them to labour with vigour. The difficulty was likely to be gradually solved by each man ordering what he wanted, the only drawback being that out of six boxes sent from home, only one might arrive. This extra risk fell heavy on the Missionaries, not to mention the famine caused by the loss and delay. The want of milk was a great hardship especially for children. Only this discomfort would not have occurred if we had been in the country avowedly as farmers, because then we should have been

free to direct our attention to all these little points. Everything brought here was expensive owing to the carriage upon it. Most things were double the usual price, and a pound of flour or of oatmeal cost about 8d. Still we had now made a great advance nearer civilization. Brown boots had been our original outfit for Africa, now we aspired to have them blackened! At the same time we learned to look more favourably on negro civilization. At first we had a prejudice against native cooking, but now we often had the pleasure of 'dining out'. When going to a distant place, I would order dinner at a village on my way, and ask the people to have it ready by my return. The villagers were very prompt; they went at once to the fowl-house and caught some hen that happened to be sitting on eggs, and when I came back in about two hours, I found this fowl cooked, eggs and all! The eggs proved to be young fowls too, and were consigned to the 'boys,' while I felt inclined to lecture the villagers on the inhumanity of taking 'the dam' when sitting upon eggs. The natives use an endless variety of vegetables. Being desirous to taste every sort, we asked them to cook samples for us. When any dish was more unpalatable than usual, the cook explained that he had tried to prepare it in "the white man's way". Often and earnestly had we to beseech them to "cook all these things in the black man's way"!

Our picnic this year was to the top of Ndilande, a mountain about four miles to the east of Blantyre. It is one of the range that runs across this district from north to south. The view from the top is most

magnificent. On the south-east lofty Mlanje towers above the clouds, farther round there lies the massive form of Zomba, while Lake Chirwa stretches between them like a sheet of polished silver. To the north we see the hills of the Achipeta which some of our pupils point to as the land from which they were taken by the slave-dealer, while towards the west we descry mountains which melt into blue clouds near the banks of the broad Zambeze.

As we stood on this mountain summit we were reminded that there had not been such a crowd here since the last inroad of the Mangoni when the people had all rushed to the mountain to save their lives. Many of our pupils had been in that terrible scramble. But now the cries of terror had given place to the melody of old tunes which in the days of Claverhouse had been often heard on the wild moors and mountains of Scotland. After descending we had a little rest and refreshment at one of the villages on the brow of the mountain. The party were not fatigued, for a walk of four miles and the climbing of a steep hill are nothing to an African boy! Chants were extemporised and lustily sung all the way back, the burden of them being that we had climbed Ndilande, and feasted on fowls, and would eat mutton at Blantyre!

How great was the contrast between this picnic and the one we had organised last year! There were about as many flags in the company as there were pupils on the last occasion. The number of scholars had much increased. We had fully 150 this half-year and it would not have been difficult to collect over 200, but

we could not encourage more children to come as we had neither sufficient teaching power, nor any prospect of assistance. In January I wrote, 'We are not so anxious to increase the number as to manage well those that we have'.

The majority of the boys lived in the Blantyre villages. Except the Magololo children, none of our pupils came from a distance, and most of the Magololo chiefs had built huts for their sons in the neighbourhood. Still many preferred to stay at the station, and were allowed to do so on the understanding that they must go home during work hours. The few boys that regularly boarded were all kept busy for about an hour in the forenoon, and two hours after school was dismissed in the afternoon. Their work was of the lightest character, having been instituted mainly for the purpose of keeping them from harm. But the little fellows certainly did much to make the station tidy. During the rains the grass threatens to overtop everything. A man may then "dig" a road or a walk, and in a few weeks after find it covered with grass so tall that it reaches up to the shoulders, and makes it impossible to tell where the track was. Thus the roads made by the Mission entailed much labour, the grass requiring to be continually hoed down. Hence during the wet season the boys were constantly occupied in cutting the grass, which if allowed to grow might have concealed a large native army! In the dry season they used to carry water for the gardeners, but in the end of 1879, I began to make them practice the ordinary arts of their native land, encouraging them to make baskets and hats under



THE BASKET MAKERS.

a teacher of their own tribe. They were thus kept occupied for a time, and although sometimes rebelling against the old men who taught them, they soon made more baskets and hats than were necessary. The hats they wore, the small round baskets (iselo) they used for plates. When daubed with a kind of pitch these baskets did not leak even when filled with soup.

Since the custom of the country requires that men should sew, the husband of many wives has a great demand made upon his skill as a tailor. This induced us to ask some of the boys to make dresses for themselves. For a while our verandah was filled with a lively band of stitchers. After cutting their cloth, Mrs. Macdonald superintended them as far as her other duties permitted, and one of the Magololo lads, who was dull at reading, displayed much genius here, and was able both to teach his juniors and to make the "story" go round. Day pupils, who usually

declined to work, entered into shirt-making so zealously that they denied themselves the usual hours of play; not only so, but they did not go home at night. Hence mothers came to the station to see what was wrong; but they were quite satisfied with the explanation. In this land there is much to make mothers anxious—a child might easily be kidnapped on the way to school.

Saturday was a holiday except an hour in the forenoon, which was set apart for sweeping the dormitories. There were three edifices of this kind at Blantyre, one was for the women and the girls, the other two for the boys: and one of the boys' houses was divided into two sections, one of which was occupied by advanced pupils, who acted as monitors. The first time we saw these houses they were quite new, but a "foolish woman pulleth down her house with her hands," and foolish boys did the same. The lads never slept without a fire, and they found the grass of the walls very useful in making it blaze. Consequently the walls of these houses gradually disappeared. Then just as our boarders were beginning to increase, a poor herd-boy was hurt in some quarrel, and died in one of these dormitories. After this, no native would sleep in that house (40). It was vain to remonstrate with the little fellows, the superstition terrified them. It was even questionable whether they would enter a new dormitory built on the old site. The natives, it will be seen, have reasons against expensive architecture, besides laziness and incapacity.

At night the sleepers liked to be near each other, and though there was plenty of room, they lay in half-

dozens, packed together like tinned sardines. They had raised beds after the English method and as the ordinary natives merely spread mats on the ground this was a great novelty. But some boys more cautious than the rest, spread their mats under the bedstead and barricaded themselves, "so that no kidnapper could see them"! After a time blankets were procured, but there was never a sufficiency, and those that had them were fond of using them as a dress all day.

We were often at a loss to find work for the boys. They could not be handed over to the artisans, who being all very busy, would have found them a great annoyance. We much needed a master to superintend them while they were out of school. In industrial missions pupils ought to be sent to the various artisans in order to learn the special department of work professed by each tradesman, but we were far from the attainment of this ideal, and besides a great many of our pupils were too young.

One of the last days that I had charge of them, they came to me, after lessons were finished, and asked for work; by this time they had gone the round of several occupations and wanted something new: but I could think of nothing, and was of opinion that they deserved a holiday. At last I asked if they would like to catch rats for a week. This proposal amused them intensely, and a premium of a week's wages was offered for every six rats. This was a high reward, for after the tail was taken off, the rat-catcher might cook his animal for himself or sell it to some of the workmen! The African schoolboy is as fond of rat catching as a Scotch

lad is of fishing for trout. Only the Blantyre rats began to fall under the suspicion of strangers. We often had great poisonings, and on such occasions we proclaimed the danger of eating rats caught on the premises. After doses of arsenic, or phosphorus paste, had been distributed, many rats were found dead, while others could run but slowly, and were easily caught: and great was our fear that some poor native might make a meal of these. The boys, however, caught but few. Under the idea that the 'white man would send them home to show what the African rats were like,' some hunted the fields for various specimens; one day I was offered about a score of little field-mice (mapuku), but I had to decline them as the reward was for rats (makoswe). The boy felt this no hardship, as his 'take' was of great intrinsic value—the mapuku being a 'relish' of prime quality!

Much is said against the African on account of his laziness. At Quilimane I was told that it was common for natives to choose starvation rather than work. Cases were pointed to, where negroes had died of hunger, while work and food had been offered them. I was pleased, therefore, to find the boys coming to tell me that they wanted work. Still much of this was due to the Mission discipline. The boarders had been put under a native teacher, who sent boys that did no work, away from the table. My first acquaintance with the subject was when this young lad came to me and said, "Master, this is not right at all, boys that do no work come and take away the boarder's food!" Hence there was established for a long time a tacit under-

standing, that he that "would not work, should not eat," and it was only when the usual organisation was disturbed, that the whole of the school boys would make an onslaught on the boarders' food. At first few boys cared to engage in the little tasks assigned for the boarders. Their parents advised them against working; they reasoned, "If our children go to Blantyre and do work, there will be no work left for ourselves, and we shall get no calico". They would also say, "When our children do work for the English, and get food and clothes from them, this is the same as being slaves to the English, and one day the English will take our children from us".

Sometimes, on the other hand, it was made an objection against the Mission that the pupils did too little. I was once told that children sent to school would become lazy. This criticism from a native, who gets credit for being the laziest dog in existence, rather astonished me, but it brought the hard lot of the African female clearly before my notice. Frequently little girls were absent from school, and my plan was never to let an absence pass without explanation, and I generally found that they had been helping their mothers to pound the corn. But as prizes depended on regular attendance, the girls were anxious to be present every day, and consequently they became less useful at home, while the parents naturally regarded reading and sewing (by females) as mere pastimes. It might have been better if we could have professed to teach girls to pound corn! Few will say that laziness is a sin of the African female. The pounding of corn is as hard work as any

woman need try. On this department of toil I have often looked with sadness, while I wished that I had known some simple mechanical device for lightening the task. Such a device would greatly improve the lot of the African woman, and were her labour thus lightened, it would be easier to persuade the men to assist her. I once suggested to a young lad that he ought to aid his mother in pounding the grain; but although he was fond of his mother, he felt that this method of assisting her would appear ridiculous. A man pounding corn would be as strange a spectacle to a native of Central Africa as a woman driving a railway train would be to an Englishman.

As to food, the boarders were supplied with what was usual in the country. The staple was "porridge," and one woman was hired to cook it. This functionary in times of scarcity held a delicate position. The boys accused her of not making enough of porridge, and she accused the storekeeper of not giving her enough of flour! The porridge was made without salt, and eaten along with vegetables. Salt was a great luxury here; while many people hardly used it at all, others obtained it by burning plants. From Lake Chirwa, whose waters are salt, we could always obtain a good supply for the children after we had a Mission at Zomba, but at first it could rarely be got.

Some say that the last point in which we should change a native's habit is in food—as he soon becomes fastidious, and looks down on the simpler fare of his countrymen. But these boys did much mental work, which was a new thing for a native. Hence several

proposals were formed for improving their diet. For a time all the extra soup and fowls left at European meals went to the school table. But this required the co-operation of all the white men, and many gave these things to the boys that washed their own plates and brought their dinner. We expected some help from the dairy, but even if there had been no native superstition against milk, there was never a supply sufficient for the few Europeans. Even when well supplied with meat, the natives that lived in our own house seldom used it in any quantity, eating it only in small portions along with their porridge.

In the season of scarcity there was difficulty in getting native flour, and it became necessary to store some for the month or two that preceded the rains. At that time the women gathered the leaves of shrubs, while the boys and girls of the native villages were sent out to forage for themselves and might often be seen breakfasting on beetles!

It was much easier to maintain order among a large number of native lads than it would have been among a corresponding number of English boys. The native children were most obedient and docile. So long as they all belonged to the same tribe there was seldom any strife among them. When they stole from each other, they did not, as a rule, complain to the schoolmaster. Some of them appealed to the sorcerer at once.

The following extracts from letters sent home at the time will throw light on other details :—

Saturday Visits in the Neighbourhood.

“On *February 14th*, I went to Ndilande in company with John MacRae. First, we reached the home of one of our Blantyre pupils, called Mpakata, a dear little fellow. I went there to dress his mother’s shoulder, which had been severely burned. The natives keep a big log smouldering in the hut all night: and often come into contact with it while asleep. Accidents by burning are frequent, especially among children, and it is chiefly at night that they take place.

“In another village we met with a musical instrument of quite a novel kind. It was formed in this way. Two sticks were laid parallel to each other, and about a foot apart. Above them was placed a layer of grass, on the top of which lay the keys of the instrument. These keys were made of wood and kept in their places by upright pegs. The keys were about the thickness of one’s arm, and differed in length so as to produce a succession of notes. I had seen the same instrument often, and had conceived that it might be a shelter for chickens. Great was my surprise when I found that there, in the village green, I stood beside a splendid piano! The instrument was quite complete. It was even provided with a neat drumstick for striking the keys! Before any one came to us we were rude enough to take the drumstick and begin to play. This brought a number of the village ladies to the spot; and I had a feeling that we ought to apologise for making free with the instrument. John had told me that it was called ‘ngolongondo’; and it would have covered our

retreat very well to take this name on our lips; but what if they should hear only the last syllables? Ngondo (war) is the word that speaks to the Africans of famine, slavery, and death; it is a word too, that they are always straining their ears to hear. No wonder that I shrank for a moment from calling that piano by its name, and that when I did speak of it, I put special emphasis on the first syllables. Soon we had a crowd of happy villagers around us. All of them, old and young, were fond of sweets. They showed us other curiosities. One of these was a rat-trap, which reminded me of English mole-traps, only it was made of a single piece of wood. In the thick end the rat is provided with accommodation, the other end tapers to a point. The thin end is tied down with threads of bark, and when the rat eats these, it recoils with great force, and a big belt of bark comes up and imprisons the victim, which is cooked for the next meal. As these villagers had traps by the dozen I thought of buying some, but John told me that I need not, as his father could make them. It is a great step to gain the confidence of the people by mixing with them freely, like one of themselves. An Englishman is not quite at ease with a number of strange natives in a place entirely strange, and it is too much to expect that all at once they will feel at home with him. Further on, we received a hearty welcome in a large village at the back of Ndilande. About forty men were there, and a proportionate number of women and children. As a heavy shower came on, we had to stay even longer than we wished. After talking of the native chiefs, the work going on at Blantyre, and the

chances in favour of a given man or woman getting enrolled as a worker on Monday, I gave them an address, to which they were very attentive.

“The conversation turned specially on Kumpama of Cherasulo, and I expressed a desire to see him at Blantyre. They sympathised with this, and one man volunteered to take a message to this important Chief. I gave him a piece of paper (with Kumpama’s name on it)—to indicate that the messenger was from us. On our way home this man escorted us some distance. By this time the grass, which is in many places about eight feet high, was quite wet, and as the paths are narrow I had the pleasure of a cold bath for a great part of the way. This, if not so healthy, is more agreeable than intense heat. Our guide by and by discovered that his paper was wet. I suggested that it might dry. Next he asked whether the Chief would not like a bigger piece of paper! Also, he naturally wondered how much pay he would get for going to Cherasulo! Such are some of the everyday difficulties of these simple but attractive people. Having already made many efforts to see Kumpama, I was not full of hope on this occasion; but, strange to say, on Wednesday night all eyes were turned towards the Matope road to observe a long procession entering Blantyre. First, there came a man, carrying a letter; next a few bearers with a goat and several fowls; behind these came a large body of men armed, some with guns, others with bows, in the front of whom we could descry one young man holding aloft an Arab parasol. The man with the letter was rather disappointing—he had nothing but the little bit of

paper of Saturday—though it was in a wonderful state of preservation; but the young man with the Arab parasol was the veritable Kumpama of Cherasulo, whose ancestor had fought against Bishop Mackenzie. According to the custom in such cases, we received the chief's present, and gave him accommodation. He was at tea in the evening, and we found him most agreeable. He was fond, as most natives are, of the Cape gooseberry, and we took care that he should have plenty of plants. This berry grows everywhere luxuriantly, it is becoming a weed with ourselves, but the natives plant it in their fields. The chief wished to return on Thursday but was persuaded to stay till Friday. He visited the school, in which he took much interest, for in the evening he could point out the boys that could read well. He was present in the evening when Mrs Macdonald's adult pupils came in, and I have no doubt that he would learn to read himself if he were with us. He is only about 21 years of age. On his departure, the gardener gave him orange plants, English potatoes, and other young trees, and vegetables.

On Saturday the 21st of February, John and I started for Mpingwi. We set out at 7 A.M. The roads are wet in the morning, owing to a heavy dew that falls during this season. I did my best to keep dry, but the second stream was much swollen, and an unsuccessful jump landed me in the middle. After this, care became unnecessary. On reaching Mpingwi, however, I sat down on a rock and tried to wring my stockings. Here we had a fine view of Ngludi. So attractive was the appearance of the whole country, that I proposed to

John that we should go on to this hill. John, who was in excellent spirits, agreed to proceed. It was now about 9.30. We passed through a fine wooded plain, in which we crossed four brooks, though these would not be all full in the dry season. Looking behind us we obtain a fine view of Mpingwi and Bangwe, which now appear much higher than when seen from the Blantyre side. About twelve o'clock we are among the Ngludi villages. One beautiful stream flows not far from the foot of the hill. As we stop to drink we are much impressed with the romantic beauty that surrounds us. The picture is so lovely, that we would not change the place of a stone, the form of a branch, or the size of a leaf.

The people were glad to see us, but wondered much why we had come alone. The last visit they had from the Mission was when Dr. Macklin passed with a great caravan on his way to Mlanje. We went round the corner of the hill till we reached Matache's, where John has a cousin—a boy about the same age as himself. Matache seems to have considerable influence. We were close to his principal village, and about 100 of his people came to see us. Before leaving I recited to them the parable of "the talents". John's little cousin was determined to go back with us, and he came on for some distance, till his mother followed, asking him to stay with her. He seemed disposed to rebel, but I told him that it would not be right to leave his mother. He went back with tears in his eyes; and his mother promised to send him to school again. He had spent a few months at school last year.

We had now to return, if possible, before dark. Ngludi is set down as being 17 miles from Blantyre; and after marching 17 miles, one would like to decline the return journey. Though we had many a hospitable invitation to stay for the night, we pushed on. We were quite fatigued as we ascended Mpingwi again, but here a heavy shower came on, which had a refreshing effect.

Slavery.—Every English trader or hunter that made a long stay in this land figured as an enemy of the slave trade, began to receive refugees, and after a time found himself surrounded by a small colony in which he had to act as governor. He felt it absurd to apply to the neighbouring chief for assistance in civil matters. His relation to the native chief cannot be better explained than by an incident like the following:—“One morning the hunter wishes to set out on a journey, and requires a large number of men. He sends a messenger to request the native chief to send him some of his people. The chief sends back word that he ‘can send no men to-day as he has a beer-drinking’. On receiving this intelligence the European says to the messenger, ‘Go back and tell the chief that if he does not send me men at once I will come up and flog him!’ In a very short time the messenger returns with more men than are required, while the chief sends, at the same time, a very humble apology!” Such being the character of a native chief each European was a “great king,” and was expected to be ready to defend all the subjects that he received, by his power, or in other words, by the usual wars. Now, although a position of this kind

might be taken by Industrial Agents or Traders, it was clearly a false position for a Missionary, who, being sent with a message for "every creature," must stand forth as equally friendly to all classes of the community. As I mingled more with our neighbours, I saw that our reception of runaway slaves had alienated many excellent men who might have been our best friends, and who were better able to rule slaves than we. If the colonial work disappeared the purely Missionary work would be more successful, and the colonial work might gradually be suffered to disappear if slave refugees were denied an asylum.

Slaves were still coming to the station in great numbers, but I did all that I could to discourage their arrival. We had now learned that they were by no means paragons of virtue. After they settled, it was difficult to keep them in order. They quarrelled both with the freemen about us, and with each other. Most of them resided in the village of Kumlomba, a Blantyre headman, and he was expected to govern them, but he had the greatest difficulty in doing so. More refugees could not safely be received unless the Mission Directors appointed some layman to take charge of them. Such government might have been a blessing to the poor slaves, but as matters stood, the Mission ran the risk of collecting around it a number of people each of whom would do "what was right in his own eyes". The reception of slaves no doubt had certain advantages. Already nearly 400 had gathered about the station, and a great number of these had sought an asylum in order to escape death. The

Mission had thus saved a great many lives, but at a terrible risk. Its course of action had made enemies of all the slave-owners in the district, and even tended to increase the slave-trade, for when a master saw that his slaves might run to the English, he resolved to sell them off as soon as possible. Again, the reception of persons who had fled to escape death or any of the other hard consequences of slavery, soon led anyone that fancied he had a grievance, to desert his master and seek refuge at the Mission, while the kindly treatment he experienced made him desirous of having his friends or relatives with him to share his advantages. Thus the settlement was in danger of becoming a large state, composed of all the discontented people of the country. Livingstone attributes the failure of the old Portuguese Missions, to the fact that they made little or no resistance to slavery, and the difficulty is greater than might at first sight appear. When a missionary stands by and sees the evils of slavery without actively interfering, the sympathy that he expresses for the slave, or the protests that he utters, are regarded as insincere by the natives: while the moment that he goes beyond moral methods, he steps out of his proper sphere. It must ever be a dangerous experiment to set hundreds of slaves free, and leave them to live without any of the terrible restraints that their owners find necessary

Already Kumlomba and his brethren were loudly declaring that some of the refugees were very bad men, and could not live in peace. One grave offender they escorted back to his master. I watched this experi-

ment with much interest, and Kumlomba's men were able to tell me the effect. As they went along with the slave they rested in many villages and talked the matter over, and the villagers made the remark that the slave's master was "very fortunate". Arrived at their destination, the Blantyre headman said, "Here is your man, he will not stay peaceably with us," and the slave's master thought that he had found "rare luck!"

Often slaves left a master for slight reasons. Many a woman ran away because her husband had bought more wives, or because he would not sew her clothes! Perhaps the poor creature inferred from such indications of neglect that she was destined to be the prey of the first slave-dealer. All that we could do for these refugees was to try that their application to the Mission should not compromise them when they returned to their home. On one occasion we asked some Blantyre people to accompany two run-aways with the view of interceding for them with their chief. On the way, however, the slaves dashed off from their guides and were not heard of again! Sadder cases occurred where slaves tried to escape immolation—they were going to be buried with their master, and craved the Mission's protection. We saw some painful cases where the slave and his master were both present and both appealing to us. Once a young man and his mother came and begged most earnestly to be allowed to stay at the Mission. The woman represented that her husband had just been murdered by a headman who wanted to take her for a wife. She said that the murder had been

committed for the very purpose of carrying out this marriage, and protested that she would not go to the harem of the man who had slain her husband. The Chief Kapeni was the uncle of this unscrupulous headman, and came over, claiming the young lad and his mother too, and asserting his right to dispose of them both. The party begging protection were in a state of frantic excitement. As we explained our position, they cried, "Oh Father, cut our throats here, we will die here, do not send us back with Kapeni". I said to Kapeni, "Would it be right in us to protect you if you were running from a man that sought to kill you?" He replied, "It would be right," adding, "I do not want to kill the lad, and if you come over to my village you will find him alive". The first time I visited Kapeni after this event, I saw the young man, but on no subsequent visit could I find a trace of him! Another case struck me as being unspeakably sad. It arose in the following manner:—As two boys were playing at Kapeni's, the son of Mtambo was killed by his companion, a lad of 13 years. All admitted that the death was purely accidental. The lad's mother was a widow with six children; one of her daughters was immediately taken from her and slain in order "to go along with" Mtambo's deceased son (32). But Mtambo not content with this, demanded the woman and all her other children for slaves. The parties lived close by Kapeni who granted Mtambo's demand. The woman fled to Blantyre with all her children. As she brought them in, we were struck with their appearance, they looked most interesting children. The youngest was quite a baby,

the others, mostly girls, stood each about a handbreadth taller than the next younger, the eldest being the poor lad that had occasioned the misfortune. The elder sister had been already slain. How our hearts bled for these poor children! The widow believed that Mtambo would kill more of them. I wrote to the directors at the time, "Putting a remorseless logic in the place of mercy, we think the Mission has nothing to do with this case of Kapeni's at all".

Sometimes we tried whether unfortunate people might not be redeemed from these hardships, but such redemption was uniformly refused. Two relatives of Antani, our cook-boy, ran away from their master and came to Blantyre, but had to be surrendered on demand. Antani was exceedingly sorry, although he saw quite clearly that if he retained these people, he was on ground that according to native views, made war against us perfectly justifiable. We hinted that if he redeemed them he might then keep them in his own village. He entered gladly into this idea, but the owner replied, after Antani had sent his brother and negotiated for about a week, "You, English, say it is not right to sell people, and therefore I will not do it!"

One of the last cases we saw was that of a man who had escaped from Cherasulo. Kumpama's people came to ask for him and although quite confident that he would be restored (for by this time the poor slaves had always to go away), they thought it necessary to bring most damaging evidence against him. Accordingly they produced a piece of calico stained with blood, to show that this man had committed murder before

he took to flight. The people about Blantyre asserted that Kumpama's party had shot a guinea-fowl whose blood would account for the stained cloth! The slave himself insisted that he had run away owing to bad treatment and pleaded to be allowed to stay, otherwise his master would kill him. But he had to be given up, Mr. Buchanan saying to his master, "Remember now, I am going to pass Cherasulo and I will not believe you, unless you can shew him alive when I come".

The Mission Directors had been for a long time debating whether the Mission could really exercise civil or criminal jurisdiction at all. At first they had claimed such jurisdiction, but grave doubts arose on the execution for the murder (page 109) and we did not yet know which way they were likely to decide. They had taken about a year to consider the subject, and no decision had yet reached us. Though well aware that the Law of the Church prevented a Clergyman from being a Magistrate, I thought it was competent for the Directors to carry out their plans by means of Laymen, but it might be argued that the civil Law of Scotland was against the exercise of any jurisdiction, as the Directors had taken no steps to legalise their colony. If this proved correct, then it was clear that even should the Directors insist on Civil Jurisdiction, any magistrate appointed by them was liable in the circumstances to all the consequences of breaking British Law. It was a question in principle like what Scotch Churchmen were familiar with in the Disruption Controversy. Should the Directors decide that the exercise of Jurisdiction was necessary for propagating

the Gospel in these parts, and that jurisdiction was to go on as before, the decision was quite intelligible so far as the Church was concerned, but it would not do for any British subject to act on the view. The matter had an important bearing on the question of fugitive slaves. Some of the Directors had at one time admitted, to my great comfort, that it was not *expedient* to receive refugees. But letters of a subsequent date were strongly in favour of continuing the old practice, and Dr. Macklin who was now at home, refused, we understand, to return to Africa, if slaves were denied protection: so great is the proverbial detestation of slavery in the true Briton. In official letters that arrived at this time, we were urged to adopt a spirited Foreign Policy towards certain troublesome chiefs. The directors indicated a plan of punishing some of these offenders, but as the layman that they had sent out to act as a Christian magistrate, declined to take such a delicate task, I was much puzzled to know who was to be responsible for carrying out the scheme, and on April 5th, I wrote to the Directors with reference to this plan:—"But take into account that we are only poor dominies and tradesmen. The dominies have the Saturday holiday at their disposal, but no other day without doing injustice to school-work."

It was, perhaps, fortunate that the arrangement for the civil management of the Mission was in a state of chaos at this time. So far as the Directors of a Foreign Mission are personally concerned, it is a comparatively safe thing for them to send abroad instructions of the above kind, for if complications should arise, they will

be the judges of their own conduct, and will, in any case, escape all the suffering that may ultimately be caused. While, at the same time, they are conscious that they are doing their very best to establish order in a lawless land. Most certainly they are actuated by the purest motives. But by such commands they would place a zealous lay superintendent in great difficulty. He knows that he can easily raise the country against an offending chief, and he reasons, "These are the instructions of my superiors. I am aware that they cannot be carried out without the loss perhaps of thirty lives. But the Mission Directors are honourable men, they will stand by me." Suppose then that the man goes forth and fulfils his instructions with the loss say of only twenty lives. He may now think that he deserves the praise of his superiors for carrying out their orders at a smaller cost than he could have anticipated! But when he sends home his report, he finds that scarcely has he received the congratulations of the Convener, when other members of the Mission Committee protest that they "had not attended the meetings, and did not know that the Mission was a colony at all!" The lay superintendent may then see a piece of chess-playing more like what he might have expected among the heathen than among the church leaders whom he has honoured and trusted; while the weapon of misrepresentation would be wielded with great success. If the victorious army of the colony really killed twenty, it would get credit for having slain its "tens of thousands".

Had we been desirous to figure as civil magistrates or

Miss. P.
Sond
lay
C. N.
r. 2

as African chiefs we might have soon gained an influence like what was once wielded by Papal Rome. Even persons that lived at great distances insisted on coming to tell us of their grievances, and to ask for advice, while our own neighbours were constantly appealing to us. In Scotland there was a time when it was considered a reproach to allow a funeral to pass without drunkenness: here it seems to be a reproach to have a beer-drinking without a fight. In the more serious cases the combatants fire at each other (usually missing), and then endeavour to strike their companions with the butt-end of their muskets. If their skulls were not very strong, there would be many fatalities. In such cases, however, although requested to interfere, we were content with merely supplying the sticking-plaster!

A printing press had been set out, which enabled us to supply wall-cards for the Junior Classes. We printed also a few hymns and passages of scripture, but our work at this was very slow. It would be most economical for such presses to be accompanied by a good printer. As a rule the Missionary is much more serviceable at his own calling, and feels that while setting type he is precluded from work that he is better fitted for. The English characters are well adapted for all sounds in the Yao language, but not so adequate for Chinyasa. We found that the usual naming of the English alphabet might be simplified with advantage to our pupils. We call the letter *b*, *be*, while we call, *m*, *em*: why not be consistent and call them either *be*, *me*, or *eb*, *em*? Again as *w*, is always a

consonant in this language, we named it *we*, and not *double-u*. It is a pity that our system of English spelling is so intricate, it makes our language very difficult to acquire. We felt inclined to order for the school the "Fonetik Nuz!"

All this time I was intensely busy. A great part of my time was occupied in teaching and preaching, and in the short intervals at my disposal for my special work of translating, I could seldom sit down without being liable to interruption. Many sick people looked upon me as a physician. For a long time we had been in the centre of Africa without any medical man. Natives came with all manner of diseases. One day we had a man that was said to be mad. In some of his fits he had wounded a neighbour with an arrow. Whether he was mad or not, he was evidently far from well, and I gave him a large dose of Eno's Fruit Salt. The poor fellow came back next morning to tell us that he was better. His breath was no longer offensive, and he looked cheerful. We were sorry when our supply of Fruit Salt went done, it was a favourite both with natives and Europeans, and is much used along the malarious coasts. Once I offered a sick girl a dose of ordinary salts, but when she tasted it, she regarded me with an injured look and the tears came to her eyes. Reflecting that I would not have liked to take the stuff myself, I did not insist that she should. But as a general rule, the natives, especially when there is little wrong with them, will swallow the most nauseous medicines with great composure. A chief sometimes came with a number of men and women, and three

times as many children, declaring that they were all sick, and demanding medicine. In such cases the doctor had given Bismark the keg with castor oil, and told him to go round and administer a spoonful to each. Although there might be a wail from some disgusted infant, most of the party considered the medicine a treat, and after the ceremony there would be a great smacking of lips !

An effervescing medicine was a novelty to the natives. They thought it was boiling, and anxiously asked, "Is it hot?" Even where we did not know what was wrong with a negro, we gave him something. It was prudent to do so, as he would otherwise go to the sorcerer, who might make him believe he was bewitched, and ultimately get some one poisoned. Even when he received English medicine, he was very anxious about shaving his head, and otherwise conforming to African customs. It was always difficult to diagnose a native patient, his answers to questions about his symptoms were not to be relied on. He seemed to think it a religious duty to declare that he felt pain everywhere. The influence of the native medicine man was very great. Often a sick native will part with all his property to procure some amulet. Occasionally the school children were robbed of new dresses by this greedy practitioner.

At the end of this half year, a new medical man arrived. He brought us the mail which told us that the Mission was to cease to be a colony. We were now informed that our position "must be understood as excluding the power and jurisdiction known as

civil government". All along I had felt that *my own* position excluded this jurisdiction. I was aware that the Directors had "no right to give" me, and that I had "no right to receive" any powers of this kind. But I was not aware that even in their days of greatest perplexity, the Directors had desired me to act as their magistrate, or to be conjoined in such work. The letter continued, "We cannot make you civil magistrates over any portion of Africa, even though we may possess property therein". Well, why had they given commission to various individuals to act as magistrates? Why had they, from the beginning of the Mission down to the very last mail, urged the carrying out of civil jurisdiction? We could only hold up our hands in amazement! Besides, the real question at issue was of the simplest character. It was not "whether civil jurisdiction was necessary in the region occupied by the Mission"; it was not "whether Livingstone and other travellers and hunters had caned offenders"; it was not "whether the humblest artisan had not as good a right to protect himself in this way as Livingstone had"; it was not "whether the laws of Britain were good or bad," but simply "what were the laws of Britain on the subject". Now the Missionaries received information that certain British statutes were against the assumption of civil jurisdiction. "Any assumption, therefore, of jurisdiction by us or by you in Africa, and any act of punishment done in virtue thereof, would, in the opinion of the Committee, make us or you liable to the provisions of these statutes." This information would have been worth a great deal to the poor

Missionaries if it had been given when they first left their homes.

Along with the Doctor, there arrived a servant to assist Mrs. Macdonald; this was a great accession. For a long time I had been desirous of going to Zomba and Cherasulo, but could never get away from school. Mrs. Macdonald being relieved from an oppressive amount of other duties, now undertook the teaching during my absence. On June 8th the Doctor and I started for Cherasulo at 9.30. We reached the mountain itself by two o'clock, but before we arrived at Kumpama's the sun was setting. Most of the natives live on the sides of high hills. This is partly from fear of war, and partly because they find plenty of water in such situations. In this land the streams of the mountain are much dried up before they reach the plains.

June 9.—Kumpama introduced me to his principal wife. Owing to the custom of inheriting wives, this lady was a matron who could have been his grandmother. We found the chief's people exceedingly friendly. I had bought a supply of beads from the Mission store, which I distributed among the children. A present of small beads is valued by a native child as much as a present of coppers is by a child in civilised lands. Judged by the standard of these natives, a Missionary is considered very wealthy. The blankets on the poor man's bed, if cut up, would clothe half-a-score of negroes! As I lay in the tent I heard some of our dark friends discussing a proposal to rob us! One man good-humouredly represented that it was not right

to let us go out of their land with so much goods! The others laughed, and said that they would like the goods, only they were afraid of "the little guns!" (revolvers). When we arose we found a great crowd of natives waiting to give us presents, and as soon as we had cooked, the chief and some of his principal men came to breakfast. They afterwards shewed us that the plants that had come from Blantyre were growing well with them.

We were conducted round the district by Kumpama's Prime Minister. The chief himself had to judge some cases; and invited us to hear the pleadings, but we declined, being anxious to spend the day in looking for a likely site for a Cherasulo Mission. We saw many good spots, but we wished Mr. Henderson to make the selection.

June 10.—We started from Kumpama's at seven A.M. while the dew was yet heavy on the long grass, but notwithstanding very hard marching it was sunset before we reached the Likangala. At this stream we were several miles from Zomba, but we pressed on in the dark. With the roads that are here we can understand how it is that one walking in the darkness "stumbleth". As we approached the Mission, we saw a great many little fires at Lake Chirwa, which indicated that people were fishing there.

June 11.—Zomba has improved greatly within the last ten months. Near the station, roads have been made, which are much appreciated by the natives.

June 13.—Besides the usual meetings here, I had a service in the village to the east of the station.

June 14.—Mr. Henderson and the doctor left for Cherasulo to settle about the new site.

Some of the pupils here can read the native language, although they have been reading English chiefly hitherto. This time last year, none of them had seen a book. The girls are not so civilised as the Blantyre ones. Even in their games they shew this. At the station there are many soft stones, and they amuse themselves by rubbing or grinding these to make "flour". During the process they cover their bodies with dust, which sticks to them for the rest of the day. But they say that they are willing to sew, and by and by Mrs. Macdonald will pay them a visit. The last week or two I have studied Chinyasa. It will be a very easy task to get acquainted with this language after the previous aquisition of Chiyao. What a glorious field for energy one sees from this station—right across Lake Chirwa! The lake is quite full of water now, and may be useful to us yet. To evangelize the country on its shores, would be the work of a life time. Bismark looks forward to being stationed on Lake Chirwa when he "knows more".

CHAPTER XIII.

FIFTH HALF YEAR. JULY, 1880—DECEMBER,
1880.

WHEN left alone in a hut on the hill-side, one feels that domestic comforts are a great help in Mission work. The old monks must have encountered many difficulties when placed at any time among people that knew nothing of civilisation. In such circumstances they would have been obliged to leave their proper calling, and attend to their dinner, and when one's time is so divided, neither work can be well done. I leave the commissariat entirely to the natives, and the order in which my food is brought is often somewhat peculiar. In the morning there first comes a small bowlful of milk, and then a piece of roast fowl : after a time tea appears, then potatoes, and finally a plate of porridge ! At dinner too, after I have begun to flatter myself that I have got to the end of my task, the boy will appear with a large plate of soup ! My cook showed considerable originality in the matter of dress. A few old cuffs had been thrown away, and when ambitious to appear in a finer costume than usual, he put one of

them on his wrist, and as he wore neither coat nor shirt, nor any such thing, the cuff looked very odd upon the bare arm. I was thankful that instead of showing a similar originality in the matter of cookery, he confined himself to an old bill of fare, for although cats were very rare at Blantyre, I knew that they were plentiful at Zomba, and that the natives did not despise them as an article of food.

While we were at Zomba, a war broke out at our very door. It was between Malemya our own chief, and one of his headmen called Kumtaja, whose relations have been explained above (§ 98).

One morning about eight o'clock, as we sat in the verandah studying the language, we heard the report of guns. In a short time we saw that Malowa's village was in flames. Twenty minutes later, Kalimbuka (or Kalam-buka?) and his men arrived at the Mission station in great excitement, clamouring for powder. The village of their friend had been attacked, and one of their "brothers" was slain! While expressing much sympathy with our neighbours, we had to refuse them powder. On this Kalimbuka protested that we were not his friends, and declared that he would send none of his children to school. True to his word, he called away about twenty pupils that came from his village. Our conduct in refusing powder seemed most dishonourable—we could not expect the natives to understand it. Had we been attacked Kalimbuka would have at once come to the rescue with all his forces. We could not have complained if he and Malemya had proceeded against us as enemies. Yet when we settled in 1879,

we warned them both, that we would have nothing to do with their wars : but Kalimbuka was not willing to be bound by this. It was not without emotion that I saw my old friend go away with such a poor opinion of us. Still he had listened to what we said. We insisted that he should wait for Malemya's help, for if he attacked Kumtaja alone he would likely be beaten. We pointed out that his own village was yet safe, but that if he was afraid for the lives of his people, he might bring them all up to our station. This reasoning had little effect on a man burning to avenge the death of his relative.

Messages were soon sent in all directions. It is surprising how quickly natives communicate with each other on such occasions. During the day several detachments passed through the station for Kalimbuka's village, which was soon the headquarters of a large army. All night the war drums were beaten. Next morning we heard of nothing but great preparations, and as the school was dismissed that evening, the wail of those that were mourning the slain, came plaintively along the hill side.

Soon the time arrived for our return to Blantyre. When we passed Kalimbuka, we found him more composed. But he knew that the English had "something" that would burn any village from a great distance, and he was anxious to try its effect on Kumtaja ! On our way back, I was desirous to visit Mityoche, the headman that gave some trouble last year. At first our men had concurred in the proposal, but when the first of them came to the parting of the ways, they quietly

kept to the Blantyre road. On reaching Blantyre, I wrote to Kalimbuka's son exhorting him to return to school as soon as his father would let him. It is a great gain when a native is once taught to read a letter in his own tongue.

On *July 10th*, two men of Kalimbuka's came to describe another battle, in which they reported that four were killed, and four wounded. They took back a message requesting that the wounded men should be sent over to the doctor. A similar message we wanted to send to their enemies, but no one cared to go there in case of being fired on.

Many people were now gathering round the Mission at Zomba, judging that they would there be more free from war and kidnapping. Malowa's villagers who had been first attacked soon formed a large settlement close to the station.

At Blantyre we still had difficulties about rations : grave disputes would arise as to whether salt was to be supplied free, or charged at 6d a pound—whether a pot of jam was to cost 9d or a shilling ! The sister Mission at Livingstonia, after experiencing this trouble, made a clear arrangement. No doubt it looked very ungallant to tell a young lady that she would get the daily allowance of an able bodied seaman—but its Directors had to define what they meant, and they did so. After all, new difficulties were sure to arise. The subject of salaries and rations was hydra-headed ; when one head was cut off, others appeared. On 4th June, 1880, I wrote, “ I am beginning to despair of seeing an ultimate understanding on this subject, and the game is not

worth the candle!’ The game, however, had often threatened to play havoc in the Mission. I was told that on one occasion in 1877, every artisan was on the point of leaving for England over this matter. But the difficulty most felt by the Directors had reference to civil jurisdiction, and a deputation was to be sent from Scotland to examine the whole subject.

During the last half year I had suffered much from ulcerated limbs. The complaint was exceedingly common among the natives, and white men that do not suffer much from fever in this country, pay the penalty in some other way. After the journey to Zomba, I was worse, and had to be carried back in a litter. I was then condemned to lie in bed for several weeks. The Doctor had charge of many natives suffering from the same complaint, but he found great difficulty in making them keep quiet till the ulcers healed. A medical man fond of his practice is greatly discouraged by negro patients. They will eat any quantity of his “little bullets” as they term pills, but they will pay no attention to his other instructions. A native girl once knocked down a revolver, which went off, when a bullet passed through one leg, and lodged in the thigh of the other. Fortunately Dr. Laws of Livingstonia was on the spot. He dressed her wounds and told her that she must not move. Most of us were afraid she was killed. Judge his surprise when on going to her in the evening, he found her meeting him at the door! We had never yet succeeded in getting a hospital for native invalids. One difficulty arose from negro superstition. When a man dies in a house, that dwelling must be

pulled down. Hence if the doctor collected many cases that proved fatal, native custom would require him to be constantly building new hospitals. The people were all much astonished when on the death of a white man, the survivors continued to "enter" his house. They expected some evil would follow. At the Livingstonia Station a number of Missionaries died in succession, and the negroes were apt to think that much of this fatality might arise because Europeans entered the houses of the deceased. At Blantyre, a poor woman died in the girls' dormitory, which the African young ladies consequently refused to occupy again. The next inmate of that building was a young elephant, which also died. "Did we not tell you so!" was the reflection of the natives. But notwithstanding the superstition, they vied with each other in endeavouring to get slices of the deceased animal for food.

About twelve o'clock one night, a slave raid took place, and two children were carried off from a Blantyre village. An alarm was raised, and most of us turned out. Amidst the darkness and the excitement, the Blantyre party got divided into two sections, which had to signal to each other by firing revolvers. The deputation that had just arrived from Scotland, being accustomed to enjoy a night's rest without all this disquietude, were naturally alarmed, and they thought there were two hostile armies firing on each other in deadly combat. However they soon became acquainted with the facts, and imprisoned one man who was found lurking about near the scene of the kidnapping. Amidst the darkness a great number of people could

have hid in the jungle near the station, but during the tumult some one set fire to half-a-score of native huts which lighted up the landscape most magnificently. The poor man that was imprisoned could give no information about the slave raid. I left the various parties in consultation and went back to bed. But a little later a band of men were supplied with ammunition and sent out for the purpose of hunting up the robbers. They marched on to a distance of about five or six miles, but they could find no trace of an enemy. Next day it was contemplated to send an expedition with the view of recovering these children, but fortunately this was abandoned. Meanwhile it was discovered that one Blantyre man had proved a traitor. During the disturbance he did not appear because as he represented, 'the enemy had overcome him by a powerful dose of medicine so that he was unable to awake!' The deputation immediately went to deal with him, but they seem to have been misinterpreted for the fellow went over to the kidnappers and proclaimed war and every kind of evil unless the children were restored!

A few nights after this a rumour arose that Mityoche the headman of a Cherasulo village, was going to attack the station. The old members of the Mission heard the news with comparative unconcern, but it took them all their might to prevent a panic. A plan was set on foot to pack us all together into one spot. Now ignorant as these savages may be, there is nothing that they interpret sooner than cowardice, and nothing that they more despise. They actually laughed at the exhibitions of terror that were but too manifest among the new comers.

They said, "We are all about you—we will not run away!" On serious occasions it has always done us good to reflect that the lives of the natives are as precious as our own. We had all along seen that in the event of an attack on the station, any attempt at a scamper would be terribly hopeless. The natives, we believed, would run but we could not. All our prestige would be gone. We need never go back. Mrs. Macdonald on hearing of the expected attack hastened home from an evening visit to Kumlomba's to prevent an alarm in her household, but the news had spread like wild-fire and she found her visitors declaring in great excitement that the manse would be set on fire by the enemy, and that everything valuable ought to be removed! She thought it would be better to pack a few of the children's clothes and send to a safer place. While she was thus engaged some of her servant boys came and asked what she was doing, and on being told they were much astonished at the novel proceeding, and exclaimed 'You doing that, Ma'am! you never did that before! People set fire to your house! Not when your boys are standing round it all night!" Gradually the excitement toned down and only the strangers left the manse. The nurse however kept our eldest boy dressed all night, so that she might be in readiness to flee with him if it were necessary.

From the earliest days of the Mission, the rule had been for each man to have a supply of powder and shot. I found I had been transgressing this and went in quest of cartridges. Several of the schoolboys came in, and we spent the evening in loading these. Our

great hope, however, was placed in two military rockets which were to be discharged into the air. We thought a native army would be so terrified by such an exhibition, that it would not wait to see what the white man would do next! The deputation wished barrels of powder placed round the station, which were to be exploded when a hostile group drew near! Our house was filled with a number of women and children. One boy went into a bedroom and locked himself in. He had evidently been frightened, and would answer no calling or knocking.

Everyone was now prepared for the enemy; but no enemy appeared!

Some thought was given this half-year to the civil jurisdiction of the Mission. The feeling of the deputation was that native chiefs should, in accordance with English views, be called in to punish criminals that belonged to their own tribe, but that they should be invoked as seldom as possible, and that a summary method of punishment might be quietly and judiciously carried out at the Mission itself. But it was distinctly mentioned that artisans, when not at a distance from the Station, should refer every grave case to the medical officer. This plan was important, for while the majority of the artisans were men of humanity, we occasionally heard of instances where white men had punished almost as severely as did the natives themselves.

It could not, of course, be expected that a deputation would be able, after a visit of a few weeks, to tell what plans would be best for the settlement. All that they could do would be to indicate how much responsibility

the Directors might be willing to incur in succouring the oppressed or in liberating the slave. So peculiar are the circumstances of missionary life in districts beyond the range of ordinary civilisation, that there is a proverb to the effect that "a Missionary must not expect to do any good the first year, while he may be very glad if he do no harm!" This applies with tenfold force to the case of agents that deal with civil matters. Hitherto I had believed that a person working as a clergyman would always have so much personal influence that his own work would not suffer although mistakes were made in other departments, but I now realized for the first time that individuals entirely unacquainted with the natives might so manage secular matters as to endanger the life of every European in the country. The deputation proposed a scheme for the protection of the Mission. The idea was to give Kapeni a large supply of gunpowder, and ask him to send over a garrison to the station! We cannot say what protection this garrison would have been against other natives, but we fancy the Missionaries would ultimately have found the greatest difficulty in protecting themselves from their protectors! Probably if it had been known that on the appearance or even the threat of a single artisan, Kapeni and his available forces would run to the hills, we might have heard less of this scheme. After an interview, however, the deputation was content to part with Kapeni on the following understanding:—"If you don't give us notice when Mityoche's people are to attack the station, we shall kill only a few of them; but if you give us notice, we shall kill them all"!

During the Mityoche scare, a strong watch was put on. Our cook boy was one night making a circuit round our house when he met a foeman who is a great terror to watchmen here—viz., a leopard. The lad acted with admirable presence of mind. He felt that if he tried to get inside the house, the leopard would have him before the door could be opened; so he ran with all his might to his own abode which was about 100 yards off. His wife and family were sleeping in our house, but he did not resume his watching that night! Such wild animals were still about us. One night a lion and a hyæna had a tough fight beside the Station, and the hyæna was found dead next morning. Sometimes a leopard would enter a fowl-house and kill scores of fowls, although he could devour only a few of them. Leopards seem to kill for the purpose of gratifying their blood-thirsty propensity. They do not come back to eat their victims; at least when a strong trap was set in expectation of their return, it was never disturbed.

Near the Mission seldom was any wild animal seen during the day; but on the way to Zomba lions were occasionally observed. As a rule, these animals are cowardly, and run off at a tremendous speed. On one occasion, however, a traveller came upon a lioness with cubs. It must have been a moment of terrible suspense. A few days before, we had been talking on the subject, and discussing what would be the best plan in such an emergency. We had agreed that the tones of the human voice might act as a talisman! The gentleman accordingly, as he retreated with his eyes fixed on the lioness, began to talk to an imaginary Johnnie—the

name which he gave to one of his native lads. (Johnnie, it is unnecessary to say, was several hundred yards off and had gone up a tree.) When he reached a bend of the path where he got out of the animal's sight, he turned round and ran as fast as Johnnie had done! One day an elephant gave chase to a party of Missionaries who were on the way to Blantyre. Fortunately they threw down an umbrella in their hurry, and when the great animal came upon this, his fancy was so taken by it that he did not pursue its owners any farther.

In finding suitable amusements for our pupils we had at first considerable difficulty. Owing to the heat of the climate, the native children are not so fond of active games as English children are. So long as we took part in a game they played heartily but almost as soon as we ceased, they also gave it up. Each Friday afternoon we had races and gave small prizes. After a time they began to enjoy swings and football, but the favourite game was "cricket". We were glad that they showed a special fondness for this game, as it proved a pleasant means of conveying instruction. The calculation of the "runs" gave them exercise in arithmetic (as we threw aside the Yao notation in favour of the English), and when any one was appointed umpire, he learned to form an opinion for himself and abide by it. Some sturdy bowler would often be heard calling out "Pray sir!" He meant "Play sir!" but as the batsman with his bare legs and arms was sometimes in greater danger than his wicket, the formula was allowed to pass, with an occasional laugh from any that could speak better. The native technical terms used in this game were

amusing. A ball rolled along the ground was termed a "rat," while a ball that was overpitched was called a "bird" (chijuni). Soon they learned the value of pitching their balls properly, and a little piece of paper placed to show the spot was called a cricket "charm". Again, the umpire, instead of saying that the batsman was out, declared that he was "dead!" Owing to the great heat, the game was confined to the evening, and I found it a simple means of securing that amount of physical exercise which is indispensable for preventing a European from becoming a continual martyr to fever.

The remainder of this half year I may describe by a few notes from my Journal.

October 22.—Some children asked me to go with them to the top of a hill behind Blantyre. The ascent was very fatiguing. I saw and admired a fine instance of native endurance. One girl of about eight years of age carried a child to the top. I helped her at intervals, but she seemed able to carry her charge for longer distances than I could. But alas! my admiration was soon dispelled for in a short time she quarrelled with a companion and bit her! This mode of fighting is common here, bare arms and legs presenting a temptation to it. A boy found a hare in a trap and wanted to make off with it all, but we called the owner of the trap and had native law on the subject. The owner of course claimed the hare, and allowed the finder one leg. He consented, however, to sell the rest of the animal, and the children of the party had a feast. When natives have meat they always eat bones and all, and they are not fastidious: I

have seen a man drive a dog from a bone and begin chewing it himself.

A few days ago a man came to Blantyre with his wife who was suffering from a large tumor on her neck. The Doctor explained that the operation was a dangerous one; and so it proved, for the woman died soon after it was performed. Such a result is always awkward in a land like this. Notwithstanding that the man saw how attentive the Doctor was to the poor woman, he charged the English with murder, and made a great disturbance. He came back some time after with the intention as he said, of mourning for his wife. Although none of our pupils were quite at ease during his stay, it was not till his departure that we clearly understood the object of his visit. Taking advantage of the Mission-hospitality to lay some plans for kidnapping, he was able by the night of his departure to carry off a number of children from a village beside us.* To-day I have been visited by the parents of these children, who have as tender hearts as Christian parents.

October 29.—A slave of Chikumbu's had come and lurked about the Blantyre villages without permission. He was now sent back, but it was suspected that his conductors allowed him to run off on the way and seek an asylum elsewhere.

November 9.—Mrs. Macdonald taking the nurse and the children and also some native girls with her, went

* Since my return to England, I was told in a letter from a native that this man still figures as a kidnapper, and that he recently lighted a great fire and threw some children into it, who were reduced to ashes.

over to Zomba. The Doctor and I went too—all the workers much needed a change, and Mr. Buchanan had consented to take Blantyre for a while.

November 11.—We reached Zomba. A white lady had never been here before, and the inhabitants of the district were much excited over the matter.

I addressed the natives each day as usual. When Anyasa people were present I used a native interpreter. I spoke in Yao, which the majority of the people understood, while my friend translated into the speech of the Anyasa. A speaker is safe in using an interpreter when he can understand what he says. Often I had to give my man the exact Chinyasa word. Sometimes he would make a careless inference, while at other times he evidently thought that I did not do justice to the subject! I mentioned one day that bad people would go away after death to “a bad place”. He enlarged considerably upon this item. One of my reasons for using an interpreter was to show the natives what interpretation really meant, for when an Englishman had to speak through an interpreter the majority of the natives did not realise that there was any connection between the speech of the white man and that of his interpreter.

Sunday 14.—After preaching at the station and one of the villages, we had a pleasant evening among the children. They overcame their shyness, and recited the parables to us. For the rest of the week we gave them a parable each day, and asked them to recite it to us in the evening.

Sat., Nov. 20, was a school holiday, and we went to

the top of Zomba. Mrs. Macdonald intended to make tea, but when the boy produced the match-box to light a fire, it was found to be filled with Mr. Buchanan's pens. As we descended we heard the "horn" blowing. On arriving we saw that there had been a great disturbance. Just before we started I had spoken to three natives, who said that they were going to drink beer. I found them very agreeable men, and they stayed with me for some time talking and laughing about the derivation of their names. In our absence they came back quite drunk, and began to interfere with Bismark, who was buying some goods for the Mission. After some altercation they threatened to shoot him. Taking up his position in front of the Mission house the poor lad was comparatively resigned to his fate. He said, "Well! you may shoot me. I have just my mother in Quilimane and that is all!" But it occurred to them that they might shoot the European nurse, who was with the children, for then they might expect to carry off some plunder. But various natives quietly interposed, and managed the drunk men. At length they made off with the tablecloth! As soon as they were gone Bismark ran to inform Kalimbuka, and his people pursued them. The pursuit was very hot, for although the offenders might have gained miles before Bismark could give the alarm, one of them was caught. He had been brought back to the station just as we returned, and hundreds of natives had collected. I entreated Kalimbuka to take the captive away as "we did not want drunk men". The man's gun was also captured, and was found to be loaded with two iron bullets and

an enormous charge of powder. A "medicine" bag was attached which contained small fragments of bones, which were so pulverised that one could not tell what they had originally been. The natives said they were human bones, but the doctor was doubtful.

The Zomba pupils were very diligent. Their supply of slates was deficient, but they interchanged with each other, and groups of boys were to be seen writing in the verandah after school. The other side of the house was occupied by a crowd of girls who were getting their first lessons in sewing.

Saturday, November 27.—Mr. Buchanan came back, and there was a great meeting over the drunk men of last Saturday. Malemya's judge had cited all parties—not excepting the man who had supplied the beer. Indeed it was the beer that came under the gravest suspicion. It might have been bewitched! If beer were held as responsible for crime in England, we should soon have nothing but temperance hotels! The witnesses,* as we should call them, recited what they knew of the case, and at the end the learned judge gave an excellent and very impartial summary of each man's speech. He stayed with us all night, and we had an exhibition of the magic lantern.

Mr. Buchanan brought over cattle from Blantyre, which were a novelty to the people here. Few had seen cows before. Yet in many respects Zomba was not so primitive. One day a party visited us on their way from Quilimane to Makanjira's on Lake Nyassa. They

* Although many native females saw the disturbance, they did not come to speak (§ 68).

wanted to see whether we had a key that would open their box! Here also we met a man that had seen us a little above Quilimane after our arrival in the country.

Sunday, November 28.—The attendance at the morning service was over 300.

Monday, November 29.—We left Zomba, and as we slept at the end of our first day's journey, a heavy shower fell. The rain came through our tents and we were obliged to put waterproofs over our beds. A shower here is a perfect waterspout, and when it rains during day the more lively natives avail themselves of the splendid bath. But on the present occasion our dark companions were as much annoyed as ourselves. As each flash of lightning made their figures visible, we could see them huddling together in the corner of a tent. Near our halting place we found the remains of a buffalo which had been killed by a lion.

Our school work at Blantyre was much enlivened by competition for prizes, which took the form of blankets. The highest class had written examinations every fortnight. All the little creatures kept working as heartily as English children do in similar circumstances.

Various efforts were made to catch elephants with a view to training them as carriers. Several young ones were secured but they all died.

On Christmas we had a school trip to Mpingwi. We passed the village that had been concerned in the recent slave raid at Blantyre.* On seeing the great

band of children in full dress, the villagers all ran away carrying their baskets and mortars with them. The scholars understood the matter and cheered the fugitives. We go in single file, and I was among the last. I had to hurry up in order to check these martial exhibitions, and on our return we found the villagers quite reconciled and coming to offer us food.

Monday, 27th December.—We had two of the strangest refugees I had yet seen. They were little brothers, the oldest could not have been over six years of age, and his brother was quite a baby. They had run away from their home, and come to the “English”. They had walked about four miles, and appeared tired and hungry at Blantyre. As they were too small to be left among other children, I went in search of a native woman to take charge of them at night. While the poor creatures sat weary and footsore in the Blantyre manse, I could not but wonder what reason they had for leaving a home to cast themselves upon strangers. They had heard that the English were “kind” to people, and the oldest said something about his “mother”. Some poor slave woman she had been. But she was all the good that they had seen in the world. Now she was taken away from them. Her dying wish may have been to see them safe with the English, and now they had come. We knew the man whose village they had left, for the children told most truthfully every particular that older slaves knew so well to conceal. Soon their master appeared to claim them; they, poor things, could tell no reason why they should not go back with him, and their tiny feet had to retrace the weary

journey. They did not weep as older slaves always do in such circumstances; they did not even speak, but their looks meant a great deal. Hard falls the discipline of life on the poor African!

CHAPTER XIV.

SIXTH HALF. JANUARY 1881.—JUNE 1881.

ON the first day of the New Year we had a party of Headmen to dinner. A cow had been killed the night before, and two boys were sent with letters of invitation! The Headmen came dressed in shirts and gaudy handkerchiefs. As they were not used to knives and forks, the meat was cut up in small pieces and the vegetables mashed so that all could be eaten with spoons. Their table-talk is just like the ordinary conversation in other lands. Some of them had been unfriendly to each other, but here was a little reunion. One Headman who lived outside Blantyre was led to speak of a slave who had run away from him. He sat beside Chibowa, a Blantyre Headman, who had been notorious for giving secret protection to slaves ever since the Mission was against the policy. We referred the slave-owner to Chibowa, "because when a person was missing every one went to him!" The two men had often disputed with each other before, but they could now join in the general laugh.

This half year I translated the greater part of the

Pilgrim's Progress. Certain personages like Giant Pope I had of course to omit. Through *vivâ voce* teaching some of the classes knew and appreciated a great part of this allegory. I was also very busy in translating the Scriptures. We knew that the time required to translate the whole Bible was about fifteen years, and Buchanan and I were anxious to try whether we might not, by working as for a wager, complete the task in a much shorter time. While we were thus busy on the Yao Bible we knew that Dr. Laws and the Missionaries on Nyassa were advancing in the translation of the Chinyasa Bible.

Towards the end of 1880, Chelomoni, a Blantyre Headman, captured two men from Mpingwi, and put them in slave-sticks. They belonged to the village that had kidnapped the children (page 218) a few months before, and native law did not require proof that the men were personally guilty. They were undoubtedly innocent. Still they were kept in close confinement till their friends returned the captives in February. Chelomoni was not content with simply receiving the children; he demanded compensation as well, and insisted on having paid over to him as damages "many men". But ultimately he accepted one little boy, whom the Doctor took charge of. During their long imprisonment the Doctor did what he could to see that the prisoners were properly fed, and as Mrs. Macdonald employed them in comb-making (an art which they could practice with their neck in the stocks) they had some wages to receive on their release; hence though their imprisonment was very long they did not seem to feel it so much after all.

Saturday, 26th February.—Having gone to visit Kapeni, I was conducted by his sons to see Cholobwe—a man of royal blood, and often talked of as Kapeni's probable successor. I found a boy with him that had once lived at Zomba and attended school there. The little fellow promised to come to Blantyre, and Kapeni's sons were to come with him.

March 3.—I had a visit from Kumpama. He told me that he had been “very busy for some time,” but had now come to see me. As we think ourselves more and more into the natives' views of life, we must admit that some of them may be “very busy,” though at first we give them credit for being extremely lazy. We were anxious to form an acquaintance with Mkanda, who dealt largely in slaves and was understood to be hostile to the Mission. When first visited by the Missionaries in 1877, he had proved very uncivil, and since then he had often threatened to attack the Mission settlement, which had done so much to ruin the slave trade. Even when Dr. Macklin was returning from Mlanje in 1879, his caravan had been afraid to pass too near this chief, and at the period of Mityoche's attack on the Mission carriers, Mkanda was believed to be hostile also. Hence he required to be approached with caution. While talking to Kumpama about his neighbours, I asked whether he could give us a guide to Mkanda's, and he at once consented to do so. It happened also that Kapeni's “captain” was working at Blantyre, and he was willing to accompany.

March 4.—The Doctor and I started for Mkanda's along with Kumpama. When we entered Kumpama's

villages he left us with a headman whom he instructed to conduct us to a sub-chief called Sapula.

Notwithstanding all our care, we arrived at Sapula's at a very critical time. The old man came forth and perched on the top of a large rock overlooking our party and said, "Oh yes! at Mkanda's it is good—very good—plenty of war!" As we looked up to this chief, we might have taken him for an apparition, while his strange utterances reminded us of the responses of an ancient oracle. Soon he explained that Mkanda expected an attack from Chikumbu that very night. The people who lived on this side of Cherasulo were all full of terror, and had fled far up the mountain to spots almost inaccessible. But a man who called himself Mkanda's father came down among us, and volunteered to be our guide, and after some consultation we proceeded. Mkanda's village was surrounded by maize which was higher than the houses, so that we were close on it before we were seen. When our party approached, some of those that saw us first were scared and shouted "war". This is always an awkward thing in Africa, and it now made me quite anxious. Shouting out "war" to a party is much the same as declaring war against them. In cases like this, everything depends on the guide, and Mkanda's "father" exerted himself and proved equal to the occasion. Soon we mingled with Mkanda's villagers, and I recognised several that often came to Blantyre for work. Mkanda himself was afraid to appear and kept hiding among the huts, while his people could not refrain from laughing at him. It was

not till all his children were sitting about us that he came forth.

His conversation shewed that he was well informed regarding his country, and I soon had a very favourable impression of his abilities. The thing most on his mind was the danger of an attack from Chikumbu, but he was of opinion that our presence would be in his favour. He has one square hut which he put at our disposal.

Next morning he was able to congratulate us that Chikumbu had not come. The time had been when Mkanda himself was expected in like manner to attack Blantyre! In a short time he gave us a guide to the top of Cherasulo, and directed the man to lead us by the easiest way. Mkanda's own children and most of the boys in his village accompanied us. They could climb the rocky sides of the hill like monkeys. We soon discovered that there was no easy way to the top of the mountain, and the guide thought that, after we found out this, we should be glad to return. To add to our danger, several loose stones lay on the mountain side. While climbing we pulled ourselves up by anything we could lay hold of, and the stones that did not bear the strain became detached and endangered the lives of those that were following further down. The Doctor wanted to find the height of the mountain and brought a kettleful of water to ascertain the boiling point, but the boys drank the water on the way. Probably they left as much as would have been sufficient, but our own thirst was so terrible that the whole was drunk, and no more could be found on the mountain top. While we rested on the summit we had an opportunity of noting

how many villages there were in such parts of the country as we had not yet visited. The young lads that went with us became very friendly and professed great interest in schools and "reading," and after our return to the village we gave them an illustration of what reading meant. The Chief dictated words and names which I wrote down on a paper. Three or four Blantyre boys who were with me were conveyed far out of hearing, and carefully watched till the writing was finished. They were called back one by one. Then each looked at the paper and read. As soon as the words passed his lips there arose a great shout of wonder and applause from the chief's people. The experiment was carried on for a long time because every old man that joined the crowd refused to believe that it could be done, until he saw it for himself.

This simple test of reading I often employed afterwards in other places. Sometimes I varied the experiment by giving a boy my pencil, and then asking to be conducted to the back of a distant hut. The natives compared the "wisdom" to that of the witch detective, who is believed to possess miraculous means of gaining information.

That day there had been a great trial at Mkanda's. The particulars of the case were these. Across the stream from Blantyre, a few minutes' walk from the Station is a native village under a chief called Mkao. Two sheep-stealers from Mkanda's region came and carried off one of Mkao's goats. But they were pursued by terrible avengers. A native described to me with great delight the fate that overtook them. When they

were about six miles from Mkao's village they stopped in order to dine. They lighted a fire and prepared to feast on the goat. As they were thus engaged, Mkao's men overtook them, and killed one of them on the spot. He was "divided into pieces, and the parts of his body were mingled with those of the goat". The other thief escaped for a little, but his pursuers, according to my informer, chased him round till he was down on the plain opposite Ndilande, and then killed him "and hung up his body on a tree". Mkao himself had told me about the matter, but he left the impression that he had killed only one thief, and that he wanted more vengeance. The case happened to come up for consideration at Mkanda's just now. When we were on the top of the hill, guns were fired at the village to signify that the complaint had been dismissed (kususa). On our return we heard that the Chief had told the friends of the thieves that they ought not to have stolen so near the English! Indeed, on our arrival, Mkao had been introduced to me as a Headman belonging to Blantyre, and he called us his Fathers, but, although he constantly came to visit, we never heard much about the civil government of this "son," except once that a herd boy allowed some of our cattle to eat his corn, when Mkao's people gave him a severe beating, and broke his arm.

Mkanda was very friendly, and expressed a desire to have a Mission planted among his people, in order that his children might learn to read, and that his people might get work. As we might expect, these Africans, at first, value Mission settlements chiefly for the employment that is given, and the calico that is paid :

“We want something to wear,” is the general cry. The Mission, they think, must first clothe the naked.

While the natives get employment, they receive at the same time some industrial training. They can learn a great deal from gardeners and agriculturists, yet such training is apt to be overestimated. Bishop Mackenzie, who wished to teach the natives how to farm, found that they knew better than himself. They certainly know all about their own crops. Mr. Duncan, the Blantyre gardener, had a few natives taught to look after European plants, and he considered that they were nearly as good as European workmen, but of course they had him to guide them. It is said, ‘They have not shoes, how can they dig with a spade!’ Yet they do dig with spades. The bare foot of the native is a very different instrument from the bare foot of the European. Although their own skill in carpentry is not to be despised, they were much delighted with our tools and methods. They soon learned to do the rougher work, under the Blantyre joiners; and if they were able to read figures they could be taught to be very valuable workmen. Sometimes, however, they excelled themselves! One might see a native carpenter making a great show of using a plumb-line, while he did not observe that the lead rested on the ground!

When Mrs. MacDonald had time to accompany me in visiting native villages, she found a walk of four miles in the hot sun quite enough, and waited in some village till I returned. During these stays she became acquainted with the women, who usually demanded why she had not brought the children with her. The latter

were special favourites with the natives. Some old warriors, whose very look was suggestive of the assagai, were very kind to the white children.

Saturday, March 19.—We paid a visit to Kapeni, and a great crowd of children followed us back. In such journeys the heat compels us to rest by the streams: and if we have carried any food we take lunch on the banks.

Monday, 21.—Kapeni's children came and attended school. We consider this one of the most important gains that have been made by the Mission. We had long had all the children of the Magololo chiefs with us, but their presence did not make the Mission school popular among our neighbours. The Yao had given us the land and had made us welcome to settle, and now we had nearly a third of our pupils from chiefs who were hostile to them and who might be plotting to come up and 'take away their country'. Hence they were slow in sending their children to school. Ever since my arrival I had been asking Kapeni about pupils whom he promised me. "Don't be in a hurry about that," Dr. Laws would say, "the day will yet come": and now more than a dozen children were sent over. They stipulated that they must be allowed to stay with Mrs. Macdonald's boys and that the Magololo boys should not be allowed to interfere with them. Mrs. Macdonald took the main charge of teaching them to read, and out of school hours they were supplied with cards and studied most diligently by themselves. On Friday night they returned to Kapeni's but appeared in full force on Monday morning and brought a few of their

companions besides. They soon made themselves at home on the Station. When any stranger called at our house, they generally introduced him and as they knew all the people in the district better than our Blantyre friends did, they were useful in this way. It was seldom that their royal blood got them into trouble. But on one occasion they all attacked a boy that ventured to speak of their father Kapeni as "an old man". Another time they had to be restrained from an assault on a lad that had spoken to them in the Chinyasa language. They demanded to be treated as Yao! They pressed me to visit their home on Saturdays. One day that I went they asked me to go up the mountain (Sochi) to shoot baboons, which greatly destroy the crops. Kapeni's oldest son also came and we had the appearance of being a hunting party! I wounded a baboon, and the boys gave it chase and soon secured it. I suggested that they should leave it behind till we found more. But African hunters don't care to let their "meat" out of sight, and in a few minutes they bored holes in the baboon's legs through which they put cords of bark, and then two boys were told off to carry it on a pole. The carcase was borne faithfully, sometimes up the steep mountain side, for about two hours. When we were going back I remarked that it might be taken on to the village, but none of them liked the idea of eating it "on the village green," which would mean that every villager would have a right to share it with them (67.) On reaching the fields they lighted a fire and prepared to enjoy their feast. I was expected to claim a large share of the "meat" as having shot the baboon, and

when I waived my claim they were much astonished—some were deeply disappointed that ‘father would not take his meat’. But notwithstanding their kind solicitations, I would take nothing but the skin, which they took off very neatly, preserving the “fingers” of the animal that they might “shew them to Mrs. Macdonald!” I pointed out that they should reserve some meat as a present for Kapeni, and he was allowed a hind leg. In the middle of the feast the owner of the field drew near in great alarm. “Who has been making a fire among my corn?” he asked, but when he saw the glorious roast he said nothing farther: he smacked his lips and congratulated himself that he had come in time. After the party had satisfied themselves by eating the internal organs the rest of the meat was divided among them, not equally but rather in accordance with their views of seniority. A baboon is a large animal and is considered a great prize.

These boys from Kapeni’s all made fair progress. By the time we left them at the end of June they were able to read their own language. They wanted only practice, but as they left the Mission then, they would soon forget much that they had acquired. The more advanced classes pleased us well. Some lads would have got on swimmingly not only with Arithmetic, but also with Euclid and Algebra, had we only possessed text books in their own tongue. In April we devoted some time to the preparation of a Grammar for them with progressive exercises. Geography and History we had left entirely alone except so far as the Bible and Christianity were concerned. Friday afternoon was

devoted to instruction of a more amusing kind. They all enjoyed seeing a light burning under water on the diving-bell principle, and similar small experiments.

I always considered that the school had the first claim on my time; and when teaching I refused to admit any interruption although all the chiefs in the country should come to talk with me. This was well known, and some chiefs, on arriving during school hours, sat about the doors, while others came in and listened. Except when there was a European marriage or some great event, we never had a single holiday. Even when groups of armed men, almost on the point of deadly combat, were watching each other round the school, I carried on the usual routine of school-work as if all had been quiet. The religious meetings for the natives were also conducted with unfailing regularity, although we had seen days when the white men judged it prudent to come to the Sunday service with revolvers in their pockets. The native men always appeared at our meeting with their guns, which they laid down beside them during the service just as a European worshipper does with his hat.

In May there was a scare. The Mangoni were believed to be coming, and some of our villagers ran to the top of a hill. The Magololo carried their ivory and other valuables to islands in the river. The mention of the word Mangoni seems sufficient to clear out a whole village. One day two boys began to fight in the jungle near Blantyre. In a little while, the women of a neighbouring village were seen hurrying into the Station with their children on their backs. They had taken the

screams of the combatants for the war-cry of the Mangoni.

At Blantyre we had many visitors, and they were received outside and squatted on a mat in the verandah. When Kapeni or any of the greater chiefs came, a chair was brought. All these native potentates were fond of sweets. At first they had viewed them with the greatest suspicion. I saw a headman once wait till all his companions had eaten, and when he found that they were delighted with the strange eatable (*yakulya*), he summoned courage and began to eat, saying, "Well, if I die, you will all die too!" Kapeni would never taste jam because it was "like blood," but on one occasion we called his own children who did not hesitate long. Indeed they were so fond of jam that they always pressed round Mrs. Macdonald when she was making it, and if any was spilt, they would insist on licking it off the floor. Although the visits of native chiefs and headmen called me from my work in translating the Bible, yet I ever found that such visits contributed to my knowledge of the language, and I carefully noted down new words or phrases that they might use. We were inclined to think that one reason why the Magololo sent their children was that they thus found an excuse for visiting the Mission and obtaining presents. All African chiefs are strong on "presents," and the custom was both expensive to the Mission and demoralising to the chiefs; but it was very difficult to make a change. Incidentally, however, we fell on a plan that modified matters. When a chief came up and obtained his present, we bought some goats from him and paid the price there

and then. When he went back to his home, he did not send up the goats, and as he wanted us to forget all about the bargain, he did not visit the Mission to ask presents for a long time! The habit of giving presents to the Magololo headmen provoked the jealousy of those beside us. Kundomba and the other Blantyre headmen would say, "Why do the English not give us 'big presents' too?"

At first the Missionaries had occasionally asked the natives, "For what purpose did we leave our homes to come here?" The latter, who never leave their friends except when driven away by war, replied, "You came here because there was war in your country" But as the evangelistic work was steadily conducted, it gradually became more hopeful. At sunrise we had prayers, at which all the workers were present, and such of our pupils as lived close at hand. Before sunset there was a similar service. At mid-day I preached to the natives. On Sunday we had two native services, and after one of these the natives began to hold a little prayer meeting of their own. Statements that are taken for granted in a Christian congregation at home will not pass here. Instead of allowing that he is a sinner, the ordinary native maintains that he has never done anything wrong: although he will admit that a great many other people have sinned. Out of compliment to the traditional policy of the English in this country, the natives say that it is bad to sell people: to possess slaves is quite right—every rich native has his wealth invested in this species of goods—but to buy or sell slaves is wrong. Hence when a man goes over to stock his farm

or his harem at the great slave mart in the Mangoni country, he declares that he goes there to redeem (kuwombola) people! "The Mangoni had captured slaves, he goes to release them!" But he does not venture to pretend that he gives these "ransomed" persons their liberty (62). Another thing which the natives condemn is war. The party that first arrived in the country had made the evils of war a very common subject of meditation. They almost betrayed a personal interest in doing so, for they would frequently say, "Remember, now, that if one Englishman be killed, twenty will come to his funeral!" This statement of itself would be enough to frighten the native from trying his slugs on the white man! The negro was also told that the white man had acquired clothes and money and all such good things because he was a man of peace. "We," it was said, "come from a country which does not fight." If the black man had known anything of English history, I fear he would have drawn a different conclusion, and been much perplexed at the coolness with which his instructor repeated the questionable assertion! In the same way the exhortations to civilisation were of a doubtful nature, and could only proclaim how little the foreigners knew of the natives' condition. I refer to subjects like these because I have ever felt that a Missionary is in a doubtful position except when he sets himself to deliver his *one great message*. After he has exhausted that theme, it is time enough to take up others. Many think that barbarians might be improved if a Missionary confined himself to purely secular teaching. But the purely secular in-

structor would find it difficult to meet the objections of his audience. "Why should we try to buy English clothes, if we like our own better? Why should we build larger houses—our own suit us very well? Why should we farm more ground when we are quite contented with the food we have?" If they asked further whether this civilisation always made men happier and better, the civilised man could not tell them that it did.

Undoubtedly, a native might become a very good Christian, and still be content with his small hut and his coarse fare. If mere civilising agents had met with a man like Abraham, I fear that the life and manners of the patriarch would have been too simple for their tastes. Yet, while the Missionary takes for his text "One thing is needful," he knows that other things will be added thereunto. He feels that he has to proclaim "good news" which will bring happiness to everyone that believes it, and as he looks along all the stages of the native life from the day that the African draws his first breath beside a stream in the dense forest till the day that he lies down on his mat to die, the Missionary knows that these glad tidings will soon brighten the whole.

The native beliefs regarding witchcraft must occupy the attention of the preacher, who will fail to impart Scripture ideas of the government of the world unless he refer to the opposing views. The opinion that a man cannot die without being bewitched, is one which they cling to most tenaciously; and withal they are very metaphysical. We might think that a single lecture on physiology from a medical man would cut up

this doctrine by the very roots. But no. The natives admit that death is always the result of injury or decay, but they maintain that this fact does not in the least discredit their own theory. It rather confirms their belief, for did not the witch use means to bring about these causes of death? As the natives seldom speak of their customs and beliefs, one may live here for years before becoming aware of the evils and hardships that so many Africans endure: but when these things are known in all their horrid enormity, they furnish a text for a great many "practical remarks," and the poor people listen attentively to every subject that bears on their ordinary life. To ourselves the sad practice of the witch-detective gave a new meaning to the text "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live": for if there be beings that ought not to be suffered to live these sorcerers must be among the number. Each year they consign scores of their fellow mortals to an untimely grave.

By certain parts of their experience, these natives, it might almost be said, have had their minds prepared for receiving the Gospel message. They know what it is to be redeemed from the evil consequences of their own actions (80), as well as from slavery, and they see numerous cases where a criminal is legally set free while another man occupies his place. As a matter of fact, many of them began to understand what was meant by the statement that "the Son of God died to save sinners," and were affected by it, and told their companions that it was wonderful news. Often, in places where a religious creed has been long established, persons hear these words without reflecting on their

meaning, but intelligent Africans cannot do this. Again in our Western world we do not know so well as they do what it is to be *entirely* at the disposal of another, and to have no private ends. Amidst the ordinary life of struggle and bustle, our ideal of a successful man is a person that is intensely devoted to his own interests, while their state of society, with all its defects, produces men that are as intensely devoted to the interests of another, and some of whom could enter with much sympathy into the feelings of the apostle who called himself the slave of Jesus Christ.

We occupied a position of most momentous importance, standing as we did at a point where a savage assemblage was becoming more like a Christian church. Already we could discover the workings of a mind that had shewed itself in the history of the past. The natives might easily be led to believe that certain ordinances were as important in the Christian religion as certain charms were in their old faith. They would soon infer that the waters of Baptism would have as great an effect upon them as the waters of the Jordan had on Naaman the Syrian. In accordance with this they would attribute the greatest powers to the Missionary, and, as regards the majority of the people, who depended on him for all their religious information, that personage would be to them nothing if he were not infallible. To such views the people around us, many of whom had once been slaves, seemed very much inclined when they approached the subject with earnestness. Well might one suggest to them the prayer:—

“ Be with us in this darkened place
This weary, restless, dangerous night,
And teach, O teach us by thy grace
To struggle onward into light ! ”

May 21.—The mail for the Livingstonia Mission has arrived from Scotland, and we learn now from a newspaper that all the Missionaries that were labouring at Blantyre during the time that the settlement was a colony have been recalled, and to some extent censured ; but the grounds on which the Directors have proceeded are by no means clear. At all events the same method if carried out consistently would have recalled all the Missionaries that had laboured at the two Scotch Missions. The Church of Scotland through the Blantyre Committee first established a colonial settlement. While this settlement was in full swing I was asked to join it as a clergyman. All the Directors ought to have been well aware that they could not require a minister of the church to act as a magistrate, or to interfere in such civil jurisdiction. They understood that the secular department was getting on very successfully, and seem to have imagined that the colonial government which they had set up would protect the minister in his special work, just as clergymen and others are under the protection of the civil powers in Britain. Hence I had been officially and specially instructed to leave such matters to the lay agents of the Mission, who were presumably more familiar with them than clergymen, and when I reached Africa the enormous claims that the Missionary work of the settlement made upon me left me no time to consider anything else. If a man desires

to be signally useful in any department of activity, his motto must be "this one thing I do". But as the whole subject was now examined by persons that did not know its special circumstances, I was held responsible for carrying out the details of a policy in which I never interfered.* So far as the colonial work came under my notice, I had watched it with interest, and I found that in many respects my own views were entirely against the policy that had been sanctioned at home.

This morning I went round Ndilande for the purpose of finding a spot where I could form another Mission Station. It will be a great pity to leave these poor people because of the censure of Directors who know so little about the subject.

May 28.—I went over to visit Mr. Buchanan at Zomba. The inhabitants of the villages I passed through, all knew that Kapeni's children had gone to stay at the Mission Station, and they talked of this as if it had been quite a new feature in our work. The villagers

* Even one of the Deputation publicly declared that blame was due not "on account of wrong doing, but of want of action". Now the one object that I had aimed at, was to act towards the Committee's colony at Blantyre exactly as clergymen act towards colonies in all parts of the world, while I understood that the Lay Missionaries were to go on with the colonial work in the same way as they had been doing before my arrival. According to the minute of appointment, I had been sent out as "Clerical Head of the Mission," and I had always given the Committee credit for knowing the laws of the Church too well to make me anything else. But now it appeared that we had been playing at cross purposes: for the Directors began to insist that "Clerical Head of the *Mission*" really meant "Civil Governor of the *Colony*".

thought that it was a great advance and said, 'O father all our children will now come to learn!'

On stopping for food in the forenoon, we found that we had no matches, and it seemed therefore that we could cook no dinner. But the natives in a few minutes produced fire by friction, and then carried a piece of burning wood all the rest of the journey. Almost every party of native travellers has its fire-carrier who is appealed to when his companions wish to smoke, and who is able to light the fire at a halting-place without any delay.

I stayed at a spot which is now covered with dense jungle, but on clearing a space to pitch my tent for the night, I found that there had once been a village which reached down to the side of a pleasant stream, but it had been sacked long ago by the Mangoni. At midnight we heard two hyenas very close to the tent, while about four o'clock in the morning, a great herd of buck came to the stream to drink.

May 29.—I reached Zomba about three o'clock in the afternoon and found Mr. Buchanan looking pale and dispirited on account of the hard sentence which had been passed against him. He had no idea what the grounds could be. As we subsequently learned from the best authorities, the so-called leaders of the Church had feared that the British Government would enquire into their assumption and exercise of civil jurisdiction: still I could not appreciate any motives of expediency however urgent that led to inflict on such an earnest worker so much loss and suffering without the semblance of a trial. So far as I could judge, every one

that carried out the details of civil punishment felt called to the unpleasant task by the Church herself, and, indeed the "leaders" now much regretted that the Church had instructed its agents to act as civil magistrates; but while they were most generous in sharing the *blame* they did not seem desirous to share *the loss and the suffering*, which they were so anxious to inflict on the Missionaries. Nor did they wait to see whether the latter had any defence to offer. As I spent that hot day at Zomba, I felt that a great injustice had been done. I knew the Lay Agents that had been dismissed and I knew the men that had condemned them. For five years the former, while devoting all their time and talents to the service of the heathen, had been obliged to live in hovels, to spend sleepless nights amidst enemies and many dangers, to battle with discomfort and fever and hunger, while the latter lived in comfortable homes amidst friends and relatives. The Missionaries were much puzzled to know where they had done wrong, and in some cases there were years of their engagements yet to expire. One might have expected, with Shylock's judge, that the Church leaders would have been less hasty even although it had not been 'in the bond'. By condemning men whom they had not heard, they had given their Missionary work in Africa a severe check for several years to come. They would not however realise this—there is an unfortunate tendency to look quite as much at the fame of organisations as at the good done among the heathen.

After considering our prospects we felt that we could easily form a good Mission in some corner of the vast

district. We might have much difficulty in maintaining ourselves but we were resolved to do what we could to teach the poor people that we had struggled for so long. For myself I was greatly in favour of this step, but in case I should find it expedient to leave for England, I began to revise the native Grammar and Vocabulary that I had drawn up.

Although civil jurisdiction was now disclaimed by the leaders of the Church, it was still, as might have been anticipated, exercised at the Mission Settlement. Every now and then something had to be done which was liable to be represented as an atrocity. At first the Blantyre villagers had willingly come forward when their services were required by the Missionaries, but now they often declined in cases where their aid seemed indispensable. Even when the deputation was present, these natives were forced out to do work of this kind. As a general rule, African savages are blamed for being timorous and easily overawed, but this is not always true. A man refused on one occasion to do some duty that was required, and received a message from the Lay Superintendent requesting him to come up and state what excuse he had to give. But the native refused even to make this small concession, remarking that 'he was not the slave of the Blantyre Settlement'. He was then told that his home would be burned down, when he replied that he did not care; and the result was that he sat with his family and looked on till his house was reduced to ashes. Even this did not banish him from the Settlement. For several days he was sheltered by certain of the Blantyre villagers, who did so, even

although threatened with a similar punishment. Indeed, natives often risk a great deal in aiding their friends. Owing perhaps to the paternal nature of their government, they are more willing to share the punishment of a relative, however bad he may be, than to turn their backs upon him. This half-year, one of the Blantyre villagers had given a great amount of disturbance. When the Lay-Superintendent tried to reason with him, the native threatened to burn his house. One night an effort was made to capture the man, and all the fire-arms of the Mission were turned out in the adventure. It seems that the Mission party expected to capture him by surrounding his house, but they found that he had escaped, one of the natives remarking that the "English need not go to capture anyone because their boots spoke too much" (*i.e.*, made too much noise as compared with the bare feet of the negroes). On this occasion one of the Blantyre Headmen joined so zealously in the pursuit that he did not go to bed. Judge the surprise of the Lay-Superintendent when he discovered that in a few nights after the hunt, the fugitive was the guest of this very headman!

We still had many instances around us of a rough and ready form of executing justice which we should have liked to see entirely abolished. One evening a native, through a piece of very clever, but at the same time, very mean treachery, stole two valuable rings from an artisan; the latter felt that if he informed the Superintendent he would certainly lose his rings, and taking his gun on his shoulder, he marched straight to the village where the thief lived, and secured the man's wife and

daughter and began, with great show of severity, to "beat and confine in slave sticks". The headman of that village, who was then returning from Ndilande, met "all his people calling out 'murder'!" So much were the villagers terrified that they were afraid to sleep in their village, and the headman came in to me with a sad tale. The artisan, however, recovered the rings, whereas if he had tried to reason calmly, he would certainly have exposed himself to the ridicule of the natives, who are too ready to assume that clemency springs from want of power. Nor, indeed, does the British Government itself resort to reasoning as the method of dealing with criminals.

The natives sometimes behaved in a very peculiar manner on the exercise of such discipline (which is, indeed, the only kind of justice they are familiar with). A strange case was brought under my notice in the following way:—On going to a village one Saturday morning, I was greatly astonished to find all the villagers running away on my approach. Unless my pupils had shouted out who I was, I should not have found any one to speak to. But the people all hastened back, and explained why they had been afraid at the appearance of a white man. A person from their neighbourhood had stolen, and an artisan, after failing to get satisfaction, had gone over and set fire to the village where the thief lived and shot down the fowls. Immediately after this exploit the artisan found the villagers coming in with presents to him, admitting that they had done wrong in stealing, and professing their willingness to pay damages! Native character

is sometimes an enigma. On one occasion a chief stayed for a few days at Blantyre. Several English visitors courted his friendship very much, and often went a long distance out of their way in order to shake hands with him when he was drunk; the sable chieftain laughed at them and called them hard names! A Portuguese gentleman who was present at the same time, gave the chief no such honour, and explained that, though acquainted with natives all his days, he had never shaken hands with one in his life; yet he gained the chieftain's sincere respect.

Traits of character like this, force themselves at once upon the attention of persons that settle among the negroes, and though even a little experience shows that the native can value goodness, men that have no love for him, are apt to treat him in a shameful way.

June 2nd.—Shortly after my return from Zomba, there occurred a melancholy incident which illustrates the difficulties that may flow from sending to a Mission men who do not even profess Christianity, and who are destitute of all education or refinement. A misunderstanding arose between an artisan and a native headman, and the matter was being settled by the Lay-Superintendent, when the artisan so far lost his temper, as to strike the poor headman a violent blow, which covered his face with blood. The conduct was deplored by everyone, except, perhaps, the actor himself. But in such cases (which are too common, whether in connection with Missionary or other settlements) little can be done. The artisan, if dismissed, has it in his power to stay in the country and give a great deal of annoyance,

while it is not possible to fill his place, perhaps, for a whole year. Indeed, one often felt the need of a proper government in such remote places. It was no uncommon thing for an artisan to threaten to shoot his fellow labourers, and to send them letters challenging them to deadly combat. Such men, as might be expected, would treat the natives very badly.

June 9.—By this time the mail arrived for Blantyre which brought us further particulars, as to the manner in which the Church had treated all that were supposed to have any share in the management of the Colony. We now saw a report in which hearsay matter was published even though it was the words of a person who had not been present at the events in question. I found notes that had been taken down from myself quoted without the explanations I had given and sometimes used to convey a meaning that was not intended. When I wished to correct these notes on being asked to testify their substantial correctness, the proceeding had been demurred to by the deputation who stated that explanations or corrections could be sent after them. Such corrections in the absence of the notes of which no copy was left, took the form of a general statement which was sent afterwards but was never considered. The method in which many Churches manage their Missions is not encouraging. "A Mission is put under a committee which although shewing many names in the Reports really consists of one man. In cases of emergency a Committee of advice is formed—which gives another man. A Presbyterian Church, by its gradation of Courts (Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies),

secures the advantage of mature deliberation. But in the treatment of Missions we find neither Presbyterianism nor Episcopacy nor any known form of Ecclesiastical Government. The Missionary is liable to be handed over to a clique composed partly of those that have 'gained popularity,' and partly of men who are held in respect on account of their wealth." In so far as Missionary Methods come under a criticism of this kind they should be re-considered. The cause of Christianity among the heathen is one of the most important subjects that can occupy the attention of any Church.

In accordance with the wishes of a great many of our old friends in Scotland, I made up my mind to return home. When I mentioned this all our natives paid parting visits to us. Many brought what they called keepsakes (malangano.) Some were very pathetic, one lad was to "save calico and by and by pay his passage to England". Bismark had been promised "an English education" and he wished to go with us. So also did Ndiagani, a native girl whom we were to educate ourselves. She had consented to become Bismark's wife, and he "did not want to marry a stupid girl that knew nothing".

After all, I expected to be of some service to the Mission by going home at this time. Besides having Matthew and Mark ready for the printer, I had translated the historical parts of the Old Testament, and hoped to get these printed and illustrated. I had also rendered a great many of Æsop's Fables. I thought I should succeed in forming two interesting books for the school, especially if I could get them well illustrated. Young

natives much appreciate pictorial teaching. I had taken special pains to see that the language was accurate ; all my earlier efforts I could easily improve upon. Literature is likely to be an important means of elevating and purifying the native. All Africans from the lad that writes his grammar exercise to the postman who conveys a written message in a split wand, have a liking for kalata (letters.) When my last printed translations came back the boys and girls found out the place where they were kept before being issued, and would steal an hour from their work or their play in order to have the pleasure of reading something in their own tongue.

On the last day of June we said Good-bye to the school children. We found it unspeakably hard to part with them.

CHAPTER XV.

SEVENTH HALF.

ON July 1st we left Blantyre about 6·30 A.M. This was an unusually early hour. It generally happens that people wishing to start at six in the morning are detained till nine. The carriers may come about seven o'clock, but they say that they must go back to their homes for food. Some of our carriers, although they had been warned beforehand, neglected to bring provisions with them, but so many natives had come that we had no difficulty in filling their places.

Once fairly started, the carriers proceeded at a rattling pace. The road for a long way was filled with the school children and other acquaintances who wished again to say farewell. Among others Kumlomba made his way through the crowd a little above his village, and placed a knife in my hand as a keepsake. Great numbers of the school children came running along for nearly two miles. One of the last to leave was Kanjira, who had been the first to meet us on our arrival in 1878, and had since then been a very regular attendant at school. He was now regretting the departure of his 'teacher' in very touching words, and expressing his

intention to go with me. I had to impress upon him that this idea could not be entertained, but the little fellow did not go back till we were near the Nampole, a stream four miles from Blantyre. Another lad was more determined still, and resisted every argument. As a last resource I filled both his hands with beads to see if this would not make him fall behind, but notwithstanding our rapid pace he persisted in following. Farther on we met a company of men going to Blantyre, but he could not be induced to return with them. He answered me much in the words of Ruth to Naomi, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee". Now he was so far on that it would have been unsafe for him to go back alone. But as we were approaching Mbami we met more men going to Blantyre, and as we now insisted on his return, he sorrowfully obeyed. The little fellow must have been tired, having come about twelve miles.

We reached Mbami about ten o'clock, here the carriers rested a short time, while I talked with the headman and his people.

Soon we started again; to see that no one fell behind I went last. The carriers marched in single file—often forming a line which might extend for a mile or more, as they did not keep close together. Scarcely was I out of sight of the village when I heard a great commotion—people were running and shouting. All the inhabitants of Mbami seemed to be in pursuit of a girl who was running as if in desperation. When within a few yards of me, she was caught by a young man, but she struggled most violently. I asked what was the

matter, when the girl whose face was wet with tears, cried out, "I wish to go with you". She laid hold of me with the greatest earnestness just as the other pursuers were coming near. The girl's mother was there reproving her with "Will you leave your own mother?" I tried to calm the girl and told her to stay contentedly at her home. All the people said, "Do you hear that now? he tells you to stay at your home," but by this time her little fingers had clutched my coat. I put beads into her hands, as this is usually an infallible way of getting the hands of a native diverted—so great is the desire for the money of the land. But this creature held on and let the beads fall. It was the mother that let go her hold of the girl in order to pick them up. Again I tried to soothe the child while her mother and all the women coaxed her by saying she would get to Blantyre to school and the Msungu (white man) would come back again and teach her, but after all she went away weeping most bitterly. I was myself deeply affected. Perhaps the girl was a poor slave who had been stolen away from her true mother. One may know natives a long time without making out their true relationships (59.)

Mbami is a pretty spot, and has a good supply of water. It may one day form a small Mission station. A little beyond it we could hear the sound of a waterfall. The headman lived once with the Magololo, but he disliked their laws, and now he is practically a chief himself. But if a war broke out between the Yao and the Anyasa he would have to join either the one party or the other, else he would be liable to the attacks of both.

The next places we pass are Mazibango (water-reeds), Makoka, and Chipindu, which are of great interest to the traveller, as being the only places where water can be found to quench his thirst. After Chipindu the road, which is hitherto level, descends rapidly to the plain of the Chiri. Just as we entered on the plain we were agreeably surprised to meet Katunga's sons, and, after advancing a little, we found the chief himself with about sixty men engaged in making a canoe, beside a stream called the Namyala. Having now walked about twenty-five miles, I was very thirsty, not to say hungry. Katunga was sitting on a box, which he gave up for me. I pressed him to share it, but he sat down beside me on the ground. We had now some refreshment. The Chief explained that he was not able to walk, as he had been for some time suffering from bad legs, but he said his men would carry him to the village, to say good-bye. A march of another hour brought us to Katunga's capital. All his sons had accompanied us, and I told them to write out a few lines of their books, that I might shew my friends in England how they could write. They soon finished this little task.

Now came another of those sad farewells. When the carriers had finished their work they came to us for the last time. We knew most of these men so well—men of Kapeni's, men of Matache's, and men of Blantyre were there. There, too, were Ndiagani's mother and little sister,—the latter a small child, whom I had often carried along the road during the day. I wished to give her all the beads I had, but though I turned out my pocket, I could not find as many as would fill her tiny

hand. We were now left among the Anyasa, all of whom, except the chief and his family, were strangers to us. Just as it was getting dark, the chief came in, as he had promised. He gave me a present of two goats and a bag of rice. I pointed out that one goat would be enough, but he said, thoughtfully, that we had better take them both 'for the journey'. On going down to the boat, I found Mrs. Macdonald and the children preparing for the night. Much was yet to be done in arranging the boxes, so as to make a level place for our beds. The Anyasa, whether from want of acquaintance with us or from the more enervating nature of their climate, were not so ready to render help as the Yao. We had to do all this work ourselves; the natives merely looking on, with the exception of the chief's sons, who soon found their way down to the boat.

What a magnificent river glided past! How glorious it seemed to us, who, for three years, had seen nothing bigger than a mountain-stream. The native girl, Ndiagani, was in ecstasy at the sight, while our little boy lay over the boat, apparently lost in contemplation. The great silent river was smooth as a vast mirror: and yet on its surface we could see thousands of little ripples passing down in quiet succession, and speaking of the individual men and women that pass down the great stream of time. How insignificant is each ripple in itself, yet none is small enough to be overlooked: all are carried silently on and on—to the eternal shore!

After the boat was ready for the night, I went up to the chief's again. He was sitting outside in his courtyard, all alone, beside a bright fire, expecting my return.

The shades of night were now gathering round us, and his thoughts reverted to days gone by. He talked of Dr. Livingstone, and Mr. Waller, and others that had long lived in his memory. Before we separated he wished me to remember him to Dr. Kirk (the British Consul at Zanzibar), and to report to him that Katunga's gun was broken! Then he found a boy to conduct me through his village to the boat. Just outside the village, we passed a herd of pigs. These animals seemed quite wild: they run at large all day, and come in to the villages at night.

Our bedroom was the small open boat. Mosquitoes were numerous and vicious, and the children were bitten severely. Next morning as soon as it was dawn, I went up to the chief to get boatmen as quickly as possible. He was sitting where I had left him last night, and a little boy was by him cooking a fowl for his breakfast. The natives cook fowls in a very primitive method, which, however, we have often adopted with satisfaction. The legs and wings are turned backwards and joined together, so as to hold a small stick which goes along the back of the fowl. The stick is fixed in the ground, and the fowl at the end of it is so placed as to get the full benefit of the fire.

The Chief promised to send men soon, and to come down himself to see us off, but he wished to find something to give us as a keepsake. In a short time he came and had a second breakfast with us (two breakfasts are nothing to an African!) Then he produced a small tusk of ivory. This present we could not fail to regard as a token of sincere friendship, and the only return we

could then make was to write out an order for tea, sugar, and such food as the Chief could not readily procure for himself.

Soon the boat was off, and we were afloat on the beautiful river. What a pity that such a spot should be the chosen abode of malaria; only a few yards up the stream were the graves of certain martyrs of the Mago-mero Mission. As we passed out of sight there was a waving of hats and hands, which continued till we could see our friends no longer.

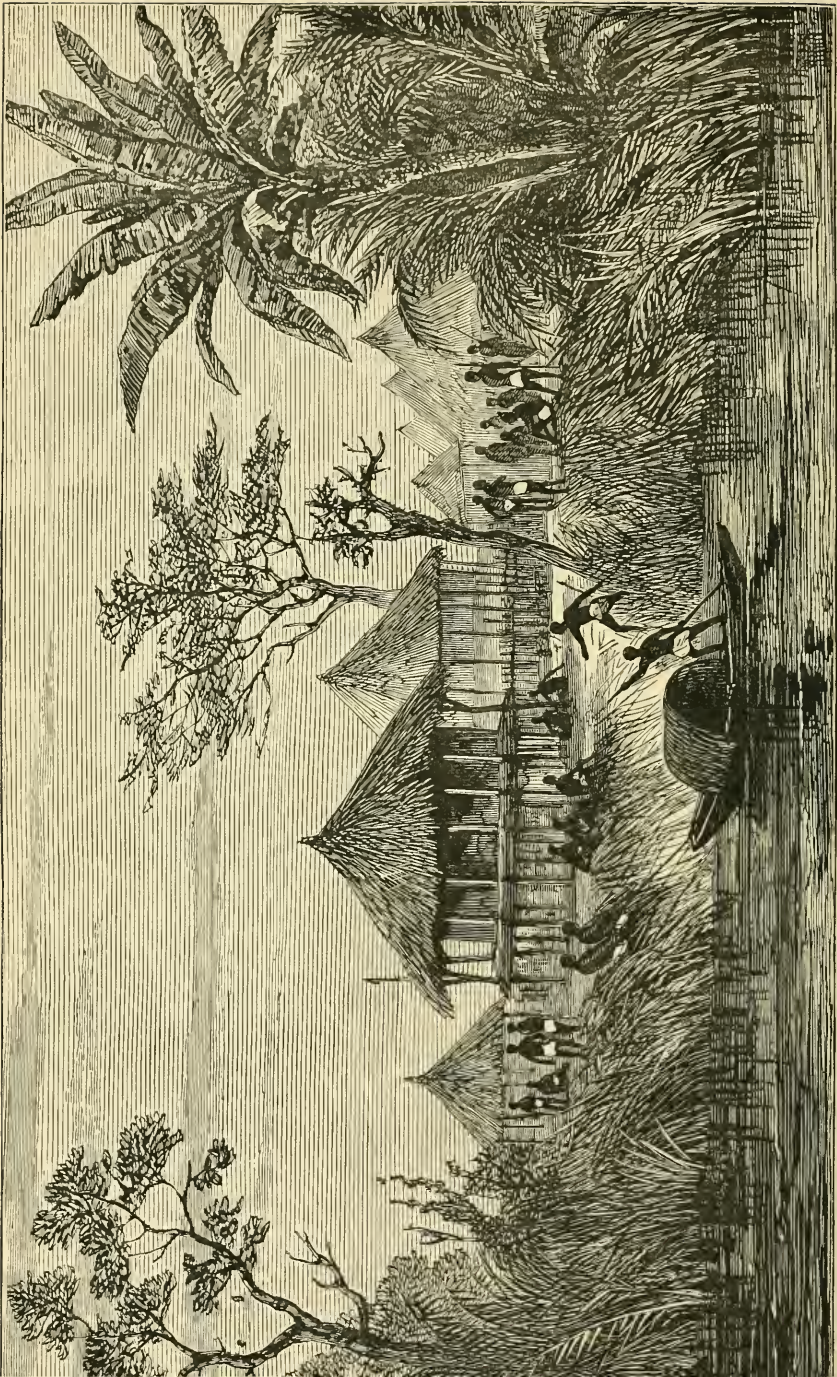
The Chiri here is about 150 yards broad, sometimes more, but it is not very deep. In many places the boat would touch the bottom and unskilful boatmen often run aground on sandbanks; but as our men were well acquainted with this part of the river and kept in the middle of the strongest currents we went at a delightful speed, the current doing the greater part of the work. A favourable sail brought us to Maseo's about midday. I went up to the Chief's residence and soon found myself surrounded by all his boys who conducted me to the Chief himself. He is one of the kindest of the Magololo, and yet the sight of a man lying in the slave-stick reminded us that even he needs to exercise stringent jurisdiction. He went back with me to the boat carrying with him a gazelle's skin which he asked us to accept that we might remember him in the distant land of our "home". (There is a striking pathos and poetry about many of the expressions of the native.) In return Mrs. Macdonald gave his children some books and the chief was much interested in hearing them read. They also wrote out something for us, but this perform-

ance on board an unsteady boat scarcely did justice to the little fellows' handwriting.

Maseo warned us as we left that if Chiputula had gone to war with Matekenya we should not try to pass on. Katunga had also touched on this subject, and now we thought that we had heard the last of it. We reached Kumbewe, Chiputula's upper village, in the middle of the afternoon. The lower village is within sight of this on the opposite side of the river. We were now told that Chiputula had gone away four days ago to hunt. This Chief's large house is an object of interest. It is of fabulous dimensions. Palm trees enter largely into its construction, and the rooms are of their height! Chiputula's sons and wives were very active in finding fowls and a goat for us: we accepted these presents as we did not wish to call at more villages for some time. That evening we reached a spot where we had spent a night on our journey up to Blantyre. A little incident brought the place to our recollection. One of our party had been for a long time greatly puzzled at the brightness of the night. He looked everywhere but could see no trace of the moon. Having been familiar with the position of the moon in Scotland, he had not thought of looking directly overhead.

Next day was Sunday but we went on. The African traveller, must sometimes find a difficulty in deciding how to act on the Lord's day. With regard to the Jewish Sabbath the doubts would be fewer perhaps. Now we were far from any human dwelling, and to remain for a single day on the banks of the Elephant

marsh with the thermometer above 100° would be to invite an attack of fever. We *might* be none the worse, it is true, just as the ox that falls into the pit might sometimes be none the worse of being left in the pit till Monday morning. Hence although we claimed a fair share of the Scottish idea as to the strict observance of the Sabbath day, it seemed to dawn upon us without the severe sanctity that surrounds it in our native land. As we were quietly moving along, one of our natives startled us by firing his gun; and very soon it became my turn to break the sacred stillness of the day by following his example. At this spot the Chiri is full of islands. We took one side of an island while the canoe that accompanied us took the other, and had not proceeded far, before it had the misfortune to disturb some hippopotami. To clear a passage one of the canoe men fired upon them. Just at this moment we came down the other channel to find the huge beasts rounding the corner in their retreat. After the shot they had kept under the water so that we hardly thought of them. I was standing at the bow of the boat looking back on the beautiful hills we were leaving, when all of a sudden we received a shock which made us feel as if our little craft were going from under us. A hippopotamus had struck it and not satisfied with that, it seemed determined to come on board. One of our rowers received a severe wound from its tusks whereupon all the men at that side rushed over to the other with a violence which threatened to upset us. Again and again the enraged animal charged, till, finding my gun I fired upon it, when it ultimately withdrew after making two deep dents



A VILLAGE OF THE ANYASA ON THE LOWER CHIRI.

on the steel side of the boat, and leaving the point of one of its tusks beside me. The men were all much excited, but they were thankful that we were in deep water else, they said, the hippopotamus would have undoubtedly come in. They told us that one of the Mazaro men that had come up with us three years ago had been "cut in two and devoured by a hippopotamus"—"But," I remarked, "the hippopotamus does not eat flesh!" "Oh yes," said one, "it will devour a man very fast." "But then," replied another, "it has always its companion the crocodile (ngwena) with it." That day we were beset with hippopotami at every other turning. In some herds we counted over 20. They detained us a long time; we had expected to sleep at the Ruo, but sunset found us considerably short of this, so that we had to spend another night in the Elephant Marsh.

Monday, July 4.—We started early without waiting to cook any food, as we intended to breakfast at the Ruo, at Chiputula's lowest settlement (Ku Chilomo). On reaching this village we landed, and soon met one of our Blantyre pupils who paid us special attention. In passing through the village we saw many signs of mourning, and heard the "wails" rendered in the same pathetic way as at Blantyre. On returning for breakfast in order that we might resume our journey without delay, great was our surprise, on reaching the boat, to find nothing but a scene of confusion. No cooking had been attempted, and our boatmen were removing all their goods as if they meant to desert us. What could be the matter?

“We cannot go any farther,” they said. “There is war! Matekenya will kill us all without any reason!”

I expostulated with them for a long time. At first I could not even entertain the idea of turning back. Katunga’s men agreed with me, but Masco’s strongly opposed, and pointed out that their chief had told them not to proceed if Chiputula had gone to fight with Matekenya. I now learned that Chiputula had gone away not for hunting but for war. Still I did everything in my power to prevail upon the boatmen to proceed. I went to hurry them with their cooking, and to divert their minds as much as possible. Still, after talking with them a good while, I began to be less confident. They had much to say “Why,” I asked, “should you be afraid to go down with an Englishman?” They replied that they were specially afraid to go with an Englishman. Matekenya’s headmen blamed the English for giving the Magololo guns and powder.

“But not the Mission people?” “Yes, the Mission people.” Unfortunately, though all the people more intimately associated with Blantyre were innocent in this matter, there was too good foundation for the charge. The deputation that visited us had thoughtlessly begun to present guns. The natives said, “Had not a stout man seen at Blantyre given Makukani a gun?” I also found that the inhabitants of this village were trying to dissuade the men from proceeding. When I was present with the boatmen those villagers protested that there was “nothing—nothing to fear”. But when I was not by, they said there was everything to fear. Indeed, they had terrified the boatmen so

much that at one time I was on the verge of despair. I feared that none of the rowers would enter the boat again. They had got the idea that Matekenya's men would make an attack on the boat even if we went back the way we came. Their plan was to run away and leave us to our fate, while they escaped to their homes by land. This would have been a terrible calamity for such a party as we were, for some of us must have perished through the hardships that would have ensued. But the over-ruling Providence which had shielded us hitherto did not now forsake us. After a long time of intense suspense we were relieved to see the men enter the boat again, and turn her bow up the river. On considering all the particulars we saw they had some cause for alarm. Chiputula had destroyed several villages of the enemy, and had a number of prisoners here, while several men of this very village were already known to have fallen in battle.

But the idea of a return journey was dismal enough. Our boat, being laden for going down the stream, would give much trouble. We had descended in two days, but we should require six or eight days to go up. Mr. Rowley tells how Dr. Livingstone and the Magomero party took twenty-four days to accomplish the journey that we had now before us. We had been able to buy several fowls. Fortunately, we did not now know that our supply was rather scanty, else we might have had more anxiety. That night we stayed in the place where we had slept the previous night. Rain came on and drenched us thoroughly.

Tuesday, July 5, was a wet day, and we made but

slow progress. At night there was again a very heavy shower, of which we had the full benefit. Wednesday was a repetition of Tuesday in every particular. This morning I was quite ill. A traveller often finds it very trying to watch the native boatmen lazily doing their work. They make such a mess of it that one cannot look on without disappointment and irritation. The best preventive of such feelings is to lay hold of a pole or a paddle and engage in assisting the men. This I was quite unable to do to-day. A soaking in bed does not fit one for physical exertion under a tropical sun. But one refuge was open still. We had brought some newspapers with us, and these were all acceptable now, no matter what their date might be. When, however, I could not read, I was obliged to be a spectator of the boatmen, but I tried to observe their work as a piece of mere curiosity and to forget that we had any interest in it. The defect in this Anyasa crew was that they had not learned to concentrate their energy in an emergency. The poor fellows expended much more force than would have been necessary had they employed it well. The Mazaro lads are much better boatmen, but since the arrival of the Missions many of the Anyasa have made trips to Mazaro, and now know all about the journey.

On his engagement each man gets a fathom of cloth (value 5d. in Scotland, and 9d. here) to buy food, and meet the ordinary expenses of the voyage. The first thing he does with this money is to buy a bed, which is just a bag made of strips of mlasa woven together like a straw hat. At night the owner, and one or more friends crawl into this bag, which is placed near a fire on the

bank. Once in they are very comfortable, the mosquitoes cannot touch them, and in this climate they cannot suffer from cold. As soon as morning dawns the boatmen may be seen emerging one by one from their sacks. But they are in no hurry to make a start. There are generally a few logs smouldering in what had been the fire-place last night. Round these they gather, and put on a few handfuls of grass, and seem preparing to—watch the course of events. Happy for the traveller if he has decided that the boat must start at once, for the slightest semblance of cooking risks at least an hour's detention. But many travellers believe that a hot cup of coffee keeps off fever, and stay a few minutes to boil water. The natives themselves in ordinary circumstances do not eat at this hour; all they do is to pass round a large pipe, of which each man takes a whiff, and desires nothing more. But when water has to be boiled, everyone takes advantage of the occasion. The traveller's captain or interpreter, or whatever he may be termed, will be the first to entertain the idea of prolonging "the boiling of the water" till a great deal of other cooking can be done. The traveller, if a stranger, must depend much on his "captain"; and the latter distinguishes himself by shouting to the others to "make haste". But although he bawls at the top of his voice, they sit quite unmoved by the terrible earnestness of this functionary. The traveller is much puzzled! On such occasions he finds it instructive to watch the position of affairs on the bank. It then appears that all the delay arises from the gallant captain himself, who is quietly cooking some dainty for his own personal use,

while the rest of the crew listen calmly to his terrible threatenings, knowing that they are all "kindly meant".

After the "water has been boiled" to the satisfaction of everybody, the captain's awful voice is again heard, and now words of mutual exhortation pass round. One man lays hold of the anchor, while the rest stand in an attitude of respectful attention! Only after the anchor has been put into the boat does it occur to the others to pick up their beds, and, one by one, each carries his own property with his own hands, and with his own hands deposits it in the boat! Occasionally one man that happens to be in the boat already, will receive a companion's consignment, but oftener this companion is allowed to enter and deposit his goods without any help, while the man who is already in the boat goes to the bank to fetch his own property. This is not because they wish to disoblige each other. But they see no reason why anything should be done quickly, and consequently they undervalue every method that savours of haste. Livingstone well speaks of this country as "that blissful land where time is of no importance". The language of a great part of their actions is, "Why should we do to-day what may as well be done to-morrow?"

After all are in the boat one man pushes it off with his pole—the others meanwhile watching the operation. As soon as the boat is clear of the bank, the current begins to carry it back over last day's track; when it occurs to them to get their paddles. One man who had left his paddle at the other side of the boat calls for it; another begins to search; while the rest await the

result with the most exemplary patience. By and by, another boatman finds that the paddle he has is not the one that he used last day, and a great search is instituted by his companions, who are duly waited for. The poor traveller will now ask whether the captain is going down to Mazaro, and this question produces the desired effect, for the captain begins to charge all and sundry in accents of thunder. But though the paddles are all plied with the utmost strength, little progress is made against the rapid current. The great hope of the boatmen is to keep close to the bank; if reeds grow there, they can pull the boat along by laying hold of them; or, if the bank is clear, they can land and draw the boat by means of a long rope. Another thing that helps them is the shallow water. There they make wonderful speed. They have long poles which reach the bottom of the river, and propel the boat very effectively; the boat becomes a kind of land animal and may be described as walking along on these legs. Such walks along the sandbanks are by far our happiest times. The only drawback is that they will come to an end; and what will the end be? Sometimes we find ourselves in places so shallow that the boat touches the bottom. While we were coming down stream this was the cause of much delay, the force of the current having often carried the boat far along the sandbank before we could stop; and then we stuck fast for a long time. But now that the current is against us, we never get so much involved. Yet we become fixed again and again, and the boatmen all get out (notwithstanding the risk of crocodiles) to drag and push till we find deeper water. By and by,

the water is too deep for the poles to touch the bottom, and the men debate which bank to make for. Much time is wasted in the discussion. But after their resolution is formed, something like determination is seen in their faces as they make for the bank of their choice. They ply their little paddles with all their might. On our first journey up, the crew were equipped with oars, but these had been taken away during the war between the Natives and the Portuguese, and the paddles which have taken their place are not nearly so powerful implements. Still the men now use them with a will—there is no doubt as to their earnestness now. They advance very well, and soon reach the very centre of the current. “Now pull, pull, pull with all your might, pull as for your very lives! there!” The man who was wounded by the hippopotamus is at the helm, because he is too ill to be anywhere else. Of course he has never been at a helm before. The critical moment has come, “Oh, turn the head of the boat right against the stream! Quick! Quick!” The poor fellow has to consider which movement of the rudder will do this; but in the midst of the terrible crisis, his presence of mind is gone, he turns the wrong way, the boat wheels right round and shoots down the stream swift as an arrow. A sad disappointment this, but we must try again. Fortunately the sandbank that we had left intercepts our downward course. If the disappointment affected the traveller only, very likely no great effort would be made, but it is getting towards sunset, and the men must reach the bank to cook their supper. “Try again, my boys!” The little paddles are set in

motion with a terrible swiftness. The great captain himself has come to the rescue. Once more they approach the same critical spot. "Now, then, all your might!" but their previous exertions have weakened them—just as they feel the full force of the opposing current, their energies flag. The captain flies to his snuff box for a stimulant, all the others press round him to share it. But, alas! the stimulant is a few seconds too late, the height of the contest had come, and has now gone. The boat is completely beaten, and makes her way, stern first, down the river.

This last trial illustrates what we often see among the natives. A vast attempt is made, much strength is expended, and just at the nick of time the whole result is nullified through utter childishness.*

Now for a third attempt. Meanwhile the sail had been dangling about. It was believed to be unlucky, and as it did no good, it was taken down. A third effort is now to be made. Our second trial had given us a little hope, for after our defeat the current had brought us very near the bank at one point in our downward journey. The method to be followed now is to go up a little farther, and then trust that the current

* On one occasion there was a great conflagration at Zomba, in which a house was burned down. Although the danger was great a certain native was not afraid to mount on the roof. He then called for water, but the only method available was to hand up some in an old tea-kettle, which his companions did. He might as well have hoped to extinguish the flames by throwing on a pinch of snuff. Still he persevered, but, which was more ridiculous, when the fire came nearer, the man became very thirsty, and had to drink a large percentage of the water with which he expected to extinguish the flames!

will bring us a few yards nearer that spot. A drizzling rain and the approach of darkness make our position more unpleasant. Another hard pull brings us once more to the point where we had been twice before. Now they feel that it is quite hopeless to work against the current, but they expect to keep so near the bank as to be able to lay hold of the reeds while the current carries us down. It is a moment of great suspense. The current is stronger than the men, and is decidedly carrying us down again, but they have come much nearer the bank and are quite confident that at yonder point where the bank juts out they will catch hold of the reeds, or will be able at the very least to reach something with their poles.

If the traveller be able to stand, he is certain to be standing now and watching with the greatest anxiety, but see! the men are already able to touch the bank with their poles! One has done so, but alas! his thrust is ill timed, and the boat swings right round till its head is again looking towards Mazaro. Oh! this is dreadful, is that foolish poke at the bank to undo all our efforts? It looks as if it would, and the boat is going at a terrible speed; but in a few minutes the doubt is solved, and the prow of the boat runs full tilt against the bank just at the little promontory that we are trusting to. The effect is quite magical. Everyone knows what happens if, while he is riding at full speed, his horse stops without giving the slightest warning. So it was here. The boat was brought to a dead stand before the passengers had time to acquiesce in the arrangement. The crew were jostled against each other

at a terrible rate: some spread themselves out at full length along the sides of the boat while others narrowly escaped a ducking in the river. But the great study was the white man. All the natives like to see how the Englishman behaves in an emergency. This personage is standing on a narrow platform a few inches higher than the rest, and just at the most interesting point in the collision, he is observed, apparently quite regardless of consequences, to make a desperate dive headforemost into the bottom of the boat, his head coming into contact with a pile of plates and pots that had been stowed away there. From this adventure he returns with his face cut and bleeding, but he ought to have remembered his "mechanics" more promptly. Still the situation was much better than being carried down the stream again. The boatmen after their success held on by the reeds and pulled the boat along the side of the bank with all their might, and in a short time we were above the dreaded current.

Poor fellows, how much work they might have spared themselves by a little method! I began to speculate on how different our situation would have been if our boat had been manned by Scotch fishermen: but I remembered that the sun which shone so pleasantly all day on these negroes might have been too much for my countrymen.

At last we are to stay for the night. We must try to find a clear space where the natives will have room to light a fire and arrange their beds. Besides, the clearer a place is, the fewer are the mosquitoes. There is difficulty in finding a spot in the Elephant marsh

even with these slender qualifications. To-night, moreover, everything is wet. But the natives, in cases where cooking is required, can soon work wonders. One of them lands, exclaiming, "I am like a monkey—without a knife, without a fire". In his story of the Magomero Mission, Mr. Rowley tells us that this place was destitute of firewood, and we find it so still. But the native gets hold of a knife with which he cuts down a few of the tall reeds, and in a short time there is a blazing fire, and the cooking goes on in excellent style. The party then dry their beds and their clothes, and keep talking till midnight.

The roar of the lion is occasionally heard, and the hippotami are quite close—snorting and splashing. Since our adventure on Sunday their presence has always caused some remark, and now we are specially warned that it is dangerous to keep a light burning in the boat in case they should charge us again.

On *Thursday* the rains have cleared off, and a special effort is to be made to reach the palm trees. We saw them before us yesterday, and had hoped to reach them. The Missionaries of Magomero had this "immense grove before them for several days". On reaching them we shall have firewood, but for the present the men pick up any stray piece of wood that they see and carefully put it in the boat. We stop at noon, and then the crew have breakfast. This consists of porridge and a "relish," which may be ground nuts, beans or a piece of flesh or fish. Their method of eating would strike a new comer as being very unrefined, but when we remember that the use of knives and forks (especially of

the latter) is quite an innovation, we can easily excuse the manners of the native. Besides, he does not at once acknowledge the superiority of the European methods. As soon as the porridge is produced, all the boatmen wash their hands very slightly, and then fall upon the "mess" with their fingers. Each man helps himself to a large handful of porridge. This he gives an affectionate squeeze for the purpose of adapting part of it to the size of his mouth, and then the business proceeds. One hand is occupied with the relish, while the other supplies the porridge and makes it into proper morsels. When the large dish is emptied they all lick their hands, and one man whirls his finger round the inside of the plate and takes off all the porridge that remains. They next wipe their hands on their loin cloth (their only garment) or on the grass; and then these simple children of nature have finished their repast.

On coming to islands we sometimes have great difficulty in deciding which channel to take. We often try one where the heavy boat will not pass at all, and to our great disappointment we have to go back. Our boatmen bathe very frequently, using a charred stick as a flesh brush. They have no tooth brush, but they rub their teeth very carefully with their fingers.

The appearance of herds of hippopotami* always causes much excitement. The Mission boat has done

* The Anyasa name for a hippopotamus is *mvu*, the Yao name is *ndomondo*. The first word is undoubtedly taken from the snorting of the animal, while the second word may be taken from the splash with which the animal returns to the river after feeding on the bank.

good service for five years, but it is hardly seaworthy now, and a well directed knock would at once admit the water. Accordingly, we pass these animals in great suspense. Towards sunset we are just approaching the palm trees (mivumu), and our hearts are full of thankfulness; only I have to record a report that I heard yesterday forenoon. It was so painful that I did not set it down at the time, and I have been reasoning ever since that it is likely false. It is to the effect that a white man has been killed by men of Matekenya's. This young man reached the Ruo on Saturday night, being just a day's journey before ourselves. He was told that Chiputula had gone to make war, and was advised to proceed with the greatest haste so as to pass Matekenya's country before hostilities had actually commenced. He went on during night, but on Sunday afternoon, they say, he was attacked and massacred along with all his crew. The report was brought by Chiputula's fighting men, who passed along the bank. They said they had been told this by prisoners. Our crew profess to believe it as it somewhat excuses them for turning back.

Friday 8.—We start from the palm trees. A dense vapour rises off the river, as if its waters were beginning to boil. The sun is up for some time before we can see it on account of the fog. To-night we reach a village. Here there is great mourning for people slain in war. The headman tells us that many of Chiputula's men are dead. He points out some of the neighbouring villages, and enumerates how many inhabitants are mourned for in each.

Here nothing can be bought, which is unfortunate, as our provisions are now nearly exhausted, and we may take three days to reach another hamlet. Our men seem to take pleasure in teasing the villagers about their poverty. They ask "Have you fowls" ?—"Pabe," "Have you maize" ?—"Pabe," &c., &c. To dozens of such questions the answer was Pabe (There is not). This made us all laugh, and I asked one of the boatmen why the villagers would sell nothing. He explained that they had not very much after all, as they lived by fishing. Down here fish are found in abundance, but higher up the river they become less plentiful, and at Katunga's there are hardly any.

Saturday 9.—The men are in good spirits. We expect to reach Chiputula's upper village, Kumbewe, at noon. In this we are disappointed. We meet a strong current which baffles all our efforts, and carries us back a long distance. Late in the afternoon Kumbewe is reached. We land and look at the pleasant village. Meeting with Mrs. Chiputula, or rather Mrs. Chiputula number one, we are taken round the harem where the chief's other wives are sitting in scores. We are shown his garden which is full of pine apples. The boys' house is a large circular building without any walls, and supported by wooden pillars. Towards the outside the boys' beds are suspended all round. In the centre there is a fireplace near which are scattered cooking utensils of various sorts. More than forty of the chief's wives tell us that they are going to visit the boat with a present for "little Kapeni"—as they called one of the white children. This was a formidable matter.

When the last party passed down an English lady was reported to have been terribly frightened by a visit from Mrs. Chiputula. On the present occasion about forty volumes of Mrs. Chiputula contended for the privilege of entering our boat: but their kindness and good feeling was unmistakeable. The natives are fond of bringing us honey, but as the bees feed on the eucalyptus, much of the honey is believed to be poisonous.

Sunday * 10.—We again much missed the quietness of the Scottish Sabbath. In the forenoon we reached Katunga's lower villages. All these chiefs have their important villages near islands to which they can flee in case of danger. We had to ask Katunga for men to take us up to Blantyre. We also saw Maseo, who promised to send us carriers. We learned that we had been all mourned for as dead. To-night we reached our destination. This day three years before, we had also come to the end of our river journey, and it was the same day—the 10th of July—twenty years ago, that the Magomero Missionaries had reached the same spot.

Monday 11.—We have much anxiety about getting carriers. It seems impossible to get as many as we want. Some are enrolled and sent away with such loads as must go up with us again, but what gives us

* On such a journey as ours the traveller may make every day so much of a Sabbath or so little of a Sabbath (as the case may be) that he loses his reckoning. It is exceedingly easy for a person to do this, and having nothing to refer to he becomes quite helpless. We were told that on one occasion, on Lake Nyassa, a party of Missionaries mistook their days, and while "one day in seven" was diligently observed by them, "the first day of the week" was profaned!

most concern is to find no men for palanquins. The danger from fever makes us anxious. What a relief we experience when we see Masco himself coming up with twenty carriers! In a little after, about as many of Katunga's men come direct from the chief himself, who has thoughtfully sent his palanquin with them. Masco with his own hands makes another palanquin of one of our blankets, and we are soon able to start off. Our thoughts revert to the 11th of July three years ago. We marvelled at the great contrast! How much we felt at home among the natives now!

In the afternoon we reached Mbami. The first to come to salute us was the little girl that had wished to accompany me. Our men were lazy, and wanted to stay here for the night. I have always found the Anyasa carriers from the Lower river inferior to the Yao. Perhaps it is because the Magololo rule them as slaves.

We reached Blantyre at eight o'clock. The beautiful moon had lighted up our way for us with as kindly an eye as it had done three years ago, and we found the children had got out of bed and were meeting us before we had well passed the stream. We were very glad after our hardships to sleep for the night on the floor of our old dining room.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

THE day after our arrival I rested, as my limbs were aching after the long march. Next day I was able to return to school. The daily meeting for the natives had ceased, but I had no difficulty in resuming it. Kapeni's children had all left, and on Saturday I went to visit them. I met Kapeni himself on the way to see me, and walked back with him. His boys promised to return to school, but I found afterwards that this was merely the promise of politeness. They asked whether I was to leave them now, and I replied that if I could get down before the rains, I would go, otherwise I should have to wait till the rains were over. 'And then you would go?' 'Yes.' Malunga was another man whose children I had long desired to have. Just as I was leaving, he regretted my departure, because he 'was going to send them all'. Now I was come back, here was a test for his sincerity. Still he had his excuse, too. Ever since the Magomero people left them, the natives have been inclined to look upon the 'English' as mere birds of passage. Katunga's boys came up, but although Masco had promised in like manner, his were not sent.

Kumpama came and took his leave on the Saturday following—a day when I was free to escort him to the boundary of his own territory. As we passed Ndilande I noticed a great change. The people that were living on the plains about a month ago, had gone up the mountain from fear of Chikumbu. We missed the welcomes that used to greet us in this quarter. We passed village after village and found them all deserted. On our way back we climbed the mountain and saw the people in their new abodes. They said that if Chikumbu molested them farther they would all go to Blantyre.

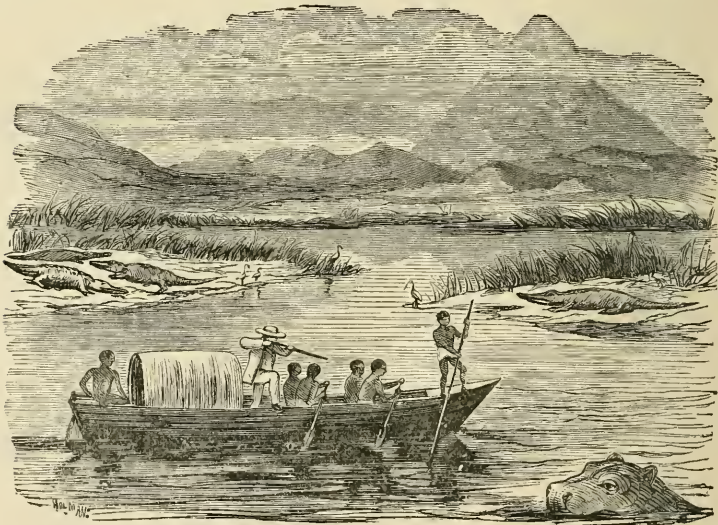
About the beginning of August Chikumbu attacked the carriers of the Trading Company and captured some goods. We saw another instance of the difficulty of sending messengers in such cases. According to Kapeni, any neutral party would at once make himself the enemy of Chikumbu by carrying a message to him regarding the robbery, because Chikumbu would naturally wish to guard against the slightest appearance of treachery.

The slave question began to revive again. For nearly two years it had been practically laid aside, no slaves had been received and no master thought of claiming the persons that had formerly received protection. But many masters had recently come in and stated that when I went home, they would ask their slaves back. I turned the matter off with a joke, but I found that soon after my departure some Magololo had given much trouble about slaves. One lad that had been at school for three years, and was able to act as a teacher, was demanded by Makukani. This poor fellow had been for

a long time saving a great part of his wages to give this greedy chief.

The slave trade is by no means defunct, as many poor Africans know to their cost. Human beings are still hunted as legitimate game, and great numbers of slave caravans still leave the interior. Powder is a great assistance in carrying on this terrible traffic. Fortunately the Portuguese restrict its importation at Quilimane, but they allow it to be imported at Chisanga, and many slaves are disposed of at the latter place, from which Mukukani quite recently brought up nine kegs of powder and fifteen new guns.

Mr. Henderson set out towards the coast to see whether communication could be restored. Bismark



A DANGEROUS HIPPOPOTAMUS.

went to guide him. The latter considered that he

would be in danger, and wrote out his will—which was sent back to Mrs. Macdonald. However, he returned safe, although sad at heart, that his young girl refused to go to England with him. She had been quite frightened by the dangers of the way. The hippopotami and the threatened war proved too much for her nerves, and she was afraid to try the journey to England again. Besides we had been now so long delayed, that we should not arrive till winter, and the doctor judged that the cold would be dangerous for Bismark himself.

On the 23rd of August we were enabled to leave Blantyre the second time. Mr. Moir, of the Trading Company, had come up the river with a Mazaro crew, and there was no longer any doubt about getting men for the journey. The Mazaro men were anxious to get home again. Not only so, but Mr. Moir engaged a number of Yao men to go down to assist in work at Mazaro. We were soon on the river once more. The first day's sail brought us beside the celebrated grove of palm trees. Next day (Thursday 25th), tempting herds of buck were seen, and we had several opportunities of firing upon them. When there is a crowd of hungry natives, it is a great boon to get hold of a buck. One should shoot at these animals with explosive bullets. In the ordinary method severe wounds are inflicted, but the creatures get away to suffer considerably. A large herd of Zebras was also seen—they are swift as the wind.

Soon after starting in the afternoon we had an adventure. The other boats had all passed on before us. The last one, with Mrs. Macdonald and the

children, was just disappearing at a bend of the river. We were going nicely along, when I saw a hippopotamus coming towards us. I took up a rifle and had him 'covered,' but as he seemed peaceful I gave him the benefit of the doubt; and he disappeared again. After we had sailed down a little farther the boat got a blow that seemed to raise it out of the water. We were agreed that 'Now that fellow must get a lesson,' and we seized our rifles. But water soon rushed into the boat at such a rate as to direct our attention to another matter. I laid hold of a bucket and began to bale, but I found the task hopeless and urged the boatmen to pull hard. We were in the very middle of the stream, and the situation was most critical. It was really a question of life or death. We had always held a theory that if a hole were knocked in the boat we could stuff it, but theories are often difficult to practice. Before we could have reached the bottom of the boat, through all the bags and boxes, the necessity for stuffing the hole would have passed away. The natives rowed but feebly. They lose their heads in an emergency. It looked as if we were to sink on the spot. Mr. Moir at this crisis seized an oar and rowed with the strength of any four of them. I was told off to the helm; the baling being of no use. The boat rapidly filled with water—it was questionable whether we could reach the bank before it sank. The river here was very deep. One of the canoes saw our position and made towards us. However, we reached the bank just as the boat sunk. All the cargo was under the water and had to be fetched out. After the accident we held a short council. One



was to stay with the boat and the other to go and obtain assistance from the rest of the party. Ultimately I went in a small canoe, but notwithstanding hard rowing I could not overtake the others. Sometimes the canoe found itself among herds of hippopotami, whose presence made me somewhat uncomfortable after the last encounter. Santos has the following account of these animals:—"The head of the hippopotamus is three times the size of our ordinary horse, and its body thick in proportion. What is extraordinary in this species of animal is their practice of destroying each other for food, whence it rarely happens that two are found together." How much I could have wished on the present occasion to be able to confirm the last part of the Reverend Father's remarks! But I found scores of them, all regarding my frail bark at the same time, so that they must have laid aside this inhuman practice of the 16th century!

The above incident was my third experience of a hippopotamus attack, and I believe that such attacks are made partly through fright. On each occasion a boat or a small canoe had passed immediately before and while the hippopotamus was trying to get away from the first vessel, the second was upon it before it was aware. Driven to desperation, and confiding in its great strength, 'leviathan' then charged with all its might.

I found the first party at the Ruo (encamping beside the village where we had to turn back on our former journey) and told Mr. Moir's carpenter of the necessity for his services. But it would have taken a whole day to row against the current up to the scene of the dis-

aster. Some natives however were sent off. The rest of us stayed for the night. Chiputula the chief was here himself. A sickening smell pervaded the village. An elephant had been killed and long strips of flesh were hanging on the trees. Chiputula has a war canoe capable of containing 40 soldiers which he put at my disposal as I wanted to visit Bishop Mackenzie's grave.

Next morning Mr. Moir appeared with the boat, which bore sad traces of the prowess of the hippopotamus. The chief gave him a basin of elephant fat which was of great use in effecting a temporary repair.

This afternoon we reached the territory of the dreaded Matekenya. His poor people had been driven far down by Chiputula, and villages that were flourishing when we came up were now deserted. The natives soon descried our approach, and some shouted at us to stop, but we saw no reason to listen to them. Soon there arose a great stir on the bank, and a rush was made as if to meet us farther down. About five o'clock we were warned that they would kill us, but threats of this kind were nothing new and we pressed on. To shew the least sign of alarm in such circumstances would have been a serious experiment. But the critical moment soon arrived. The natives stood in a mass with a considerable shew of guns and ordered us to come at once to the side. We were now within range of their muskets and some of our party as they afterwards confessed did not feel at all comfortable. Fortunately they did not understand all that was said else they would have been much worse. I stood up in the boat and asked 'Why do you want us to stop? Have you anything to sell?' The

last remark was received with a grim smile but a smile all the same, and I felt that the danger was past. I then leapt out of the boat and began to talk to them. I explained that 'I was not Anyasa at all, but Yao'. I was soon recognised as the 'chief of Bulantaya' (Blantyre) and they opened their hearts to me over the hardship they had suffered from Chiputula. They said that since we settled at Blantyre, Chiputula had let the Yao alone. 'Why do the English not come down and stay to protect *us* also? We would be your children*!' Their great anxiety was to see Mr. Moir who, I told them, had been treating with their enemy. Mr. Moir had been detained by his boat, and was left in close conversation with Chiputula whom he was warning against interfering with Matekenya lest he should bring the Portu-

*The longer one labours in Africa the more does he feel what a call there is in that land for Missionary effort. Christian agency could effect a great deal more if better directed. Here we have a land teeming with population. Each Missionary has a field for himself alone, perhaps as extensive as Great Britain which has its thousands of Clergy. In a quiet rural parish of Scotland we may have the United Presbyterian, the Free Church, and the Church of Scotland (all three Presbyterian.) This gives us three clergymen doing a work which one clergyman could easily accomplish. In the interests of Christ's Kingdom this is surely a pernicious arrangement which is all the worse if the various Christian bodies instead of fighting with Home Heathenism fight with each other. What a great deal might be done "to make disciples of all nations" by employing existing agents! But it is said "Clergymen are unwilling to go to heathen lands". This raises the question, 'What encouragement have they to become Missionaries?' The Church of England, for instance, has no difficulty in finding Clergymen who will become Bishops. A great deal depends upon the inducements that are held out, and we may say so without implying that the English Bishop is more mercenary or less self-denying than a city Missionary.

guese against himself. The incorrigible chieftain replied that while he was afraid of the English, he did not care for the Portuguese, as he had often fought with their forces near Senna.

When Mr. Moir arrived he made an appointment to meet Matekenya on Sunday at a village a day's journey farther on. Matekenya rules his subjects with a rod of iron so that with Chiputula's wars on the one hand, and a fearfully despotic government on the other, they are much to be pitied. We found them interesting people. They had never seen white children before, and the two babies were objects of much wonder. When we reached



HALTING FOR THE NIGHT ON THE RIVER BANK.

Morumbala marsh we found innumerable flocks of wild fowl. They fell as fast as we could fire and were very acceptable both to ourselves and to the natives.

By Monday forenoon we reached the confines of

civilization once more and met a French trader who shewed us great kindness. We were now under the shadow of misty Morumbala. We passed the night at Shamo, the abode of Ferrao who sometimes kept Dr. Livingstone from starving amidst the various accidents and incidents of his wanderings. According to native custom the house of the deceased gentleman had been taken down (40.) But as we wandered through the village we met an old servant of Ferrao who volunteered to shew us the spirit (Mulungu) of his master for a present of calico. A Portuguese merchant now occupies the place and sells umbrellas, cups, cloth, and rum for the ground nuts of the natives.

On Tuesday morning we went off quite early wishing to reach Mazaro. For the last week Mrs. Macdonald with the nurse and two children had been confined in a corner of an open boat where they had scarcely room to turn. When one remembers the intense heat of these days and nights, he will understand why we wished to press on. Soon we were on the broad Zambeze and within a district where the natives have been in contact with Europeans for nearly 400 years. If the Portuguese had only established schools and taught the natives to read, a great change would have been effected. But since the recall of the Jesuits, the Portuguese have not tried to christianize the natives, many of them believing that the negroes are not susceptible of improvement. Here most of the native huts are two storeys because of the floods in the rainy season. We were anxious to visit Shupanga house, but the boatmen were too afraid of the Zulus. As we were

talking with reverence of Mrs. Livingstone, one of our party pointed towards her grave and said "Ah! they know all about it—ask what they say". I remarked that unless we knew what Livingstone had been called by the natives in this district there was little chance of finding an answer without a long explanation. However my companion shouted to one of them, "Livingstone! Livingstone!" and pointed towards the house. At first the boatman was puzzled, he thought it was an order. But when the word was repeated he was bound to believe that it conveyed some information and he said 'Yes!' The great Doctor himself warns against the danger of receiving an African's statement with confidence. He points out that the native has no conception that the truth or falsehood of his answer can be of the least importance, and just tells a stranger what he thinks will best please him. But another danger is that persons are apt to mistake for information what was never so intended. A learned gentleman sees a lizard and asks its name: the native replies 'Kaya' which means 'I don't know'. Down goes Kaya in the note-book as 'the name of a green lizard!' If an English traveller may ask near the birth-place of the author of *Paradise Lost* 'where Milton was born,' and be told by a countryman that a woman of that name once lived in the district, we need not blame an African for not knowing the name of Livingstone which is unpronounceable by him, and which he likely never heard (46.)

We stuck repeatedly on sandbanks, and could not reach Mazarò this night. We slept on the opposite side of the river. On this bank our boatmen do not feel

secure: they are not entirely out of the reach of a Zulu tribe which gives great trouble here, and levies blackmail on the Portuguese themselves. We thought of going over the bank and pretending to be Zulus, but when we observed that our natives had their flint locks lying in readiness we did not care to carry out the idea. There are hippopotami here, and one came very close, but they are few in number, as the natives harpoon them. On Wednesday morning we started a little after five, and reached Mazaro early. We had a few days to wait here before we could get ready for the Quilimane part of the journey. All my time since leaving Blantyre had been devoted to the revisal of my vocabularies, but after this point the Yao-speaking natives were left behind. Here we met Mwanasa, a girl who had lived for two years with Mrs. Macdonald. She would have willingly come to England to learn more, but we feared she would be lonely. When at Blantyre she had learned to read and write in her own language.

When we were at Mazaro a letter was read from the Zanzibar consul, which had been addressed to one of the Livingstonia employés. Certain chiefs on Lake Nyassa had been making themselves notorious in connection with the slave trade, and the consul asked the man whether he could not clear out one of these slavers. We believe it must often be felt by those on the coast that they could cope with the evils of slavery much better if they had an agency in the interior.

Saturday evening found us on the Kwagwa. Here our journey was, if possible, more uncomfortable than before. There was only one boat: and Mrs. Macdonald

with the nurse and family had just room to stow themselves away under the little grass awning that had been thrown over it. My bed was placed in the steerage! Hitherto, throughout the whole journey on the Chiri and Zambeze, we had been obliged to sleep in the boats and under mosquito curtains. At Mazaro we had occupied a house; but this means that the plague of rats is added to the plague of heat and mosquitoes.

The lad that was our pilot here had been at Blantyre for a few months, and he showed us great attention. We always pressed on during night. One can go down the Kwagwa at a beautiful rate. As soon as the terrible sun was set I made a point of getting hold of a pole, when we had great amusement in endeavouring to race with the light canoes. I thus secured a few hours' exercise, which is one of the best antidotes to fever in this pestilential district. On Monday the 5th we passed Mugurumbe, and reached a sleeping place about one o'clock next morning. The vegetation is so dense that one cannot land on the bank just where he chooses. There are but few places so clear that we could light a fire, and of these many are found already occupied by numbers of other travellers. But when one party arrives certain of the others will often make a fresh start. Night and day are much the same to the travellers on this river. Our sleeping station of Tuesday morning became a scene of confusion. When our boat reached it a score of natives began to appeal to me on civil matters. I was inclined to smile at the situation. Some people that ought to have known better had taken me for a civil magistrate before, and now I am to



be pressed into that service again! All explanations were useless. "Master, here—a boy has been stabbed!" The knife with which the wound had been inflicted is thrust into my hands, while our men pointed out that it had been bent in the rencontre.

I felt as sick of the matter as an English jury when shut in to give a decision. I said I was suffering from want of sleep, but what was want of sleep to them! Native patience is sometimes great, and native eloquence long. The "Governor of Quilimane" was an expression that I tried to conjure with, but without effect, and in the end I had to beseech them to defer the matter, and it was only after I promised to listen to them next day that I obtained this concession. Next morning as soon as I awoke the palaver began, and to my astonishment an old Portuguese came out of one of the sack-beds, and requested my interference. He was the "other party" in the transaction. He had landed here the previous night, and as he slept in a mat on the bank, some natives stole most of his clothing and some of his goods. A little after, he found another native (not the actual thief) prowling about, and put his knife into him. The old man was now determined not to go away until his property was restored. I told him that the thief was not one of my boatmen, neither was the other unfortunate lad, and that I was merely a traveller and could not interfere. It was a strange spectacle,—the two white men unable to speak to each other except through the medium of two black interpreters! As I explained my position to my brother European he looked at his own interpreter, and they agreed that my

interpreter was against them, and was not translating properly. He knew "that the governor of Quilimane was far away," but if I could show these natives that I did not support them in stealing, it would help a poor traveller, and do no one any harm! Perhaps the poor fellow thought that I must be some Englishman that had a grudge against the Portuguese. I soon condemned the theft, and succeeded in getting the bent knife returned to him. I think that his antagonists hinted that I was going to carry it off to use as a witness against him in Quilimane! In a short time his goods were also restored. Now he was delivered from anxiety, and I soon saw that he could expound native law to them. "You must pay me for this theft and annoyance." They replied, "You must pay us for the boy". His answer was that the boy was of the same fraternity, and had to expect what he got. We left them before they had finished, but from the bold manner of the traveller it is likely that he got damages. Only the matter was hardly worth insisting on unless he had frequent occasion to pass that way.

After a short repose of three or four hours we made an easy start on Tuesday morning. Antani was my philosopher, and pointed out rivers that were said to be associated with the slave trade. He had expected me to be more in favour of the black man this morning, and therefore recounted the hardships of the poor slaves :—

"They are taken down here in slave sticks. If a woman have a child on her back she is put in the slave stick too. One piece of cloth (16 yds., say 4s.) is the

price of a man : two pieces is the price of a woman. A woman costs more because she will be the mother of other people. If she have a child in her arms she fetches half a piece more. If the master cannot sell his slave he takes him back again, and cheats him by saying I did not want to sell you. I only took you down to frighten you that you might respect me more."

He promised to tell me if he saw any with the Yao tattoo. He found none except those that had been bought by the Portuguese long ago : the new ones, he insisted, were kept in distant plantations.

Though told several times this morning to fill every bottle with water, Antani was very remiss in doing so, as he could not see the reason. In the forenoon he sat in the bow of the boat looking at the river, which was gradually becoming broader. We asked him to taste the water now. The other natives, although not in the secret, understood the joke at once, and one handed him a dish. They waited to see if this lad, fresh from the mountains of the interior, could be so green after all ! He dipped over the side of the boat, and proceeded to drink the water with as great confidence as he had done throughout our journey. "Ah ! salt, salt," he cried, and began to spit, while his companions enjoyed a boisterous laugh at his expense.

This evening a great wind rose, and our tiny boat had to put back into a sheltered corner. We expected the breeze would allow us to sleep ; but it was soon calm and hot. The mosquitoes did not give much trouble, but the sand flies came through our curtains and rendered our position wretched in the extreme. Seldom have we

passed a more miserable night. Yet we could not fail to appreciate one beautiful episode. A canoe passed us playing a sansa (I. 272), while certain voices attempted to sing with the instrument. Every note was distinctly heard in the midnight stillness, and the canoe-men made the grand old woods resound with the melody. We listened with great fondness till the strains of their rude music died away in the distance. About twelve o'clock at night we asked the boys whether they could not push off the boat, but after a fruitless endeavour to move it along the sand, we had to make up our minds to endure the situation longer. It was about two A.M. before the tide reached us, and then they promptly released us from our sufferings. As soon as the tide turned the boys all went to sleep again, and we glided smoothly along. But before reaching Quilimane we had to face big waves. We arrived at mid-day. It was fifteen days since we had left Blantyre.

We enjoyed the welcome and cordial hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Nunes. They had nearly been killed by the same journey, and could sympathise with us. Our oldest boy's face was one large blister owing to mosquito bites, and he and Mrs. Macdonald suffered much from fever. We had to wait a few days for the steamer. Antani often walked with me, and made his own observations on men and manners. We would meet a Portuguese boy going to school with a negro behind him carrying his books and cigars! Antani said that the Portuguese "drove the native children out of school lest they should by and by know as much as white men". One day a man passed wearing a tall silk hat.

When at Blantyre, we had great difficulty in explaining the pictures in the *Graphic* and *London News* on account of the *dreadful head-dress* of the European. Here we were fortunate in finding an actual specimen. Antani gazed with wonder, and promised to report, on his return to the interior that these strange hats were a reality after all!

Once I took a long solitary walk into the country to see whether I could meet with slaves that had been brought from our district. I saw several Anyasa and Walolo tatoos. After marching till I was tired I sat down at a village to rest. Here I found a lad that could speak Chinyasa. As we talked he stumbled on a characteristic Yao word, and this led to his finding for me two people that had come from the Blantyre district long ago. They were charmed with an opportunity of speaking their mother tongue, which they had not used for many years, but which they said they would never forget. As a group gathered round they took a pride in shewing their Quilimane companions that they could converse with a European in an unknown language. But they were far behind in the history of their country, and were taking for granted the existence of chiefs and headmen that had long been gathered to their fathers. I could not but think of the touching picture that Homer gives of Helen looking from the Trojan wall and trying to see Castor and Pollux, not knowing that the grave "already possessed them in their dear native land". I could perceive that one especially looked back fondly to olden days, while his breast filled with thoughts of the friends of his youth. 'Perhaps his mother was yet

alive.' 'Had his brothers and sisters gone into slavery like himself, or would they still send a thought after him as they lingered about the scenes of bygone days?' He could not tell. He had formed new ties now, and was quite happy, enjoying under the Portuguese a security that he could not have found beside his own mountains. Still, in spite of the treatment he had received in his native land, there was a poetry about the past that prompted a 'lingering look behind'. He made an errand to Quilimane in order to accompany me back. His use of his native tongue was considerably 'generalized' by some twenty years' disuse. He would often hesitate for a word and employ general terms where his countrymen would have given the special one. He complained of the sun "killing" the corn: the time was when he would have said "scorching". We passed a Portuguese churchyard where each tombstone was ornamented with a large cross, but he said he had no idea what was the meaning of the symbol.

Many Portuguese think that the natives are worse off since the abolition of slavery. Formerly, masters were at great pains to give their slaves personal comforts and ornaments, which they do not think of giving now, because "the negro might make off with the gift next day". Wages is but little motive to work in a land where there is no difficulty in getting the necessaries of life. But under the Portuguese the natives may store up property to an extent that would be dangerous in the interior. There the possession of wealth makes a man's life worth taking.

Strangers severely criticise the native for want of

foresight. A critic says:—"He ought to cultivate a few more feet of ground, as a time of scarcity might come." But it is the very foresight of the native that prevents him from taking such a step. It is his critic that lacks discrimination and not he. His critic applies to him calculations that may be presumed upon, under a civilised government. The native, on the contrary, is familiar with the real situation. I once asked a schoolboy, "Will you keep a cow when you become a man?" His reply was "As if I had three lives!" Nothing could better express the secret. If a man had food in a time of famine, when all the others had not, his position would not be an enviable one. Unless in the immediate neighbourhood of the Mission, few had goods laid up except chiefs, but if security were guaranteed, native avarice and ambition would take this direction.

Natives see that they could make many improvements, but they count the cost. Bishop Steere says:—"There are no roads in this part of Africa, no carriages and no beasts of burden, only a narrow footpath, so overgrown sometimes that one wonders the men who pass along do not clear it, until one remembers that the very last thing an African wishes, is to have an easy road to his village. If he could persuade himself that the next comer was likely to turn back and think that there was no road, he would sleep much more securely." We were once walking along a native path with a person just come into the country, and were amused to notice how his taste was offended by small branches that were lying on the path. He carefully laid them aside with

his staff, under the belief that he was teaching the natives a lesson, and conferring on them a permanent benefit!

In Quilimane where natives enjoy European protection, they make advances in material improvement. But it is the lowest class of native that is found there. When masters in the interior sell slaves, they first dispose of the worst characters. Hence the settler on the coast forms a harsh view of the black man. In short he begins to despair of the native, and the native in his turn may despair of him! A Portuguese gentleman told me the following anecdote, which I mention in illustration. A chief from Mlanje frequently went to Quilimane, and a certain Portuguese lady used to treat this native king with much deference. But one day she had a young lad with her, and as they sat together, Matapwiri came up and squatted beside the young Portuguese gentleman. The latter resented this, and promptly gave Matapwiri a blow. The lady interposed, 'But this is the great Matapwiri—there will be a quarrel if—' 'I don't care who he is. A native shan't come and sit down by me that way!' Nothing could better shew the light in which the European settler often regards the negro. But some natives here show a desire for advancement. One chief left his son as a slave in Quilimane for several years. After the boy had been initiated into civilized life he disappeared at once, no one knew how or where: but he is said now to occupy an important position in his native land. His father had seen the importance of civilization and employed this stratagem to educate his son. There are traits of

character to be met with, even among the lowest natives, that remind us of the words :—

“Deem our nation brutes no longer,
 Till some reason ye shall find,
 Worthier of regard and stronger,
 Than the colour of our kind.
 Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,
 Prove that you have human feelings,
 Ere you proudly question ours.”

Quilimane, like all other places which we might think beyond the reach of history has its incidents too. One day we found the whole population in a state of great consternation owing to a report that Tete had been attacked, and that its Portuguese inhabitants were in danger of being massacred. All these Portuguese stations on the Zambeze are usually well protected by soldiers, but the garrison had been temporarily absent and now news had come that the natives had risen against the townsmen. The keeping of standing armies here is a hard task. Some of the soldiers are half-castes and they as a rule are more troublesome than pure natives. We lodged near the barracks and the commander used to send to the English lady to apologise for having to flog his soldiers near her window.

At Quilimane there was a functionary appointed to dispense floggings, and when a slave or servant offended, the custom was to send him to this man with a slip of paper which stated how much punishment the culprit was to receive !

One point where the Portuguese differ very much from us, is in their estimate of Livingstone, whose life

they criticise with the greatest severity, their remarks almost reminding one of the hard things that old Roman Catholic writers used to state regarding Luther. When at Blantyre, we used to get the Magololo headmen to talk about their late master, and they certainly recounted many exploits that were quite new to us, only before being influenced by their statements we had to remember that these men would speak what they thought would please us best, and when they discovered that we looked on Livingstone as a hero, they would mention a great many things that agreed better with their own ideal of a hero than with ours.

When the steamer at length arrived, Antani came on board with us and went over the whole of it, promising to tell his friends, on his return, of the wonders of the 'large boat,' and so we parted.

At Zanzibar as I looked down from the side of the steamer on the native boats, I was hailed in the Yao language. I replied in the same, and a spirited conversation began. The young man that accosted me was not a Yao but a Makua, only he had been in the Yao district. He soon collected his friends, and they were in great glee over an Msungu who could speak in the languages of the interior. Natives are here much freer in conversing with the European than in Quilimane, where the Portuguese make them keep a respectful distance. They told their friends in the town about us, and as we passed along the streets we met some that could say 'achimwene' and who gave us a cordial greeting. At Zanzibar we saw Dr. Steere's Mission, which was a very cheering sight. At Blantyre we were often sus-

tained, and much more than sustained, by the thought of what we looked forward to as the infallible result of some ten years' honest work. Here we saw the result of twenty years' work and it could not fail to be gratifying to one that considered the subject. Dr. Steere says to those that would estimate Missionary difficulties, 'You must pause for a while and find yourselves, as we did, standing opposite five boys with scarce any clothing, in dreadful fear of something far worse than slavery or death, and we unable to make them understand one word'. Such is the commencement. By and by he can write, "We have no longer to begin with an English reading card because we have nothing else. We have reduced the Swahili to writing and found out its grammatical rules."

When I passed Zanzibar the Swahili Bible was fast approaching its completion! We ask any one to reflect what great labour this implies. If we lived in times when Church censures took a tangible form, and if any man were ordered to write out the whole of the Bible in his own language before he could be restored to the Church, the sentence would be equivalent to excommunication for life. Most men would be too discouraged to attempt the task amidst other work, and the various interruptions that they might count on. But the Missionary has to write the Bible in a FOREIGN language amidst much pressure of other work, and many interruptions that no man is subjected to amidst European civilization, and if a single or even a *twofold* copying of his material be sufficient, the circumstance would say a great deal more for his present peace of mind than for

the permanent value of his work. All the time he is translating he is obliged to keep up the closest intercourse with the natives, ever learning from them, and ever teaching them, introducing reading books, founding schools, forming friendships and consecrating these friendships by imparting views of life that go beyond the seen and temporary. Besides having stations on Zanzibar, Bishop Steere* has been carrying his work far into the interior of the Dark Continent.

The interior is in some respects the more promising field. There are many highland sites where the European can work with all his might. He can study hard, and personally engage in teaching without suffering in health, whereas the climate is so enervating in stations on the coast and fever is so prevalent that few constitutions can do more than keep this enemy at bay. Again in large places where an artificial civilization shews itself, the Missionary takes his position not merely as a man, but as a civilized man, and this makes a breach between him and his dark friend, which the latter feels very much. I have sometimes been sitting in conversation with an old headman when another European would join us. Then the English

* Since the above was written we have received the sad news that this devoted servant of God has been called away. His death will be a great loss not only to his own Mission, but to the whole cause of African Missions. While at Blantyre we occasionally corresponded with him, and it was with interest and sympathy that he looked upon our work in the region once occupied by one of his predecessors. Indeed he had himself laboured for a short time as far inland as Morumbala. His contributions to the study of African languages are of the greatest value.

language was spoken, and our native friend would say with sadness that he "did not know English," and he would sit in silence evidently regretting that his white friend was not so near him after all. This is only an illustration of peculiar disadvantages which are greatly done away with in the wilds of the Interior. All this, it may be said, is counterbalanced by the fact that in the interior there are constant wars. Such difficulties however will gradually pass away as the evangelistic work is quietly carried on, and most of them may be met by the simple plan of carefully placing a Mission station in the disturbed district. The one great obstacle in the interior is the difficulty of communication, and the want of all appliances from books downwards.

Beyond Zanzibar, the next place where we see anything of the African is at Aden, where we meet specimens of the Samali in a few active boys with dyed hair, who crowd round the steamer to dive for coins. There happened to be a Samali boy on board our steamer, as also a Makua. Owing to quarantine laws their masters could not land, and a number of pilgrims for Mecca had to be brought on to London. The mention of London had a dispiriting effect upon the Asiatics. They were certain the cold would kill them, and went about weeping—not weeping like a European—the poor fellows actually "lifted up their voice and wept". Withal their misfortune made them more demonstrative in their devotions. Some of the passengers evinced a strong disposition to laugh at this, others maintained that few Christians would be so exemplary in calling upon

their God. We should be able to get some good out of everything, and we have often admired the regularity with which as the moment arrived, they turned their faces towards Mecca and knelt down to pray. One feature in the Christian is that when on a journey, although he meet other Christians, he wishes to worship by himself. Thus he avoids the dreaded charge of hypocrisy, but there is something that should be dreaded on the other side. He may begin to forget that his religion is something that ought not to be selfishly shut up in his own bosom. The forms of Mahommedanism seem to draw its worshippers together. But alas! they appeared to derive but little comfort from their earnest supplications. They always had a sadness about them. After a long residence among natives that kept sorrow no longer than sorrow kept them, this struck me as the manifestation of a new temperament. The only man that could be cheerful was the Makua servant, who was known as the "big grinning nigger". The grief of the others threatened to make them unmanageable. But the hopefulness of this representative of the Lake Region, might well make us hopeful for his race, and we have no doubt that the time is fast approaching when these African tribes will be "made glad according to the days in which they have seen evil"!

We gazed wistfully as the great continent was within sight for the last time. On one side we had Gibraltar brightly lighted up, and suggesting so much historical interest. But on the other side there was a solitary lighthouse that touched a deeper chord in our hearts

as it flashed a farewell from the Dark Continent. There rose before our minds all the hopeful days we had spent in that land of promise, while to our lips came the line which we ventured thus to misquote:—

“*Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Afros.*”

END OF VOL. II.

APPENDIX.



AFRICAN FOLK LORE.

APPENDIX TO VOL. II.

NATIVE TALES.

“Children’s Tales now, but not the invention of a child’s intellect.”—
BISHOP CALLAWAY.

THE time has now come when Folk Lore is considered valuable for its own sake. It is hoped, too, that these simple African Tales will throw some light on the native mind. But it must be remembered that when rendered by a native reciter they have a character which no translation can reproduce; moreover, tales that appear quite pointless to a European, will make an old native laugh till tears run down his cheeks.

Originally, some of these Tales may have been an account of actions that really happened, and which floated down the stream of time long after the agents had sunk in oblivion. Then as now, the name of each native was significant, and as these actions kept afloat they drew to themselves appropriate names. If the action was clever, it was attributed to a Mr. Rabbit (who corresponds to the Fox of European tales): while every hero remarkable for gluttony—a trait of character

likely to be noted in those primitive days—is a Mr. Hyæna (who corresponds to the Wolf of our Western tales).

As might be expected there is a great difference between African Folk Lore and European. After seeing African habitations, we scarcely expect to be told of a damsel “shut up in a tower” or “peering into a forbidden room,” and after meeting natives in their ordinary costume, we should be surprised to find Tales of “beautiful dresses and slippers of gold”. Again, in African Legends we seldom encounter statements like the following which meet us almost everywhere in Grimm’s Fairy Tales:—“A poor peasant was so destitute that he did not possess a foot of land”. “It was with difficulty they could maintain themselves, at length matters became worse, they had no longer even bread to eat.” “A poor man had twelve children, and was obliged to work day and night to obtain even bread for them.” “What will become of us? How can we feed these poor children when we have nothing for ourselves?” Except in days of famine sad pictures like these would have no meaning for the African. But at the same time there are pleasant pictures in the European Tales that the African cannot appreciate. Rarely does the Bard of Central Africa go into raptures over a “handsome virgin” or a “maiden of rare beauty”. He knows nothing of such a personage. But this is not the fault of the negro woman. The enormous ring in the upper lip and the deep tatoos that mark her face, chest, and arms shew how desirous she is to please and to attract attention. Yet, although she carries small stones

in her mouth to improve her speech (which has no defect like that of Demosthenes), she does not induce any poet to sing that "her voice is low and sweet". She certainly does not merit all this neglect, and it is chiefly on account of African marriage customs that it falls upon her.

It will be perceived that the style of these stories is very primitive compared with English. The sentence, "He proposed to go back, and on arriving at his home he gave meat to the nurse, and asked after his children," would in the mouth of the African become:—He said, "Let us go back" (and they replied, "Very well, let us go"). Then they set out to go back. When they arrived at the village he (stood on the path and) called and said, "Nurse". The latter said, "Yes, I am here". Then he said, "Take this meat". He said also, "Now, are the children all well," and the nurse said, "Yes, all are well". So when our pupils wrote on Scripture subjects they did not hesitate to attribute to speakers a conversation which was not recorded. For instance, if the third verse of Genesis had really been, "And God created light," they would have rendered it, "And God said, Let there be light, and there was light". We often felt that their peculiarity might illustrate questions about the Verbal Inspiration of the Scriptures.

These tales have been selected and literally translated from my Manuscript Collection of Tales, Songs, Enigmas and Itagu. Number 54 was communicated by Mr. John Buchanan, F.L.S.

31. THE DEAD CHIEF AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER.

There was a chief that built his village large, and he had many women, and he had a younger brother who did not come to his chief. The chief became ill and died, his brother was left, and went to inherit the title (97). Then arose a great war in order to capture those women. The (new) village chief had tied up bundles of beans. And the people that wanted war came and sat in the forum, and he hid himself and peered at them as they sat there. Then he said, "These people are many, I will consult the chief at the grave" (14). So he went and clapped¹ his hands and told the chief who was dead. The latter said, "It is long since you visited me when I was alive, what is the matter now?" He replied, "Alas! O chief, I have seen enemies, yea, many are at the village (here), and I said, 'I will go to ask of the chief'". The latter said, "Go and salute these people". Then he went to salute them, and the people that wanted war, said, "In this land many plants have yielded fruit which are tied in bundles". So they said to themselves, "He (the chief) is a very wise² man, and knows about a relish stored in bundles".

They returned, and went home and met the king of

¹ Clapping the hands is a form of salutation. His elder brother whom he succeeded is now his god.

² Besides regarding the strength of armies, the natives look greatly to the cleverness of those that possess tempting property, believing, as they do, that a clever man is sure to have a powerful war-medicine.

their own home, who was called Manjelele, and said, "O king, you are very stupid. That man is exceedingly wise". He said, "Nonsense—go away again, capture in war all the women and bring them". Then the army went back and caught all the women. The chief himself also ran away, and again he went to the grave and said (to his dead brother), "Chief, I have come on account of my women, they are all carried off by war". Then his brother gave him four small bags, and said, "Well, follow the army to their village": and he added, "Should you find a large tree unloose one little bag". So he took them, and he found the large tree put in his way, and he opened, and a wood-moth came forth and entered the tree and gnawed, and a passage was made, and the chief passed through with his attendant. Again he followed on in the track of the army, and he found that a stone had been put in his way farther on, and he opened another bag and there came out a manis (mbawe) and dug under the stone; and he passed through with his attendant. Again he followed the tracks of the army, and beyond that he found the river, which the army had passed in a boat. Then he opened (the third bag), and there came forth a spider and went to the other side, and he crossed with his attendant and arrived at the village whence the war had come, and he sat down at the road to the village to wait till darkness came on. As soon as it was dark, he opened the other bag also, and a rat set off for that village and went to a basket, and it slept there. By and by the king that had begun the war came to sleep, and on going to sleep he took

away his eyes³ and put in the basket, and the rat took the king's eyes. At dawn he called his men, and said, "Let all assemble with their captives that I may see them". The men assembled, and said, "Now, tell the king to come and see his prisoners".

The king came and took a chair to sit on, and called for his eyes, saying, "Fetch my eyes from the basket," and they looked in the basket and found that his eyes were not there. The king cried, saying, "What shall I see my prisoners with?" The other chief stood across the stream and said, "Let me go back with my people. I also have captured in war, I followed you. The eyes of the king I have carried off."

And the king cried, saying, "My men, give up his people". Then his men said to him, "We told you, O king, that we must not go yonder to capture in war. Lo! the people will return without being seen with your eyes," and they restored all the people. Then the chief at the grave said, "I told you to follow the army. Lo! all the people have returned."

32. THE CHIEF THAT HOED AT THE GRAVES.

There was a woman that had a little child, and she hoed a garden at the graves, and there came a little man from the graves—little Amlele. The woman wished to hoe, and she loosed the child, and made the

³ Here we may trace some hazy idea about the use of spectacles.

stump of a tree bear him (tied him to a tree). Then rose Amlele and said "To make the stump bear him rather than a person's side!" and he took care of the child and carried him to the graves. Then she hoed till she was tired. And she said, "Now I will call for my child," and she called for him, saying, "Amlele, give me my child". And he gave him to the mother herself. Then she went to the village, but did not tell that she hoed at the graves and that there was a spirit nursing her child.

When she went on the morrow to hoe, she saw that little Amlele was come again; again he began to call for the child. Again he went with him to the graves, and cut open his skin and put him in the sand (beside the water). And the woman hoed and was tired again, and she called Amlele without success—he did not bring back the child again.

And she went to call those at the village, saying, "My son was carried away to the graves by one that did not come back with him". Then the people ran and went to the graves there, and they found him put down in the sand, and they cleaned off the sand, and returned from the graves to the village, mourning. And they went away to the oracle of the Humble-bee,⁴ and he spoke with a low voice, and said, "But the chief is the man that wants to destroy us out of the country".

All the people ran away because of witchcraft. The oracle has caught the chief of the village, because he

⁴ We translate the sorcerer's name.

hoed at the graves and bewitched his child in order that Amlele should eat it (106).

The chief said, "Now I am left alone. I will make friendship with the guinea-fowl," and he did so. And he said, "Go away, pick up many *masukus* and their stones, and sleep in a plain without trees". It picked for him ten baskets, and he said, "Sow everywhere," and it sowed in the whole plain. He himself slept in the middle of the plain. Next day he awoke and found many houses, the *masukus* had become men.

Then he brewed beer, saying, "Now, I have found another village". And he called the guinea-fowl, saying, "Friend, come now, there are many people". And they went together (the guinea-fowl and Simwe*) to drink beer. And it said, "But do you, my friend, leave off speaking evil, lest the people be startled at you".

Then they drank beer, and Simwe became drunk, and said, "I am the chief, these are my own people, I picked up ten baskets of *masukus*, I sowed in the plain, and the *masukus* became men". Then his friend ran away from him, saying, "His words are bad, he cannot stay with people". So he slept again, and he awoke—his people were not, because (said they) he takes us for *masukus*⁵: so he was alone. Then he clothed himself

* Simwe was the name of the chief.

⁵ The fruit of a native tree. The creation of these men reminds us of the story of Cadmus, while a disappearance of this kind is common in other native tales; sometimes the people go away because "called by their birth names" (§ 52).

with the skin of a civet (?) (ngwime) (a creature which sleeps on an ant-hill), and whenever he saw a person he called him, saying, "You there! come near," and the person ran away. When the person ran away, he said, "I am bad. I cannot stay with my fellow men." Then he went away journeying in the great bush. He asked for a village, and the *tolo* (a small mole) responded and said, "Come to my home and dwell there. I have built a stone house." So he accompanied (the *tolo*); let the man look at its house! it is not good! its door is the heads of cockroaches! And he said, "Ay! you deceiver of me: I enter a small hole!" And Simwe said, "I will bring the *nyingalwe* against you". And he brought against him his friend (the *nyingalwe*), who said, "You are a great liar—a rascal—a deceiver of the chief, saying to him, 'Come let us enter a stone house,' which was just a little hole, but may you never thrive".

But the *tolo* cursed the *nyingalwe*, saying, "But may you never cross the road except you die," and the *nyingalwe* crossed the road and died. [As the natives believe strongly in charms we need not wonder that they invoke a sorcerer to curse their enemies, in the same way as did Balak the son of Zippor.]

33. THE FOX AND THE HYENA.

The hyena made friendship; two days after, he set out, and he said, "But let an attendant go with me".

They said, "Let him go with the mbendu," (a creature with little spots like the njusi *).

They were going along the road and the hyena said, "If we meet with women washing grains of millet, you will ask for water, and I shall ask for millet!" As they went on they met the women washing the millet and the mbendu said, "Give me water," while the hyena said, "Give me millet". The women took millet in a plate to give the hyena, and they give the mbendu water in a cup.

The latter said, "Come let us wash it that it may become soft," but the hyena refused and said, "Why did you not beg your own for yourself?" and he chewed it alone⁶ without giving to his attendant.

Farther on he began to tell him again saying, "If we meet with the women cutting sugar cane, you will beg the leaves, I shall beg the canes, we shall tie them up". They went forward and met with the women cutting sugar cane. The hyena said, "Give me the canes," the mbendu said, "Give me the leaves". They cut four canes and gave the hyena, and they took leaves and gave the mbendu. The mbendu said, "Let us tie them". The hyena was fierce and said, "Ah! for whom?" and did not give him.

And they went beyond that and came to another place and found a lake, and he said, "The village we go to is there. If we have porridge cooked for us and tie

* Parenthetical remark made by the narrator.

⁶ This character is always given to the hyena (litunu), which corresponds to the wolf in European tales.

it up in a leaf,⁷ then if you hear at the lake lino-lino-lino-lino-lino you ought to run away and throw down the leaf of porridge."

Farther on the hyena said, "This is medicine, if we get porridge, you will come to dig it".

He went on and arrived at the village of his friend, and the latter said, "My friend has come," and he killed fowls, and cooked, and made porridge, and said, "Let us give the strangers," and porridge was put down: when the hyena began, "Bring that medicine that we may eat it to the porridge". The mbendu went off running. After that the hyena cut leaves to set down everywhere and he ate up all the porridge. When the mbendu returned, he said, "There came a great party, look at the leaves (which were used as plates) here sat some, here sat others, here sat others".

The hyena said, "Let us go home to-morrow". The mbendu said, "Yes, let us go;" the mbendu was starving. Next day there was porridge cooked for them, and he said, "Tie it all up, tie it in leaves". The mbendu tied up the porridge and carried it. On the way the hyena said, "I will pass this way, let us meet farther on". The mbendu kept going just on the path, the hyena went to the pool and dived, and put out his mouth, and said, "Lino-lino-lino-lino-lino!" The mbendu was afraid, and threw the leaf with the porridge into the lake. The hyena took it out and went to devour it.

When he came farther on he met with the mbendu

⁷ Nothing is commoner than to see natives carrying porridge in leaves.

who had nothing to carry. He asked him saying, "You have thrown away that leaf? Quite right! you were wise, the wild beast would have bitten you." When they reached their home the villagers said, "You are thin, mbendu, you are thin!" He said, "Umph! hunger".

They staid five days at home. The hyena said, "I will go to my friend's again. Who shall I go with to-day?" Then the Mbendu refused, and he said, "Come, fox,* let us go together". The fox said, "Yes, chief, come". So they went together.

When arrived at the road, the hyena gave instructions, "You, fox, if we meet with women—you will beg water, I shall beg grain". They came to the women. The hyena said, "Give me grain". The fox said, "Give me grain and the water also". The hyena took grain, and it was given him on a plate, the fox also took grain, and it was given him in his hands, and water also in a cup. The hyena said, "Give the hyena that water". The fox said, "Why did you not beg your own?" Then the fox refused to give him.

Further on the hyena said, "Now this pool is dreadful". The fox asked, "Why is it dreadful?" The hyæna said, "If one carry porridge, a wild beast is dreadful". The fox said, "How does it say when roaring?" The hyæna said, "It says Lino-lino-lino-lino". The fox said, "Ay!" The hyena said, "If you carry a leaf with porridge you should throw it

* The original is Rabbit or Hare.

down". He said, "Yes" They advanced and came farther on, and he said, "This is medicine, if porridge is cooked at the village you will come to dig it". But the fox left his arrow, he went farther on, and said, "Master, I have forgotten that arrow". He said, "Where?" He said, "Where you showed me the medicine there". He said, "Fetch it". The Fox went running and came to the medicine, where he had left his arrow, and he dug and put the medicine in his bag, and returned. And he said, "Have you picked it (your arrow) up?" He said, "Yes, I have". And he said, "Well, let us go on".

They went on and arrived. The hyena's friend said, "My friend has come. Kill a fowl for him." They killed a fowl for him, and cooked porridge too, and came with it and set it down. The hyena then began saying, "Go and seek that medicine". But the fox took the medicine out of his bag and said, "Master, this is that medicine". Then was the hyena very fierce, and said, "You, fox, are clever at evil!" The hyena refused his porridge, saying, "You go on eating". So the fox ate.

The hyena said, "Let us go away to-morrow". In the evening a fowl was killed, that they might eat it with their porridge. Next day porridge was cooked and the fowl also and was given. He said, "Fox, tie it up". The fox then tied it, and went along the road. The hyæna said, "Go on before me, I will go this way, and we shall meet in front". Then the hyena went stealthily, and arrived in front, and let himself down into the pool, and dived and put out his mouth wide

open, and said, "Lino-lino-lino-lino". The fox said, "Ah! there's the wild beast". The fox sat down and took his knife and commenced to cut the bark-cords (which tied the leaves), and he took a stone, then he unloosed the porridge, and ate and finished it, entirely eating it up, reserving only a mouthful, which he plastered on the stone, and threw it into the mouth at the pool, and the hyena died. The fox then ran and cut off his head, and made a little drum and covered it with the hyena's skin: then he went along the road, and met women digging beans (njama). The fox beat his drum, saying, "Ti, ti, war". The women fled,* the fox picked up the baskets and went home.

At the village they said, "Where did you leave the hyena?" And he said, "We left them brewing beer for him". They found that it was indeed a stay, the hyena never returned.

35. TAMING MONKEYS AND BUCK.

There was a man that tamed monkeys, while another tamed buck, and they became friends. The owner of the monkeys said, "Come to my home, you will see monkeys". Then he went to his home and found they had gone out. He said "Friend, where have they gone?" He said, "They have gone to feed". He said, "Call them". He went to call them and they came: and he said, "These are my monkeys," and he he said, "If I had seen them, I should have taken them

* This would be the certain result of shouting "war".

for food".⁸ (The monkeys heard this.) He said, "Friend, don't say so, you will make my monkeys run away". Thereupon the monkeys did run away. He (the stranger) said, "Come you to my home, you will see buck that I have tamed". He went and found the buck, and said, "These are meat to give me to eat?" The buck ran away to go to the jungle. His friend said, "You have made my buck run away". He said, "You come and answer my accusation, let us go to the forum". Then the judges came and asked, "Who began it," then they decided, "You must just pay each other" So they paid each other in beer. They brewed, and invited each other, and drank, and said, "That case is finished". Then both were contented. [This exemplifies a popular method of settling small quarrels.]

36. TAMING DOGS.

There was a land with a man.* This man used to go to the moors of marsh pigs (?). When this man with his dogs was going near a lake, they started a marsh pig, and it fell into the lake. In the lake was a crocodile, and the man also went down there, and the crocodile caught him, without biting him. The dogs kept searching much for their master: their master was placed in a cavern. Now the dogs in their search sometimes went to smell the earth, and they scented him. The dogs then set to dig in the earth there, and they dug three days. On the fourth they penetrated

* A native version of "Once upon a time there lived a man".

⁸ Monkeys are an article of food.

down, and their master was afraid again when he saw (light). But soon he said, "These are my dogs". Let him look out, it is all light! "Now my dogs have penetrated!" And he came out and went to the village.

The villagers were mourning, and one child on going round the house met him and returned again, and said, "Mother, be quiet, don't cry, I saw my father". Its mother said, "You lie, your father was lost long ago". It said, "Mother, no, come, let us go to see".

When she went along with the child she saw him, and said, "Child, you don't lie," and she caught her husband by the arm, saying, "Come to my house".

And she said, "Explain where you went". He said, "I went to the moors, I was hunting a marsh pig, and it sank in a pond, I also sank there, and my dogs sought me, I came out, so that you see me here. Had it not been my dogs, the crocodiles would have eaten me. Dogs are good. People should keep dogs." Then many people said, "Yes, yes, yes, let us get dogs. That man's dogs saved his life."

And each one there was buying dogs, each one there was buying dogs. Then people got many dogs because dogs had dug their master from the cavern.

37. ON OUR HOME (A YAO'S HISTORY OF HIS TRIBE).

Here is not our home. We lived long ago at Mangochi, a large hill like Zomba. The Walolo lived on the other side of the (river) Lujenda, on the road to Chisanga. The Walolo were capturing the Machinga to

carry them to Chisanga and exchange them for cloth. The Walolo were brave, and had many guns. The Machinga dwelt at Mandimbi, and the Walolo made them flee. So the Machinga came to the country of the Wayao, and the Wayao fled. We removed from that place, and went along the road, and the Wanyasa interfered with us, and pierced us with arrows, and we began war, and took their food from them.

The English lived with the Wanyasa. The Wanyasa said, "Help us," and there began war with the English. They all came to Ulumba (Vol. II. 12). The English read the book and prayed to God. On that day the Wayao fled in all directions, and they returned and found the Machinga following behind them. They said, "Why do you turn back?" They said, "Why! we have encountered white men!" Then the Machinga staid there, without advancing farther. After this all the Wanyasa fled across the river, and the Wayao settled in this land.

The Wayao had many fierce chiefs. The Machinga killed one by treachery, some began to sell their own people and were left alone, their people ran away from them; another was killed by the Mangoni.

War is an evil, it destroys people, there came famine: after that people said, "Now let us go and hoe". They hoed much food.

The Magololo accompanied the English. When the English reached their boat they left them and said, "Now, be friends, war is bad, so leave it off, agree with the Wayao". The Book of God was brought forth and all assented. The English said, "Now let us go home".

[Livingstone made the natives swear on the Bible that they would live in peace.]

After this the Mangoni came, they crossed by boat, they came in war. The Wayao ran to Ndilande. The Wanyasa ran to the islands. They have many islands. The Machinga ran to Zomba. The Walolo did not run away.

Before those that fled had come down from the mountains, the English came and settled in this land, and the Mangoni went away. The people came down from the mountains and farmed again (Vol. II. 25).

38. KALIKALANJE.⁹

There was a woman who had a husband, and they went to hoe in the garden and the man sneezed, and the woman said, Gwigwigwi.¹⁰ The man asked her saying, "What do you want?" The woman said, "I want the eggs of an ostrich". The man said, "I want water where frogs do not croak". They both assented to the bargain. The man went to seek the eggs of an ostrich, and brought five, and gave them to his wife. The woman went to seek water where frogs did not croak. She went far, far away and found water. At that water she met with Namzimu, the owner, who asked, "What do you want?" The woman replied, "I want

⁹ A similar story is found in Bishop Callaway's Zulu collection. The name of the hero there is Uthlakanyana.

¹⁰ I translated this from Chinyasa. I had also several Yao versions of the tale, one of which says that the occasion of the bargain was that they had knocked their hoes together.

water, where frogs croak not". Namzimu said, "What do you give in exchange for it"? The woman bargained with Namzimu saying, "I am with child: when I bear the child I will give it to you". Then Namzimu said, "Draw water". So she drew water, and went to the village and gave her husband. The husband said, "That is right, my wife". After this, Namzimu went to the woman's, and said, "Give me the child to eat". The woman said, "No, the child is not born". Then Namzimu went away. There passed three days, and the child was born, and the woman was roasting* castor-oil beans, and the child leapt on the pot-sherd, and said, "I am Kalikalanje".

He went from the pot-sherd with his bow and his spear and his four dogs. Then Namzimu quickly came and said, "Now, give me the child to eat". The woman said, "Yes, I will give you him". So she took Namzimu and hid him in the grain basket, and took bananas and put above him, and at night the woman called her son, Kalikalanje, and said, "O please my son, Kalikalanje, climb up here, and fetch bananas". Kalikalanje said, "No, I will climb upon the roof where nothing dances (shakes)". Then the woman told Namzimu saying, "Dance on the roof there"; (because the woman wished to cheat her son). When Namzimu danced, Kalikalanje however stood at the door and said, "Ho! what's that dancing there? I don't want to climb now on the roof where there is dancing". Then

* The word for "roast" in Chiyao is Kalanga, hence the name Kalikalanje.

Kalikalanje ran away, and Namzimu did not catch him that night.

Next day the woman took Namzimu and went with him to the garden,¹¹ and hid him in the grass and said, "Stay you here, this night I send Kalikalanje to come and burn grass, and you will see (a lad) whose head is shaved on one side¹² and who wears a black loin cloth. That is Kalikalanje." That night the woman shaved Kalikalanje on one side of the head, and put on him black cloth and sent him to the garden and said, "Go, burn the grass in the garden".¹³ So Kalikalanje took his shaving knife and black cloth, and his dogs, and his spear, and called his companions and said, "Come, to the garden of my mother, to play". When they came to the parting of the roads, Kalikalanje told his friends saying, "Come, let me shave your hair on one side, that we may play properly". When he had shaved his companions' heads, he put on them pieces of black cloth, and said, "You all—your names are Kalikalanje, and we shall go to the garden, when we burn grass, everyone is Kalikalanje, Kalikalanje" His comrades assented saying, "Very Good!"

They came to the garden and burned the grass, and all of them said, "Kalikalanje, Kalikalanje, Kalikalanje". When they came to the large grass Kalikalanje said, "Let us all come, and burn this grass with fire,

¹¹ Or field.

¹² It is quite common to see this mode of wearing the hair. As the natives wear so little clothing, it is difficult to describe a person so as to make identification easy.

¹³ Perhaps preparatory to hoeing.

round and round, and let us hold our bows in our hands".

Quickly Namzimu came out of the grass and Kalikalanje told his comrades saying, "Come, let us kill him". So they killed Namzimu with their bows. Then Kalikalanje returned to the village and met with his mother, and spoke to her, saying, "Mother, you wanted a wild beast to eat me, now I kill you". So Kalikalanje killed his mother.

39. THE MAN AND THE LION.

There was a man that had four dogs for catching meat, and one day the man was very hungry and he said to his wife, "I go to the bush to kill meat". His wife said, "Yes, go and kill meat, my husband".

The man took his dogs and his spear and went to the bush. As he hunted he killed five buck.

Suddenly there came a lion and spoke with the man and said,

"Take these buck, give your dogs to eat. When they have eaten you must eat your dogs, then let me eat you." The man said "No. I do not want to give my meat to the dogs". Whereupon there arose a great quarrel between the man and the lion. Suddenly there came a rabbit (fox) with his bag, and found them quarrelling. The rabbit asked them saying, "What are you quarrelling over?" The man explained to the rabbit the reason of the quarrelling saying, "We quarrel about meat that I have caught with my dogs".

Then the rabbit spoke with the lion saying, "Why do

you want to eat your fellow-creature without a reason against him." The lion said, "The reason of it is that this bush is mine, and he has come to kill meat here. Now I want him to give this meat to his dogs, then his dogs will eat the meat, then he must eat his dogs, and I shall eat him." The rabbit said, "Lion you must not eat your fellow-creature because of his buck. Come here I shall give you good meat, which is in a pit-fall." The rabbit had seen a great pit-fall where a serpent dwelt, and he said to the lion, "Enter this pit-fall" When the lion entered, the rabbit called the man and said, "Come with fire, now he who wanted to eat you has gone into a pit, now come and let us kill him". The rabbit and the man lighted a fire at the pit and killed the lion. After the lion died, the man and the rabbit entered into a compact of eternal friendship.

40. THE ROASTED SEEDS.

There was an elephant and a rabbit that contracted friendship. They agreed saying, "Let us go and hoe our gardens;" so they hoed. Then the rabbit said, "But let us plant roasted seeds". The rabbit cheated the elephant, and the elephant assented saying, "Yes, we shall roast them," so he roasted. But the rabbit hid some of his seeds, then he roasted a few and said, "Come let us plant," and the elephant planted roasted seeds, but the rabbit planted seeds that were not roasted, and ate his roasted seeds.

The rain came; the seeds of the rabbit grew, but those of the elephant did not grow, and he asked the

rabbit, "Well, when will my seed grow?" And the rabbit said, "Wait, they will grow". In the garden of the rabbit many pumpkins bare fruit, and the elephant said, "My friend has deceived me". Then the elephant went to the garden of the rabbit at night to steal the rabbit's pumpkins.

In the morning the rabbit said, "I wonder who has stolen my pumpkins". The elephant said, "I do not know". The rabbit made a drum and went secretly to his garden, and entered a large pumpkin* with his drum. At night the elephant went and ate pumpkins. Next day the rabbit was in the stomach of the elephant, and he beat his drum; he beat and said, "You were finishing my pumpkins, I have caught you myself". Then the elephant was very ill and died.

People came and said, "Meat has died for us here," and they opened the body and said, "Look at this pumpkin!" Others said, "Split it," and they split it,—it broke—they found the rabbit. The rabbit on seeing people, ran away. And the people said, "Yes! this is what killed the elephant. No wonder the elephant died!"

41. ROMBAO.

There was a man who had a wife and he took his fish trap and went to the water to catch fish, and he caught a large one. The fish said to the man, "Go inside me, and you will find a knife and a bundle of millet, fetch

* In some of the largest native pumpkins a rabbit might be concealed.

them and come here with them” So the man went inside the fish and found a knife and a bundle of millet, and he fetched them and came out with them. The fish said, “Cut off my upper lip,” and the man cut it off.

Then the fish said, “Take that meat, give it to your wife that she may eat it alone, while you eat the millet”.

So he went to the village. He found his wife and gave her the meat saying, “My wife eat this meat alone. When you have eaten throw the bones of it out there.” The man went to put the millet in the lake, when it became soft he went and ate it alone, for five days, and his wife ate the fish five days!

After this the woman bare two children with their two dogs, and two spears, and two guns, and their names were the one Rombao, and the other Antonyo.¹⁴ Then they went to the bush and found many birds and many buck, and they began to fire their guns, and the buck ran to one place and the children followed them. On their following there they met the owner, and he asked them saying, “What do you want?” They said, “We want meat”. The owner said, “What do you give me, and I shall give you my meat?” They replied, “We will not give you anything, but come let us fight, and whoever dies, the meat belongs to him that killed him”. They began to fight and the owner of the meat died, and they took the land and built houses and settled there.

One day Rombao talked with his brother, and said,

¹⁴ This story comes from a native of Quilimane, and resembles a European tale found in Grimm's Collection.

“You stay here, I go yonder to kill meat”. Then he met with a whale. He wanted to drink, and the whale said, “Why should you drink my water?” Rombao said, “I am thirsty”. The whale said, “Pay me a price for my water”. He refused, and said, “Come, let us fight”. Then they began to fight, and the whale died, and Rombao cut off his tongue and put salt on it.

Now at that land there was a celebrated chief, the owner of the country, and he gave up his own daughter to buy water from the whale. The whale was dead, and three days passed without the wind coming as a token (that the girl had been eaten). So the chief sent his captain and his soldiers, and said, “Go and see whether the whale has come to eat my child”. The captain went with his soldiers to see the whale, and came to where it was and found it dead.

Then the captain said to the soldiers, “Come let us fire guns for two days, and go to the village and tell that it was I that killed the whale. Then the chief will give me his daughter to wed, and I will pay you with much goods.” They said, “Yes, what he says is good”. So they fired guns for two days, and went back to the village with the girl and found the chief, and said, “The captain has killed the whale”. The chief said to him, “Very well, I will give you my daughter to wed”.

When the marriage day came Rombao sent his younger brother, saying, “Go and see the wedding”. He returned, and said, “The marriage feast is ready”. Then Rombao went to the village of the chief and found the people all assembled. The girl was speechless, and

her mother asked her, "Do you wish that captain to marry you". The girl did not answer, but continued weeping. Her father said, "But you will marry that captain". Rombao asked, "Why is the captain going to marry her?" They said, "Because he has killed the whale". Rombao said, "But where's the tongue of the whale?" All the people said, "Yes, we want to see its tongue". So the captain sent his soldiers to bring its tongue, and they went to look for the tongue and found that the tongue was wanting. So they returned, and said, "The whale has not a tongue—it is rotten". Rombao said, "That's false, that captain did not kill the whale—it was I. Wait now, I will go and fetch its tongue." He returned with the tongue to the chief. Then the chief said, "Very well, do you take my daughter to be your wife". Then the chief took much goods and gave Rombao. Then he killed that captain and his men likewise.

42. THE HYENA AND THE BEES.

A hyena and a fox went a journey; they found honey (lit. bees) on a tree, but at the foot of the tree were the cubs (lit. children) of the fox. The hyena said, "Give me my bag," and he got it; and the fox climbed the tree to fetch the honey. Then the hyena took the children of the fox, saying, "he would shew them to his brethren," and he put them in his bag. But the fox quickly observed that the hyena took her children, and the fox took much honey (lit. bees) and came down with it. Then the hyena ate the honey, but the fox said,

“Give me the bag to carry for you”. The hyena said, “Take it”. So the fox took the hyena’s bag. Then the fox said, “I have forgotten my knife”. The hyena said, “Go and fetch it”. The fox went back to the foot of the tree, and took out her cubs. Then she took many living bees,¹⁵ and put in the hyena’s bag, and went back to the hyena himself. Then the hyena said, “Have you found your knife?” The fox said, “Yes, I have found it”. But the hyena did not know that she had taken her children out of his bag. Then they came to the village, and he said, “Give me my bag. Good-bye. Now we have reached my village.” The fox gave it him.

The hyena then went to his brethren, and said, “Have you ever seen the children of a fox?” His brethren said, “No”. The hyena said, “There are in my bag here!” His brethren said, “Give it us that we may see them”. The hyena said, “No, we must be in the house”. So they went into the house and shut the door, and then undid the bag. Then his brethren said, “So these are the children of a fox? Are they not bees?” They were stung. The hyena’s brethren roared terribly, and the fox heard their roaring, and came to the door, and said, “What’s the matter?” The hyena’s brethren said, “The hyena has deceived us, saying ‘Come and see a fox’s children’. We said, ‘No’” The fox said, “Oh, hyena, you took my

¹⁵ The Anyasa have the same word for bees as for honey. If we were to translate the above so as to make this evident, we should have “much honey of life,” or, “much living honey”. The Yao have two different words.

children, did you? I put living bees in your bag. You knew it not. Now they sting (lit. bite) you!" So the hyena and his brethren died.¹⁶

43. THE CROCODILE.

There was a man that lived by setting traps, and he set his trap on a meadow by a stream and caught meat. Then came a crocodile and took out (untied) his meat and ate it, and went home. Next morning the owner of the trap found that his meat had been eaten. Then was he sad at heart, and said, "Who is this that has eaten my meat?" He set his trap again and went back to the village. And meat¹⁷ came and was caught (tied) again, and again the crocodile ate it. Next morning the owner was sad at heart.

Then he set the trap at another place, and the crocodile came again to eat the meat, but did not find anything, and he began to search, and was caught in the trap himself. Next morning the owner of the trap came and found the crocodile caught in the trap. So he took a spear and wanted to kill the crocodile, but the crocodile said, "Please don't kill me, but let me go out, I will go home and pay you because I have been a thief". Then the crocodile said, "Carry me, we shall go to my home," and it leapt on the man's back, its claws (ikalawesa) entering his body.

¹⁶ Many tales speak of fatal results from bees. The unclothed native we might think, would be peculiarly helpless among them. Still, by using fire, he soon secures the honey.

¹⁷ Nyama applies to the animal when alive, as well as to the flesh.

Then a hare saw them moving in the water and said, "You, man—where are you going?" The man answered, "I set my trap, and caught my buck, and this gentleman (chief) used to come and steal, but to-day he was caught in my trap himself and said, 'Let me out, I will go home and pay you for your goods'"

The hare said, "I don't hear you, what do you say?" Then the man said the same words. Then the hare said, "Are you abusing me? I don't hear what you say. Come near, come near."¹⁸ Then the man said to the crocodile, "Chief, listen, the hare says we must go back a little". Then the man repeated the same words to the hare. The hare said to the crocodile, "Yes, that is right. But first come off his back there." Then the hare asked the man, "How did you set your trap? Let me see it." Then the man set it. The hare then asked the crocodile, "And chief, pray, how did you get in? Let me see." The crocodile said, "I passed here, and I passed here, and I went Gwede!" there the crocodile was caught.¹⁹ The hare said, "Now, do you, O man, kill that vermin. It wanted to eat you." The man killed the crocodile, but to this day remains a feud between the crocodile and man.

¹⁸ In this way it is usual for villagers on the river banks to challenge canoes. It would be very unusual for the crews to pass on without heeding the call, for then the villagers might fire on them. It is no excuse to speak of "being in a hurry" in this land. The same rule applies in the case of strangers passing a village. Europeans, however, are understood to be always in great haste, and are seldom interrupted.

¹⁹ The Hottentots have tales whose main feature is an incident like this.

44. THE HARE AND THE BANGLES.

A hyena and a hare went to a village²⁰ to marry. They found women and said, "We want to marry". The women assented, but their mother said, "We don't wear calico,* but the skins of lions, leopards and pythons". The hyena and the hare said, "Very well, give us salt and bangles," and she gave them.

The hyena and the hare then went away, and on the road they found a dead elephant. The hyena said, "I will stay here," but the hare said, "No, chief, but let us wait one day (without touching the meat)". The hyena said, "You are bad, such is your nature. Then you may look for the skins of lions, leopards, and pythons. But the lion is terrible." The hare said, "I will try to kill a lion that my wife may rejoice and say the hare is strong."

Then the hare took his bag of salt, and arrived at the lion's village wearing bangles on his legs.²¹ When the chief lion saw the hare disguised like a woman he said, "You are my wife". The hare consented and said, "Yes, but your chief wife abuses me". Then the lion killed his chief wife and all her children. The hare said, "Take off their skins". The lion then took off the skins of his own kindred—and the hare and he were left alone. Then the hare said,²² "My husband, your eyes

* A present of calico is usual at betrothals.

²⁰ A man stays at his wife's village.

²¹ The ordinary dress does not distinguish a male from a female, bangles would.

²² All these arrangements are concessions that the hare obtains *before* the "marriage."

terrify me". The lion said, "Take them out". The Hare then put out the eyes of the lion, and killed him and took off his skin, and took it and hid it by the road, and then went to the village of the leopard.

When the leopard saw him, he said, "You are my wife". The hare said, "Very well—but your chief wife abuses me". The leopard then killed his chief wife and all her children. The hare said "Take off their skins". So the leopard took off the skins of his relatives. Then the hare said, "My husband, I want pythons' skins". The leopard went and killed pythons. The hare said, "That is right, only your eyes terrify me". The leopard then said, "Put them out," then the hare put out his eyes, and killed the leopard and took his skin. The hare was then very glad, and said, "I have been clever". Then he took the skins of the lions, leopards and pythons, and went away and met the hyena. The hyena was astonished, and said, "Ugwi! How have you, O hare, slain ——. The skins of lions, leopards and pythons!" The hare answered, "I have slain them with my bag of salt".

The hyena said, "I will go to kill my skins". The hare said, "I am going for my wife". He said, "Yes, I will meet you there". The hare went to his wife. She was very glad, and said, "My husband is clever,"²³ and she put on the lions' skins. The hyena attacked a lion, the lions were angry, and said, "O hyena, is it war that you want?" and they killed the hyena. The

²³ A cleverness like this is much prized and practised by the natives.

hyena's wife asked the hare, "Where is my husband"? The hare said, "He is dead".

Then the hare staid at that village and was a' great chief.

45. THE HUNTER.

There was a man that used to kill game, and he went to the bush to kill game, and shot a buffalo in the evening. He cut it through the middle and took the two hind legs, and left the other two and its horns, and said, "I will take them to-morrow". So he went back where his companions were, and found them, and said, "Well, I have killed a buffalo and taken these two legs, I left the other legs and the horns, but we shall go and fetch them to-morrow". His friends said, "Yes, that is best (good)". At night there came a hyena and found the buffalo, and went round about it and put his head into the breast (ribs) of the buffalo, and took it and went with it to his village.

Next morning the owner of the meat called his friends, and said, "Come now, let us go and cut up our meat". They went to the bush and found the meat carried off by a hyena. Then the owner followed after in the track in which the hyena had gone, and at noon he met with the hyena going with his meat. When it heard his tread it sang, "Go in the path where it is pleasant," and began to try to get out its head, but the meat had dried on its hair. And it sang again the same strain, trying to get out its head but not succeeding.

The owner laid hold of the horns of the buffalo.

When the hyena felt that the meat was stuck, it asked, "Who is it that is catching me?" The owner said, "I, the hunter," and he scolded the hyena, and said, "Where did you take this meat from?" Then the hyena began to speak with him, and said, "Please, hunter, do not kill me, but release me, and I will pay you when I go home".²⁴ So the hunter took his knife and cut the ribs of the buffalo, and said, "Now come to your home," and they went to the cave, and the hyena said, "My wife is with children. Go now to your home, but when this moon has finished, return, come here and I will give you three children²⁵ because of your meat." The hunter said, "I understand, I go home". So he took his meat and went home with it.

After this the hyena went and met with a lion, and said, "Well, chief, if I give you an animal (meat) without hair, what will you pay me?" The lion said, "I will pay you whatever you want". Then the hyena took the lion and conducted him to his cave, and said, "Do you, lion, go into this cave, and at the end of the moon (month) there shall come an animal without hair". The lion asked, and said, "Where lives an animal without hair? In the bush here all the animals have hair. But where will the animal without hair come from? Do you mean a man?" The hyena said, "I mean a

²⁴ The man is allowed his meat and the compensation besides. But for the promise made by the thief, his life would not have been spared. All these fables are in exact accordance with native customs.

²⁵ This is one way in which the natives may "over-draw their bills". The promise does not seem in the least strange to those acquainted with the slave system.

man". So the lion entered the cave and waited for his meat.

At the end of the month there came the man to receive payment for his meat, and he found at the cave the footprints of a lion, and he began to be astonished, and said, "Has that hyena changed to a lion?" He was strong in heart and went into the cave; but when he met the lion and his wife in the cave he wanted to go back. The lion began to be fierce, and said, "Why do you go back, my meat?" The man said, "I am not your meat, but you ate my meat, and said, 'Come at the end of the month and I will pay you with three children'". The lion said, "No, I did not eat your meat. It was a hyena, and he told me to dwell in this cave, and promised to give me meat without hair."

The man objected, and there arose a great quarrel, and the hare came and found them quarrelling, and said, "Pray, chiefs, leave off this dispute of yours. O lion, your elder brother²⁶ sent me to go and tell his younger brother not to eat the man." The lion was angry with the hare, and said, "Get away". The hare said, "You are angry, but I was sent by your elder brother to ask you not to eat the man". The lion said, "Well! but what am I to do with the man?" The hare said, "Give him to me, I will conduct him to the path". Then the hare took out a vessel of honey and snuff (lit. tobacco for the nostrils), and took, and the lion said, "Give me²⁷ that I may taste your snuff".

²⁶ The elder brother is the head of the family or small clan (97).

²⁷ A general that led an army against the Scotch Highlanders was said to have committed a great mistake in putting his baggage

The hare gave him, and the lion took (ate) it, and said, "It is good". The hare then took the honey into his hands and began to eat, and asked the lion, "Do you want these sweets that I am eating". The lion said, "Yes," and he gave him a little and told him to lick it. Then the lion licked it, and said, "It is good, give me more".²⁸ The hare said, "Well, I am willing to give you, but you must first give me your tails, and I will tie them together". Then the lion assented, and asked his wife, saying, "Listen, my wife, do you want to eat sweets?" His wife said "Yes". The hare said, "Come, I will tie your tails together," and the wife came and gave her tail. Then the hare tied them together. Next he took the man and went out with him. The lion said, "Are you going away without giving me my sweets?" The hare laughed at him, saying, "Ah! I will never give you". Then he took a stone and threw into the cave and closed it, and the lions died.

46. THE ELEPHANT AND THE HARE.

The elephant and the hare formed a friendship. The elephant said, "Friend let us go and hoe a field". The hare said, "Come let us cut handles (for our hoes)".

behind his army, and not in front. If the goods had been in front, they would have absorbed all his enemy's attention! The appearance of eatables will divert the mind of a native king amidst the most pressing civil cases.

²⁸ Anything sweet is greatly liked. We often used to give the natives sweetmeats. At first they were afraid to taste them. After a time, however, their desire for these things became insatiable.

When they had cut the handles they said, "Come let us put on our hoes".²⁹ When they had put on the hoes, they said, "Come let us hoe". As they were hoeing the hoe of the hare came out, and it said, "I am here, my chief, I have come to you to put in my hoe". The elephant said, "How will you put it in!" The hare said, "I will put it in on your head, I will use it (your head) for a stone. When your hoe comes out, you will come to me". The elephant said, "Fix it in". So the hare knocked his hoe in, on the elephant's head. Soon the hare's hoe fell out again and the hare came once more to the elephant and said, "O chief, I have come to put in my hoe on your head," and it put it in on the elephant's head and then went away.

As they hoed, the hoe of the elephant fell out. The elephant said, "Hare, O chief, my hoe has fallen out! I will fasten it in on your head."³⁰ The hare said, "Wait for me a little:" and it ran off. When the elephant went to look he saw no one.

47. THE FISH EAGLE AND THE MNG'OMBA.

A fish eagle and a mng'omba (a large bird that feeds on shells) contracted friendship, and the fish eagle said, "Friend, let us go and marry wives". They went to a village and found a woman that had two girls. The fish eagle said, "We have come to marry". The man

²⁹ We should rather speak of putting on the handle (see H.).

³⁰ Simple humour like this is greatly enjoyed by the natives. I suppose their hares (sungula) like English ones, are most easily killed by a stroke on the head.

said, "Very well. You have found girls here." So the fish eagle married his wife and his comrade married also his wife.

Then the fish eagle said one day to his companion, "Come and let us kill fish". So they went to a lake to kill fish. The fish eagle killed many fish and the mng'omba killed many shells. At night they said, "Let us go home". So the fish eagle tied up his fish and the mng'omba his shells, and set out to return to their village.³¹ When they were half-way, the mng'omba persuaded the fish eagle saying, "Give me your fish, I will carry them for you". So the fish eagle gave him his fish while he took his comrade's shells.

Then the mng'omba went on before³² and ran fast and arrived at the village and took the fish eagle's fishes and gave to his mother-in-law. Afterwards the fish eagle came and found that the mng'omba had divided his fishes. But the fish eagle did not speak a word, he preserved silence.³³ His mother-in-law said, "You told us you were going out to catch fish, but where are they?" But the fish eagle did not answer his mother-in-law. Then she kept abusing him and said, "You

³¹ The village according to native law (97), would belong to their father-in-law, and neither they nor their wives could succeed him. The father-in-law even if he had no younger brothers, would be succeeded by the children of his eldest sister.

³² People always march in Indian or rather in African file. The paths do not admit of two going abreast. Even after a wide road is made, the natives still march behind each other (one by one), in a long line.

³³ Natives often act thus, knowing perhaps that the value of their word is very little.

are not a good husband. I will take my daughter from you and give her to the other man." The fish eagle went to his house to sleep without speaking a word.

Next morning the fish eagle said to his comrade, "Come again to the lake to catch fish". They went. The fish eagle killed many fishes, the mng'omba many shells. On their way back³⁴ when they were half way to the village the mng'omba wished to persuade the fish eagle again. But the fish eagle refused and said, "No. You cheated me yesterday and said, 'Give me your fish and I will carry them for you,' and I gave them and you ran away with them and went to the village and gave your mother-in-law saying, 'I have killed these fishes,' and my mother-in-law laughed at me yesterday, but to-day I don't want to give you my fishes, I will carry them myself". The mng'omba was very angry and said, "You are not good," and the fish eagle asked, "How?"

Then they came to the village and the fish eagle gave his fishes to his mother-in-law, and she was glad and said, "Now! you are indeed a good son-in-law". But with the mng'omba she was angry and said, "Yesterday you came with fishes, but to-day where are they?" The mng'omba told a lie and said, "The fish eagle took my fish from me". The fish eagle heard the words that the mng'omba spake.

Next morning the fish eagle called his father-in-law.³⁵

³⁴ Abridged. In the native tales we always have repetitions like what are found in Homer's Iliad and such ancient books.

³⁵ In these genderless languages, we have for father-in-law and mother-in-law the same word in the original. But for native glosses, I should have been inclined to translate 'father-in-law' all through.

“To-day I want five men to go with me to the lake to fetch fish”. His father-in-law said, “Very well,” and gave him five men. The mng’omba said also, “Give me five men to carry fish”. His father-in-law said, “Very well,” and gave him five men. Then they both went to the lake and the fish eagle said to his men, “Put up tents (of grass), let us dry our fishes (in the sun),” and they put up (tied)³⁶ three tents. The mng’omba told his people saying, “Put up three tents, let us dry our fishes”.

The fish eagle went into the lake and began to kill fishes and killed many. His men opened them up and dried them. The mng’omba went into the lake and began to kill many shell fish, and he called his men and said, “Bring baskets and put in the shellfish”. His men said, “We don’t want to carry shells (or shellfish.³⁷) At the village you spoke saying, ‘I go to kill fish,’ but where are your fish?”

Then the mng’omba began to be angry and abused the fish eagle. The fish eagle became angry too, and they began to fight.³⁸ The fish eagle scratched the mng’omba on the face (eyes) and on the neck, and the mng’omba was ill and cried, saying, “Mh’m mh’m mh’m!”

³⁶ “Tie” is always used for “build”. Their houses are “tied” together. Even in the houses built for the mission there was not a single iron nail.

³⁷ Same word.

³⁸ Private parties often settle differences thus. Two women will roll in the mud biting and scratching each other like furies. They don’t tear each other’s hair, their hair being so short; but their comparative nudity makes biting convenient.

Then they all went back to the village. The fish eagle gave many fishes to his mother-in-law,³⁵ but the mng'omba gave nothing. Then his father-in-law³⁵ drove him away, saying, "Go from our home. I don't want you.³⁹ I want the fish eagle." Then the mng'omba went away and the fish eagle remained.

48. THE LAD THAT FED ON AIR.

There was a lad that went to a large village to seek (a girl) in marriage, and he found a woman that had a female child. He asked the woman and said, "Please give me your daughter, that I may marry her". The woman said, "Yes, I will give her to you". Then the lad was happy, and built his house and married his wife.

Then his mother-in-law cooked porridge, and gave him, but he refused, saying, "I don't eat porridge, but air (mp'epo)". The mother-in-law was surprised, and said, "My son-in-law does not eat porridge, but air!"

One day his mother-in-law sent him to the garden to hoe, and he was seized with hunger, but his mother-in-law did not give him porridge because he never ate porridge.

At midnight he arose and went to the mortar and put in his head and licked all the flour (food) where the women had been pounding. But his head stuck fast in the mortar, and remained there. His (little) wife went outside to seek him, and found him in the mortar, and told her mother, saying, "Mother, come here and see

³⁹ A good specimen of native divorce.

what my husband has done". Her mother came and found her son-in-law in the mortar, and said, "Son-in-law, why did you refuse to eat porridge, lo! your head has stuck in the mortar, and what am I to do?" The son-in-law was much ashamed and did not speak. The mother-in-law took an axe and split the mortar: the son-in-law came out, and went into the house and did not go out again.

[A similar tale is told of a woman whose husband did not make her a proper mortar. At night she went to lick any flour that might be left in the mortars of the other wives. Her head stuck, but by her efforts to disengage herself she turned the mortar over, when it rolled down the hill, woman and all, greatly to the alarm of the villagers, who all got up to see what could be the matter.]

49. THE GIRL OF CLAY.⁴⁰

There was a woman that took clay and made a child, and clothed her with fine calico, and said, "My child, I have made you of clay, if you see rain, run to the village". The girl assented to her mother. One day there came other girls, and said to their companion, "Companion, come and play". They went to play. They came to a lake, and took off their clothing, and began to bathe. They spoke to their companion, and said, "Come and bathe," she refused. They said, "You are not good. Why do you refuse to bathe? Are you ill?" She said, "I am not ill".

⁴⁰ This tale is exceedingly common—in various versions.

Next day they went to a distant lake, and took off their clothes, and they said to her, "Come and play in the lake". Her mother had forbidden her. But she went into the lake, and began to melt with the water, and cried, "O mother, come and take me". Her mother refused, saying, "I told you long ago not to go into the water, but you have disobeyed". Then she died.

50. THE PYTHON.

There was a python, and it caught the child of a buck (Ndogolo). It happened that the bush was burning, and a flock of buck passed. The python said, "Hoe to save me at the side here". The buck said, "What have you fed on? (What are you stuffed with?)" The python said, "I have not fed on anything". The buck replied, "But we should be burned". Then the flock of buck passed on.

Then came a man with an axe in his hand. The Python said, "O chief, hoe to save me".⁴¹ The man said, "Why, if I hoed to save you, you would devour me". The python said, "No, I would not devour you". The man came and hoed beside the python. The python then said to the man, "Stay (sleep) four days, on the fifth come back". He said, "Yes, I understand, I will come back". So he went home and staid four days; on the fifth he went back, and found that the python had

⁴¹ Hoeing is one method of self-preservation, when one is caught by a bush fire. These fires are exceedingly dangerous. The smoke accompanying them is quite blinding. On one occasion I was rescued by natives from considerable danger.

vomited—vomited everything—and had become a young lad. It said, “Draw near, chief, that we may converse over our business”. The man drew near, and the lad said, “Put me on your shoulders”. He put him on his shoulders, then they both entered a hole; in that hole they went on for three days. On the fourth day they came to the home of the python, and he put down the python. The latter said, “I should have died but for this man, he hoed by my side. Those fellows of buck all refused to hoe for me. He came and hoed to save me, else I should have died.” The python then brewed beer, and they set to drinking, and drinking, and drinking. The man then said, “I go home now”. The python said, “Wait,” and he gave him four bales of calico, and also a bottle, saying, “Should you encounter war, turn this bottle upon your enemies, and you will find that they are dead”. The man said, “Stay, friend,” the latter said, “Go”.⁴²

When the man arrived at his home, he found that it was deserted—that war had been made against it.⁴³ On reaching his village he encountered enemies. Then he brought out his bottle, and pointed towards his enemies. They were all pupulu (!)—dead and gone (!) (Wosepe 'wo pupulu ! kumala kuwa !)

Then the man went to his fields. While hoeing went on an army had gathered against his village⁴³. The enemy pursued him to the fields where he was. When the man saw the army—let him try ever so much to shew his bottle—it happened that he had left it at the village, and the enemy had taken it. Now the enemy

⁴² The usual good-bye.

⁴³ A common experience in these unsettled lands.

caught the man and tied him with ropes (of bark), and took him to their home. The capturers said, "Don't kill him now, we shall kill to-morrow when the people assemble". Then they went to put him in the slave-stick. As he lay there, a Rat came, and the man said, "Who is it that is gnawing at my feet?"⁴⁴ The Rat answered and said, "I am a Rat". The man said, "If you are a Rat, go into the house of the chief, and if you find his basket, make a hole in it, when you have made a hole, if you find a bottle bring it and come here". So the Rat set off and went into the house of the chief and found the basket. It was lying so. Then came the Rat and made a hole in the basket and took the bottle and went with it to the bondman. The bondman said, "I will pay you in the morning".

In the morning as soon as it was dawn, the king assembled all his people, and went to bring forth the man from his prison. He had his bottle with him. He was set down in the forum. Some said, "Fetch the spear to kill him". He produced his bottle. The people who sat there when he held it up were dead and gone! The man took all the property and called his friend the Rat and divided it with him.

51. HIDE AND SEEK.

The honey bird and the bat formed a friendship. The honey bird said, "Let us play at hiding". So the bat went under the trees near the river (or lake)

⁴⁴ The natives sleep through this treatment. The European awakes with a scream!

(nyasa). Then came the likuse and swallowed the bat, a crocodile swallowed the likuse, and a hippopotamus swallowed the crocodile.⁴⁵ The honey bird was going about in search of his friend, but without finding him. As he was returning from his search he met a hippopotamus and shot it. The hippopotamus died. The honey bird went away to the village to call the people to cut up the meat. Many people collected and went to that meat. As they were cutting it up, they found the crocodile in the inside (chitumbo) of the hippopotamus. On opening the crocodile they found the likuse, on opening the likuse they found the bat. The bat came forth and said, "You have gained".

Next the honey bird went away. It went into a hole (in a tree) of bees. The bat then went about in search of its friend. In returning from this, it found bees. The bat then said, "I will go away to the village". Then it took fire and said, "I will fetch my bees (honey) I found there". It carried the fire to the tree and began to fell the tree, which came down. As it looked at the bees, it found the honey bird there. It said, "Take care, take care, we are going to burn". So the honey bird came out of the tree. The bat and the honey bird then sang. Both went home to the village laughing. When they arrived porridge⁴⁶ was cooked and they feasted.

The honey bird and the bat said, "Let us hide again". The honey bird had a gun, the bat had a bow. The honey bird went to the bush, and killed a buffalo,

⁴⁵ Natives are fond of working out a long series of this kind.

⁴⁶ A great element in native rejoicings. It is the negro's bread.

and then went inside his gun, and the meat just lay there. The bat came and found the meat lying, but did not see where its owner had gone. Though he called, all was silent—the owner came not. The bat went to the village to call the people, saying, “I have found meat yonder, which the honey bird has slain, but I have not found where he has gone himself, only the gun is lying there. An offering was then pounded by his wives and put on the top of the buffalo he had slain. The honey bird then came out of the gun, and cut up the buffalo, and it was carried to the village. The honey bird said, “Cook the hearts⁴⁷ that we may eat,” and they were cooked. All the people that carried ate the hearts (mitima).

Next the bat went away with his bow to the bush, and shot a buck (ndogolo) and it died. The bat itself then went into the reed of the arrow. The honey bird found the meat of the bat. Though he tried to see where it had gone itself, he failed, and he said, “I must just go back to the village to tell that the bat has slain meat”. Then the honey bird went away to the village to tell many people. The bat’s wives prepared an offering, and put on the head of the buck. The bat then came out of the reed. The buck was cut open and carried to the village, and the bat said, “Cook its heart” (hearts), and the heart was cooked and all eaten.

Then they were happy together saying, “We have played at hiding every day”.

⁴⁷ The word here includes heart, lungs, liver, stomach, entrails—all the inner part of the animal. The natives eat these first, and may preserve the rest of the meat.

52. THE MAN WITH DOGS.

There was a man that had ten dogs. Early in the morning he had porridge cooked for them, and went away to the bush, and killed ten marsh-pigs. When they were running after another it began to rain, and the man ran to a cave with his dogs.

Before he was well seated he saw an aged one coming, and the aged one began to ask, "Who is sitting in the cave?" The man then came out of the cave and climbed a tree. The aged one said, "Now you are eaten," and began to fell the tree.⁴⁸ When the tree was about to fall they heard a bird (Mlamba) saying, "The tree of God shall never fall". The old man again began to fell it; they heard the same little bird saying, "The tree for the Offering will never fall".

They heard a mpuli⁴⁹ crying, "Puli!" when one dog died—"Puli!" another dog died, and so all the dogs were finished. The man then began to call the dog at the village which wore the beads. Let the mpuli try to sing again—they heard the dog call "Puli!" and the aged one died.

[At the end of this tale the narrator gave the advice to keep dogs found in tale 36. The native dogs look so unpromising that recommendations of this kind are not uncalled for.]

⁴⁸ Many Zulu stories have incidents like the above. In another version I was told that the instrument used by the old man was his teeth.

⁴⁹ The great number of birds have their names formed from their notes, the root being often doubled as ngwale-gwale.

53. THE GIRL THAT REFUSED A HUSBAND.

There was a girl that refused men,⁵⁰ and there came a hyena and married her. The hyena said, "I will conduct her to my home that she may pay a visit". His mother-in-law said, "She does not pound. She only pounds castor-oil beans."⁵¹ The son-in-law said, "Yes," and she accompanied him on the journey and arrived at the village. At the village they staid (slept) four days: then the husband said, "I will go and cut bark (to make cloth)". He told his chief wife saying, "That girl does not pound". When the husband went away, his wife went for the husked grain and said, "Girl, pound this". The girl said, "I do not pound, I can only pound castor-oil beans". She said, "Who will pound for you? Take the mortar, put in your grain, and pound". As she pounded water appeared up to her loins, she pounded again, and it was at her neck, as she tried again, she was covered over.

A little bird followed after her master, saying, "Your wife is dead". When he returned from his bark cloth he found the water everywhere. The man then took his small sticks, and said, "Piti, piti, ukosolya mbinji". As for the water it was not seen where it had gone. The people then came out, and the man said, "What did

⁵⁰ A tale which is very common under various forms. Such tales are meant to impress the mind of the young African girl with the danger of not taking the husband that she has been bound to. They are used in connection with the mysteries, and have built up a public opinion which is too strong for any poor girl to resist. Many young girls applied at the mission to be freed from this kind of bondage.

⁵¹ Used for anointing (ornamenting?) the person.

I tell you then ? I said that the girl could not pound. What you won't hear, you hear when your head is boiling in a pot." ⁵²

54. THE GUINEA FOWL. ⁵³

As the guinea-fowl flew, it found bamboos springing up, and it called the partridge and the dove, and all the birds and said, "This is springing up, come together and look at it, it will destroy people. Come let us peck it while it grows." The partridge refused and said, "I will look out for myself". The guinea fowl said, "I have warned you now". So they left the bamboos growing. When they were grown then came men and found the foot-prints of guinea fowl and said, "Come let us set traps," and they said, "Go and cut bamboos," so they cut bamboos and set traps.

As the guinea fowl passed, it found the partridge caught, and said, "Ah ! I warned you saying, 'Come let us peck that which was springing up'. When you objected it sprung up, and now people have taken it and made a trap, and you are caught." The partridge said, "It was for you they set it, and you have escaped". The partridge continued, "Release me, peck the cord, peck it with your beak, when it is broken let us flee and escape." As the guinea fowl pecked, the partridge was pecked in the eye and died.

Then came a man. The guinea fowl flew away.

⁵² This is a native proverb which applies to people that are not moved by the *prospect* of danger.

⁵³ Communicated by Mr. Buchanan.

He said, "A guinea fowl was here and has fled". He took off his belt and set for the guinea-fowls. Then he went off to return to the village, and he took the partridge. He found the river swollen.⁵⁴ As he crossed, the water took away his clothes. When he came to the village they said, "Where did you put your calico". He said, "It was taken away by the water". They said, "You did not make it firm with your belt". He replied, "I left my belt to snare guinea fowl."

They plucked the partridge and cooked it. While his wife was cooking it, she went out to the stream for water. The man took a plate and took off a leg and went to a chamber saying, "I will eat it in the chamber". But the woman came and washed the ladle and took a plate, and took off one leg, and went to the chamber. The man then went away before he had eaten, and said, "She will see me, I must hide my plate". The woman said (aside), "I must hide my plate, lest he see it". She said to him, "Let me pass, let me pass to the door". The man said, "Where are you going?" She said, "Let me pass," and the plates met—thwack! and were broken. She said, "What did you carry?" He said, "What did you carry?"* She said, "Eating a relish alone! I was tasting it." He said, "And I was tasting it too!"

The man took goods and gave the woman, and said, "Do not bring disgrace on me". The woman brewed beer, and gave the man, and the matter ended.

* There being no windows it is very dark inside native huts.

⁵⁴ In the rainy season, streams that one can easily leap over, become in a few hours quite impassible.

[The native husband is highly susceptible to ridicule. The next story has a similar conclusion].

55 THE MAN WITH THE BRAN PORRIDGE.

There was a man that did not eat bran-porridge, and he married at a village, and built a house with rooms. Then he killed an elephant, and carried its tusks to the coast. “Good-bye, my wife; I go a journey to buy goods”. “Take bran, eat it on the way.” “I don’t eat bran, but flour”; and he set off to the coast, and sold his ivory; and he got a *fez*—he got it to the bargain.

“Now, good-bye, my friend,” the other said—“Good-bye; you will meet us next year; bring more ivory again. We shall sell you more goods. We shall tell you the price of goods; come to say farewell.” He went to the house to say farewell, and went off for his home in the Yao country. He arrived at the village there, and they rejoiced that the caravan had come and brought goods.

The woman pounded corn⁵⁵ and put the bran in a plate, and went to the stream to wash the husked grain. The man took the bran and put it in his hat (the new *fez*), and took water, and put it in, and stirred, and ate. The woman then came to the door, and he took the hat and covered his head to hide the bran-porridge; lest his wife should see him. “There, I said I did not

⁵⁵ Natives do not keep food or even flour in readiness, and the slow cooking is a great trial to a hungry man.

eat bran-porridge; my wife will laugh at me." His wife said, "What is that on your head, that you are hiding?" He said, "Medicine that I prepared—for the journey".

As the bran-porridge trickled down, he said, "Oh, my wife, hunger, hunger. Some hunger eats weeds of the field, some hunger eats what is bad. After hoeing for food, we shall eat what is nice at a feast. My wife, do not tell people that I was seen with bran-porridge on my head. I will pay you with goods." So he paid her with goods. The woman brewed beer, and people collected, and danced and feasted.

56. DISOBEDIENCE.

A man and his wife went to the garden to hoe. The wife saw a nang'kabai (a bird), and told her husband. He shot it and gave the children to cook. As they were cooking the bird sang a song, "Roast me well, roast me well!" They took it to their father, and it sang again, "Roast me well, te, le; te, le, roast me well!" He said, "It is nothing, I will eat it". Then he called his wife and said, "Now, that food is cooked, divide it for me. I will eat it." So his wife divided it for him and he ate it to his porridge.⁵⁶

Next morning they went to the field and said to their children, "You must wait to cook the porridge for breakfast to which the party will return at midday.

⁵⁶ Their porridge like our bread is seldom eaten alone—but milk is not used to it.

See that you don't eat of that bird." They said, "We understand, we will not eat it".

After that the daughter cooked porridge, and brought some⁵⁷ and gave her brother fowl for a relish. Then her brother refused the fowl and said, "I will eat of the bird to my porridge". As he ate he began to grow the horns of a rhinoceros, and a tail. His sister heard⁵⁷ a breaking of plates and cried, "Tembo, what are you doing?" Then he came out of the house and began to chase his sister. His sister began to sing, "Mother you are in the field, Tembo has become a rhinoceros. But your daughter is not a rhinoceros." The woman said, "My husband, a person is coming and singing a song: perhaps it is our children". But her husband struck her⁵⁸ and said, "You are lazy, you do not want to hoe". The wife said, "No, I am not lazy," and soon they heard it again. And they saw their daughter coming running from a rhinoceros. The father took his gun and killed the rhinoceros.* Such was the fate of the disobedient boy.⁵⁹

* The natives have two names for a rhinoceros according to the number of its horns. Similarly they have one word for a black cat and quite a different word for a red cat. If we try to derive the names of all animals, &c., from sounds produced by them or associated with them we meet a difficulty here. The natives have about twenty different names for *beads* according as they are *black*, *blue*, &c., &c. The scarcity of adjectives makes this necessary to some extent.

⁵⁷ The brother and sister, though sharing their food with each other, eat apart.

⁵⁸ When a man goes to hoe, one of his reasons is that he may be on the spot to keep his wives from trifling!

⁵⁹ Such stories, stupid as they seem, are valued by the guardians of children and impress the infant mind with lessons of obedience.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

REC'D LD-URL

APR 8 1983

REC'D LD-URL

FEB 08 1986

REC'D LD-URL

JUN 15 1988

MAY 19 1998

REC'D LD-URL

MAY 14 1998

DATE SENT

JAN 31 1995

DUE 10/10/95
REC'D DATE RECEIVED

JUN 18 1985

OCT 19 1998

APR 1983

MAY 1974

974

D-URL

JUN 1974

MAY 1975

JUN 1975

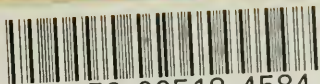
REC'D LD-URL

JUN 1979

LD-U

A

K



3 1158 00518 4584

Time

DT
361
ML4a
v.2

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 999 358 5

