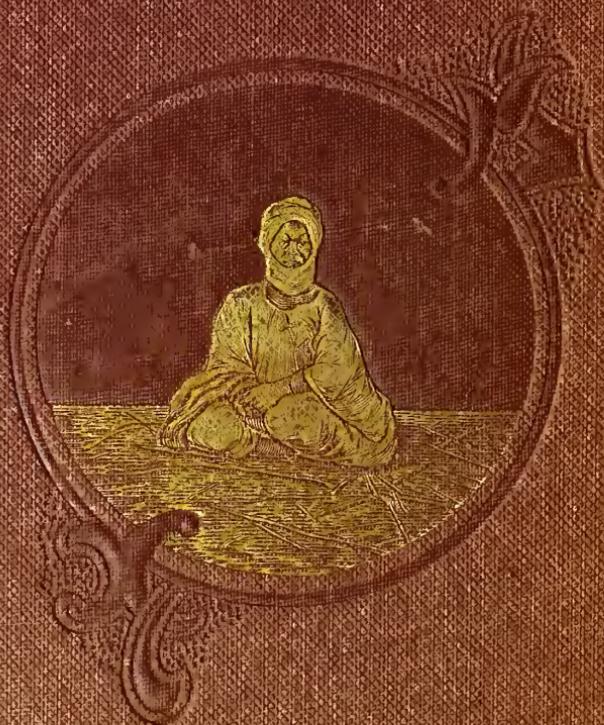


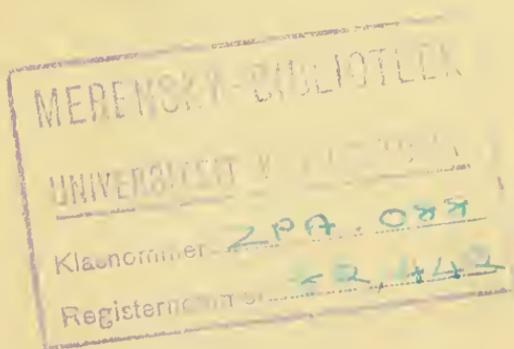
THE
SUDAN

H. KARL KUMM



J. R. Hawley -

Christmas, 1907.



Kumm



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THE SUDAN



Gordon Statue at Khartum

“Warrior of God, man’s friend, not here below
But somewhere dead, far in the waste Sudan
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth hath borne no simpler, nobler man.”

Tennyson.

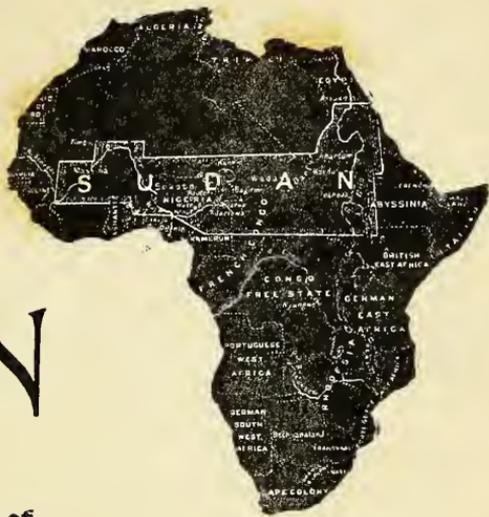
At the centre of Khartum stands a simple, noble statue in memory of General Gordon. The hero of the East Sudan is represented seated on a dromedary’s back, looking out across the vast dark realms of inner Africa.

“Ought not that figure to have faced the city?” a traveller asked a guide.

“No, sir,” replied the native: “they set him looking, not toward the palace where he lived, nor toward the Nile, by which he might have escaped, but towards the Sudan for which he died.

“He is waiting, sir, for morning to dawn across the Sudan.”

THE SUDAN



A Short Compendium of
Facts and Figures
about the Land of Darkness

BY

H. KARL W. KUMM

PH.D., F.R.G.S., Etc.

With an Introduction by the late Mrs. KARL KUMM
(née Lucy Guinness)

ILLUSTRATIONS, MAPS, AND METEOROLOGICAL TABLES

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TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FELLOW WORKER,
MY TEACHER IN MANY THINGS,
MY HELPMATE,
MY WIFE,
LUCY
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

PREFACE

THIS book was conceived in tears. Between its beginning and end lies a grave, in which was laid a beloved wife. Her heart was burdened with the needs of the Sudan. She seemed to live to make the needs known to the Church, and to rouse Christendom to a crusade. The writer of the book was the pioneer who visited and surveyed the land: she was the prophetess of the venture.

I can never forget her first visit to me, to open my eyes, to the Sudan. I was laid aside. As she left she said: "You are resting. How I wish I could rest." She could not rest, for the call of those Christless millions. But God has given her rest now. She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her. The evangelisation of the Sudan will be her work. If we may believe that the departed concern themselves with our world and its affairs, I am sure that she is in heaven labouring for the Sudan, and beseeching our Lord to intervene, to rouse His Church, to send His apostles to those Pagans who are drifting to Islam because His messengers tarry so long.

Dr. Kumm is doing her work and his own. Driven by a strong faith, charged with a knowledge of the country

Preface

and the opportunity which no other man possesses, he is issuing this picture of the vast country, that the hearts of men may be stirred. How I wish that his voice could be heard by all who read the book. The written word seems cold in comparison with his glowing speech, his singing conviction, his trumpet-call to service and sacrifice.

But as God has used a written Word to reach many more than the voice can reach, and glorifies His Word above all His name, may He use this word of His servant; may He give it acceptance in the heart of English Christians; may He incline even the busiest to note this wide mission-field waiting for its reapers!

I say English Christians especially, though America also will listen, because on us is the nearer responsibility; for we have assumed the Government of Northern Nigeria, and it is our protectorate of the country which is giving to the Mohammedan traders and missionaries a security and freedom which they did not enjoy before. All the world has a claim on Christians: but Northern Nigeria has a special claim on the Christians of this happy land.

ROBERT F. HORTON.

January 20, 1907.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I HAVE repeatedly been asked to write a book containing general information about the Sudan. In my bereavement and great sorrow through which I have had to pass lately, hard work seemed most desirable, thus this little volume has taken shape and form. I fully realise the difficulty of giving multum in parvo.

It has been my endeavour to group facts and figures as correctly as possible. If I should have failed in certain points I beg to solicit the reader's kind help in correcting me.

My thanks for assisting me in compiling and illustrating the book are due to the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, to the American United Presbyterian Mission, to the Mennonite Brethren in Christ, the Missionaries of the Sudan United Mission, Dr. H. Grattan Guinness, Dr. Lewer, Mr. Higgins, and to the Rev. John Bailey for help in reading a proof.

H. KARL W. KUMM.

MOUNT VIEW,
CASTLETON,
VIA SHEFFIELD.

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“Here endeth the
Second Lesson”

INTRODUCTION

WE were sitting in the little Curbar church. Outside across the hayfields, the summer winds were blowing, and the big ox-eyed daisies nodded in the sun.

Inside, the vicar's well-known voice was reading morning service, and as he read one saw the scenes the Second Lesson pictured. The pillared aisle and Gothic windows of the church, through which one caught a glimpse of Derbyshire hills and meadows, gave place to inner vision, and we were far away in old Jerusalem.

Instead of organ, choir, and reading desk, one saw in thought the Temple court, the thronging crowds of people, the surging and the tumult of the Apostle Paul's last day—last hour in that scene. The "Jews which were of Asia" have stirred up the whole city to cast out the man who teaches "all men everywhere" the news of the new King—CHRIST. Swarming from filthy alleys and up steep streets of steps, the rabble of the city has joined with Scribes and Pharisees in one wild howling outcry against Paul. They have pulled him out of the temple, and the massive doors swing-to behind the raging mob of fanatics and their vengeful "Kill him!" "Kill him!" News of the uproar reaches the chief captain of the band, who with soldiers and centurions sweeps down among the people demanding who the prisoner is and what crime he is charged with.

Introduction

How vividly the old story reads ; “ *Some cried one thing, some another, among the multitude ; and when he could not know the certainty for the tumult, he commanded him to be carried to the castle. And when he came upon the stairs . . . he was borne of the soldiers for the violence of the people.*”

Deafening shouts “ *Away with him !* ” are rending the air. Amid them all a calm, clear voice reaches the captain’s ear.

“ *May I speak unto thee ?* ”

An interchange of words, and Paul has received “ licence ” to preach there on the spot. He will silence these yells, this clamour, with the message of CHRIST JESUS that is burning in his heart. There on the castle steps he stands, Jerusalem before him—stands there for the last time. Never again will he face his countrymen with the chance to tell them all he longs to say. Now, now, if ever, is his opportunity. The temple doors are closed to him once and for all. The castle doors are opening to receive him—the gates of the Roman prison, where the arm of the Roman law shall take him in and hold him fast till he stands at Cæsar’s seat in Rome herself. One chance ! One opportunity—the last chance of a life-time.

Crowding to his lips for utterance come a thousand thoughts, visions of CHRIST, and longings for these people—oh, to tell them all !

There rise the old castle steps, an impromptu platform. “ *Paul stood on the stairs and beckoned with his hand unto the people. And when there was made a great silence he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue, saying, ‘ Here endeth the second lesson.’* ”

The lectern Bible shuts down. Altar and ten commandments, pulpit, and pews and people assert themselves again.

“Here endeth the Second Lesson”

The crowded castle area, the moment of suspense, the message that was coming and that we thrilled to hear, are suddenly thrust out into the dark and silence. The modern morning service moves on across the scene: “*Here endeth the second lesson.*”

* * * * *

We couldn't follow the service. The words were ringing and echoing through the heart and brain. “He beckoned with his hand unto the people, and when there was made a great silence he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue saying, ‘*Here endeth the second lesson!*’”

No one seemed to notice the extraordinary speech attributed to the apostle of the Gentiles. Nobody laughed. Nobody moved a muscle. But the sentence was a sermon that gripped the listener's heart.

How impossible, how inconceivable it was!

Paul with that soul within him—Paul burdened with his burning message, Paul who had come up “ready not only to be bound, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the LORD JESUS”—Paul whose whole life was an untiring struggle to tell and tell again of CHRIST to “all men everywhere”—Paul, when the chance was offered to him, when the multitude stood waiting, when the governor had given him the opportunity. Paul? Yes, could Paul have done it? Have dropped down into silence, have uttered no message and no word, have saved his skin and got away and left the waiting multitude to whom he was CHRIST'S witness, ignorant of his Lord or hating and blaspheming His dear Name?

Could this have been Paul's message—“Here it ends. This is the limit. I cannot face these dangers, endure this being mobbed and beaten. Why should I risk my life, my all, for a message and a name? No, let the people go where they will and live and die as they like.

Introduction

What matter their connection with the Lord JESUS CHRIST? This whole thing is too much for me. I have worked and suffered long enough. *Here endeth the second lesson.*"

Could Paul have said, have done it? Paul, in whom lived JESUS CHRIST?

* * * * *

The thing became a parable to us. Across the summer sunlight, as we came home from church, drifted another rendering of the old scene and message—another rendering of the question Could the Second Lesson end here?

A SON OF THE SUDAN.

A picture from the Nile world lay on the study table. Something about that picture—an unframed photograph from Upper Egypt—arrested attention and fastened on the heart.

Only a dark-eyed Bischarin, an untaught desert ranger, lithe, sinewy, half savage, proud, bold, free. With his wild crop of matted hair done in the style of the Sphinx and the old Pharaohs, gripping his well-worn stick in both his hands, he sits there leaning forward, searching us with unfathomable eyes—unfathomable thoughts silent behind them, unfathomable issues, sunk in a deeper silence, hanging on his relation to us, this hour, this day.

As we look, we seem to see in and through that photograph the dark-skinned peoples of the whole Sudan. The eyes that look out at us from that one silent face are eyes innumerable, hopeless eyes of slaves; anguished eyes of tortured women; keen eyes of clever traders and the proud glance of chieftains; others dull, bewildered, shadowed by life's miseries, unlit by any of heaven's rays. The face with its grave question stood for the face of thousands—faces of slave drivers, of fanatic Imans, rich



A Son of the Sudan

“Here endeth the Second Lesson”

Emirs, lazy princes, half-starved naked Nile savages, wild Dinkas, Shillooks, Nuers, and a hundred other tribes. Their lands came up before the mind, stretching from Abyssinnia across to the Atlantic—free kingdoms, ancient empires, cities and schools and mosques, forts, caravan routes, rivers, mountains, lakes, empty *wadis*, desert and green oases, palm-fringed village and well. Like a dream they swept before us. Only real.

Was there for all these people no CHRIST of GOD? No JESUS? Was there for them no new life, set free from sin and fear? The vast Sudan, 3,000 miles across, from the heights of Abyssinnia to the wide sweeping flood of the Atlantic—100 lands, 100 languages—all, all non-Christian to this hour. And why? Because the Church of Christ in careless disobedience is living for herself.

Why?

Why? Because “all seek their own, not the things that are JESUS CHRIST’S.”

His feet upon the desert sand, the hot sun burning down on him, he sits there looking at us—a son of the Sudan.

We cannot escape those eyes. Walk away, they follow. Meet them, they are watching you. Turn from them, they watch you still. Ignore them, neglect them, busy yourself with other things—still their haunting question pursues.

“You call yourself a Christian?” they ask. “What is a Christian? One who bears the name of GOD, but not His nature? Has He trusted you with a message for us, and you have not given it? A work to do, and you have not done it yet?”

A spirit looks through these eyes, the swift life of a human soul, here to-day, vanishing to-morrow—as we are here to-day, as we must vanish.

Introduction

“Life is slipping from us. What you have to do, do now. You and I are going—”

So it speaks.

“Yes! You have said you will obey,—only you have not done it. Why have you not yet done the thing you promised to your Lord?”

* * * * *

We thought of the obedience of the churches, of all they had attempted in Central Africa—of the devoted lives poured out as a libation at the feet of Christ—the missionaries of the Congo, the Zambesi, the Niger, and the Nile, of the glorious harvest granted to their labour in scores of spheres in Africa. We thought with longing souls.

And was there then a limit? Could the Sudan say to the Church of CHRIST, “Thus far shalt thou come and no further.” Here enterprise and effort end. Uganda you may win, but not Darfur and Kordofan, Wadai and Adamawa. In Cairo you may preach the gospel, never in Timbuktu. There may be a Church of Egypt as of India, as even in heathen China and Japan, but Bornu and Kanem, Bagirmi and Sokoto, the seven States of Hausaland, are beyond the pale. “*Here endeth the second lesson.*”

Which of us will consent to this?

Could Paul?

Can you and I?

Yes, if we bear the name of CHRIST and are unconscious hypocrites. If CHRIST lives in us—No.

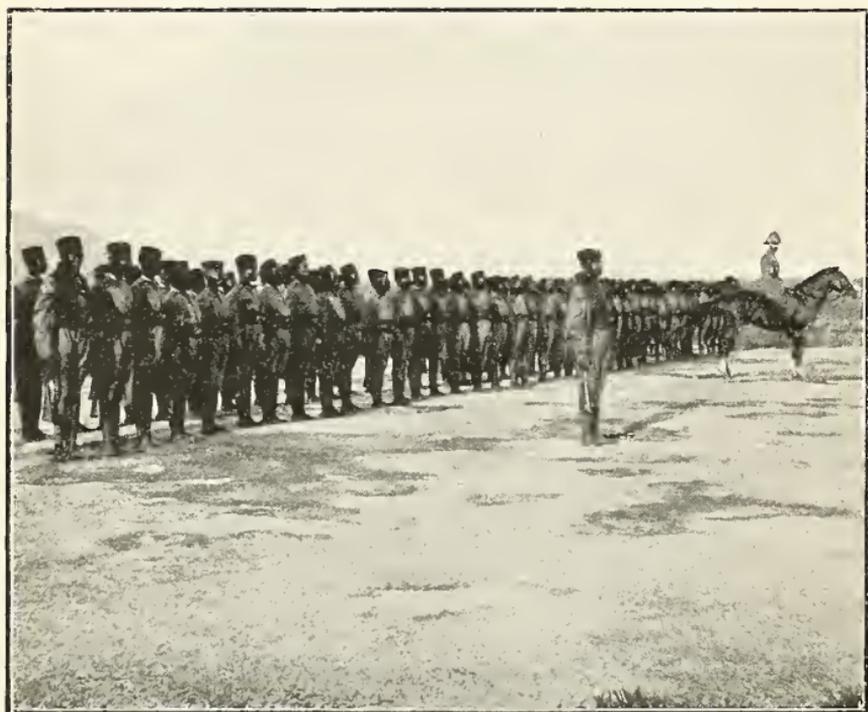
“Up then comrades.” Let us conquer the Sudan. Let us be like the drummer boy in Napoleon’s army. At a critical period in the battle the commander said, “Boy, beat a retreat.” The little fellow did not stir. “Boy, beat a retreat.” The boy said, “Sire, I know not how.

“Here endeth the Second Lesson”

Desaix never taught me that, but I can beat a charge. I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at Lodi ; I beat it at the Pyramids ; I beat it at Mount Tabor. May I beat it here ?” And over the dead and wounded, over the cannon and battery men, over the breastwork and ditches, he led the way to victory.

Men and women, when asked to beat a retreat, let us say : “ We know not how. But, in the strength of the Lord and in the power of His might, we can beat a charge that will make the dead churches rise and fall into line.” And, over Africa, over the Sudan, He will lead the way to victory. “ Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it.”

“ Welcome, White Man!”



British Troops

CHAPTER I

“**W**ELCOME! welcome, white men! Aha! Well done, well done!” The hot air was rent with the shouting. In the brilliant sunshine little black mites of boys and girls, without a shred of clothing, were dancing with delight. And every brazen pair of lungs in that Niger village joined in a ringing cheer as the British officers and men marched through, proudly though wearily enough.

With them rode one whose capture was the cause of all the cheering—a tall, patriarchal-looking Moslem chief, with flowing white hair—the deeply-dreaded Mallam Gibrella, now a captive in British hands.

“Why does he not make himself invisible now?” said the natives to each other, with a hush of awe and wonder amid their jubilations. “Has he lost his skill?”

The fallen Mallam rode on, no doubt heartily wishing that he possessed the powers attributed to him. On rode the British cavalcade, to be met with a similar welcome at further villages, wherever villages remained in that slave-raided Central Sudan.

Two years ago our daily papers printed the whole story under a large-type heading:—

“**BRITISH AT LAKE CHAD. HOW THE UNION JACK WAS HOISTED. CAPTURE OF THE MALLAM GIBRELLA. RECEPTIONS OF OUR TROOPS IN BORNU.**” And the

The Sudan

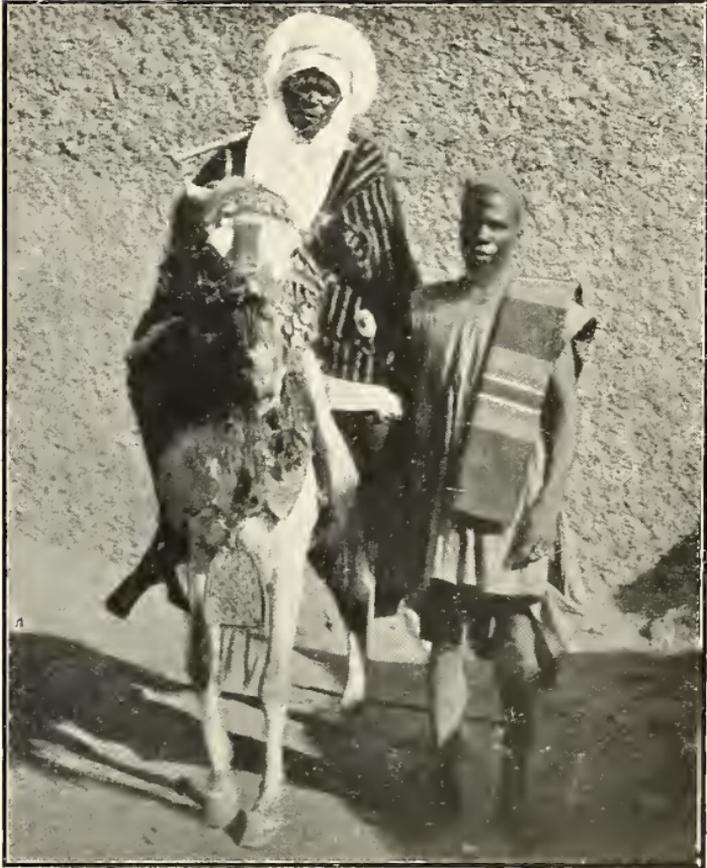
record of the successful mission lately sent by the British Government to occupy the country, long nominally British, between the Niger and Lake Chad, passed into history. A dozen officers, a medical staff, and a number of non-commissioned officers had led the expedition, whose work lasted nearly six months, and resulted in—

“The suppression of the most notorious slave-raider in the region, and the deliverance of thousands of people from the tyranny of his rule; the establishment of a chain of posts between the Niger and Lake Chad; and the first information from a British officer of the condition of an enormous region already within the British sphere.”

The force marched and canoed a month from Lokoja to Ibi, on the Benue (200 miles east up that river), and had some sharp encounters with Pagan cannibals on its way overland from the Benue to the Lake. Among the Bautchi hills “the air was magnificent,” and the people primitive—“hill savages quite naked.” The population of the town of Bautchi (reduced from twenty thousand to eight thousand by slave-raiding) made no opposition to the English. The place was taken and garrisoned; Mr. Temple, Captain Plummer, and a doctor were left in charge. The Emir of Bornu was installed by the British in his capital, and Captain Dunn left as Resident there.

As the expedition neared the Lake—

“The people were not only friendly, but overjoyed at their arrival. On all sides there was the greatest rejoicing at the capture of the Mallam . . . in some cases, as the latter rode through the villages beside his captors, the whole population turned out and cheered. This was not to be wondered at, for every day the force passed ruined villages, destroyed by the man who had devastated the whole of the lower Bornu.”



A Pagan King in the Bautchi Country

Welcome, white man !

We lay aside the newspaper and ask, What does this mean, this scene in the Central Sudan? Among semi-Moslem, semi-heathen, wholly non-Christian people, what does this cheering for the white man mean? Simply that in the greatest, darkest, most suffering of all lands ruled by Islam, Islam can rule no longer. The hand of GOD is taking its power away.

As a governing force the power of Islam here is broken. As a spiritual force it remains. GOD waits—we say it reverently—for that other conquering army, the soldiers of the Cross, to enter and occupy this land, theirs by right,—by a far greater right than that of England.

Alas, that greater army sends no such expedition. stands for the most part idly ignoring its Leader's command !

There is a land in this wonderful world, called "The Land of Darkness;" a land which up till lately has been in darkness both orographically, and ethnologically; dark are the bodies of the people who live there, darker their minds, and darker still their souls,—the great Land of Darkness. Tribes there are in the Sudan, and there are many, who are longing for the advent of the white man's teachers, There is one tribe actually keeping the Sabbath. The Government officials keep Sunday as a day of rest, and this tribe, in trying to worship the white man's God, is imitating them in keeping the Sabbath. No missionary has ever brought them the Gospel. They have never even heard the name of Jesus Christ, the Light of the World.

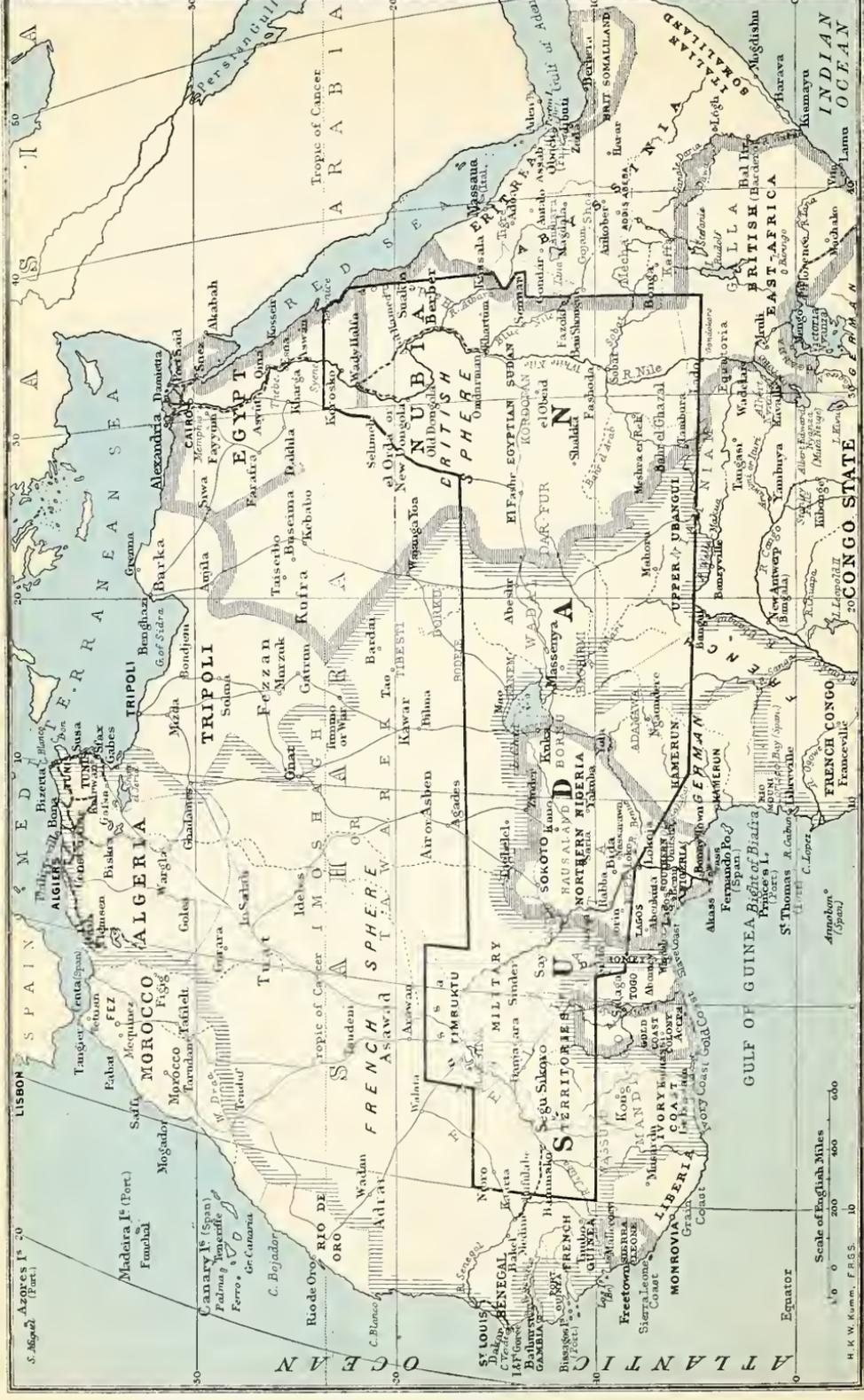
Centuries ago, before Islam swept over North Africa, there were tribes in the Southern parts of the Sahara who worshipped the Christian God; there is one tribe that every summer after the date harvest is gathered leaves its native oasis, and after several days' journey into the

The Sudan

desert, in some far-off mountain valley the chief calls a halt. The people rally round him, they fall on their faces in worship; and he, standing up in the midst, lifts his long cross-sword to heaven (the people carry long cross-swords like the knights of the Middle Ages: all their weapons are marked with the Red Cross) and prays:—
“ Oh, Allah, Thou knowest that by this sword we have been compelled to worship Thee as Allah, and Mohammed as the Prophet. We know, Lord, that this is not the worship of our forefathers; we know, Lord, that this is not the right worship; but wilt Thou receive it as the right one, for we know no better?”

“ And we, whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted the lamp of life deny?”

Where is the Sudan
and what is it?



Scale of English Miles
 0 200 400 600
 H. K. W. Kumm, F.R.G.S., LD
 Limit of Sudan shown thus

CHAPTER II

A CENTURY of missions lies behind us. Some 700 societies with about 16,000 men and women, are labouring for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ in almost all the great mission fields of the world. Yet two-thirds of our fellow creatures are either Moslems or Pagans. Out of the fifteen hundred million men and women of our own generation over 1,000,000,000 are NON-CHRISTIAN to this hour. Missionary meetings by the hundred are held to report work being done. Great missionary conferences have been gathered in London, Liverpool, New York, and elsewhere to discuss missionary problems, record successes, and consider the claims of the heathen world and the achievements of the century now closed. Yet in Central Africa alone there lies a single district over 3,500 miles in length and 600 miles in breadth in which uncounted multitudes, speaking scores of languages, are living still as wholly without Christ as if He had never come to man.

That district is the Sudan. These peoples are the Moslem and Heathen Sudanese.

The HAND that in the century behind us has opened the long-closed doors of India, China, Korea, Japan, and the eastern world; the HAND that has flung wide the gates of Africa East and West, of Egypt, of the Congo, the Zambesi, the great lakes—the same Almighty HAND is opening in these days this greatest, darkest sphere.

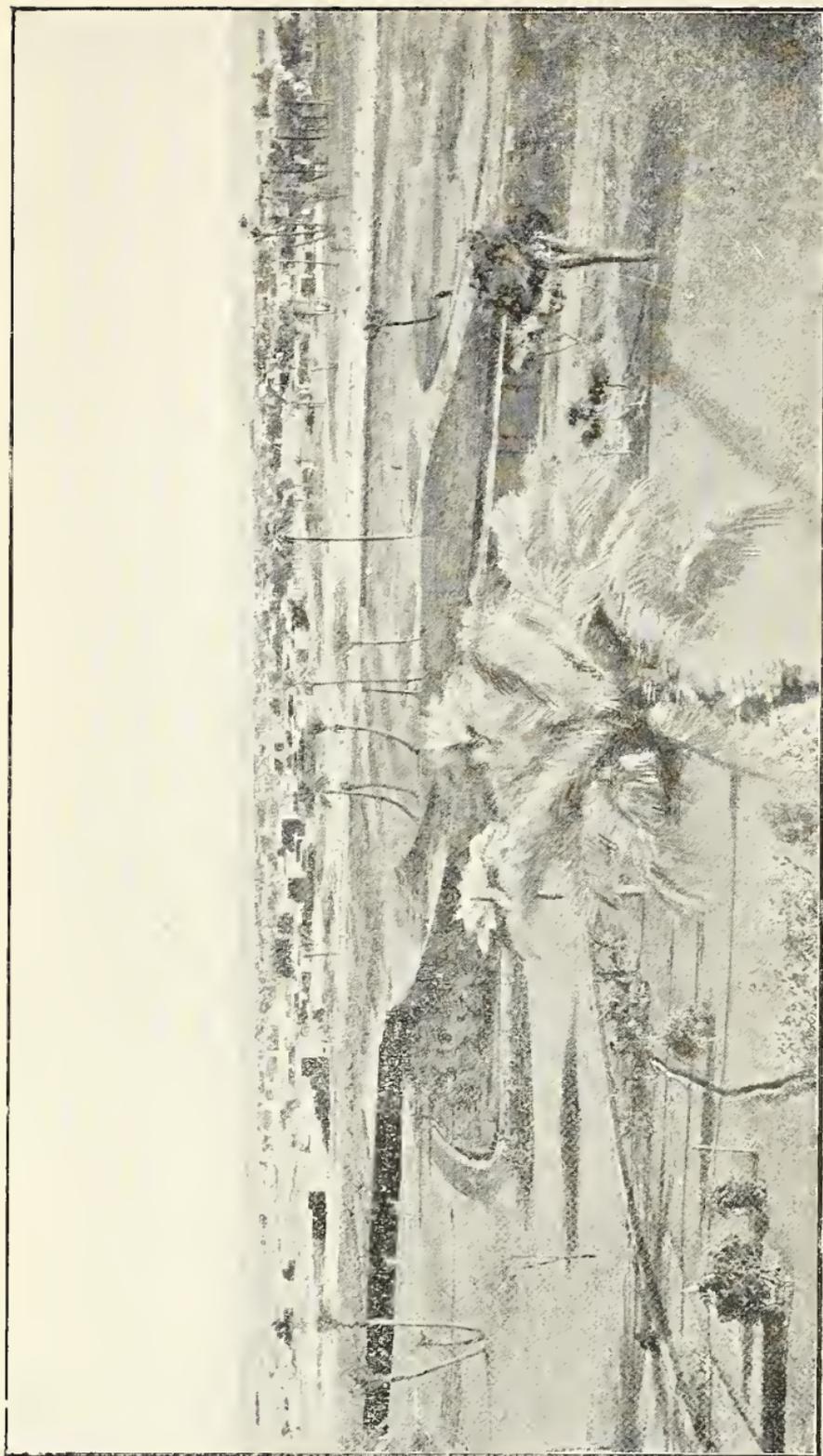
The Sudan

Within a decade the largest unevangelised mission field in the world, the Sudan, has been opened to European influence, trade, civilisation, and missionary enterprise. With it kingdoms which in the aggregate amount to as large an area almost as the United States have come under the influence of the white man. From Abyssinia in the east to the watershed between the Niger and the Senegal; and from the Sahara in the north to the northern tributaries of the Congo, (leaving out the coast line of the Guinea coast), a country has been opened which includes both the most civilised and the most degraded of the dark-coloured peoples of the Dark Continent. A review of some of the Kingdoms will give us a conception of the magnitude of this conquest. In Northern Nigeria we have an empire larger than Japan, inhabited by a nation, which, when some of our forefathers were armed with bows and arrows, knew and employed "guns" in their battles. The Hausa language, which is spoken in this Empire of Sokoto, is the only African language with its own literature, for the Ethiopic, Koptic, and Arabic languages are not purely African. In the Sokoto Empire we have native schools, and in Katsena even a rudimentary university. The Hausas have books on law, history, theology, and a number of other subjects.

THE STATES OF THE SUDAN.

I.—NUBIA.

The home of Queen Candace (Dongola), Nubia stretches from Assuan to Berber, with some 2,000 towns and villages. In the Nile valley itself, the Barabara (Nubians) live, while the desert mountains are peopled by Bisharin, Hadendawa, and Bedauje tribes, intelligent, wild, fearless peoples. The whole of this Sudan Province was once Christian, but in the eleventh century the



Khartoum

Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

country fell under Moslem rule, and nothing is left to-day of the former Christianity but sand-covered ruins of Christian churches. Nubia suffered greatly in the Mahdi's days, but is improving fast under British influence, and may, if the Gospel is brought to its peoples, once more prove a happy Christian land. The Pharaohs of old imported gold from Nubia. In our days, through the wonderful barrage of Assuan, Nubia gives Egypt the security of the never-failing harvest-bringing flood.

Missions.—(a) The American Presbyterians have a church and school in Assuan, and colporteurs, who from time to time pass through the land to Wady-Halfa.

(b) The German Sudan Pioneer Mission at Assuan attempts to reach the Bisharin tribes. Colportage work has been carried on from Assuan to Dongola.

2. KHARTUM AND SENAR DISTRICT.

The capital of the eastern Sudan, the centre of the British influence, the former headquarters of the Mahdi, the city where Gordon laid down his life to bring liberty to the captives. “(The opening of the prison to them that are bound),” is to-day a stronghold of Mohammedanism. In the twelfth century five great Christian kingdoms existed in this part of the Sudan, but the wave of Mohammedanism has left no remains; nay, it has swept the very memory of them away. From Berber and the Atbara, to Khartum and the Blue Nile, this Sudan province stretches out to the frontiers of Abyssinia, Fazokl and Beni Shongul. (The latter point was the last station reached by the Christian brethren of the Pilgrim Mission on the “Apostles’ Street.”)

Missions.—(a) The Church Missionary Society has two lady missionaries at Khartum, and has lately been allowed to open a school, the prohibition against preaching having

The Sudan

to some extent been removed. It is still, however, a sad fact that in "Gordon's College" the Gospel of Gordon's Saviour is not allowed, and only the Koran is taught.

(b) The British and Foreign Bible Society has an agent in Khartum, and is doing needed work, the results of which the future will reveal.

(c) The American Presbyterian Mission has sent six missionaries to labour among the Kopts and among the Mohammedans as far as the Government permits.

The whole province outside Khartum and Omdurman is unreached by Protestant missionary enterprise.

3. FASHODA DISTRICT.

The regions between the White Nile and Abyssinia from Khartum to Lado (all under British control) are inhabited to a large extent by heathen tribes. The country is unhealthy and low-lying, nurturing tall, gaunt-looking natives. The Shillooks and Dinkas, great fighting men, mostly over six feet high, are two of the best-known tribes. The whole land is opened up by regular steamer communication on the great river Nile, British enterprise having removed the great natural barrier of the river—the Sudd.

Missions.—(a) The American Presbyterians have one station near the mouth of the Sobat river, "Dolaib Hill," where three isolated missionaries are holding forth the Light.

4.—BAHR-EL-GHAZAL.

"A nation whose land the rivers have spoiled." "Go, ye swift messengers, to a nation scattered and peeled, to a nation terrible from their beginning hitherto" (Isaiah 18).

These words characterise the Bahr-El-Ghazal and its nations, a host of heathen tribes living along the banks of the Arab and Ghazal rivers. Numberless creeks and



A Sudanese

Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

water channels intersect the land and turn the whole country during the rainy season into one vast swamp. Tall pampas grass, Hegelik and Boabab trees break here and there the monotonous growth of the brushwood. Most of the slaves carried into Egypt were drawn from this part of the Sudan.

The Bahr-El-Ghazal province is bordered in the north by Kordofan and Darfur ; in the east by the regions of the upper Ubangi, and the heathen lands of southern Wadai ; and in the south by the vast virgin forests of the mighty Congo, with its pigmy tribes and cannibal savages. From east to west and from north to south, this province has been traversed by scientific explorers, by traders and soldiers. Men like Schweinfurth, Junker, Sir Samuel Baker, and others have mapped out the whole land.

Missions.—The C.M.S. have lately sent an expedition of five men to this district—they have begun work at Bor. The whole country is open, the Government friendly to Mission work, the people waiting.

5.—KORDOFAN.

The strongest body of fighting men the Mahdi possessed was drawn from the Baggara (derivation: Bakara—cow because these Arabs, unlike the Arabs of the desert whose main property consists of camels, keep herds of cows) a sturdy fanatical race brought from the neighbourhood of El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan. Most of these able-bodied men stood by the Khalifa till the last, and their sun-bleached bones cover to-day the battlefield of Omdurman.

In consequence of the Dervish rule the population of Kordofan has been greatly diminished during the last two decades. While the Bahr-El-Ghazal suffers from a super-abundant water supply, Kordofan is the home of the tribes “whose lands the rivers despise” (alternate reading of

The Sudan

Isaiah 18). It is bordered on the north by the Bahiuda desert (the southern part of the Libyan desert), on the east by the Nile, on the west by Darfur, and on the south by the Bahr-El-Arab. The land is wholly Mohammedan, and Islam is spreading thence with swift strides southwards.

Missions.—While the Roman Catholics have been trying under Father Ohrwaldler and others to spread their faith in the mountains of Shakka, Protestant missionaries have never done any work in this land. They have never even attempted it.

6.—DARFUR.

The land of the Furs, as the name implies. A kingdom as large as France, about whose geography Slatin Pasha in his "Fire and Sword in the Sudan" tells us a good deal. From its capital El-Fasher, a great Via Dolorosa of the slaves, leads northward through the Libyan desert to Assiut in Egypt. Thank God the traffic in human beings has been stopped on this desert highway.

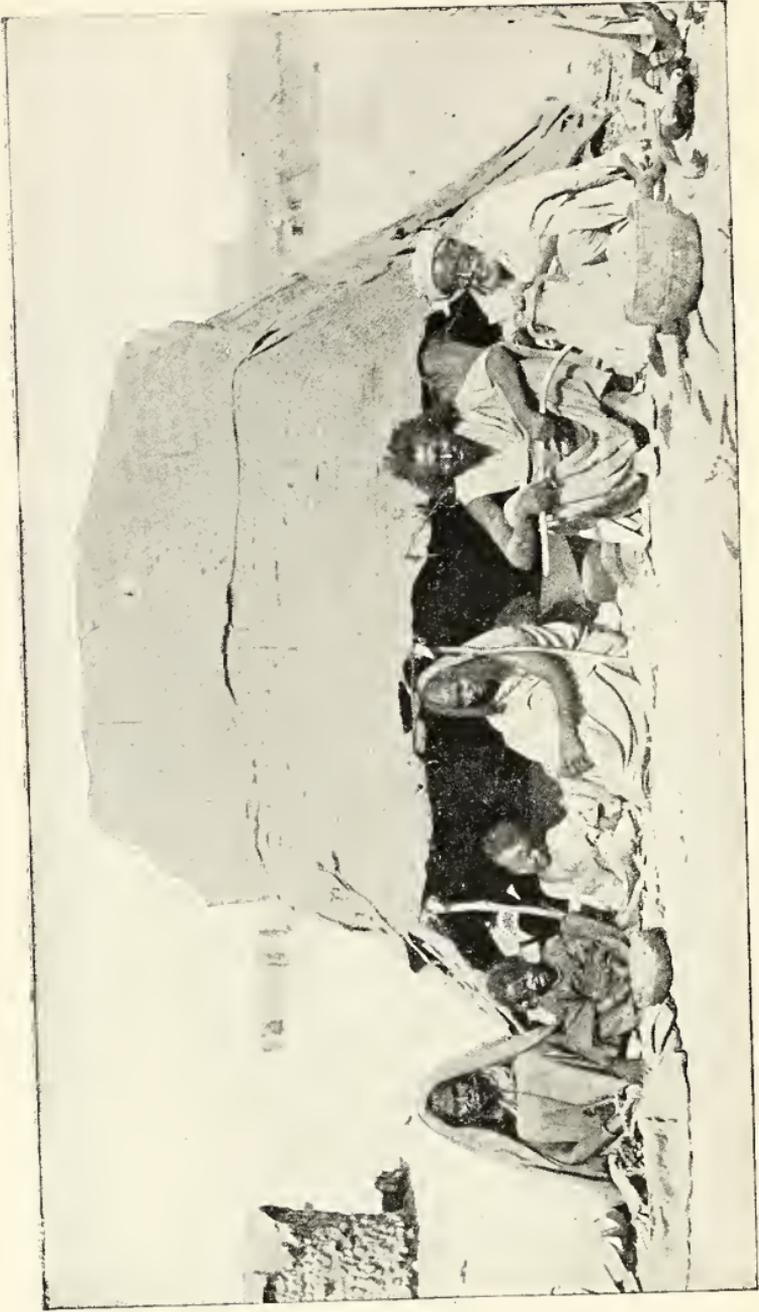
The only European who has succeeded in reaching El-Fasher by this road, was Brown in 1798, who travelled from Egypt along the Darb El Arbain ("forty days road," because the journey on it lasts for forty days).

Darfur is bordered on the north by the Sahara desert (valuable salt and saltpetre mines are found here), east by Kordofan, west by Wadai, and south by the Bahr-El-Ghazal. The ruling families are Mohammedan, but both in North and South Darfur are numerous heathen tribes.

Missions.—None.

7.—WADAI.

A large and powerful Moslem kingdom (capital Abeshr), Wadai has remained for ages unexplored, a closed land,



At Home in the Desert

Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

even for geographers. Numbers of scientific travellers have attempted to lift the veil ; several, like Vogel, laid down their lives in doing so. Numbers have been turned back unable to penetrate to the capital, and only one had till lately succeeded in crossing the land, the well-known German traveller, Nachtigal.

Wadai is about as large as Italy. Its northern and central districts are a stronghold of the Senussi movement, while the southern are inhabited by numerous heathen tribes. These supplied the slaves who were the human currency for the Mohammedan sections of the land, and were exported along the second great desert high road, *via* Borku, Kufra, and Angila to Benghazi to be shipped thence to the Turkish dominions in Europe and Asia. This export of our fellow-men has been stopped now.

The whole of the above-named caravan route, almost 2,000 miles in length, is in the hands of the Sinussis, a modern reformed sect of Mohammedans, which is growing gigantically. It has been said that a Sinussi could travel along the trade route without money or a piece of bread, and yet never be in want of anything, the charity of his fellow believers securing him an ample sufficiency for his support.

Though Wadai has kept her doors closed longer than any of the other Sudan countries, yet she had to open her gates last autumn to the French, who took possession of her capital, Abeshr. There is nothing now, humanly speaking, to hinder the spread of the Gospel, especially in the southern heathen parts of Wadai.

Missions.—None.

No missionary has ever attempted to preach the Gospel in the mountains and valleys, in the fruitful plains and high lands of this waiting "harvest field." "Pray ye therefore."

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8.—KANEM.

Having passed from the Eastern Sudan through Wadai, we arrive at the lands of the Central Sudan, lying round Lake Chad. North of that lake, south of the Sahara desert, bordered on the east by Wadai, and on the west by Bornu, we find a kingdom of the size of Greece and Denmark called Kanem, with its capital Mao. Once (especially at the time of Denham and Clapperton's travels, at the beginning of last century) a flourishing state, with its famous Kanembu cavalry, armed horses and horsemen, Kanem has suffered greatly at the hands of the Tuaregs, the desert highwaymen; and through the inroads of the Bornu and Sokoto armies. Of its former glory little more than a shadow remains.

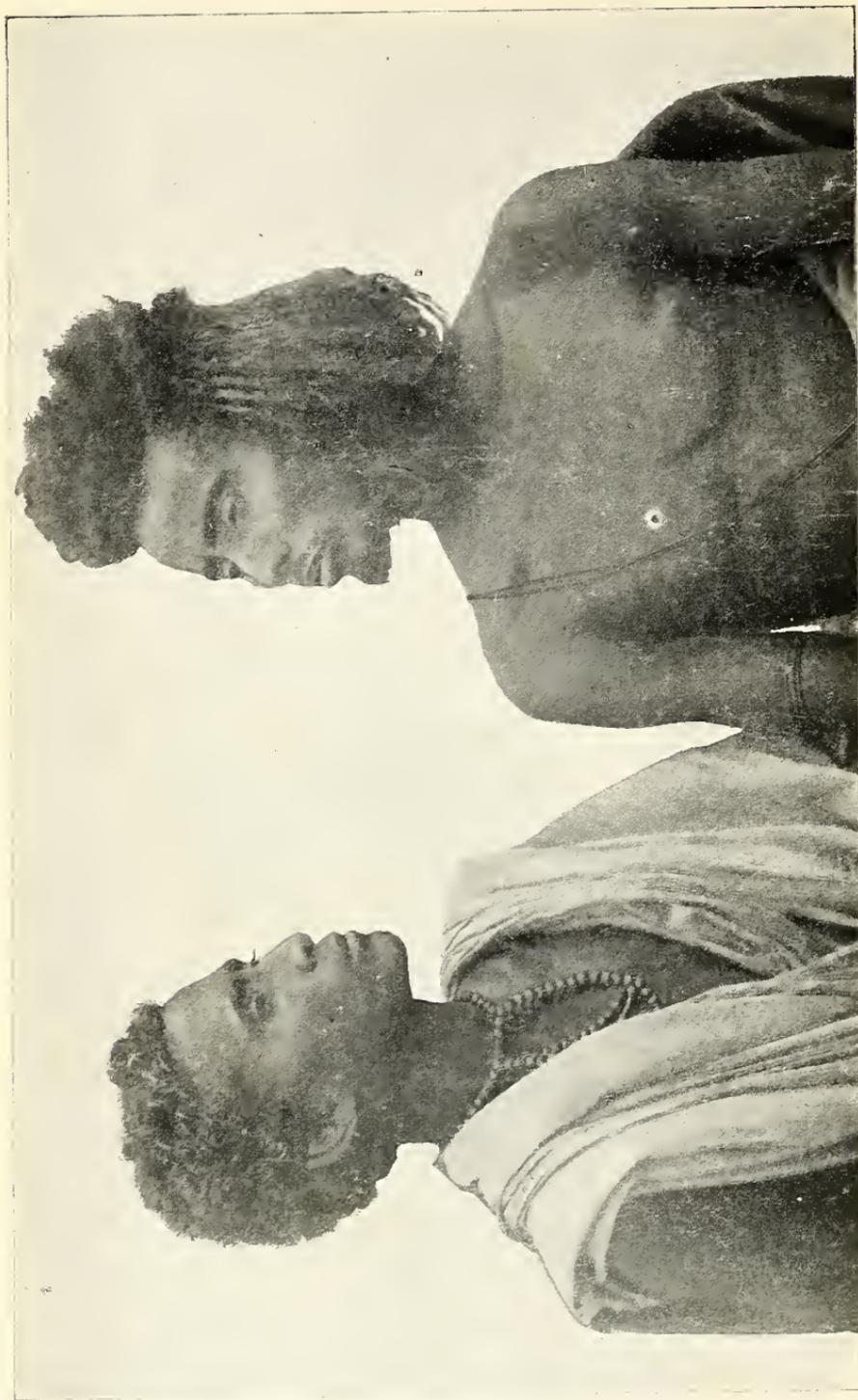
The country is to a large extent pasture land and desert. A large river running through southern Kanem, the Bahr-El-Rhasahl or Bahr-Billa-Maa, contains an ample supply of water during the rainy season, but becomes during the dry part of the year a vast waterless "chaur" (chasm). Kanem is to-day a French province and under the control of the Government of the French Congo.

Missions.—None.

But for a goodly number of Arabic Bibles taken by Dr. Nachtigal to this part of the Sudan, and confiscated by the King of Kanem to supply his learned courtiers with the Book of God, the people of Kanem have never had the chance of either seeing or learning about the Word of God from European missionaries.

9.—BAGIRMI.

Like Wadai and Kanem, Bagirmi is now under the French flag. The waters of the once mysterious Shari are to-day overshadowed by the walls of French forts. Massenia is a French military post, and the whole land



Young Manhood

Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

has been more or less occupied. The former ruler, or better conqueror, of Bagirmi, Adamawa, and Bornu, the Arab Rabbah, had his headquarters in Dikoa. By a remarkable coincidence three great French expeditions, one from Algiers across the Sahara, the second from the Niger *via* Zinder, and the third from the French Congo, met on the Shari, and there, in two important encounters, beat that Napoleon of the Sudan. After the latter fight Rabbah was killed, and thus disappeared one of the most remarkable and at the same time—from the standpoint of the progress of European civilization—dangerous African rulers of our time.

Bagirmi is still to a very large extent heathen, only the northern parts of the land are under Moslem influence. It is bordered on the north by Kanem and Lake Chad, east by Wadai, west by Adamawa and the river Shari, and on the south by the regions of the Upper Ubangi. The country itself, while not actually unhealthy for Europeans, is low lying and well watered, large grassy plains forming the banks of most of the rivers.

Missions.—None.

No attempt has as yet been made to send the Gospel to Bagirmi, another vast waiting harvest field.

ADAMAWA.

Its name sounds like music. But little or no music, little or no harmony lies behind the softly sounding name. South of Lake Chad it lies, not far from the Equator, north of the Gulf of Guinea, in the heart of the Sudan. Its proud Emir has fallen ; an English Resident lives at Yola, which is its chief town and ruling centre. Yola is English ; but Adamawa is English, French and German. So we write ! We away in little Europe

The Sudan

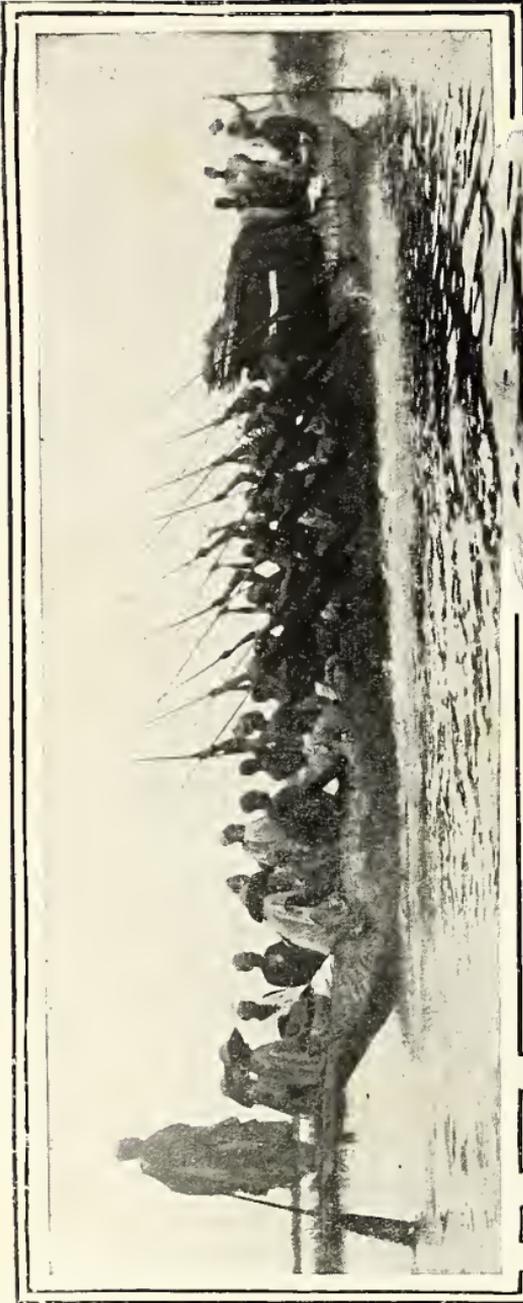
ticketing inner Africa and packing it away in snug pigeon holes. Adamawa, with its stretch of 100,000 square miles, is larger than Great Britain, larger than Turkey in Europe, and is hardly touched as yet by European hands. In its mountain fastnesses, there must lie villages and hamlets by the thousand where the white man's step has never come, the white man's jargon language has never yet been heard, and the amazing claims of the white man to possess and govern nine-tenths of the world, including Adamawa, have never yet astonished the natives.

English, French and German indeed!

Actually so; the three several spheres of influence being recognised by European treaty; limited from the sea to the lake on the west by an Anglo-German agreement in 1894, limited south-eastward from the lake to the Congo, by the Franco-German treaty of 1895, and to all time made free by the consent of Europe from Moslem and heathen misrule.

Adamawa, there it lies bathed in tropical sunshine, or bright under its southern moon stretching from the Kameruns inward to the centre of the Great Sudan.

Adamawa, the very heart, or perhaps better, the very backbone of the Central Sudan, with its high mountains and deep-cut valleys, forms the healthiest part of the whole Sudan; and is reached by steamer communication, *via* the Niger and Benue. Endless wars and fightings have been carried on by her tribes against the Moslem rulers of the land, but steadily they have been pushed back from position to position till at last only mountain fastnesses remained to them. But now, happily, through the occupation of the land by European Governments, the Moslem slave-raiders have been prevented from continuing their infamous work.



State Barge of the King
of Canoe Men



Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

Back in 1850, Barth, the greatest explorer of the Sudan, visited Adamawa and described in detail its mountains and fine uplands which seemed to him cool and healthy after the swamps and miasma of Lake Chad. Flegel, in 1882, as emissary of the German Government, travelled up to Yola ; Maistre, in 1893, after cutting the way for France up the Mobangi from the Congo, and down the Shari towards Lake Chad, travelled *via* Yola down the Benue and Niger to the sea. Mizon also went for France. Thompson went for England and secured the treaties which made Yola ours ; while, still more recently, two Germans, Herr von Uechtritz and Dr. Passarge, made an interesting journey through the country, which the latter has described in his large and finely illustrated volume, "Adamawa."

Dr. Passarge's figures and maps show that there exist in the central section of Adamawa, within a comparatively small area of 1,200 square miles, nine towns, each with a population of over 30,000. Barth, in the summer of 1851, journeyed through some of these, from Yola up to Demsa, and on by Sarau Fulani to Sarau Berebere, Segero, Mubi, and Uba. Two other towns also 30,000 strong, Lere and Marua, lie east of these towards central Adamawa, while Karnak near the French border is about the same size.

Four towns in the same section have over ten thousand apiece—Miskin and Bene, Adumri and Rei Buba ; nine have more than five thousand souls, Bar-n'daki-baba, Garua Leinde, Pittoa, Bifara, Songoia, Kattual, Duka, and Uro Abakumbo ; while below five thousand are uncounted centres, villages and townships, which, were they among us, would each have church and chapel, clergy and lay workers, Sunday schools and teachers of

The Sudan

their own, but which in Adamawa have no preachers of "the life which is life indeed."

Men of to-day have mapped these towns, visited them, described them, estimated their peoples, flung over them the flag of European rule. Only one man has yet gone there for JESUS' sake.

Missions.—None.

The healthy mountain region of Adamawa, with its vigorous, intelligent heathen tribes, seem most inviting. Let us pray that the Lord may lay there a strong basis for missionary work throughout the Central Sudan, that He may raise up a church in Adamawa from which the Light of the Gospel may radiate, carried by native colporteurs, preachers, and evangelists to all the other kingdoms east, west, and north of the land.

II.—BENUE DISTRICT.

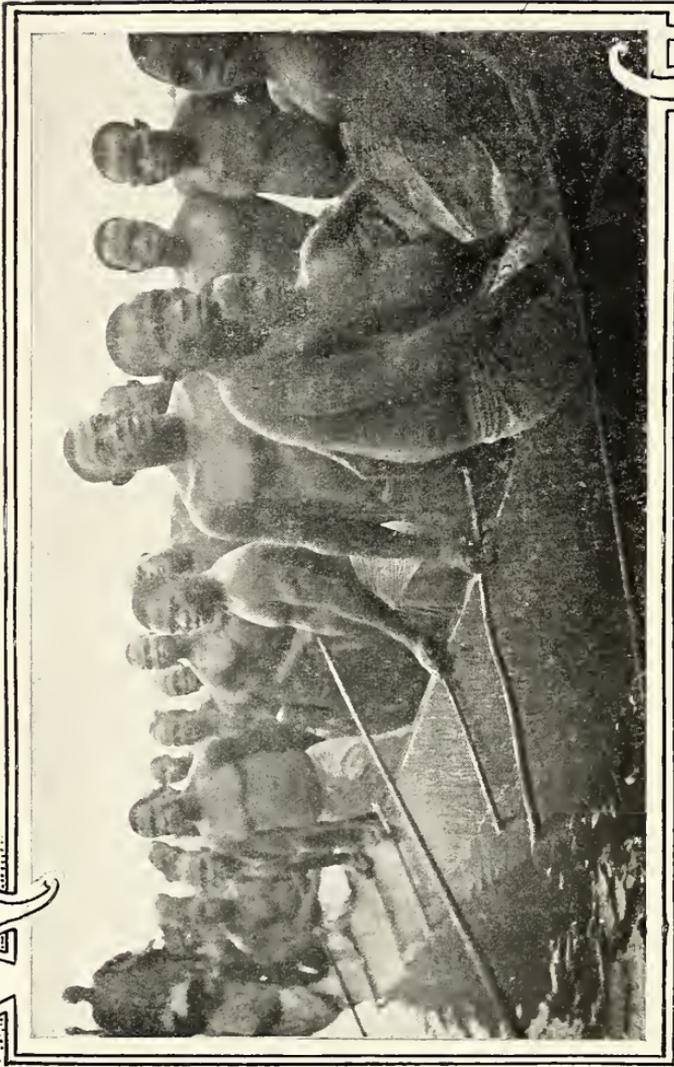
On the night of October 20th, 1830, two Englishmen, Richard and John Lander, drifting down the Niger in a dug out canœ, through a country which no white man had seen before, noticed an opening eastward, in the mysterious "dark waters" they were tracing to the sea.

Was this the longed-for ocean? Would morning, as it broke, realise their hope? What was this widening river?

It was the Benue. They had unexpectedly discovered the mouth of the greatest Niger affluent "the Mother of Waters," as Benue, the native name implies.

Twenty years later at midsummer (June, 1851), the great German explorer Barth struck, in the Central Sudan the upper course of the same river, at its junction with the Faro, near Yola, the capital of the Adamawa State.

Between these two points, thus brought to light by England and Germany, flows this "magnificent affluent



All non-Christian to this hour

Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

of the Niger," a tributary which, at its confluence, "is a larger river than the main stream, to which it contributes a volume of from 12,000 to 15,000 cubic yards per second during the rainy season."

Of all African rivers, the Benue possesses the greatest economic value, flowing in a deep, placid stream for hundreds of miles through fertile and thickly-peopled lands. Had it reached the coast in an independent channel, without becoming entangled in the intricacies of the Niger Delta, it would have given easy access ages ago to the very heart of the continent, and thus altered the whole current of African history.

But as it is, the mouth of "the mother of Waters" is nearly 300 miles inland, 230 miles from the Niger Delta, plus the whole Delta length of sixty miles down to the sea. From her source away among the Bubanjida Hills of Central Adamawa, where the young Benue flows as a rushing mountain torrent, due north to her junction with the Kebbi, she runs 850 miles down to the lordly Niger—something like four times the length of the Thames, and has no mission station where the Gospel of Jesus Christ is preached from one end to the other.

(Since writing this, one station has been opened by the S.U.M. at Ibi).

So large is this river of the Sudan that far up beyond Yola, at Kebbi, near Garua, in the Ribago country, it is already "a noble stream, 600 or 700 yards wide, and six or seven fathoms deep in the rainy season."

Not until 1889 was a reliable survey of the Benue accomplished, when Major Claud Macdonald, in a steamer drawing five feet of water, went up 600 miles to Garua in the Ribago district, ten miles below the confluence of the Kebbi, and on by a stern-wheeler, drawing two feet of water, up the Kebbi to the Nabarah lagoon.

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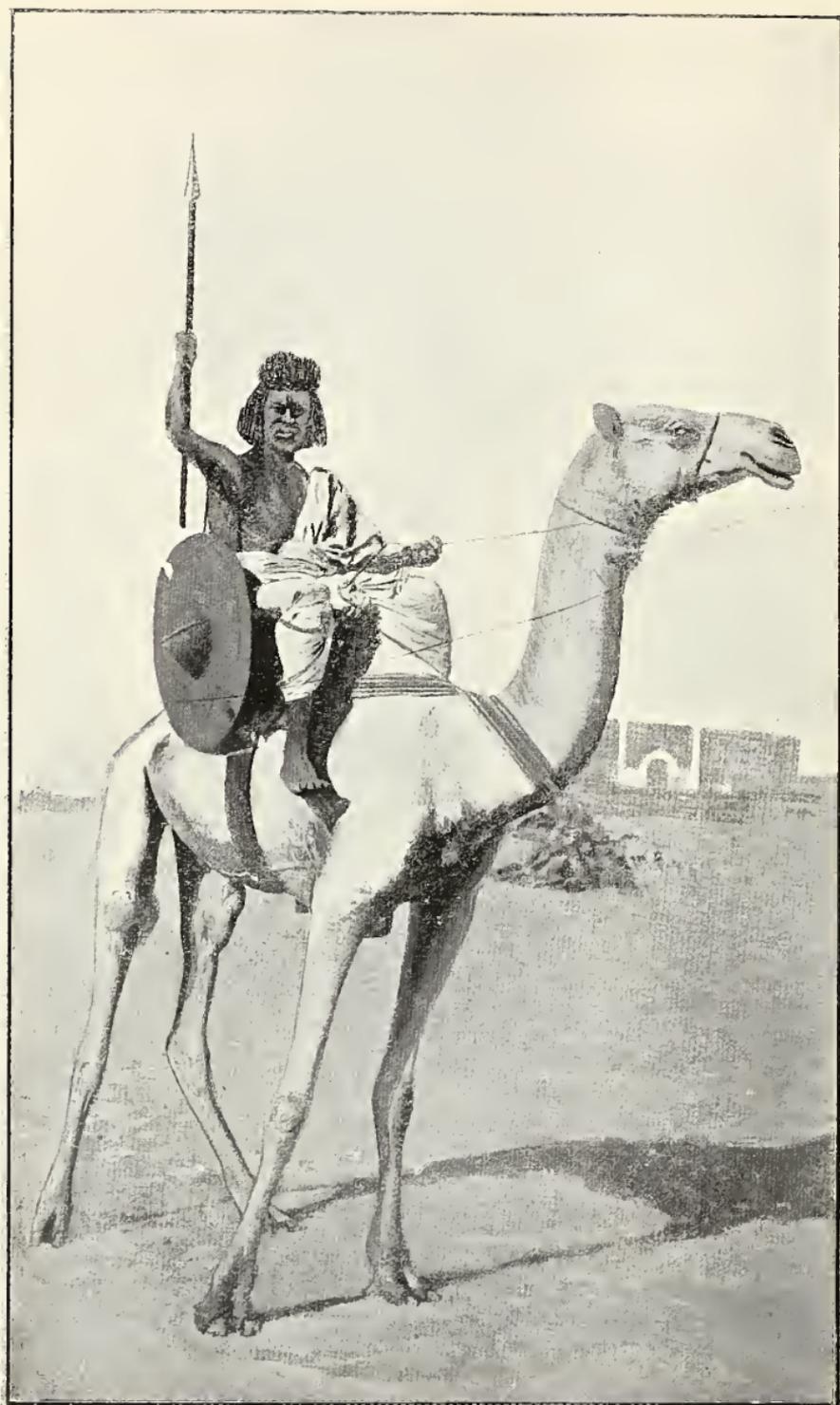
BENUE RIVER PEOPLES.

Below Yola the Benue follows "a deep valley between the plateau escarpments which assume the aspect of rocky ranges, or detached mountain masses," among which live wild warlike Pagan tribes, skilled in the use of poisoned arrows. Mr. Mockler-Ferryman writes of the Benue river peoples:—

"The Igbira tribe inhabits the country surrounding the Niger confluence; then come the Bassas on the right bank and the Okpotos on the left, followed by the Ragos and the Mitshis (or Munshis). Further up stream lies the Jukun country, and higher still, in the upper reaches of the Benue, are the numerous and wild Batta tribes—the Dugaris, Ligaris, Bulas, Basamas Tangeles, and others. The Tangeles live in the hills between Combe and Gatere, and are said to be cannibals. They are of fine physique, and wear no clothes. A man cannot marry until he can produce the heads of six men killed with his own hands."

Many of these Benue people speak distinct languages, the principal ones, so far as investigated, being Idzo, Ibo, Igara, Igbira, Mitshi, Jukun, and Battawa. In addition to these there are the three important languages, Nupe, Fullah, and Hausa, the last-named understood by a few people of every village in the country.

Missions.—During 1903-4 an effort to reach the Benue was made by two German workers, who got as far as Garua. Only once before (in 1880) has missionary work been attempted on this river, when members of the Church Missionary Society ascended the Benue as far as Yola, the capital of Adamawa. The Emir of that State, however, refused to let the white men stay in his territory, and the workers had to return down stream.



Bishareen on Camel

Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

Years have gone by. Days have run on to decades ; and while the exploration of the Benue river districts, and their conquest by European powers, have been pushed with the utmost energy, skill, and even international competition, no effort for their evangelization has been made. Workers who entered Nigeria, either in the C.M.S. or other Missions, struck north towards Sokoto, leaving the Benue untouched.

The upper reaches of the Benue river run through the native state of Adamawa, to which a British expedition was sent in 1901 to deal with the slave raiding Emir, whose annual tribute to the Sultan of Sokoto consisted of 10,000 slaves. Within a week of embarkation at Lokoja, the 500 miles up the Benue had been covered, and the force (of over twenty European officers, and two medical men, leading 360 native soldiers with six guns) landed at Yola. The Expedition made short work of the Emir's fortifications, and blew up his palace. The Emir fled, and with a loss of only two men killed, and two officers and thirty-seven men wounded, the expedition secured the capitulation of the town. Since then a British garrison and Resident have held the capital of Adamawa, but no British missionary is at work in this large Moslem and Pagan State.*

12.—BORNU.

In Bornu we have the first great British province of the Hausa Empire before us. Its capital, Kuka, once a flourishing mighty centre of population, the starting

*North of the Benue at Rock Station near Wase four men of the Sudan United Mission are established, five others at Wukari, in the capital of the Jukun tribe, South of the Benue, and two more at Ibi on the Benue. It is also proposed that the S.U.M. should open a Freed Slaves Home in the neighbourhood of Djen on the borders of the Muri and Yola province.

The Sudan

point, as Dr. Barth, the well-known African traveller describes it, of most of the trans-Saharan caravans, lies now in ruins—or, rather is being rebuilt under British rule.

Rabbah, the robber chief, though he is gone, has left his footmarks here. City after city, town after town, was taken by him and destroyed. To-day, however, there is a British Resident at Kuka and the British flag is flying on the shores of Lake Chad.

The whole of Bornu is low lying country, and therefore, especially in the neighbourhood of the lake, unhealthy. Vast stretches of reed-marshes form the shores of the great lake at low water, while in the rainy season, the water covers almost a third of the land, turning the country largely into a swamp. Bornu is bordered on the north by the Sahara and Kanem, east by Lake Chad, south by Adamawa, and on the west by Hausaland proper, Kano and Yakoba.

Missions.—No Mission work has yet been attempted either among the ruling Moslem population or the subject heathen tribes of this land.

13.—SOKOTO.

We have reached in Sokoto that part of the Sudan which is inhabited by the most intelligent and the most civilised black people.

The Hausas and their conquerors, the Fulah, or Fulbe, are the only indigenous African people possessing a literature of their own. Their language, Hausa, is the great trade language of the Central and Western Sudan, being understood more or less from the Gulf of Guinea in the south, to the Mediterranean in the north, and from Wadai to the Senegal. Space does not permit us here to enter into the history of Sokoto.

For the last hundred years the country has been well known.



View of Kano from D'allah Hill



A Kano Gate

Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

Sir Frederick Lugard, through most ingenious statesmanlike action, has succeeded in conquering Sokoto and establishing peace and justice in that former stronghold of slavery. Sokoto is probably the most populous part of the whole of Central Africa.

The two main cities of the land, Kano and Sokoto, lie far north. The Kano daily market is visited by such hosts of people that it is said by those who have seen it, to be probably the largest in the world. Canon Robinson, during his visit eight years ago, estimated its daily attendance from twenty-five to thirty thousand. Sokoto is bordered on the north by the Sahara, on the east by Bornu, on the south by the regions of the Benue, and on the west by Nupe and Gando. A few years ago it was the largest slave-trading empire in the world, and even to-day half its population consists probably of slaves.

Missions.—Quite a history might be written about the attempts of the Church Missionary Society to reach the waiting millions of this land. For some reason or other attempt after attempt has failed, doubtless partly because of the small number of European workers, partly on account of the climate, partly because of the opposition of the Moslem Sultan and Emirs. Advances made under Bishop Crowther, Dr. Schoen, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Graham Wilmot-Brooke, Mr. Nott, and others, have all come to a standstill, and it is only lately, under Bishop Tugwell, that Dr. Miller and his fellow-workers of the C.M.S. have succeeded in getting a definite footing at Zaria and Kuta in Sokoto. Six men and two ladies are labouring there at present, but what are they among say fifteen million people ? Truly “the harvest is plenteous.”

14.—GANDO.

Gando, once a famous kingdom, is to-day hardly a geographical province of the Sudan, and not even a

The Sudan

political province of Hausaland. The name of this country has almost been forgotten. So also, in a spiritual sense, have her inhabitants. Stretching along both banks of the Niger, Gando constitutes the frontier region between the British and French possessions in the West Central Sudan.

Here it was that Mungo Park, the fearless pioneer explorer of the Niger, lost his life in the cataracts of Say, over which the dark waters of the Niger roar southwards towards the British possessions. But for these cataracts the Niger and Benue would form economically the finest river system in Africa. It is, of course, not in the interest of France to break the way for steamers through the cataract, or link the upper and lower waterways of the Niger by a railway at the cataract, as this would divert trade from Timbuctu through British possessions, to the mouth of the Niger—trade which now travels through French possessions, *via* the Senegal to the Atlantic. Gando is bordered on the north by the Sahara, on the east by Sokoto, on the south by Nupe, and on the west by the French Niger territories.

The land has thus far not been properly mapped out, and leaves room for a great deal more of geographical detail work.

Missions.—Have not been attempted as yet.

15.—NUPE.

Nupe, or as the natives call it, Nufe, is not as large as most of the other provinces of the Sudan. It has been compared in size to the kingdom of Bulgaria, and is at least as thickly populated. As the Danube influences the industries of Bulgaria, so the Niger does those of Nupe. Ethnographically the Nupes have no relation to the Hausas, though politically their country has been for ages

Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

connected with the empire of Sokoto. Unlike the Grecian-faced tribes of the East Sudan, the Nupes show the broad face, flat nose, and low forehead of the true negro.

Whether there exists a relationship between the Nupe and Bantu races has never been determined. Their languages ought to give us the clue. A large majority of the people of this land, especially those living in the villages and hamlets, are heathen ; or if Moslem nominally, they know but little of Mohammedanism. They seem one of the most promising nations of the lands of the Niger. Stretching from Lokoja to Rabba and Bussa on the Niger, Nupe forms one of the southern provinces of the Sudan, lying between the 5th and 10th degrees N. latitude.

Missions.

(a) The Canadian branch of the Sudan United Mission. Three stations with nine missionaries at Patigi, Bida, and Wushishi.

(b) C.M.S., two stations with five missionaries, Lokoja and Bida. (Wushishi and Lokoja do not belong to the old Nupe Kingdom, but as Nupe is spoken at both these places they are included here).

16. MASSINA AND THE FRENCH WESTERN SUDAN.

Who has not heard of the "Cassawary on the plains of Timbuctu, eating up the Missionary, skin and bones, and hymn book, too ?"

If the rhyme refers to Protestant missionaries, it can only be a prophetic forecast of future bliss. And even then "I hae ma doots," whether Moslem Timbuctu would be allowed to enjoy a missionary for a meal.

For more than ten years French Catholic missionaries have been resident in that city under the protection of

The Sudan

French arms. The result of their labours has not been published yet. The vast regions here, under French sway, are considerably larger than the whole of Hausaland; the northern parts, dominated by the Fulahs, the southern, peopled by uncounted, and to a large extent unknown, heathen tribes. What can one say, geographically, in a few words of lands that would form at least half a dozen geographical units like England?

Access to the French Western Sudan is via the Senegal, and by that splendid newly-built railway from Medine, on the Senegal, to Bamako, on the Upper Niger, and thence by steamer down the river—a wonderfully easy way of entrance compared to the old route by which, through long months of suffering and privation, Mungo Park reached the Niger.

The territories which are included in this paragraph reach from the Sahara in the north to the coast region of the Gulf of Guinea, Sierre Leone, Liberia, the Ivory Coast, the Gold Coast, Togo, and Dahomey (the slave coast), and from Hausaland, in the east, to the watersheds between the Niger and Senegal in the west.

Missions.—None.

No Protestant missionary effort exists in this vast section of the Sudan.

HEATHEN TRIBES SOUTH OF THE SULTANATES.

While the forenamed Sultanates include all the territories of the Central and Northern Sudan, there are, south of these, a vast number of free heathen tribes, many of them scarcely known by name even to geographers, all in a low state of civilisation, many of them unreached by Arab and Hausa influence, and of course altogether outside the realm of European trade. Some of these are cannibal tribes, some of them Pigmies;

Where is the Sudan, and what is it ?

most of them have been warring against the Moslem advance for something like a hundred years now. From their mountain fastnesses south of Adamawa, they have come to raid the Moslem towns and cities in the river valleys. With noble bravery they have defended their tree fortresses in the back woods of Bagirmi, or fled, as the last resource, to the sheltering virgin forests of the Upper Ubangi. The great number of their tribes, and the manifold languages they speak have been, and will be, a great barrier against civilising influence.

Missions—No attempt has been made to carry the Word of God to the heathen tribes south of the Benue (with the exception of a little effort near Lokoja), south of Adamawa, south of Bagirmi, or south of Wadai. Their agelong resistance to the inroads of Mohammedanism show them to be of an energetic and liberty loving spirit worthy of being reached by the Gospel.

When these largely unknown no-man's lands will be won for Christ it is hard to tell.

Great and wonderful openings are before the Christian Church, openings such as there have never been before. Christian Missionaries enjoy privileges in these lands today of which the pioneers of modern Missions never dreamt. We can avail ourselves of means of communication, of possibilities for the study of the languages, the printing of the Word, the education of the heathen, that were unheard of a hundred years ago, when our fathers pleaded with God for the opening of the world to the preaching of the Gospel.

Was their prayer heard? Has it been answered?

Have Livingstone's longings, with which he breathed out his life on his knees in prayer been lost sight of, or been forgotten by God?

Have his pleadings been unnoticed?

The Sudan

Was Graham Wilmot-Brooke a dreamer? Were his life's sacrifice and prophetic visions of God's wonderful workings in the Sudan in vain?

No. God has heard, God has answered. God has not lost sight of these lives. God has not forgotten. The lands of this world (even the darkest land of our day, the Sudan) are opened, and prepared for the Gospel. Upon His Church in our day and generation, He has laid a responsibility which past ages and past generations never bore. Is the Church aware of this fact, or are the trumpet voices of God-inspired men, who place before the Church her holy duty to evangelise the world in our generation, mere voices crying in the wilderness?

Who has Explored it?

CHAPTER III

I N the early ages, among the first writers of history, we find records about the nations of the Sudan, especially the Eastern Sudan. The shepherd kings of Egypt were Ethiopians. The monuments of ancient civilised Egypt are full of references to the relationship between the Egyptians and the Sudanese. This is not the place to elaborate the history of this great Land of Darkness, the very name of which, "Sudan" (from the arabic "sawad," dark, black), means "land of darkness," or "the land of the blacks." From the Roman historians to those of the Arabs in the Middle Ages, and then on till we come to the early histories of the Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, French, German, and English explorations, we have one continual line of historical records.

While the border lands of the Sudan were more or less known, the interior of this country remained a land of darkness, a terra incognita, physically, politically, and spiritually, and it is only within the last hundred years that modern exploration has succeeded in throwing light on this large realm of shadow.

Over an area as large as that of Europe, minus Russia, to tribes and kindreds speaking a hundred languages, living in ten great states and scores of smaller kingdoms, groping since the dawn of time in heathenism, dominated for one thousand years by Islam, and cut off from the world by vast inhospitable deserts and deadly malarious zones of isolation—to these realms and to these peoples a

The Sudan

mandate has gone forth with the dawn of the 20th Century—"Ephphatha"—"Be opened."

"He has smitten with His thunder,
Every gate of brass asunder,
He has burst the iron fetters—
Irresistible to save!"

Mungo Park and John Brown, more than one hundred years ago, one from the Senegal in the West, and the other from the Upper Nile in the East, penetrated into the Kingdoms of Timbuctu and Darfur, in the Eastern and Western Sudan. Some years later, Denham and Clapperton, after crossing the Sahara, at the risk of their lives, were the first to enter the great Mohammedan Kingdoms round Lake Chad.

In 1853 Dr. Barth undertook to explore the Central Sudan, and, as an ambassador of the British Crown, succeeded in entering into friendly relations with the king of Bornu at Kuka on Lake Chad. In 1871 Dr. Nachtigal, that famous German explorer, who, next to Livingstone, is probably the grandest African traveller from both the scientific and philanthropic standpoint, did a lasting work in Darkest Africa. Travellers before him had denied their faith and become renegades. Nachtigal carried several boxes of Bibles with him across the Sahara (supplied by the late Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, England), and, after he reached the Sudan, the King of Kanem, whom he visited first, was so taken with these books of God that he compelled Nachtigal to hand them over to him, and kept them in his treasure house (Beit el Mal).

Nachtigal was the first and only white man who ever crossed the Sudan from west to east, from Lake Chad to the Nile. When he reached some of the Eastern Kingdoms he expresses his regret in his book, "Sahara and Sudan," that all his Bibles had been taken from him.

Who has Explored it ?

The kings were continually asking for the "book of the white man," and he thinks he could have had no better introduction to these kings than the Bible.

Little could even the most far-sighted student of Africa foresee a few years ago this opening of the darkest realm of the Dark Continent. Livingstone, in 1872, wrote of the Eastern Sudan: "If Baker's expedition should succeed in annexing the valley of the Nile to Egypt the question arises, Would not the miserable condition of the natives, when subjected to all the atrocities of the White Nile slave-traders, be worse under Egyptian dominion? The villages would be farmed out to tax-collectors, the women, children, and boys carried off into slavery, and the free thought and feeling of the population placed under the dead weight of Islam."

Little did even he anticipate that before the close of the century "the dead weight" of Moslem oppression would be lifted altogether from these lands. Can we, at the dawn of a new era, do otherwise than recognise the Hand of God in transformations such as these?

It is only since the scramble for Africa in 1884 that the Sudan has been partitioned out as spheres of influence between the nations of Europe, that is to say, the British, French, and German. The Europeans might speak about their spheres of influence, but these were very far from being occupied territories; in the East the Mahdi, and later on the Khalifa, held undisturbed sway. In the centre the Sultan of Wadai had carved out for himself a considerable kingdom. Around Lake Chad, Rabbah, who was called "the Napoleon of the Central Sudan," had devastated the kingdoms of Bornu and Kanem, Bagirmi, and Adamawa, and had accumulated in his capital, Dikoa, south of Lake Chad, between two and three hundred thousand slaves, and there reigned undisturbed. West of

The Sudan

him again the Emperor of Sokoto was supreme Lord of a number of kingdoms, such as Kano, Bautchi, Kontagora, Yola, and others. West of him again the Sultan of Timbuctu was in absolute possession. Then eight years ago came the break, and like a flood-tide the white man's soldiers and government representatives swept over the land.

In the autumn of 1898 Kitchener fought his famous battle of Omdurman, and vanquished the Khalifa, thus winning the whole of the Eastern Sudan, with the kingdoms of Kordofan (as large as England) and Darfur (as large as France) for Great Britain.

On the first of January, 1900, the Union Jack was hoisted in Northern Nigeria by Sir Frederick Lugard. Two years later Sokoto fell, and soon a country three times as large as Great Britain, the most densely populated part of the Dark Continent, (with the exception of the Nile Delta), became the most populous British protectorate. (India can hardly be called a protectorate; it is an empire by itself).

“FACTS ARE THE FINGERS OF GOD.”

Think for a moment of the following facts:—

REMOVAL OF MOSLEM AND ESTABLISHMENT OF BRITISH CONTROL THROUGHOUT THE LANDS OF THE NILE.

Purchase by Britain from Egyptian Government of Suez Canal shares for £4,000,000	1875
Rise of the Mahdi near Khartum	1881
Revolt of Arabi Pasha at Cairo	1881
Massacre of Europeans at Alexandria	1882
British Bombardment of Alexandria and victory of Tel-el-Kebir, Surrender of Cairo, leading to the British occupation of Egypt	1882
Three defeats of Anglo-Egyptian forces by the Mahdi at El-obeid (Cordofan), Suakim, and El Teb (Red Sea)	1883
Gordon arrives at Khartum, February	1884
Fall of Khartum and murder of Gordon, January	1885

Who has Explored it ?

Two Mahdis' Invasions of Egypt	1885, 1889
Nubian Desert Railway built by the British from Wady Halfa to the Atbara	1897-8
Fall of the Mahdi before the British Arms (battle of the Atbara and Omdurman, Khartum retaken)	1898
French evacuation of Fashoda and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, British-Egyptian Government of the Eastern Sudan established...	1898

Answering to this movement in the Eastern Sudan was the change in the West and Central Sudan.

ESTABLISHMENT OF EUROPEAN GOVERNMENT CONTROL THROUGHOUT THE LANDS OF THE NIGER.

Foundation of the Royal Niger Company (first known as the United African and later the African Co.)	1879
France secured the left bank of Upper Niger (Bamako) ...	1881
Germany annexed Togoland and the Kameruns	1884
Britain annexed the mouth of the Niger and the Oil Rivers ...	1884
British Nat. Af. Co. secured Sokoto and Gando Protectorates	1885
France annexed lands south of the Niger from Bamako to the Guinea Coast	1889, 1890
Anglo-French Agreement, N. Nigeria boundary (Say-Barua line)	1890
Anglo-German Agreement, E. Nigeria boundary (Yola and Lake Chad line)	1890
Anglo-French protectorate over Western and Central Sahara recognised	1890
French annexation of Dahomey	1892
French conquest of Timbuctu	1892
Anglo-German delimitation of frontier between Hausaland and Adamawa	1894
Franco-German delimitation of frontier between Bagirmi and Adamawa	1895
Anglo-French Paris Convention (recognised British Protectorate of Hausaland and the sphere of French Sudan) ...	1898
French Military Expeditions (1898-1899) to :—	
1 Lake Chad.	
2 Tran's Sahara to Congo.	
3 Kanem and the Shari	
4 via the Mobangi to Wadai and Bagirmi.	
French Protectorate of above lands proclaimed	1899
German expedition to Adamawa and protectorate confirmed	1899
British Protectorate of Northern Nigeria proclaimed over the Hausa States—Sokoto, Gando, Nupe, and Bornu, Jan. 1st	1900

Who has Conquered it?

CHAPTER IV

“THE boats stopped plugging and there was silence. We were tying up opposite a grove of tall palms ; on the bank was a crowd of natives curiously like the backsheesh-hunters, who gather to greet the Nile steamers. They stared at us ; but we looked beyond them to a large building rising from a crumbling quay. You could see that it had once been a handsome edifice of the type you know in Cairo or Alexandria—all stone and stucco, two-storied, faced with tall regular windows. Now the upper storey was clean gone ; the blind windows were filled up with bricks ; the stucco was all scars, and you could walk up to the roof on rubble. In front was an acacia, such as grow in Ismalia, or on the Gezireh at Cairo, only unpruned—deep luscious green, only drooping like a weeping willow. At that most ordinary sight everybody grew very solemn. For it was a piece of a new world, or rather of an old world, utterly different from the squalid mud, the baking barrenness of Omdurman. A facade with tall windows, a tree with green leaves—the facade battered and blind, the tree drooping to earth—there was no need to tell us we were at a grave. In that forlorn ruin, and that disconsolate acacia, the bones of murdered civilisation lay before us.

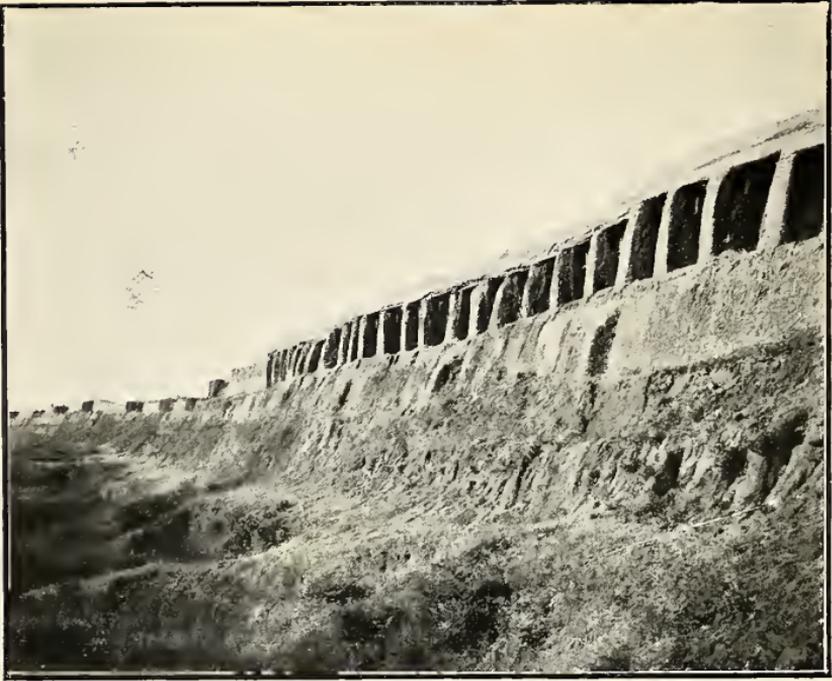
“The troops formed up before the palace in three sides of a rectangle—Egyptians to our left as we looked from the river, British to the right. The Sirdar, the generals of division and brigade and the staff stood in the open

The Sudan

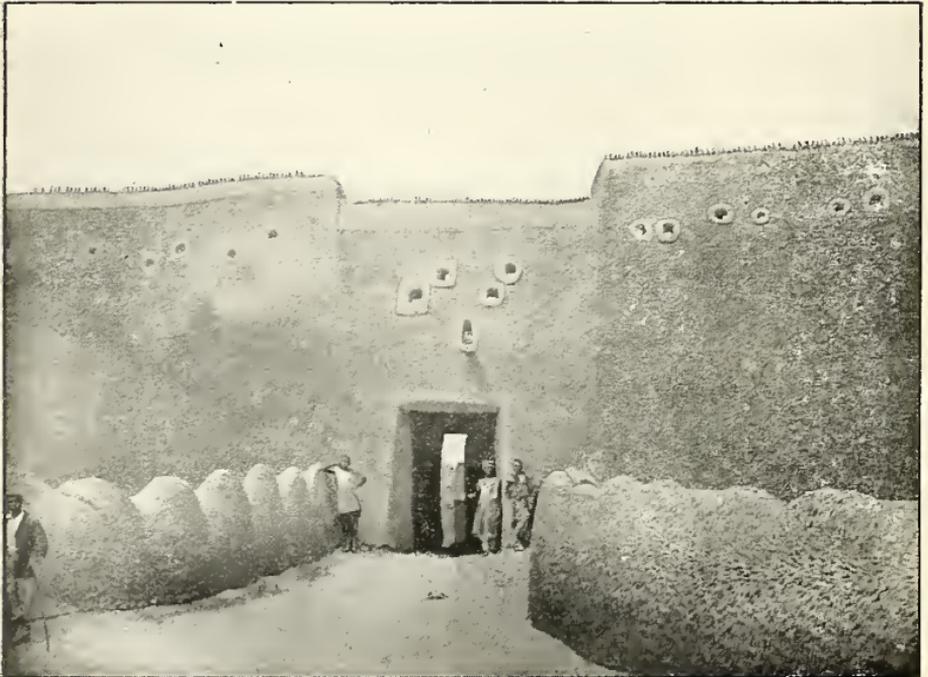
space facing the palace. Then on the roof—almost on the very spot where Gordon fell, though the steps by which the butchers mounted have long since vanished—we were aware of two flagstaves. By the right-hand halliards stood Lieutenant Staveley, R.N., and Captain Watson, K.R.R.; by the left-hand, Bimbashi Mitford and his Excellency's Egyptian A.D.C.

“The Sirdar raised his hand. A pull on the halliards: up ran, out flew, the Union Jack, tugging eagerly at his reins, dazzling gloriously in the sun, rejoicing in his strength and his freedom. “Bang”! went the *Melik's* 12½-pounder, and the boat quivered to her backbone. “God Save our Gracious Queen” hymned the Guards' band—“bang!” from the *Melik*—and Sirdar and private stood stiff—“bang!”—to attention, every hand at the helmet peak in—“bang!”—salute. The Egyptian flag had gone up at the same instant; and now, the same ear-smashing, soul-uplifting bangs marking time, the band of the 11th Sudanese was playing the Khedivial hymn. “Three cheers for the Queen!” cried the Sirdar: helmets leaped in the air, and the melancholy ruins woke to the first wholesome shout of all these years. Then the same for the Khedive. The comrade flags stretched themselves lustily, enjoying their own again; the bands pealed forth the pride of the country; the twenty-one guns banged forth the strength of war. Thus white men and black, Christian and Moslem, Anglo-Egypt set her seal once more, for ever, on Khartum.

“Before we had time to think such thoughts over to ourselves, the Guards were playing the Dead March in *Saul*. Then the Black band was playing the March from Handel's “*Scipio*,” which in England generally goes with “Toll for the Brave”; this was in memory of those



The Great Wall of Kano



Entrance to the Compound of the King of Kano

Who has Conquered it ?

loyal men among the Khedive's subjects who could have saved themselves by treachery but preferred to die with Gordon. Next fell a deeper hush than ever, except for the solemn minute guns that had followed the fierce salute. Four chaplains—Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, and Methodist—came slowly forward and ranged themselves, with their backs to the palace, just before the Sirdar. The Presbyterian read the Fifteenth Psalm. The Anglican led the rustling whisper of the Lord's Prayer. Snow-haired Father Brindle, best beloved of priests, laid his helmet at his feet, and read a memorial prayer bareheaded in the sun. Then came forward the pipers and wailed a dirge, and the Sudanese played "Abide with Me." Perhaps lips did twitch just a little to see the ebony heathens fervently blowing out Gordon's favourite hymn; but the most irresistible incongruity would hardly have made us laugh at that moment. And there were those who said the cold Sirdar himself could hardly speak or see, as General Hunter and the rest stepped out according to their rank and shook his hand. What wonder? He has trodden this road to Khartum for fourteen years, and he stood at the goal at last.

"Thus with Maxim-Nordenfeldt and Bible we buried Gordon after the manner of his race."—STEPHENS.

AT KANO GATES.

"Now, at last, we have got at our feet Hausaland and its borders opened up to our Missionary effort. It is simply impossible to overrate the importance of the work which may await us in that illimitable and populous hinterland.

"I believe that to be the very greatest of the new fields which God is now opening for His sickle in our hands."—*The Archbishop of Canterbury.*

The thunder of the guns seemed useless. Bullets and shells alike had no effect on mud walls forty feet thick

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and forty to fifty feet high. The city gates were flimsy enough structures of cowhide, but, fixed as they were into massive entrance towers, fifty feet long and tortuous, they had, thus far, proved impermeable to shell fire. Outside them lay the double moat, with its dwarf wall, "the ditch itself full of live thorn and immensely deep."

Colonel Morland, attacking at the head of the British forces, had spent his strength in vain on the Zaria gate. Cleverly designed in a re-entrant angle, so that the line of access was enfiladed by fire from the walls on either side, the gate had successfully defied the English, and its defenders' hopes ran high.

"See now, what did I tell you? By the beard of the Prophet they will fail! Kano cannot be taken. Who are these paltry white men? Let them die!"

And a fresh volley of musketry, poured from the loopholes, and echoed the speaker's jubilation.

What a moment it was! How much lay in the balance! as General Sir Frederick Lugard, of Uganda fame, noted with amazement the strength of this Fulani fortress in the heart of Central Africa.

Not a man in the band of pale-faced strangers commanding the brave black Hausa troops in this attack on Kano but realised the importance of the issue at stake.

How many minutes would decide it?

Through what long and anxious months had the British leaders there looked forward to this moment?

Everything led up to this—the conquest of the Emir and kingdom of Nupe; the taking of Bautchi, a far-famed, fortified slave centre among the hills; the capture of the Mallam Jibrella in Bornu and the break up of his fanatical following; the reduction of the Shiri highlanders and the warlike Mingi people, famed for their defeat of Kano armies; the conquest of Yola with its



Interior of the Emir of Kano's House



The Emir of Kano's Palace

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proud Emir, insolent in his contempt of Europeans ; the capture of Abuja and the rout of his marauding bands ; the disposal of Kontagora's forces ; and the nominal friendship of Zaria secured—all were preliminary steps. During the two years that had passed since, on 1st January, 1900, British rule had been proclaimed in Hausaland, one question had filled the background of native and European thought — Who, after all, was Suzerain ? Who Master ?

Smaller chiefs and Emirs might be conquered ; Kano and Sokoto remained. Kano was impregnable.

These white men ? Yes, they might succeed in lesser Emirates. They might conquer here and there, and talk and write. But subjugate Sokoto ? Actually abolish slave-raiding, bribery, abuse, and mutilation—all the indescribable, unchallenged horrors of the Fulani rule ?

No. Two years had gone, and they had not dared to assert themselves at the gates of the great Sultan city.

No. The white men had not come to stay. They would shortly evacuate.

While Sokoto was untaken, its overshadowing importance made British advance a query. For a year past the Emir of Kano had been rebuilding his mighty walls (eleven miles in length), importing arms and gathering forces, and “all the innumerable great walled cities in the Emirate were ordered likewise to rebuild their walls and their moats, and did so.”*

And now the moment of attack has come, on which so much depends for the scattered, unsupported residents and garrisons of the Hausa towns and states already

* See pages 16 to 18 and 23 to 40 of Sir Frederick Lugard's “Report on Nigeria” for 1902. (No. 409 Colonial Reports.—Eyre and Spottiswoode.) From which the above account is drawn.

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conquered, who—a few score, ruling millions—exist only by prestige, the power of the white man's name.

The leaders inside the massive city walls are there to win or die. The orders of their Sultan are ringing in their ears—"Hold Kano to the death."

Crowding the banquettes of the crenulated wall, they are pouring forth a hearty but ill-directed fire, supported by the hope, the faith, that Kano can't be taken.

Yet—the prophecy.

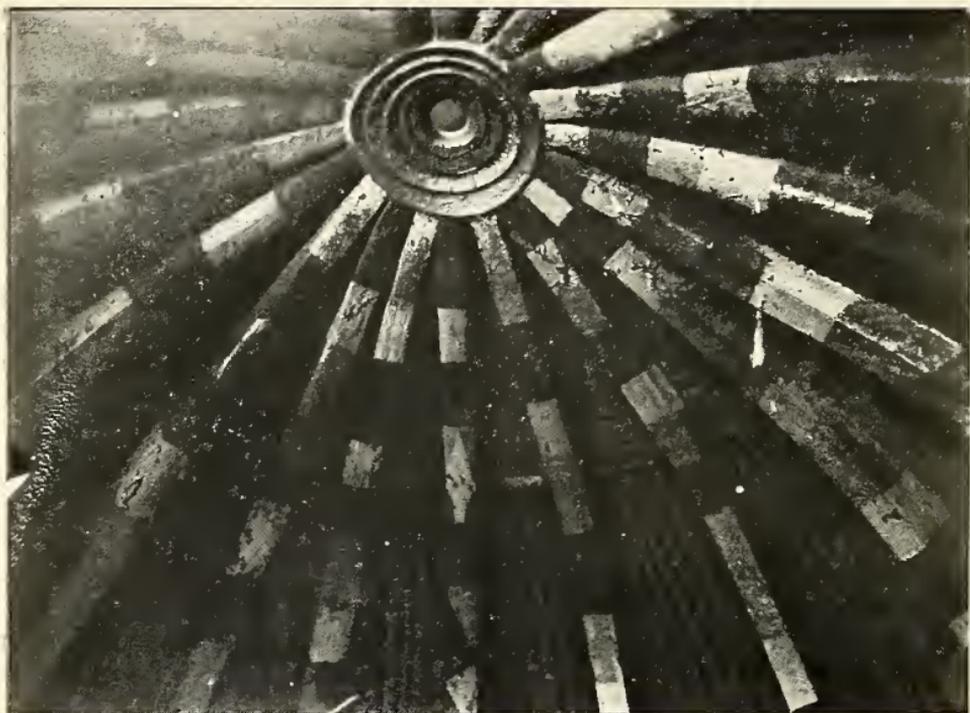
Back of all their consciousness is an eerie sense of fear that Destiny and Fate are against them.

"Only one hundred years shall this green flag conquer." Dan Fodio, the founder of the Fulani dynasty, had prophesied. For that hundred years, now, the green flag has been the passport to victory. Is there an unseen Power and Decree behind this coming of the white man? It has been whispered that the Fulani themselves believe that their Sultan of to-day will be the last.

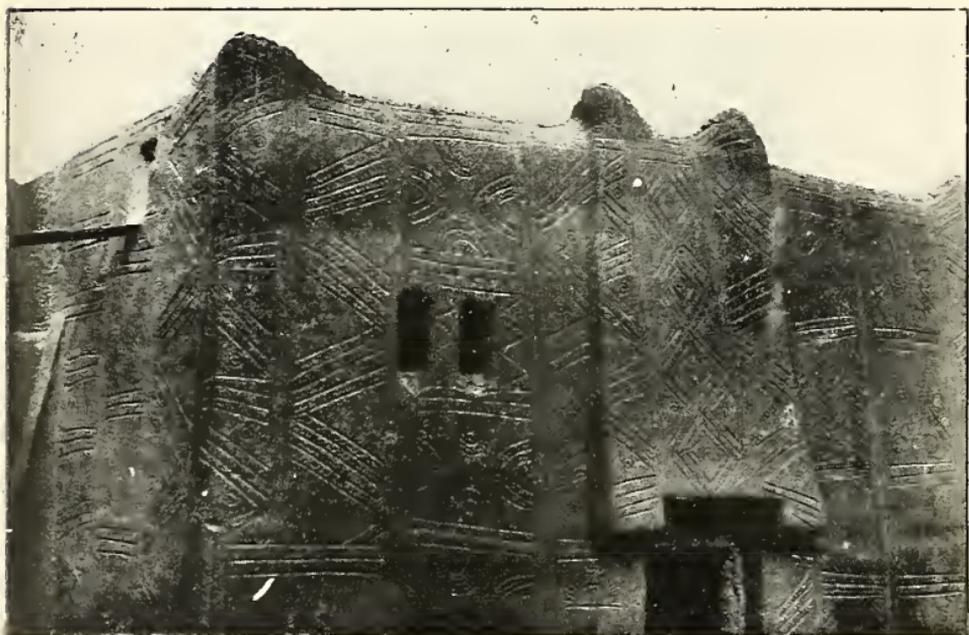
The hundred years have gone now. What comes next?

* * * * *

Next, Colonel Morland's attack on the second of the thirteen gates of Kano; next, the breach and falling walls, the anguish of the wounded, the flight of the defenders, the British troops' entry of Kano, the destruction of the arsenal, the finding of the dungeon, the setting prisoners free, the closing of the slave market, the panic-stricken rout of the Fulani slavers before our mounted infantry's charge; and, finally, the stately scenes of Installation some days after, when, with troops drawn up in a hollow square, their guns and Maxims mounted in front of the royal palace in the centre of the city, the conquering white man, received by the soldiers with a royal salute, ceremoniously installed the new Fulani Emir, tributary to



Ceiling of the Emir of Kano's Audience Chamber



Interior of Emir's Palace

Who has Conquered it?

Great Britain. Sir Frederick Lugard proclaimed to Sokoto and Kano the new reign of peace and freedom, the end of slave-raiding, bribery, corruption, mutilation, poisoning, and such like Fulani tactics—the new kingdom of righteousness, which hung upon the promise, “from this time and for ever white men and soldiers will sit down in the Sokoto country.”

* * * * *

THE KANO DUNGEON.

“I visited the Kano dungeon myself,” writes Sir Frederick Lugard. “A small doorway, 2ft. 6in. by 1ft. 6in., gives access to it. The interior is divided (by a thick mud wall with a similar hole through it) into two compartments, each 17ft. by 7ft., and 11ft. high. This wall was pierced with holes at its base, through which the legs of those sentenced to death were thrust up to the thigh, and they were left to be trodden on by the mass of other prisoners till they died of thirst or starvation.

“The place is entirely airtight and unventilated, except for the one small doorway, or, rather, hole in the wall, through which you creep. The total space inside is 2618 cubic feet; and at the time we took Kano 135 human beings were confined here each night, being let out during the day to cook their food, etc., in a small adjoining area. Recently as many as 200 have been interned at one time. As the superficial ground area was only 238 square feet, there was not, of course, even standing room. Victims were crushed to death every night, and their corpses were hauled out each morning. The stench, I am told, inside the place, when Colonel Morland visited it, was intolerable, though it was empty; and when I myself went inside three weeks later the effluvium was unbearable for more than a few seconds. A putrid corpse even then lay near the doorway.

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“ It was here that the two West African Frontier Force soldiers were confined. One of the great pools in the city is marked as the place where men’s heads were cut off; another near the great market is the site where limbs were amputated also daily.”

Such was the regime that had been. The question was, Are such things to continue? The British nation as one man was there to answer, No.

We said that British tenure of Hausaland depended on that critical hour at the Kano gates. We were wrong. The British in Hausaland would have suffered had Kano and Sokoto successfully resisted; but behind the handful of men—some 50 Europeans and 1,000 native rank and file, who were there to live or die for Britain—far off, but real and resolute, stood the whole British nation. Had her sons fallen there at Kano she would have sent out others—others, and still others—till she had swept the rule of slavers from the realms of the Sudan.

Thus “ East is east and west is west and never the twain shall meet,” says Kipling, and if we compare the east of the Sudan with the west of that hopelessly great country, there seems to be almost no point of similarity between them. Orographically they are widely separated. The Eastern Sudan has been known since the beginning of history, the Western Sudan is not fully known yet. The Eastern Sudan has taken generations to conquer. The Western Sudan, as soon as it is explored, lies at our feet.

Travellers have crossed the Sudan in all directions. They have gone at the risk of their lives. Many of them, like Mungo Park, have died in exploring it. They have left their tracks and traces all over it; but the missionary of the cross has never entered most of its kingdoms. The Arab has gone there. He has con-

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quered and killed and boasted of Allah and Mahomet, and multiplied houses, and wives and slaves ; but the messengers of the cross have shunned the region. Only a handful have dared to enter it. Merchants have gone there ; gold seekers have gone ; hundreds of each are gathering the riches of the land. There are scores of steamers on the Niger. The Royal Niger Company alone made two hundred treaties with the Niger chiefs and potentates, but the missionary of a Higher Power and a nobler enterprise has not yet won the Niger lands for *Jesus Christ*. There are just a handful of missionaries on the lower Niger, but in the Central Sudan along the Upper Benue, around the vast overflowing waters of Lake Tchad, in the mountains of Adamawa, in the plains of Wadai, in the rugged ranges of Darfur, in the deserts of Kordofan, among the teeming millions of the Sudan proper, no missionaries are found, no Gospel is proclaimed, no Bibles are scattered, no voice is lifted up to cry, "Behold the Lamb of GOD which taketh away the sin of the world."

The men of the world are the heroes of the Sudan. Travellers have been heroic. Distance has been no bar to them. Disease and death have proved unable to affright them. Neither love of friends nor fear of foes have been able to dissuade them from their fixed resolve to open it to the knowledge of the world, and bring its people into contact with the civilisation of surrounding lands. But the heralds of salvation have almost wholly forgotten this mighty heritage of a host of heathen nations. They have left them all these ages to the reign of unmixed darkness and unmitigated depravity.

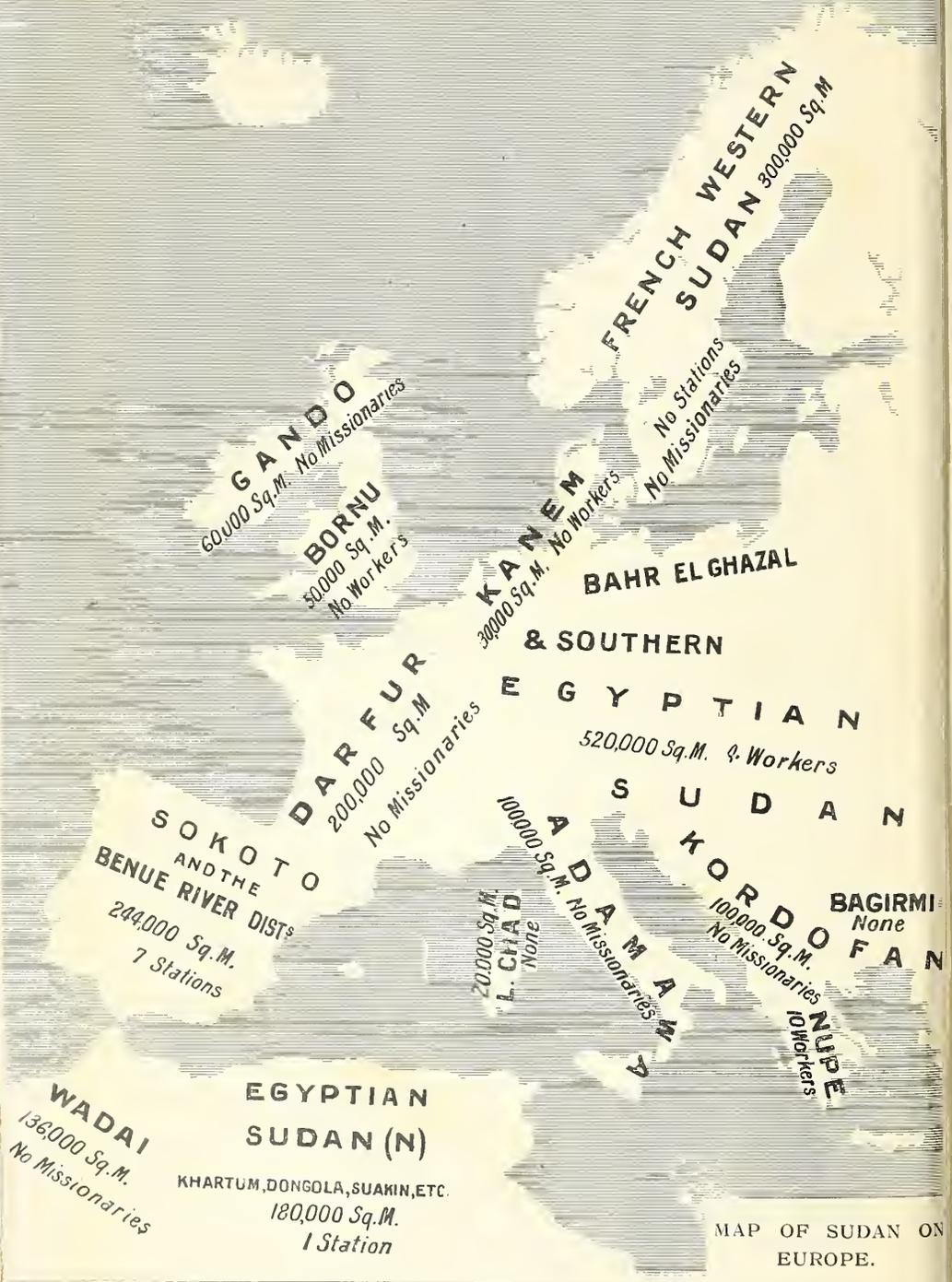
We plead for these neglected ones. We raise our voices on their behalf. They cannot speak for themselves. Distance makes them dumb. Strangership

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silences them. They wander in moral midnight. They know not what they do. Year after year, age after age, they fall and perish as though of no more worth than the withered leaves of autumn. They have fallen by millions and none have cared for them. Torrid sun and sweeping rain have bleached their bones, or blanched their sepulchres. Melancholy winds have moaned their requiem. Relentless Time has rolled over their generations the billows of oblivion. They have perished from the earth, gone into a dark and dread eternity, without ever having heard of Him who died and rose that men might live, Who was lifted up from the earth to draw all men unto Him, and Who cries aloud to a ruined and redeemed humanity, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

We plead for the neglected millions of the Sudan. We say to the Church of Jesus Christ, "Behold them! They are our brothers and sisters in a common humanity. They are one with us in sin and ruin, let them be one with us in the knowledge of salvation. Awake, O selfish, sleeping, forgetful Church: arouse thee to thy neglected duties; fulfil thy solemn mission; bear thy testimony; send forth thy sons; proclaim thy glorious message; gird thyself and give thyself, in the name of Jesus Christ, to the tremendous task of evangelizing at last this greatest and most populous of all the wholly neglected and benighted regions on the surface of the globe."

A Crisis



MAP OF SUDAN ON EUROPE.

CHAPTER V

“Opportunity is power. What we ought to do we can do. When God opens a door before a people, that is His command to them to enter, and His promise to back them to the full extent of His resources.”—BISHOP FOWLER.

A VAST NEW WORLD TO WIN FOR CHRIST

A COUNTRY larger than the whole of Europe, minus Russia, with from fifty to eighty million people, is waiting to be evangelised. There are large kingdoms in the Sudan just as there are in Europe. Here is a list of the greatest, with the mission work that is being done in them. Beginning in the east we find :—

Name of Land.	Size.	Government.	Missionaries.
1. Kordofan	England	British	None
2. Darfur	France	”	”
3. Wadai	Italy and Ireland	French	,
4. Bagirmi	Switzerland & Holland, Belgium & Tasmania	French	”
5. Kanem	Greece & Denmark	French	”
6. Adamawa	Turkey in Europe	German & British	”
7. Bornu	England	British	”
8. Sokoto	Japan	”	8 C.M.S.
9. Gando	Scotland & Ireland	”	None
10. Nupe	Bulgaria	”	} 6 S.U.M. } 2 C.M.S.

Besides these kingdoms there are about 200 distinct free heathen tribes in the Sudan, with but a very few missionaries amongst them. The twelve mission stations

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in the Sudan—Khartum, Dolaib Hill, Bor, Lokoja, Zaria, Kuta, Bida, Patagi, Wushishi, Rock Station, Ibi and Wukari—are about as far apart as if in Europe we had two stations in Sweden, one in Norway, three in the South of Spain, and six in Portugal, with no preacher of the Gospel in England, none in Ireland, none in France, none in Germany, none in Austria, none in Italy, Turkey or Switzerland, Denmark, Holland or Belgium.

There is urgent need for missionary work to be widely done *at once* in these regions, for unless Christianity be brought to them, the heathen populations of the lands of the Sudan will go over to Islam.

Missionary testimony on this point is very strong and striking. We subjoin extracts* from Bishop Tugwell, the Rev. J. Aitken, Dr. Miller, and Canon Sell, all of whom urge that unless Christianity is immediately brought to Hausaland and the West-Central Sudan, these immense and populous regions will in a few years become Mohammedan.

BISHOP TUGWELL'S TESTIMONY.

“The Hausa and Nupe countries,” writes Bishop Tugwell, “are now open to the preachers of the Gospel. For many years earnest prayers have ascended from the lips of God’s people that the doors to these countries might be opened. Thank God their prayers have been answered, and the door stands now, not ajar, but wide open. Oppression, tyranny, and the slave trade have received, we believe, their death-blow, and an oppressed people is now free. But where is the army of occupation? The British force is in effective occupation; but

*For the full letters from which these extracts are taken see the C.M.S. Intelligencer for June, 1903, p. 411; also for January, 1903, and May, 1902.

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what of the Army of the Church of Christ? *There are large heathen tribes in the Hausa countries who are longing for the advent of the Christian teacher.* The Guaris, with whom I came into contact three years ago, begged me to send them teachers. These tribes will become Moham- medan if they do not become Christian. Sir F. Lugard has recently written very kindly of the work of Dr. Miller and Mr. Anthony, and is quite prepared to support their efforts. Pray that the Church of Christ may prove worthy of her trust."

REV. J. AITKEN'S TESTIMONY.

"I have just visited Kporo, where they are waiting for their long-promised teacher. They told us that they spent each Sunday by gathering together, and talking over what was said to them by our agent on the previous Monday. They also added the following piece of news: All the people behind them have ceased working on Sunday, because it is the Sabbath day of the white men who have kept the Fullani (Moslem slavers) from coming to their country. To honour the white men they cease from work on the white man's Sabbath Day.

"Are not the fields here already 'White unto harvest?' At present they are open to us. They hate Mohammedanism because thousands of their friends and villages have been enslaved under its direct laws. If, however, we do not quickly step in, from constant intercourse with Mohammedans under English rule, they will soon forget their old wrongs; they will embrace the religion of the false prophet, and be no longer open to us as now.

"When I came out in 1898, there were few Moham- medans to be seen below Iddah. Now they are every- where, excepting below Abo, and *at the present rate of pro-*

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gress there will scarcely be a Pagan village on the river banks by 1910. Then we shall begin to talk of Mohammedan missions to these people, and anyone who has worked in both heathen and Mohammedan towns knows what that means."

"They have ceased working on Sunday because it is the Sabbath of the white man!"

The whole case lies in a nutshell, in this one little picture.

The white men have entered. The white man's religion may enter if it will. The children of the Sudan are standing at the crossways, with a bent to follow the white man's path. But the white teachers do not come. Islam, with strong, swift strides, arrives instead.

DR. MILLER'S TESTIMONY.

"Under British rule there will be an inrush of traders, *malams*, and all sorts of Mohammedans into these countries. Greater intercourse will lead to a desire to be received into a big social system, which not only has great prestige of its own, but is evidently, in the eyes of the white conquerors, a much superior thing to heathenism. The African forgets at once. Cruelty, feuds, oppressions, will soon be forgotten, obliterated, and I foresee a very great rival in all this country of Islam by purely peaceful methods.

"I wish to plead especially for the country immediately south and west of us—extending 150 miles—a beautiful, comparatively healthy country, containing almost every kind of supply for food, high plateaus, *frequent large towns and villages, of peaceful, prosperous people, all heathen, but bound to become Mohammedan in the course of a generation. There is no time to lose.*

A Crisis

CANON SELL'S TESTIMONY FROM MADRAS, INDIA.

“There are times when it is very difficult to balance the competing claims of various parts of the Mission Field. I see no difficulty now. *Certain parts of Africa form now, in military language, the objective, and are the strategical positions of the great Mission Field. Parts of Africa in which the Moslem advance is imminent have for the present a pre-eminent claim.* The absorption of Pagan races into Islam is so rapid and continuous, that in a few years' time some may be quite lost to us.

“I believe the Church has very little conception of the real state of the case. The call to immediate and more extended operations is loud and clear. The conscience of the Church needs rousing to the very serious condition of affairs.”

Three other great facts contribute to the call for immediate extended missionary work in the West Central Sudan :—The existence and prevalence of

THE HAUSA LANGUAGE.

Hausa, the trade tongue of the whole of the Western Sudan is spoken by millions in Nigeria.

“In the whole country of Zaria,” writes the Rev. G. Bargery, a C.M.S. worker there, “the people are Mohammedans, but in the country stretching from Zaria southwards to the River Benue, and eastward, so as to include the huge Adamawa State. . . . In this enormous tract of country the people are mainly Pagans. Three years ago it would have been impossible to start work among the heathen tribes. Now the aspect is completely changed. *The whole country is wide open,* and where are the servants of Christ who are to go and claim these peoples for Him? *With a knowledge of the Hausa language,* a man could preach and work in almost any

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town or village of the heathen Guari, Kadara, Kadji, Aho, or any other tribe, as well as in those of the Mohammedan, Fulani, or Hausa."

This language can be learned from Hausa-speaking natives in Tripoli or Tunis, by workers designated to Nigeria, who would thus acquire the *Lingua Franca* of the Western Sudan, inexpensively, in a good climate, without risk to health.

Comparative Healthiness of the Climate of the Upper Benue.—Parts of Northern Nigeria (especially on the Upper Benue) are high and comparatively healthy. The heavy death roll of devoted workers on the West Coast would not be likely to be repeated on the uplands of Adamawa, whose mountains rise to over 8,000 feet above sea level, or in the Bautchi Hill district, of which Sir Frederick Lugard, late High Commissioner for Northern Nigeria, writes, "The Bautchi Hills enjoy a charming climate." There is reason to hope that the comparatively healthy conditions which surround the Uganda Mission of the Church of England in the heart of Central Africa, may be repeated for the highlands of the Murchison Range and other parts of Northern Nigeria in the heart of the Sudan.

Accessibility of Kingdoms of the West-Central Sudan and the Upper Benue.—These regions are accessible by the water highway of the Niger and Benue Rivers. Steamers of the Royal Niger Company ply regularly between the coast and Yola, the capital of Adamawa. Ibi and Yola, it is felt, would form desirable bases for missionary work.

Focussing the above-mentioned facts we find that:—

1. These lands are newly-conquered and thus open; Moslem opposition can no longer prevent missions, as it has done in past years.

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2. The slave shackles have fallen from whole nations. Delivered from slave-raiders the heathen peoples ask for and welcome white teachers.

3. The Governments of Great Britain and Germany, which control in the West Sudan alone, areas larger than their home countries, and thirty-five million non-Christian peoples, are both friendly towards Christian Missions in Pagan centres.

4. The Upper Benue district, especially, is comparatively high and healthy, probably in this respect the best part of the whole Sudan.

5. These lands are within easy reach by steamer communication up the Niger and Benue Rivers.

6. Finally and chiefly, these lands are in a temporary state of religious solution. The heathenism of the past cannot endure. Islam is arriving, has arrived. Shall Islam prevail?

SHALL ISLAM PREVAIL?

Shall we allow it? Shall we, who have been entrusted by God with the evangelisation of the Sudan (the ancient Ethiopia) hand over those who are calling us to teach them to a slavery worse than any they have ever known before, *i.e.*, to the spiritual slavery of Mohammedanism, to the green flag of the false prophet? Shall we neglect a field which promises a greater Uganda,—neglect, and so lose it? No! But by a united effort of all those interested in the coming of the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, let us strive as lightbearers to hasten the time when “Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God.”

It is now . . . or never,

It is Islam . . . or Christ.

An Expedition of
Investigation

CHAPTER VI

ON the twenty-third of July, 1904, a medical man, two other missionaries, and myself, sailed on the Elder Dempster liner *Akabo* from Liverpool for the mouth of the Niger. One did feel—you know what I mean—when the last note of “Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot” had been drowned in the whirling of the rushing screw, and the last flutter of the white handkerchiefs was changed into the white wings of the hovering sea gulls. “God keep you!” We went down into our cabins, and down on our knees together, and arose to join hands for better, for worse, and to remain one through weal and woe, for the kingdom of Christ in the Sudan. Before we came on board some friends had been down into our cabin and prayed that God would set His special blessing upon this expedition. And God did.

BLESSING ON BOARD.

There were a good number of gold-diggers on board, going to the Gold Coast for gold, and we looked forward to a not very comfortable passage. What could God do with men like these?

The first afternoon, as we were leaving the mouth of the Mersey, I was walking on deck, when one of these gold diggers came up to me and said, “We hear you are missionaries?” I said “Yes,” “I want you to have a service for us to-morrow morning in the saloon.” “Well,” I said, “we are quite willing to have a service for you, but if your friends should object, I am afraid they

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could give us a very disagreeable morning.” “You leave that to me,” he answered, “I have not been to service for many years, and I want to have a service.” And going over to his companions, who were drinking and gambling on the other side of the deck, he said, “Hulloa, you chaps, we are going to have a service to-morrow; you had better all turn up.” They evidently knew who and what he was, for they did not object.

I went to the captain and asked for permission to hold the service in the saloon. He expressed astonishment that the men should have asked for a service. He had sailed along the coast for many years, but had never heard anything like it. He said, “They need it very badly; by all means have a service. I will have the saloon ready, and the stewards shall attend.”

So we had a service, and everybody was there. As they were all very attentive I ventured to suggest that we might have a sing-song service in the evening. The ship’s bugler played for us, and everyone chose the favourite hymn of his childhood. Again all appeared, and we had some very hearty singing and an enjoyable evening. These men going to the West Coast of Africa, to the white man’s grave, chose for their hymns those powerful old songs, “When I survey the Wondrous Cross,” “Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness,” &c.

When we came to the end of our singing, one suggested:—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, Oh, my Saviour hide
'Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.”

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They sang this hymn, and as they sung, some of their faces were turned to the wall, and when they looked back, there were glistening cheeks. God was present.

The week passed. We quietly waited and prayed. The next Sunday came. Two more services. Monday passed. On Tuesday morning we should reach the Gold Coast. As I passed late on Monday through the saloon, I saw all the men sitting around the central table. One of them called out, "Come and sit down and have a drink with us."

I hesitated a moment, and then the man sitting opposite the one who had spoken said to him, "You leave that man alone; he is a better man than you are."

"Oh," I said, "I don't know anything about that, I'll sit down with you, and if I don't drink anything stronger, I'll have a soda water."

There was a lull in the conversation as I sat down. Then the man who had suggested that I should be left alone, asked me for a pencil and a piece of paper, and wrote, "This is the last strong drink that I shall touch in my life. Can you tell me how to be saved?"

He pushed the paper over to me. I looked at it and called the writer away with me to my cabin. There we went on our knees. He was a man of fine physique, occupying a responsible position in charge of a gold mine.

After a while I left him with one of the missionaries, and went back to the table. Putting my hand on the shoulder of another fellow there, I asked "What about you?"

"I, also, would like to find the truth," was the answer.

"Come away," and I led him to another cabin. Back I went to the table, and by that time the glasses of whiskey and beer, some full, some half full, some almost

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empty, had been pushed to the centre of the table, and around it the men were sitting waiting.

We had no sleep that night, but when the day broke the men were rejoicing in Christ, their Saviour. Bibles were in great demand, and those who had come on board with swearing went away with Halleluiahs.

I have since heard of them testifying for their Master.

One of them wrote a little while ago from Hamburg. He had been invalided home, and asked whether in any way he could help the Mission. Passing through the streets of Sheffield some months ago, some one called after me, "Doctor! Doctor!" At first I paid no attention, but he caught me up. "Well, what do you want?"

"Do you know me, Doctor?"

"No."

"Do you not know me, really?"

"No, you must excuse my memory."

"Do you not know me? I went out with you on the *Akabo*?"

It dawned on me that he was one of the gold men.

"Why," I exclaimed, "how are you getting on?"

"Splendidly."

One thanked God that the results of that voyage had not fallen to the ground.

On returning from Africa a year ago, I was told on board the boat by a friend a remarkable story of how a whole crowd of men had been converted at the Gold Coast on board the *Akabo*. He said, "Everybody was talking about it on the coast."

"That must have been a wonderful voyage," I said, without informing him that I knew a little more about it.

Was this God's seal to the Expedition? Yes, undoubtedly.



In the Niger Delta



Forest Scenery, Lower Niger

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GOVERNMENT HELP.

When we reached the mouth of the Niger we found the High Commissioner's private yacht, which had come down to take up the Deputy High Commissioner; the latter, with the greatest kindness, placed it at our disposal, and took us up to Lokoja. I visited the High Commissioner at his Government Head-quarters, Zunguru, Northern Nigeria. He was exceedingly friendly, granted us the introduction of certain goods free of custom-house duty, and expressed his desire to do all he could for the work. As the price for transport had been placed already so low that the Government was making nothing out of it, he at first felt that he could not conscientiously agree to a reduction of fares for missionaries. A few weeks afterwards, however, I received a communication from him, stating that after further thought he felt that the Government should assist the missionaries in their good work as far as possible, and would be very glad to grant the missionaries a reduction of one-third of the fares on Government steamers. This practically means that the Government pays one-third, and the missionaries two-thirds, of their passage by Government boats.

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN FAVOUR OF ADVANCE.

Sir Frederick Lugard further wrote a letter asking the Resident of Muri Province to assist the missionaries in every way he could. When, months later, I proposed the building of a road from the Benue to Wase, and suggested that if we build one half the road, the Government might build the other half, he replied "that the Government would be glad to build the whole road."

In the Blue Books laid before the Houses of Parlia-

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ment in London, Sir Frederick Lugard writes, "I hold out every encouragement to establish missions in Pagan centres."

SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

On going up the Niger, one passes first through Southern Nigeria. Here the river banks are densely covered with virgin forests, large silk cotton trees, fine oil palms, majestic ebony, redwood and mahogany trees; all valuable woods; and up to the present very little exploited, waiting for the white man's enterprise. There are, in Southern Nigeria, between forty and fifty missionaries, but hundreds of towns and villages here have never even seen the face of a white man, much less a missionary. A great part of this forest region, especially the North-eastern part of Southern Nigeria, is up to the present little explored. The houses in the villages of Southern Nigeria are all square, while the huts in the towns and villages of Northern Nigeria are round. This distinction marks the transition from the forest belt to the region of bush and steppe land.

The character of the inhabitants of the country may be judged from the following incident recently published in our newspapers:—

A medical man, a government official, travelling with his caravan through the bush, riding ahead on his bicycle on the look-out for game, suddenly came upon a number of natives, who had never seen a white man before. Frightened to death, they fell on their faces to worship him. Unfortunately, the white man, who knew that he was alone, was equally terrified. Anxious to impress the natives with respect, he lifted his rifle and pointed it at the men. While they had never seen a white face, they knew the white man's rifle, and knew it carries death, so to defend themselves they flung a tomahawk at his head

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and killed him. As he was killed, they concluded they might as well eat him. So when the doctor's caravan arrived at the spot they found nothing but the bicycle left.

Had he smiled at them, and shown his empty hands, there is no doubt they would have done everything for him they could. During my travels through the Pagan regions no serious trouble with the natives ever arose, for the simple reason that although I knew some of them to be cannibals I made it a point never to frighten them, never to be frightened, and always to show kindness wherever one could.

Some other illustrations will show us the unspeakable degradation of some of the tribes living in Southern Nigeria.

When an Ibibio chief died there was no big pit dug and the victims thrown into and buried alive, as was the custom at Calabar. But here the victims were led out—men and women—

TO THE MARKET PLACE,

where they were ordered to kneel, and then sharp-pointed stakes were driven through their bodies into the ground, and they were left pinned in that atrocious manner till the animals and birds of prey devoured their flesh.

If a woman offended any of the secret societies she was caught and brought to one of the large playgrounds, where she was thrown upon the ground and her clothes torn off, then her hands were stretched to their very utmost and tied to two trees, her feet were raised and fastened in the same manner, and the unfortunate woman, in that excruciating position, hung

TILL DEATH RELIEVED HER.

If a woman was accused of infidelity, and had any hesitancy in confessing, she was seized and taken to the

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public square and similarly treated; only in this case to hasten her disclosures, a column of driver ants was led up to her, or another species of ant called Inuene shaken over her body. When these bloodthirsty little creatures began to bite, she would shout in her agony some person's name, let him be guilty or not. She was then liberated, and the man was caught and sold, or heavily fined.

Further, every Ibibio town had to

OFFER A HUMAN SACRIFICE

in its turn. The victim was purchased from another tribe. There was a large circle formed of all the men, boys, and even children, with the lad to be sacrificed in the centre. The priest with a machette stepped out and by one stroke severed the head from the body.

But there was, and alas! still is, another phase of Ibibio life which, to my mind, is worse than these cruel customs. It is the rampant immorality of the people. One cannot go into details, and the curtain of reticence must be closely drawn over this most loathsome sin. I can only say that they are absolutely without the faintest regard for the Seventh Commandment, except in so far as they can use the marriage bond for pecuniary purposes.

In obedience to our great Captain's command, we commenced operations amongst these gigantic systems of evil, and as soon as we disarmed suspicion and won the sympathy of the people, one cruel custom after another disappeared. The gloom has been pierced.

THE DARKNESS IS RETREATING

before the light of the Gospel. Under its influence the social condition of the people is fast improving. This is everywhere manifest by the better houses that are being built, and the more decent mode of dressing that is

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coming into fashion. But that is not all, one hundred and twenty-seven men and women have publicly confessed Christ in Baptism, and I have in my hands no less a sum than £50 subscribed by those poor people, to purchase, as far as that amount will go, the material for a new Church.

We observed the Lord's Supper a few weeks ago in our little mud-and-whattle building. There were between three and four hundred present, and ninety-nine of us sat down to remember our Lord's death. Oh, how my heart was filled with gratitude and praise to our heavenly Father as I watched those dark-skinned communicants take into their hands the emblems of their Saviour's broken body and shed blood, and thought of the vicious and cruel lives they lived before Divine grace rescued them." Thus writes a Missionary of the Qua Iboe Mission.

From Lokoja we took the Niger Company's steamer up the Benue, that magnificent water-way so little known. The word "Benue" is a Pagan word, meaning "Mother of Waters," and this river is a mother of waters indeed. In many places she is two miles wide, and navigable in the rainy season for 600 miles; with magnificent tributaries, it forms a high road into the Pagan regions. Half way up the Benue. The Niger Company has an important depot at Ibi. Here we disembarked, and started our overland journey north.

ISLAM FACE TO FACE.

When on the Upper Niger in August, 1904, I wrote the following:—

"While my canoe men are making much noise and doing little work in pushing and rowing us along, I am trying to write to you. There are seven of them—a

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somewhat trying company. They stole my marmalade this morning, and to atone for it, set up a great show of Moslem prayer, looking around continually to see if I noticed their devotions. In the early morning, when they ought to be working, they loiter about, and in the evening when Christian people go to bed at 10 p.m. they begin a tremendous howling and make a great show without exerting themselves. I have been sorely tempted to send one or two of them overboard, I know it would do them no end of good, but then, I mustn't.

“Before arriving in this dark land, I could only speak of Mohammedanism in Central Africa from hearsay, but now I have seen it with my own eyes. What a fearful responsibility rests on the Church at home, if she stands by, and sees tribe after tribe go over to Islam, to be irrevocably lost, and does little or nothing to prevent it.

“In the whole of Northern Nigeria, there is only one man working definitely among the Pagans—Mr. Aitken, in the Bassa country. All the others are trying to reach Mohammedans.

“Among the heathen tribes, there are the Guaris, one million souls untouched; the Munchis, one million untouched; the Abuja, the Donga, the Takum, the Jarrova, the Tengele, all untouched and many more.

“*That one of the most populous Protectorates in Africa should go over to Mohammedanism in our generation, for want of witnesses for CHRIST—that the possibility offered us of bringing these waiting nations to GOD should be once and forever lost—would be an unutterable disgrace to the Christian Church! May God's blessing rest on all those who realise the opportunity and rise to grasp it.*”—August, 1904.

The magnificent thunder-storms of the tropics are well-known. During our sojourn at Ibi, while preparing for the overland journey, we had our first experience of



Among the Palms at Ibi



Waiting to Cross

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them. The tents were pitched on high ground, and well roped down. We had been to dinner with the Government representatives, and had returned to our camp, when one of the most gorgeous displays of lightning took place with a tremendous downpour of rain. The wind was exceedingly high, and almost levelled the tents to the ground. Once or twice we had to go out to drive the pegs in, and to refasten the ropes.

Next morning the caravan was ready. The difficulties of travelling with carriers through Central Africa has again and again been illustrated by various travellers, I need not enlarge upon them here.

The High Commissioner had given orders to the Resident to secure for us carriers, but when it came to starting, we found only about twenty ready; while we needed, even leaving half our goods behind, at least seventy or eighty. By still cutting down the loads to the lowest possible number, and by sending the head-men all over the town to search for carriers, we succeeded, after waiting for two days, in making a start with sixty men across the river, and then up one of the creeks towards a place called Sarakin Kudu.

The rain was falling heavily all the time, and the water of this creek was very deep and swift. The dug-out canoes we were using had to be pulled along by the low hanging branches of trees growing on the bank. I rode down the same water course six months later, and longed for a drop of water. In the middle of the water course, during the dry season, a lion had made his home in some dense grass, and men and horses were frightened when we passed the place.

Wet, hungry, and tired, we reached our first halting place where the march overland should begin. The Government had compelled the king of Sarakin Kudu to

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put up what we call in Northern Nigeria "rest houses" for weary white travellers. Just two or three round mud huts, thatched with grass, which form a better shelter than tents in heavy rain.

All the loads were repacked in the evening, and we thought that everything would be ready for a start next morning at day-break (six o'clock). We were up at half-past five, our loads were put together, but the men were exceedingly slow, and it was almost heart-breaking to see the way they tied up their loads. A big strong man, choosing the lightest, moved it as if it were lead, lifting it gingerly with a sigh, and dropped it again. The smallest men refused absolutely to touch the heavy loads which the stronger men had left. At last we put the loads in one line, the men behind them, and the command was given to take up the loads. Thereupon we found that suddenly two of our men had disappeared, and there were two extra loads without carriers. The village chief was sent for to supply two carriers. "I have no carriers," was the answer, and here we were stuck already. There was nothing else to be done but to deposit a number of plants which we had brought up from Lokoja and Ibi, and leave them in the compound.

At half-past nine we got away. What a journey! The grass twelve feet high and sopping wet. Every mile or two a creek or a brook, and some of them deep. The roads slippery leading through various swamps. On we travelled. The guide and myself at the head, then a number of carriers, with the two white men, Mr. Burt and Mr. Maxwell, to keep them in order, and the rear was brought up by the medical missionary, Dr. Bateman. My companions must have worked like Trojans to keep the men together.

Mid-day came. The sun was burning unmercifully



A Mid-day Halt on the March



A Study in Smiles

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down upon us. We were dressed in our new clothing, shod with heavy fishermen's boots, which after several hours were hanging like lumps of lead on our feet. At one o'clock a halt was called, and within an hour all the men had arrived. Some of us felt, already, as if we had put the work of three days into three hours, and were looking forward to the afternoon's work with trepidation; but it would have been impossible to stop there in the bush, and so we continued our journey at about three o'clock. We marched on until four, and felt tired out. On again till five o'clock, and we felt more tired. Half-past five, no village in sight yet. Are we ever going to get to our next camping place? "A little further on," our guide kept saying. "A little further," and "yet a little further." Up till this time I had waited for the bulk of the carriers to catch up. Now I felt I had better go on and get to the village, and let the carriers follow as soon as they felt able. At half-past six, I sighted the first houses, and soon found myself welcomed by the natives. The tents were put up, and as the first carriers arrived, I sent them back for the loads of the weaker ones that were left behind.

The news came that one of the white men was ill in the bush. What was I to do? Leave the carriers and go back? I, myself, was practically tired out. I called for the King, and sent six men back with deck chairs, made up as stretchers, to bring in the white man at all costs. At 9 p.m. they returned, and soon all were gathered round the blazing fire.

Next day was a day of rest: and then on we started again to a place called Shemankar. Here we had one of the most trying experiences during my stay in Africa. Mr. Burt had his first attack of fever, his temperature going up to 105.4. This put a definite stop to our forward march, and as there was little food in the village, it was thought

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best for me to go on with the carriers, and our goods, and reach the larger town, Wase, two days' journey from Shemankar. At Wase we expected to make our temporary headquarters. Saying farewell to my friends on Thursday morning. I pressed on, this time on horseback, as the ground was too sodden for walking. The chief of Shemankar had very kindly placed a horse at my disposal. I reached Wase in safety on Saturday afternoon, and deposited our goods at the rest-house. I then decided to go back to Ibi by the shortest way, *i.e.*, by the river, to bring up the other goods, having left instructions with my fellow-travellers to come up to Wase as soon as Mr. Burt should be strong enough to travel, and had sent them down horses for the journey.

But on the morning of my starting for Ibi, I received a message carried by a special runner from my friends at Shemankar, begging me to come down to them immediately. So, instead of going towards the river, I rode back towards Shemankar, and reached that town the next afternoon, riding through the night.

Before getting into the town itself, one had to cross the Shemankar river, and, as it was flood time, the river was very deep. One of the runners, whom I had despatched ahead of me, had brought the news of my coming to the Missionaries, and when I arrived on the opposite bank, I found Mr. Maxwell on the look-out for me. He looked a sorry sight, weak, thin, and evidently in the grasp of our African friend, the fever. He called out to me and then staggered back to his hut without waiting. I plunged into the river, making use of a small, ramshackle, dug-out canoe, and soon got across.

My friends were in a serious condition. Mr. Burt had had a relapse, and I found him in a bad state. Dr. Bateman was down with a severe attack of appendicitis and a

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temperature of 103, and Mr. Maxwell also was down with fever with a temperature of somewhat over 101.

Without taking off my riding boots, I just stripped my coat off and set to work to fight death, for both Burt and Bateman seemed pretty bad. In the middle of the bush in the rainy season, without house and home and medical help, we were in a sorry plight. Setting the native boys to work, I filled a bath with as cool water as we could get from the river, poured in several bottles of vinegar, and began to sponge Burt. Then I had Maxwell removed to another house, so that he might not be disturbed by the two more dangerous cases.

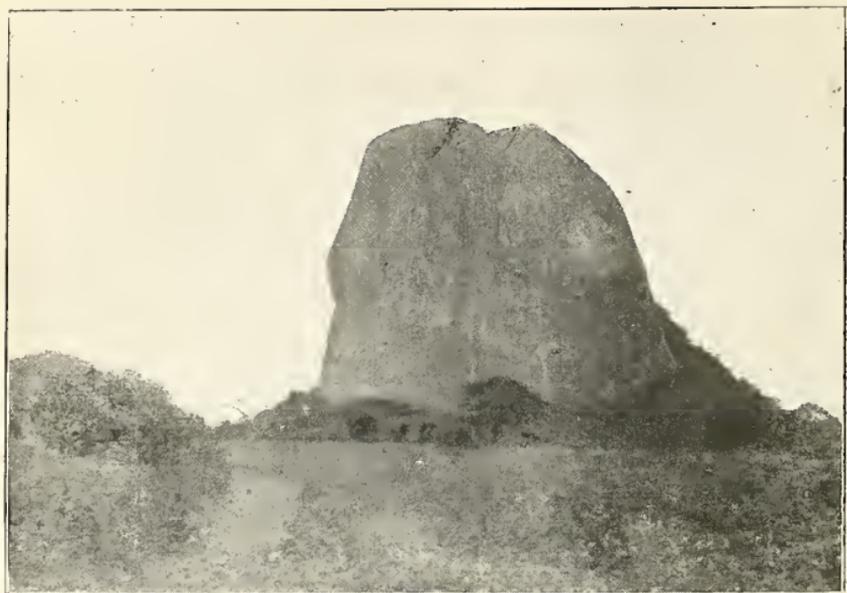
Hour after hour I worked with them, carrying medicine to this one, drink to the other, sponging and cooling the third, and no change seemed to take place. Bateman's face expressed hopelessness, and I was beginning to lose faith. Night came. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten, eleven, no change. I felt, like fainting myself, having been without sleep for over forty hours and riding long distances on horseback, now wet through, and then again dried by the sun.

Just about that time, when going out to get something more for the men, I fell right down on my knees. I just cried to God, "Oh God! Thou has brought us here into this country. We have not come here at our own choice. Wilt Thou not have pity on these my brethren, for if they die, people in the homelands will say, 'There, more lives sacrificed and buried in the white man's grave—the West Coast of Africa.' Lord, humanly speaking, the crisis will not be met if these die. Lord, I cannot bear it, and though from a human standpoint, hope and healing is practically out of the question for both of them, canst Thou not work a miracle?"

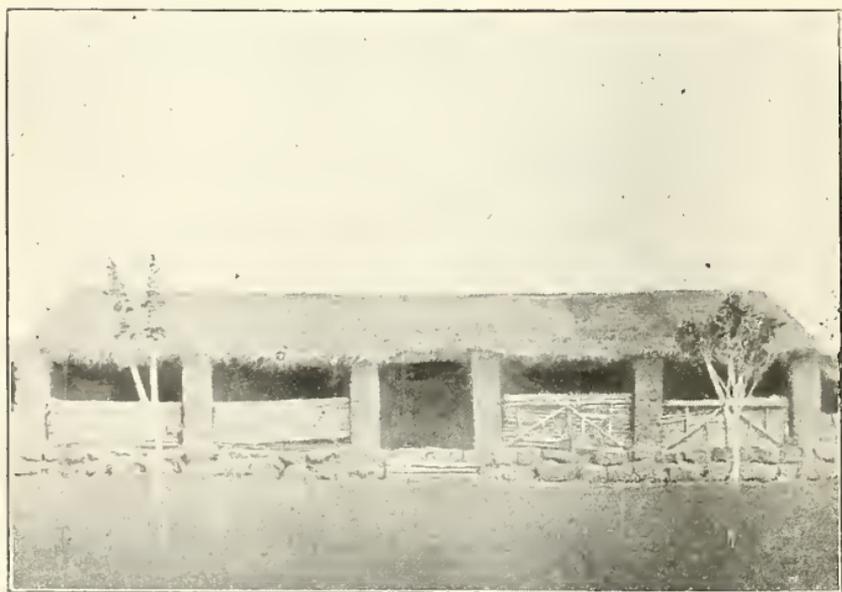
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I arose from my knees and went back to the hut and could hardly trust my eyes. Burt's temperature down to 102.2 and quietly going to sleep. Bateman asleep already, and when on tip-toe going to the house where Maxwell was lying, I found him also at rest, I pulled a deck chair into the opening of the door, and sitting there all through the small hours of the morning, my heart just welled up with thankfulness to my Father. While resting there God showed me something of His power and His glory. For of all the thunder-storms I have ever seen in the tropics the one that burst over us that night was the most gorgeous. There was not much rain, nor was there much wind, but for almost two hours the whole sky was ablaze with the endless flashes of the most lurid lightning that one could conceive, and the peals and crashes of thunder were something never to be forgotten. The Lord God Who dwells above the clouds, the Lord of Light and Lightning, is also the Lord of love and life. To-day all three are alive and well, two in Africa, and Bateman at home in England, having been sent home in God's good time to take up his father's practice (who died within a few days of his arrival in England) and thus provide support for the members of his family. God needed him at home. Repeatedly we remarked to one another during the months after Bateman was invalided home that it seemed strange that there should have been no end of illness while the medical man was with us, and when he was gone all of us enjoyed excellent health. God could, evidently, when necessary, do without a doctor even in Central Africa.

Months went by in quiet, steady station work at Pioneer Camp, near Wase. A good station site was chosen and approved of by the Government. The ground was cleared with the help of the King of Wase and his



Wase Rock



First House at Rock Station

An Expedition of Investigation

men, and a Mission House planned and built. Twenty-five native huts were also put up to accommodate the natives working and learning to study at the station.

To build a substantial house in Central Africa is not an easy matter. We made bricks (twenty thousand of them) and burned them; laid solid rock foundations for the house, and then built a three-room bungalow with a large verandah in front, planning two extra wings to be built next dry season. The roof gave us as much trouble or more than the whole of the rest of the house. From my experience in North Africa the idea of a flat roof seemed to be very feasible, but we found we could not get wood strong enough to withstand the pressure which heavy rains brought to bear upon the roof.

Let me describe one of the quiet days at Pioneer Camp. At twenty minutes to six my head boy comes in to the hut, a round hut which is just eight feet across and built (walls and roof) of grass. He brings me my early cup of tea, a biscuit, and the unfailing quinine, of which we used to take at first five grains a day and then later on two grains every morning. There was no turning over in bed, it was too narrow; out we came as soon as it dawned in the east. A few minutes of quiet with the Lord, and from Maxwell's hut sounded the early whistle, the call for prayer. Looking out along our camp street, one could see the boys come out, stretch themselves, half asleep still, straggling into our little tabernacle, which stood right at the end of the camp, facing the village street. The Bible was read, a few words said, then prayer was offered. Day had begun. The sun rose in the east, and with the sun came our daily work.

Without breakfast the boys gathered at the building site. Some were told off to saw logs, others to make

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bricks, others again to cut straw for mats, others to carry wood or water from the river; and sometimes before the sun had appeared above the horizon, everybody was bustling around to get as much work done during the cool hours of the day as was possible. Burt usually took charge of the brick department. I attended to the woodman's work, and Maxwell, who is the linguist, had classes.

There was no time for looking around in the early hours; but we bent to the work, and when at nine o'clock our personal boys used to come and inform us that it was breakfast time, we were quite ready for a hearty meal, the men working on under the supervision of the headman. After breakfast came family worship, and at least half an hour with our Bibles in consecutive study and reading. Then at ten o'clock back to the work until twelve, when the whistle sounded—a last scratch with the saw, a final knock with the hammer, the last brick put aside, and the men streamed back to camp for their first meal of the day.

For two hours, mid-day rest, usually a short nap, as the best part of the day's work was done. Then slowly, between two and half-past two, we came back to do some more. Just before sunset our toil was ended. Sometimes, when there was little meat to be had, one used to go out and try to get a few Guinea fowls or an antelope. Then the refreshing dip of the evening, a happy, hearty dinner hour from seven to eight, and oftentimes, over a cup of coffee, our heads would sink down on the table. Tired out, away we went to the huts.

Day after day, more or less the same. Saturday a half-holiday. Sunday of course a day of rest. In the morning our quiet English service together, which was attended by those of the boys who understood a little English. In the evening the general service for the men

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and all who liked to attend, usually about thirty or forty of them. Happy days they were. Days of pioneering—of laying the foundations, of sowing the first seed, looking towards the time when the great harvest will be gathered in, when the temple of God shall have been built in the land of darkness—built of living stones, with the hearts of men. I deem it one of the greatest privileges to have been allowed by the Lord to spend those quiet months in foundation-laying in the very heart of the Sudan and the Dark Continent.

A grand thing doubtless it is—I know of nothing to equal it—to be used of God to the salvation of a single soul; but a greater thing, so it appears to me, is to become a father of a nation, and there are nations waiting to be born now, nations that wait for us to bring them out of darkness into the light of God.

Up to Bautchi



King of the Burmawa calling on Dr. Kumm at Kanna

CHAPTER VII

I LEFT Wase on Tuesday, the 28th of February, 1905, on a journey north towards what was formerly the great centre of the slave trade—Bautchi. Only ten men formed my caravan ; I tried to get over the ground as quickly, and so with as few impediments, as possible. Long before sunrise, when the moon was shining in the west, we left Pioneer Camp at 4.30 a.m. A little over an hour's march, past the town of Wase, and over the Wase river, brought us to a village, which, like many others in Northern Nigeria, was called after the name of Baobab (monkey bread-fruit) Kuka, which is the Hausa for Baobab. Without rest we continued for another hour, and arrived at a market town named Saloe. After travelling some distance into the Yergum country, one of my carriers pointed out that we had made a mistake. We turned eastwards, and went across country. This, as the land was densely covered with bush, was somewhat difficult ; but half an hour's toilsome struggling landed us safely again on the main road. The sun was beginning to become very oppressive, when at 10 a.m. the Quankjem River was reached, which forms here a knee. After flowing South, it suddenly turns to the East. The river-bed was entirely dry, and large flocks of guinea fowl sported in the reeds and the rushes. I succeeded in bagging three or four of them, a very acceptable supper for the evening. At this time of the year, the first water, after leaving Saloe, is about a mile from the corner of the Quankjem River, three hours and a half from Saloe,

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Another hour brings us to a place called Rua Dabang, a halting place for nearly all caravans. Good water is to be found here all the year round, and some fairly large trees supply shade. At one o'clock, when the heat of the sun became unbearable, and one felt parched and dried up—at the end of one's tether—we entered the town of Quankjem. Half a dozen huts, built in the form of a circle, with lovely old trees, formed a camping ground for the white men. Oh! how one enjoyed the cool drink out of the freshly-filled water-bottles, and how deliciously soft felt the camp-bed in the shady hut.

Three hours' rest, and we are up again. This 28th of February was one of the hottest days during my stay in Africa. The temperature in the shade went up to 115 degrees, and the heat in the sun was simply broiling. The village chief called in the afternoon with his presents, and also the Mohammedan teacher. He had only been in the town a few months. The Resident of Bautchi had sent him down to act as a representative of the Government, attending to correspondence (in Arabic) and superintending the king. Woe to the Mohammedan missionary who would have ventured among the Burmawa (the name by which this people was known) only a few years ago. He would simply have been killed, and, as the people are cannibals, he would undoubtedly have been eaten. There is a little praying place already in Quankjem, and a few of the people have begun to say their Moslem prayers. Quankjem lies in a valley which has, especially on the eastern side, a steep, stony embankment. Some of the rocks are shaped in most fantastic forms. Leopards, lions, and bush cows are said to abound in the neighbourhood of Quankjem.

Mr. Mockler Ferryman writes in his book *Nigeria*, after visiting and studying the country:—

Up to Bautchi

“Funerals among these Pagan tribes, who dwell at a safe distance from the British official, are replete with enormities, including cannibalism and human sacrifices.

“Prior to our administration of the country, the burial of no Pagan chief was considered to be sufficiently celebrated unless a certain number of his wives and slaves were buried with him, in order that he might enter on his new life accompanied by attendants befitting his rank.

“There are to-day, within a day’s journey of a British court-house, places in Nigeria where, on the death of a chief, scores of innocent men and women are cast alive into the grave, their legs and arms broken to prevent escape; where victims are brought forth and slain and then eaten by the mourners; and where the sacrifice of virgins is considered as the highest honour to the dead.

“Even years after a man’s death, slaves and captives are sometimes sacrificed to his memory, in the belief that their ghosts will swell the throng of his attendants.”

Such conditions are dreadful enough. But dark as is the heathenism of Nigeria, there is something more to be dreaded—a shadow even heavier to lift than that of Paganism in the Sudan. If we were only called to bring the Gospel to these nations because they were heathen, our privilege and responsibility would be great enough. But we are called to do something more. We are called to prevent Islam reaching these peoples; called to arrest, by their Evangelisation, please God by their Christianisation, its rapidly-advancing march.

Next morning, Wednesday, March 1st, we started from our camping ground at 5.30 and arrived at 10 a.m. at Kanna, the present capital of the Burmawa tribe. There are two or three villages along the road. Five

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miles from Quankjem one passes a village by the name of Mun. Another three miles bring us to the half way house, a good camping ground, a number of large trees, and good water. Another five miles, and east of the road, we have two or three hamlets, which go under the name of Dal. The King of Kanna received us most hospitably, and, in a long conversation, he expressed his desire that we should stay, or send him the white man's teacher, who would tell him about the white man's God. The people of Kanna seemed very poor, as the mountains of the country supply them with no land for farms; and many a day, the King told me, the people had lived on the leaves of the trees. As far as I could gather from the King, there are ten towns belonging to the Burmawa tribe, and quite a number of villages and hamlets. In fact, at one time one noticed about a dozen hamlets in sight. These, in a hill country, mean a considerable density of population.

Though the King of Kanna asked us to stay, we felt that time was exceedingly precious, and so at 5.30 next morning we left. Three hours and a half brought us to the first Fulani settlement, and the Pagan country was behind us. Four miles from Kanna, following a steep mountain path, we reached the Northern border of the Murchison Range, which, at this longitude, would be about twenty-five miles across. Where the descent begins on the Northern edge, the Burmawa have built a wall of defence, on the principle of the Chinese wall, to keep the Mohammedan mounted tribes out of their country. Eight miles from Kanna, a brook of fresh, clear water, flowing all the year round, invites the traveller to rest. Just a quarter of an hour beyond we enter the flat country, and soon reach the farms of Dul, from which we still have to ride for a good three-quarters of an hour, before we

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reach the small town itself. Farms seem to be the stronger point in this Fulani town, which is somewhat unusual, as the Fulani mostly keep cattle only.

The rest houses at Dul, compared with those of Kanna, are altogether disreputable. The heathen have a considerably greater respect for the white man than the Mohammedan Fulani have. This appeared, as in everything else, in the better rest houses they built for the white man. Bad water, hot huts, little food, made us glad to leave this inhospitable Mohammedan place. At 5.30 on Friday, the 3rd of March, we therefore departed from Dul, and after crossing a number of large dry water-courses, some three hours from Dul, we landed at 10 a.m. in Gordi, a somewhat more prosperous town than Dul. The journey during the morning hours proved very exciting, as the last farms of Dul, some six miles from town, had become unsafe on account of lions having taken up their abode in the neighbourhood. The lions had disturbed the caravans, and the natives were sore afraid. We met lion spoor all along the road. I stopped my little company of men, and hunted through the bushes, but hunted in vain; the lions had departed. They must have disliked the smell of the white man. A little further on, quite a herd of roan antelopes (one of the largest antelopes in Northern Nigeria) blocked our road. I fired several shots at them, but did not succeed in bagging any. One would have been very glad to have had fresh meat that evening. The eternal fowl began to taste tough and flabby.

“Behüt Dich Gott es wär zu schön gewesen
Behüt Dich Gott as hat nicht sollen sein.”

The camp at Gordi was considerably more comfortable than that at Dul. Close to the huts was a large river, which even at this time (towards the end of the dry season) contained a fair amount of water. A number of water-fowl

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covered the sandy islands, and large herds of cattle enjoyed the green grass on its banks. I daresay in the rainy season this camping ground would not be as nice as it was in the dry season, as the land around it is low-lying and, I suppose, during the rains, swampy.

At 5.30 the next morning, we were away again. This day we had to cover over twenty miles, but the road was exceedingly interesting. After three miles we passed a village by the name of Gajia, and shortly afterwards a small river. Another half an hour brought us to a large Fulani village named Battal. Here we noticed fields of cotton with long and silky fibre like the Egyptian cotton. Then on again through the bush for nine miles, and we pass through a straggling village, which is known to our guide as Sabbon Gidda. A few minutes further, and the bed of a considerable river had to be crossed, which was now only a small streamlet, but which must have been during the rainy season a wide, deep stream. This is a country of many rivers. Another four miles brought us to a stream, the banks of which were covered with a great many date palms. Crown-birds and cranes were to be seen in numbers on the sandbanks of the "Kogin" (River) Dunguru. And somewhat tired we arrived at the market town of Katagum at 12 o'clock.

Katagum is a market place of importance. When the other market places have sold out at the end of the dry season and corn and fruit are only to be had at famine prices, Katagum has usually a good supply left. From far and near people throng to it then. The rest-houses for the white man are some distance north of the town, just beyond a little brook. The houses are built of mud and are thatched with grass.

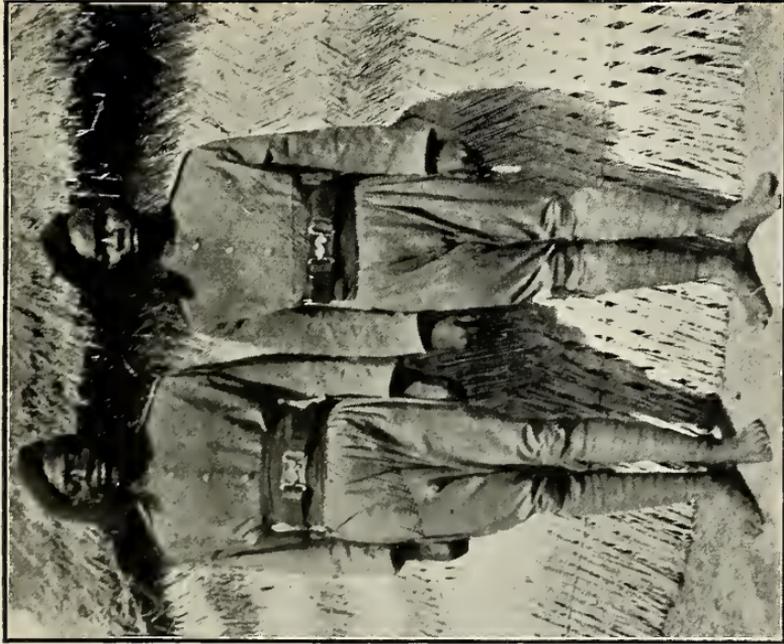
The next day was Sunday, and it has always been a rule with me never to travel on Sunday. Eight years ago, the

Up to Bautchí

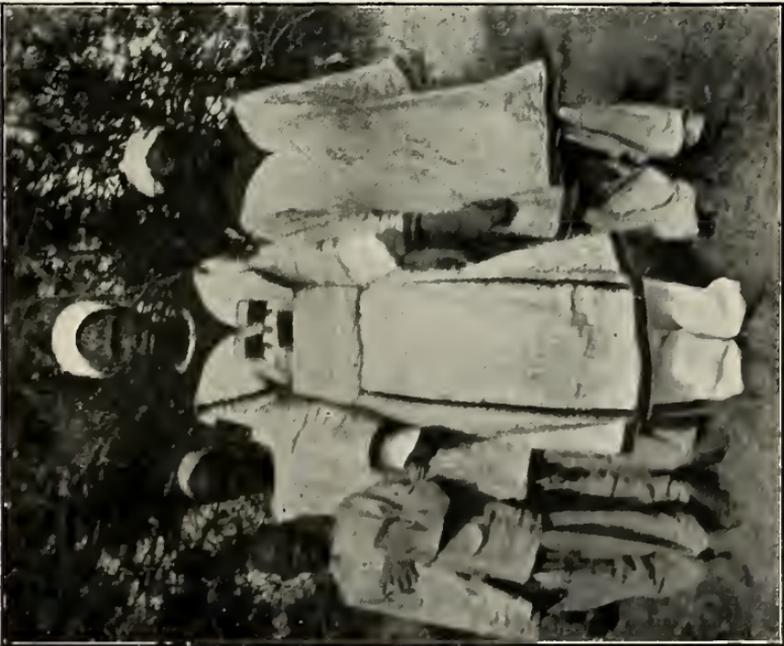
Bedouins of Sahara used to tell of me, as I heard later on from people in the Nile Valley, that this strange white man was characterised by two things: he is not afraid, and he does not travel on Sunday. It means, of course, a great deal in the Sahara to break the journey on a Sunday; and the Arabs hesitate considerably before they will consent to spend twenty-four hours unnecessarily in the desert, where water is scarce and the life of the traveller in continual danger. The quiet Sunday here at Katagum was very enjoyable. I had a little service for the men in the afternoon, telling them some of the old wonderful stories from the Book of God. The following illustration I have again and again used among the natives. The question is: "How can you go to heaven?" You can as easily go to yonder stars as to heaven and to God." "Can anyone tell me how to go to that star? Who can? This dollar will be yours if you can tell me." "All shake their heads and smile, but no one volunteers for the dollar. Can really no one tell me? Then let me tell you. Suppose some one lived on that star who is more clever and stronger than we, and who came down from there to this earth and carried us back with him, could we go there then?" A general, generous smile. "Of course we could." Would it be any good for me to try and jump up to the star, or for some one of you to lay hand on me and throw me up there? Or for me to tie wings on to my shoulders and fly? No, no, that is not the way. We cannot lift ourselves and no man can lift us up to God except God come down Himself and carry us back with Him; and this Jesus Christ has done for me, and this will Jesus Christ do for you, if you will let Him." A happy evening was thus spent, and long we sat around the camp fire as the heavens were gorgeously illuminated with sparkling clouds of stars.

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Monday morning, March 6th, at 5.30 we are on the road again, and this day we hope to reach Bautchi. Two miles from Katagum the first village appears on our right called Dokon Doka. Another mile and another village, Gindimassa. Another two miles and again a village, Ding; and two hours after starting from Katagum, we enjoyed a refreshing drink of water in the Kogin Bor, a considerable river flowing across our road. A great number of villages we pass to-day. A mile from Kogin-Bor is Kogimba. Another mile and we come to Gjerbornu. Three miles after that we cross another river, called Kogin-Baure, and two miles beyond a small rivulet known to the natives as Lafi Kirria. Close to this, a number of hills inhabited by several herds of monkeys lay on the right and on the left. One of them, on the right, appears to bear the name "Dutze" (rock) Du. Five miles more and the last village before reaching Bautchi lies on our right. The village is called Landango. From here it is still seven miles to the capital. At the Balaga Water the men clean themselves for the entrance into the great city. Two o'clock in the afternoon sees us before the high walls of Bautchi, formerly a great stronghold of slavery. We do not enter the city itself, but passing around the western side of the wall, we wend our way towards the encampment of the Government about two miles from the city. On the left is the mud fort, where Hausa troops, drilled by white officers, form a bulwark against any rising of the fanatical Bautchi people. To the right of the fort, the resident lives, the medical men, and the police officer. Mr. Temple, who at that time was Resident at Bautchi, had put up a large, square mud structure which was used as the law courts; and, day by day, the people gather there, to receive justice at the hands of the white man. Mr. Temple was



Soldiers at Bautchi



A Messenger from Fadl-Allah

Up to Bautchi

away. The police officer in charge offered me Mr. Temple's house for our use while in Bautchi. It was an empty but very comfortable mud house, and the two days I spent at Bautchi gave one, if not a very extended, yet a fair insight into the political relationship between the half-dozen white men, and the Mohammedan Emir of Bautchi. The latter is a very powerful man. Eight hundred and sixty towns and villages are tributary to him. He is imbued with the spirit of fanaticism, and the outposts of European civilisation are somewhat precarious in this land.

The journey back to Wase was accomplished in another eight days, and we reached safely the place we had started from, glad to have had an insight into the powerful Emirate of Bautchi.

GENERAL REVIEW.

Whether the future prosperity of this country lies in cotton growing, in the growth of tobacco, coffee and tea, or whether the land is developed as a cattle-raising country will depend largely on the measure of education which the mother country will grant to this very promising protectorate.

Compare the facilities for education in India and in Egypt with those of Northern Nigeria.

India, which hardly fifty years ago had no university, has now fifteen, with 15,000 students, and numberless schools; while Great Britain, which started all these seats of learning, has only thirteen, with 13,000 students. No wonder that we find in India an efficient staff of native clerks and officials. Egypt, which fifty years ago had no colleges and schools except the Kutabeen, in which the Koran—and little else—was taught, counts to-day its schools by hundreds, thanks to the efforts of the

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American Presbyterian Mission and, since 1883, to the influence of the British Government. Egypt has an abundance of native clerks and officials. The whole Nile valley is studded with educational institutions right away to Khartum and Gordon's College.

Since the 1st of January, 1900, Northern Nigeria, one-third the size of India, has become a British protectorate. Northern Nigeria is a

SIMILAR COUNTRY TO INDIA IN MANY RESPECTS.

The valley of the Niger and the Benue might well be compared with those of the Ganges and the Bramaputra, while the regions round Kano and Sokoto are not unlike the Deccan in India, and the lower ranges of the Himalayas might find their counterpart in the mountain regions of Adamawa. Meteorologically they are also somewhat alike. In Burma and in the countries round the Bight of Benin we have the two regions with the heaviest rainfall on the globe, and consequently a very rich vegetation, while the plateau of Central India and certain parts of Northern Nigeria are extremely dry and desert. The people of both India and Northern Nigeria

POSSESS A HIGH INDIGENOUS CIVILISATION

if compared with the tribes and nations which surround them.

For six years Northern Nigeria has been definitely under British control. The want of efficient native clerks and native officials makes itself continually felt, and there seems no way out of the difficulty. Since the conquest of most of the Pagan tribes of Northern Nigeria, the advance of the Moslem faith and the Moslem influence is steady and strong. May not Islam at any time in these

Up to Bautchi

regions take a fanatical turn and generate another Mahdi and a Dervish rising, which

BACKED BY THE MILLIONS OF HAUSALAND, would be a far greater danger, a graver menace to European influence in West Africa, than the Khalifa with his hordes was in the Eastern Sudan ?

A strong effort should be made without further delay to give the rising generation of Northern Nigeria at least the rudiments of an elementary education based on Christian European principles. Kitchener succeeded in raising a fund for the start of Gordon's College at Khartum to combat, through the light of European education, the dark fanaticism of Islam. Who will start such a fund for the mental and moral elevation of this vast waiting protectorate ?

The needs are apparent. Great Britain has the ability to meet these needs. Let her rise and do her duty.

The Last Night at
Pioneer Camp

(April, 1905)



Rock Station, Native Huts at Pioneer Camp

CHAPTER VIII

WE rose from our knees, seven brethren on whom the Lord had heavily laid the burden of the waiting millions of the Sudan. It was our last evening at Wase, away in the heart of the West Central Sudan. We had asked the Master to show us some first fruits before leaving Central Africa, and we believed our prayers to have been heard and accepted. (Ezek. xviii. 23; 1 Tim. ii. 4; Tit. ii. 11; 2 Pet. iii. 9.)

The address was given, the word preached in power and demonstration by Mr. Maxwell, the meeting was over, but still we were waiting. I felt I had to say a last word of farewell to the men.

“Boys” (we call our coloured people boys), I said, “through Mr. Maxwell you have been with us for over six months. Every day you have heard the Gospel; again and again we have explained to you what it means to be converted, and to become a Christian. I want to ask you a question before leaving, perhaps never to see some of you again.

“You know Christ the Master loves you. Who would like, before saying good-bye to me, to *accept Jesus as his personal Saviour*? Who would?”

There was a moment's silence. Then quietly and reverently Tom says “Ina so” (I want to).

Another moment, and the Headman and Dan follow. “Ina so.” “Ina so.”

Then the Doki (horse) boy—“Ina so”; followed by man after man, “Ina so,” “Ina so,” “Ina so.”

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“Do you realise what it means?” I asked. “Do you really want to accept Christ? Do you fully understand that it means giving up *all* lying, stealing, adultery, immorality, all evil doing and all evil thinking, and—loving your enemies? For when Christ comes into the heart, the evil one *must go*.”

“Once more I ask, who wants thus to serve Jesus and MAKE HIM KING?”

Again silence.

“Who wants to?”

Quietly, slowly, and in low voices, but firmly and with determination, the answer comes from lip after lip, in the gathering darkness of the tropical evening.

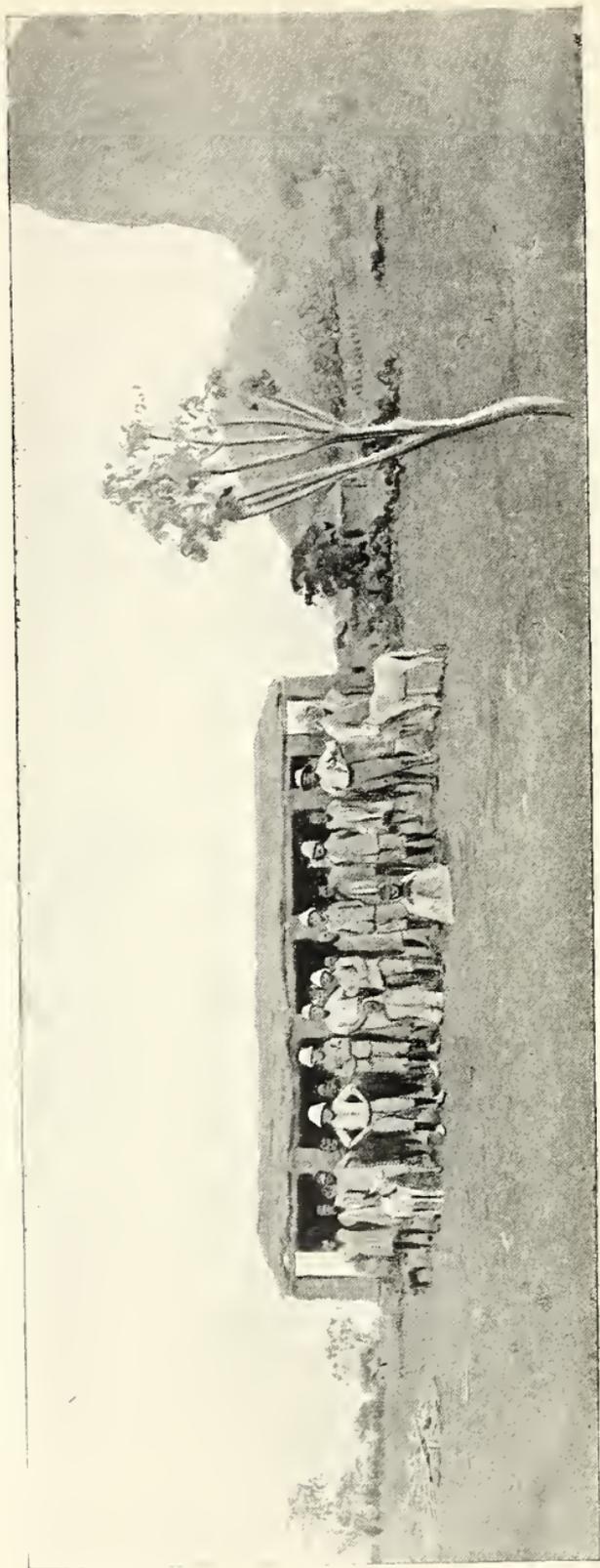
“Ina so,” “Ina so,” “Ina so,” “Ina so,” right through the ranks of the boys and men sitting here before us on the ground.

How I wished that friends at home could have been here at that moment, and could have seen and heard what it was my privilege and joy to see and hear.

“A third time I ask you, my boys, who is not only willing to make Jesus King in his own heart, but after he has stayed here with white man a little longer, and learned to read the Word of God for himself, *who is willing to go back to his people and make Jesus King in his own tribe?*”

Representatives are here of at least half a dozen different peoples. Some of the tribes in our neighbourhood are cannibals.

“You know, my dear fellows, if you go to some of the kings like the Gazum, the Yergum, the Burmawa, with the doctrine, ‘love your enemies,’ they will not like it. They do not wish to love their enemies. And it may be that you will be suddenly spirited away, there will be a feast, and—well, that will be the end of you.”



At Rock Station

The Last Night at Pioneer Camp

“ Who, I ask you for the last time, is willing to make Jesus King in his own tribe, and, if necessary, die for Jesus ? ”

Silence.

No words ; but from the ground they rise, they stand up on their feet, and, with upturned faces to the starry sky, they vow unto the Lord of Hosts, and we all repeat together the Apostle's words :—

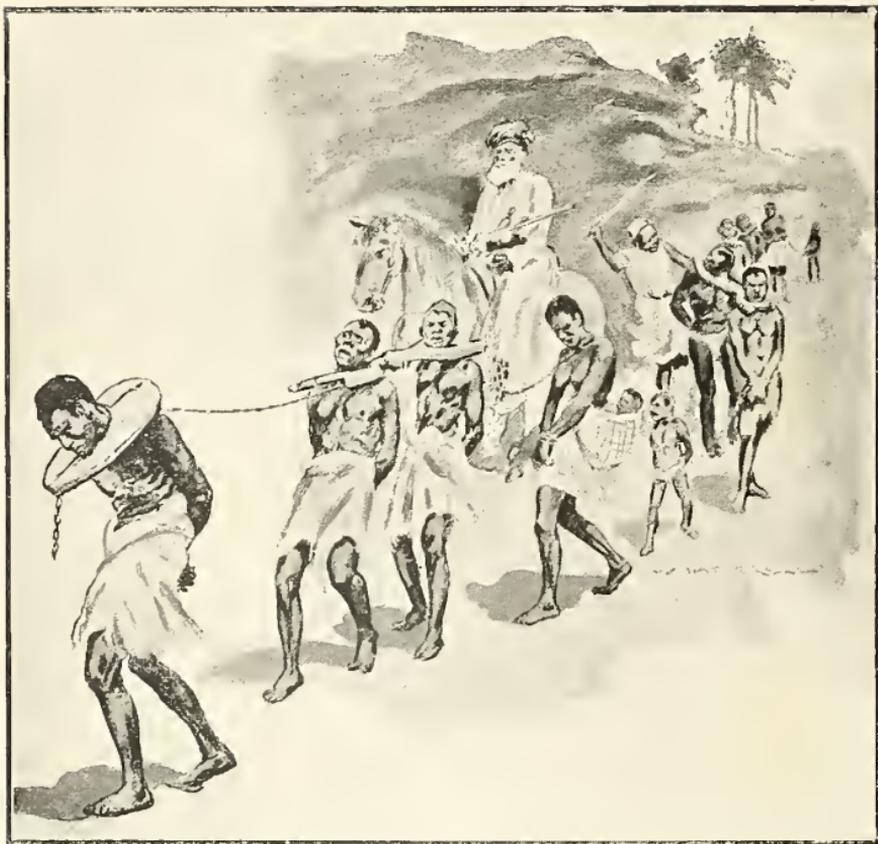
Whether we live, we live unto the Lord ;
Whether we die, we die unto the Lord ;
Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.

* * * * *

Brethren, it is worth while to be a Missionary.

We do not say that all who were there fully realized the meaning of what they said, but we know, thank God, that some did and do. One of them, Tom, a former slave boy, returned with me to England, and is daily living a faithful and consistent life. We believe he loves the Master.

“The Open Sore of Africa”
Slave Raiding



A Slave Gang

CHAPTER IX

“When ye encounter the unbelievers, strike off their heads until ye have made a great slaughter among them.”

“It has not been granted unto any prophet, that he should possess captives, until he had made a great slaughter of the infidels in the earth,” says the Koran (pages 375 and 133 Sales translation).

AS a result Mohammedanism, wherever it has gone in Africa, has devastated the land. Listen to Livingstone, telling us about a slave raid in the South at *Nyangwe* (“Last Journals,” page 133).

“It was a hot, sultry day when the discharge of two guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun. Crowds dashed off from the place and threw down their wares in confusion and ran. At the same time that the slave-raiders opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the market-place volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women wounded by the balls, poured into them, and leaped and scrambled into the water shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off. In going towards it they had to put the left shoulder to a current of about two miles an hour; if they had struck away diagonally

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to the opposite bank the current would have aided them, and though, nearly three miles off, some would have gained land; as it was the heads above water showed the long line of those that would inevitably perish.

“Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly, whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. One canoe took in as many as it could hold, and all paddled with their hands and arms. Three canoes got out in haste, picked up sinking friends, till all went down together and disappeared. One man in a long canoe, which could have held forty or fifty, had clearly lost his head. He had been out in the stream before the massacre began, and now paddled up the river nowhere and never looked to the drowning. By and by all the heads disappeared, some had turned down stream towards the bank and escaped. Dugumbe put people into one of the deserted vessels to save those in the water, and saved twenty-one, but one woman refused to be taken on board from thinking that she was to be made a slave of; she preferred the chance of life by swimming to the lot of a slave. The Bagenya women are expert in the water, as they are accustomed to dive for oysters, and those who went down stream may have escaped, but the Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between 330 and 400 souls. The shooting party near the canoes were so reckless they killed two of their own people; and a Panyamwezi follower, who got into a deserted canoe to plunder, fell into the water, went down, then came up again, and down to rise no more.

“My first impulse was to pistol the murderers, but Dugumbe protested against my getting into a blood-feud, and I was thankful afterwards that I took his advice.



The Arab Attack

“The Open Sore of Africa”

“I count seventeen villages in flames. As I write I hear the loud wails on the left bank over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright, sultry summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in hell.”

Thus comes the voice from that prince of missionaries in the south.

Listen to another tale told by Denham and Clapperton on their journey from Tripoli to Lake Chad north of the Sudan. *Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa, 1822-1824*, p. 130.

“During the last two days we had passed on an average from sixty to eighty or ninety skeletons each day; but the numbers that lay about the wells at El-Hammar were countless. Those of two women, whose perfect and regular teeth bespoke them young, were particularly shocking; their arms still remained clasped round each other as they had expired, although the flesh had long since perished by being exposed to the burning rays of the sun, and the blackened bones only left. The nails of the fingers, and some of the sinews of the hand also remained, and part of the tongue of one of them still appeared through the teeth. We had now passed six days of desert without the slightest appearance of vegetation, and a little branch of the *snag* was brought me here as a comfort and curiosity. On the following day we had alternately plains of sand and loose gravel, and had a distant view of some hills to the west. While I was dozing on my horse about noon, overcome by the heat of the sun, which at that time of the day always shone with great power, I was suddenly awakened by a crashing under his feet, which startled me excessively. I found

The Sudan

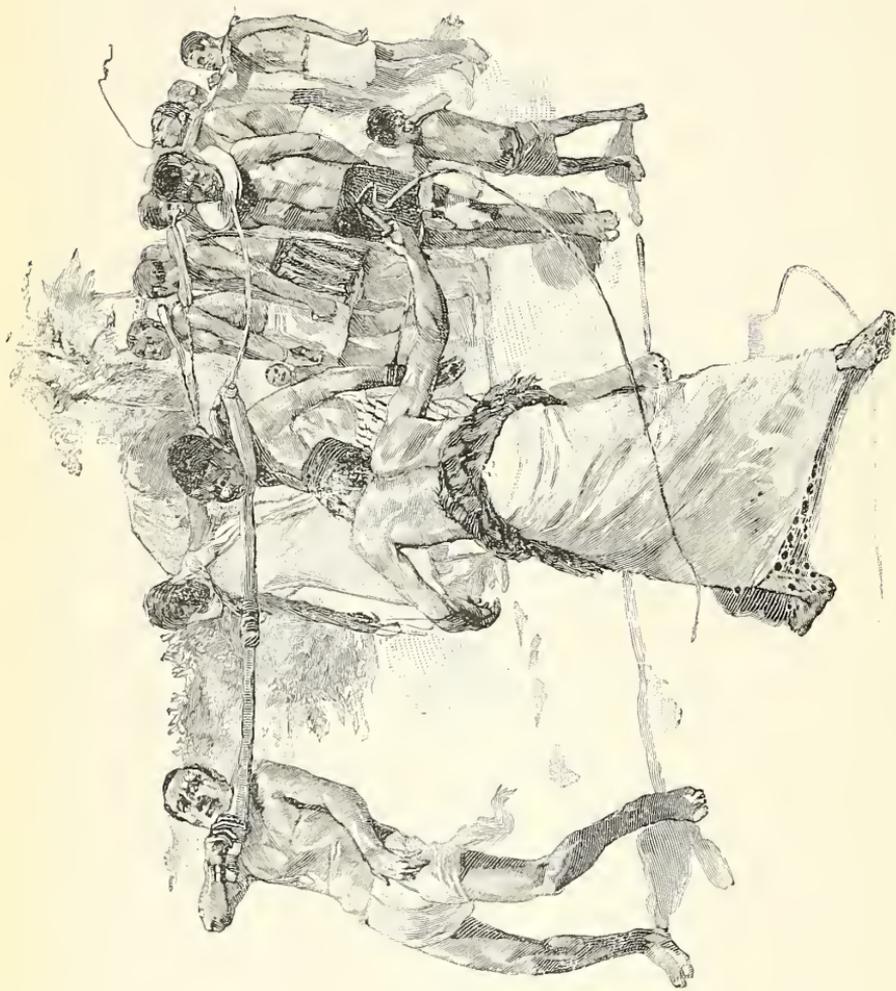
that my steed had, without any sensation of shame or alarm, stepped upon the perfect skeletons of two human beings, cracking their brittle bones under his feet, and, by one trip of his foot, separating a skull from the trunk, which rolled on like a ball before him. This gave me a sensation which it took some time to remove. My horse was for many days not looked upon with the same regard as formerly."

Yet another story from the Western Sudan:—

Kidnapped from defenceless villages, captured in war, sold by relations or by chiefs in revenge for some petty offence, the unhappy slaves for the coast Caravans had been gathered through months of bloodshed and ruin, and now, heavily manacled, were to start the long tramp to the sea. Tied each to his neighbour, the left leg of one to the right leg of the other, and chained together neck to neck, they were marched out in batches, their movements "eloquent of the fetters that they had worn for years, their first attempt at walking marked by spasmodic contractions of the legs."

Thousands of such caravans had left the Sudan for their dread march across the deserts, with none but God to witness the nameless unutterable sufferings on the way. Thousands upon thousands of defenceless women and girls had been among the victims of the march, with none but God to notice their agonies and shame. But with this special caravan a young Scotch doctor travelled—Mungo Park, glad, after months of suffering and sickness, to escape the devouring Sudan, even at the cost of accompanying such a convoy.

At night "the slaves were put in irons to prevent their escaping . . . and between ants within the camp and wild beasts howling without" got little rest. By day the marches were pushed on over wild, rocky country.



Down came the brutal lash

“The Open Sore of Africa”

Park's arms and neck were “painfully blistered by the burning sun ; his feet with nothing better than sandals to protect them, got sadly bruised and cut. Fears began to oppress him that he would not be able to keep up with the caravan, and that he would be left behind to perish, yet he came through to tell the tale.

Some of the others did not. One of these was Neali, whose story we subjoin.

NEALI, THE SLAVE GIRL.

“Neali, one of Karfa's female slaves, especially showed signs of giving in. She began to lag behind, complaining of pains in her legs, and her load had to be taken from her and given to another. About midday, while halting at a rivulet, an enormous swarm of bees, which had been disturbed by one of the men, set upon the caravan and sent it flying in all directions. When the panic had subsided it was discovered that Neali had been left behind . . . She was found half dead in the water, whither she had crept in the hope of escaping the onslaught of the bees. The stratagem had been of no avail, however, and the poor creature had been almost stung to death. It was the last drop in her cup of misery. Nothing else could touch her. Entreaties and threats were alike useless. Further forward she doggedly refused to go. Once more the efficacy of the whip was tried. Down came the brutal lash.

THE STIMULUS OF PAIN.

“The girl writhed in every muscle, but she neither screamed nor attempted to rise. Again the lash swung round her shrinking body, but with no more effect. Not until it descended a third and fourth time did her resolution give way. Then, stung to superhuman effort by the

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fearful torture, she started up and staggered for some hours, till wild with agony she made a mad attempt to run away, but fell fainting among the grass. Her master's only remedy was the lash, and that he applied with renewed savagery. In vain, Neali was beyond its cruel compulsion. As a last resource, the donkey, which carried the dry provisions, was brought and the half dead slave placed on his back. But the girl's only wish was to die, nay, even now, she seemed as one already dead.

“Unable, even if she had been willing to retain her seat, and the donkey at the same time emphatically objecting to his new load, that means of carriage had to be given up. The day's journey, however, was nearly over, and Neali, being a valuable slave, the Slatees could not bring themselves to abandon her. Accordingly they made a rude litter of bamboo canes, on which she was carried until the camping-ground was reached.

“It now became evident that Neali was not the only slave for whom the journey was proving too much. The hard march with heavy loads under a broiling sun, without food, and with no better stimulant than blows and curses—with nothing to look forward to at night but additional chains, and in the future a horrible fate at the hands of white men across the seas—all this was beginning to have its natural effect. Sullen despair was in every feature—every gesture. Death, suicide, seemed preferable to such a chain of horrors.

* * * * *

“The Slatees were not slow to mark these ominous signs. At once the fetters were applied, the more desperate of the slaves having even their hands chained; and thus bound they were left to rest as best they could.

“Throughout this night Neali lay torpid and almost motionless, and morning found her with limbs so stiff and





Where they drop there they lie, and the wild beasts
of the wilderness feast upon them



Tom from Kuka

“The Open Sore of Africa”

swollen that she could not stand, much less walk. The donkey was again brought into requisition, and, to keep her on his back, the girl's hands were tied round his neck, and her feet under his body. In spite of these precautions, however, before long the donkey threw her, and bound as she was, she was nearly trampled to death before she could be released.

“Meanwhile, precious time was being wasted in a wilderness where every minute was of the utmost importance. To carry the girl in the fashion of the previous evening was out of the question, and the patience of everyone was exhausted. ‘Cut her throat! cut her throat!’ was the cry now raised by the slave dealers. Strange to say, Park did not seem to have anything to urge against this brutal suggestion,—for Neali, indeed, the most merciful ending of all her troubles—though being unwilling to see it put in force, he walked on ahead. A few minutes later, one of Karfa's men came up to him carrying Neali's scanty garments, which, to Park, was eloquent of the poor girl's fate. He could not bring himself to make enquiries then. But later on he learned that Neali had not had the good fortune to have her tortures ended at once by the knife. She was deserted, and a day of exposure naked to the remorseless sun, without food or drink, had to drag slowly on before darkness drew a veil over the last horrible scene in which she met death under the fangs of the wild beasts of the Jallonka wilderness.”

* * * * *

Only one, one out of thousands. Neali died in the desert more than a hundred years ago. In 1797 her brief-like tragedy was acted out.

Only one. One out of millions. *The slave trade of the Sudan continues still.*

The Sudan

Mr. T. J. Tonkin, late medical officer and naturalist to the Hausa Association's Central Sudan Expedition ten years ago, writes :—

“ One of the chief causes of the enormous development of the trade is that slaves are the most convenient currency. Cowrie shells, the ordinary medium of exchange, are useless for large transactions. To carry a hundred pounds worth of cowries a hundred yards would need three hundred men, and the cost of portorage of such a sum a hundred miles would eat up the whole money. For this reason slaves are used as currency.

THE HUMAN TRIBUTE OF HAUSALAND.

“ The Emirs prey on their own subjects in this way, with or without an excuse of levying taxes. I knew an Emir who, finding himself a little short when making up the yearly tribute for the Emperor, sent a detachment of soldiers to a village in his own territory not ten miles from the city gates, and one, moreover, that paid him regular tribute, *with orders to bring in all the young women and girls at work on the farms* : and it was done—sixteen were picked out and the rest sent back. I have known *close on five thousand square miles of territory absolutely depopulated by the ruling Emir*. I crossed the raided territory myself and *saw with my own eyes huge walled towns entirely deserted*, thousands of acres of farm land relapsing into jungle and an entire population absorbed. And this sort of thing is not done once or twice in a century, but is absolutely being done somewhere or other every day.”

HOW A RAID IS MADE.

“ When a raid is made by an Emir on a hostile neighbour's territory, the troops are led, not knowing whither, by night marches to the doomed village. Then, in the

“The Open Sore of Africa”

small hours of the following morning, while all the country is wrapped in sleep, they fall upon their prey. With blood-curdling yells they rush to the attack, the more adventurous spirits scaling the walls and opening the gates for the rest. There is hardly any fighting. For a time the women and children cower silently in the huts, then with wail and cry break madly for the gates. But the gates are guarded. They turn backward toward the town. The houses are in flames.

“As the flames creep higher and higher into the sky, amid the hiss and crackling of the burning thatch, the polishing off of those that resist is finished, and the second part of the business set about. This is the securing of the captives. One by one they are dragged from their hiding places and inspected; the old men and women are kicked out of the way, or knocked on the head, as may please the inclination of the individual raider. The young men are shackled, the boys tied together, the girls and young women roped neck to neck. A guard is told off to look after the men; if any resist, a blade gleams in the firelight, drips, and is dried. *The babies are collected together and bundled into skips and bags.*

“Then begins that most savage thing in the whole scope of African soldiering—a flying march across hostile territory with slaves. The march is practically continuous. During the first day or two, while the slaves are still in the neighbourhood of their own country, the most reckless attempts at escape are made. Often half a dozen at a time, chains and all, will make a break for the bush. It rarely comes off. Death is the invariable penalty. Despatch at all costs is the watchword. . . . Worn down with shock and hunger and fatigue, slave after slave, men as well as women, drop from the line on the road—done. To drop out is to die.”

The Sudan

Better far to die than to endure what follows :—

IN THE SLAVE BARRACON,

where “crammed together into the smallest possible space, probably locked up and not allowed to move out of their prison house for any purpose whatever . . . the defenceless captives, the strongest of whom are bound, have not only to endure outrage or brutal treatment, but also, powerless to help, must see nameless infamies perpetrated on others—whatever may be done to their townspeople, friends, or it may even be members of their own family. And much is done; the refinements of torture that suggest themselves to the lustful mind of the Sudanese Mohammedan are many and peculiar.”

“Real misery is seen written on the faces of those whose families have been destroyed or torn from them. There is the mother who has lost her children; the lover who has seen his sweetheart torn from his arms; the chief who has lost his authority; the slaves on whom privation and disease have set their mark; the woman with sunken eyes, gaping rib spaces, and long skinny breasts, and the man with tumid spear-thrust or raw, oozing sword-slash fresh upon him. Behind the shed is the body of a slave who has just drawn his last breath, his thin limbs tangled in the agony of death. . . .”

* * * * *

On the shores of Lake Chad, a few years ago, stood a large city named Kuka, with a prosperous trade, forming the capital of the Bornu kingdom. Travellers like Denham and Clapperton, men like Barth and Nachtigal on visiting this city had been hospitably received by the king, and described a flourishing trade carried on here.

One night, as the city was asleep, war was carried to its borders by the Napoleon of the Central Sudan,



A Slave in the Field



Ex-King of Kano

“The Open Sore of Africa”

Rabbah. The city was stormed, the huts set on fire, and the slave raiders poured in volley after volley, until the poor inhabitants all lay low. When the morning dawned, Rabbah's troops marched through the streets up to the market place, gathering up as they passed the compounds, all who were left alive, children, babies, and women. The men were usually despatched, also the older women. Boys and girls were tied neck to neck, long strings of them, and away they were driven down towards Dikoa.

There was a little boy amongst their number, who, with his parents, brothers and sisters, had known a happy home life in Kuka. Now all those he loved had been killed or captured, and he, the last of his family, was tied together with some other boys and began the long, trying march. No kind word, little food and much beating, mile after mile they struggled along. In the evening some village or other was reached, and, tired out, they lay down to sleep. Next morning the journey was continued, and thus, day after day, until Dikoa was reached.

Here the little boy was sold. He came into the hands of a well-to-do Arab, who sent him with other boys into the fields. But, as he was only a small boy, the heaviest work was put upon him, and when he felt unable to do it, his only encouragement was the whip. His health gave way, and his master sold him, as he was of no more use in the fields. A Hausa trader bought him for next to nothing from the block in the market place of Dikoa. He was carried down the Benue river, and after many weeks' journeyings reached a large town at the confluence of the Niger and Benue, a town called Lokoja.

From here he followed the trader on different expeditions to the north of Kano and Sokoto, those great cities in Northern Nigeria. He was not always

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treated kindly by his master, and one day, when he was sadly whipped—whipped until he was almost frightened to death, he ran away, burst through the grass mat which formed the hedge of the compound, ran right on, stumbled, and found himself at the feet of a white man.

“Hullo,” said the white man, “whom have we here?” and the little fellow explained that his master had beaten him. The white man took compassion on him and said he might stay at his compound, and he would send the boy to school later on.

The same boy, we have called him Tom, is now with us. He is intelligent, has given his heart to the service of the LORD CHRIST, and we trust some day he may go back to the newly-built city of his fore-fathers, Kuka, in the kingdom of Bornu, to carry, as the first minister of Jesus Christ, the Gospel of the Saviour to his people, the Beri-Beri.

Some two years ago, when travelling in the south of Tripoli, we met a slave caravan. Some three hundred camels, loaded with ostrich feathers, ivory, and morocco skins, and some twenty or thirty little slave girls straggling along behind. Most of them were nothing but skin and bones, with sore feet, after that terrible journey of over fifteen hundred miles over the burning wastes of the great Sahara desert. Oftentimes for seven or eight days without water, except that which could be carried in skins on the backs of the camels. I spoke to one of the men who were with us, and said: “Surely they cannot take these slave children into Tripoli?” He smiled. I said: “The Consuls would not allow it.” He smiled again. “What do the Consuls know about it?” “But what do you do with these children?” we persisted.

“We take them to the gardens, to the houses of the

“The Open Sore of Africa”

rich Arabs. Then, at evening time, put them on board a Turkish vessel and send them to Asia Minor and to Constantinople—to the harems of the rich Turks—to a life of misery in a far-off country.”

And how many of these little slave children must have dropped on the long journey! Mothers, think of little girls of ten and twelve years old walking almost without clothing, very little food, oftentimes in sore want of water, no one to cheer them, for 1,500 miles through the desert, along one of the great highways of slavery.

* * * * *

Some seven years ago, when in the southern part of the great Libyan desert, we had left the Upper Nile and were aiming for some oases of the south. One early morning, before daybreak, we were riding along on our camels.

Southward sweeps the plain, away to the horizon. Scores of narrow tracks, as broad as a camel's foot, sometimes fifty to a hundred and fifty parallel, run through it side by side: the old caravan route to the Sudan. A caravan route only? More than a caravan route—one of the main slave tracks from the land of the blacks to the North.

THE VIA DOLOROSA OF THE NEGRO.

Do you see those narrow paths through sand and rock? They have been worn by naked feet. Countless summer suns have burnt these bare mountain roads since first the black man was driven past here, who from the earliest dawn of time has borne the curse of Ham. That rocky path was not worked out by bare feet in 100 years. Many a century must have gone by to create it. Milleniums have seen its use and abuse. Pharaoh of old

The Sudan

opened the way ; Greek and Roman followed ; nominal Christians took up the chains ; and the Moslem succeeded at last.

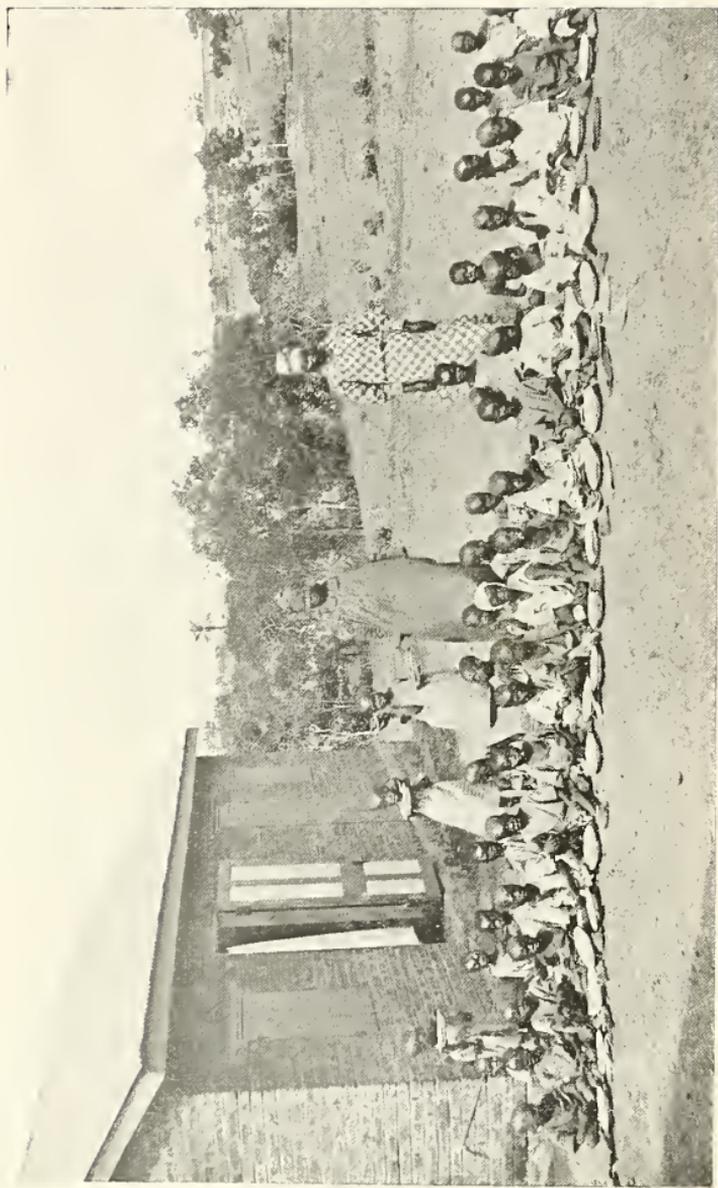
What are those sand mounds on the way side ? The remains of starved slaves. What is that white sand under foot, what those snowy stones on the path, stones so strangely differing in colour from all the others round ?

Stones ? Nay, they are no stones—bones, bleached human bones. We tread on them, they crumble under foot. These from the time of the Pharaohs, those from the Romans, these fell in the “Christian” ages, those under the Moslem rule : all alike as far as the eye can reach. Bones, bones, bones, of slaves and camels, a bleached and silent track of death, away to the horizon, and back to the other horizon, and away and away again beyond—1,500 miles long, a highway paved with whitened bones—the Via Dolorosa of the Slaves.

* * * * *

On the Upper Benue last year, we saw again and again canoes full of what must have been slave children that were being transported down the river. The Government officials liberated quite a number of them, and it was suggested that the missionaries should start a freed slaves' home, to train these children into useful men and women and to teach them the things of God.

At Government headquarters in Northern Nigeria, at Zunguru, there is already a freed slaves' home. When I spoke to the resident doctor there, he told me that the children are usually in such a dreadful state of neglect that about fifty per cent. of them die within a short time of their arrival at headquarters. If with all the care that the white man can give these children fifty per cent. of them die after they are liberated, how many of them



Freed Slaves at Zungeru

“The Open Sore of Africa”

must die when in the hands of the cruel, selfish native traders.

Several times one has had to exercise one's influence in Central Africa for the liberation of slaves or buy them free from the natives. A well-to-do man from Shemankar, one of the large towns of the Ankoï in Northern Nigeria, came to call on me when out there. His only child, years ago, had been carried off in a slave raid by the king of Wase. Since the British had conquered the land he had repeatedly tried to buy his child back, but the King of Wase would not sell her. Would I help him and ask the King of Wase to sell the child back to her father? I sent for the King of Wase, and a long palaver took place. For love or money the King would not sell the child. No, she belonged to him, and he was going to keep her. It took much persuasion to get the King to consent to give back the child. I have forgotten the price the father had to pay, but it was considerably more than the commercial value of the child. He was glad to pay to have his only child back, and he went away rejoicing.

Mohammedanism, with its teaching of slavery, is, on that account alone, one of the most wicked, if not *the* most wicked religion on the face of God's earth. Martin Luther was not far wrong when he called Mohammed “The first-born son of Satan.” Many have considered Islam as the Anti-Christ. It certainly is the only faith in the world that in clear-cut words denies the very foundation principles of our most holy faith.

Denial of the Trinity. “There are not three Gods . . . God is but one, and *far be it from Him that He should have a Son*” (Koran, Sale's translation, page 72). “*They are surely infidels who say, ‘verily God is Christ, the son of Mary’ . . . they are surely infidels who say God is the third of three, for there is no God beside the one God.*” (Page 82.)

The Sudan

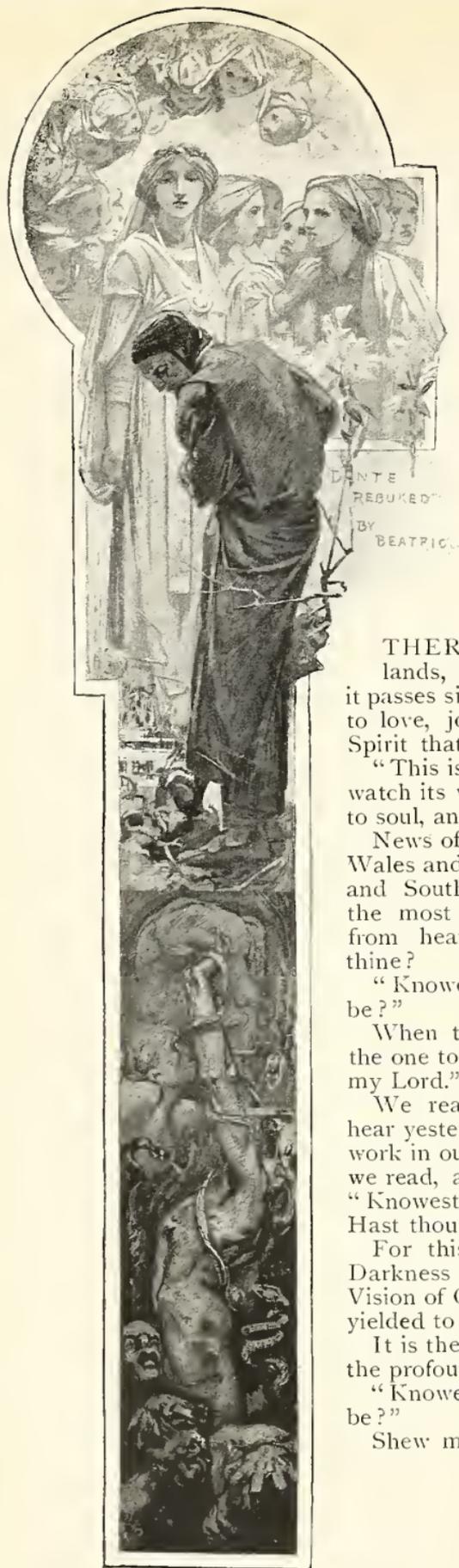
Denial of Crucifixion. "They who have received the Scriptures boasted, 'Surely we have slain Christ Jesus the son of Mary, the Apostle of God,' *yet they slew him not.*" (Page 70.) "They did not really kill him." (Page 71.)

Then about the unbelievers, the Christians who maintain that Jesus the son of Mary is the Son of God. The Koran says, "fight for the religion of God against those who fight you and kill them wherever you find them. Fight therefore against them." (Page 20.) "*If the infidels turn back from the faith, take them and kill them wherever you find them.*" (Page 64.) "So then as they return to sedition, if they offer you peace, and refrain from warring against you, *kill them wherever you find them.*" (Page 64.) "*War is enjoined you against the infidels.*" (Page 22.)

This is the religion which caused the Armenian massacres and the rising in the Eastern Sudan which led to Gordon's death.

This is the religion which has brought about the depopulation of the once flourishing lands of North Africa, where at the time of St. Augustine there were over three thousand bishoprics, and where to-day, going through the lands of Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, and Morocco, one would not find a solitary native Christian (except those lately brought in by the North Africa Mission). Islam has swept over the land and swept it bare. In Tripoli during the time of Constantine there were over ten millions of people. To-day there are less than five hundred thousand. The desert is encroaching year after year on the land because of the lack of cultivation.

And this Islam, if it be allowed to win the virile Pagan peoples of Northern Nigeria, may yet bring about the downfall of British authority in that protectorate, Islam is a political as well as a spiritual danger.



“When she passeth by,
Love casts on villain
hearts a blight so
strong

That all their thoughts
are numbed and
stricken low,

And whom he grants to
gaze on her must grow

A thing of noble stature:
or must die.”

DANTE.

THERE IS A SPIRIT in our
lands, passing by; casting out as
it passes sin and selfishness; kindling
to love, joy, holiness and light; a
Spirit that brings peace.

“This is Revival,” men say, as they
watch its working, passing from soul
to soul, and land to land.

News of its benediction comes from
Wales and from the Congo, Scotland
and South America, homelands and
the most distant alike. It comes
from hearts close to thee. From
thine?

“Knowest thou what these things
be?”

When that question came of old,
the one to whom it came said, “No,
my Lord.”

We read the ancient record, and
hear yesterday’s story of the Spirit’s
work in our own latter days. And as
we read, a Voice comes to us also:
“Knowest thou what these things be?
Hast thou experienced them?”

For this two things are needed—
Darkness cast out; Light let in.
Vision of GOD, a cleansed heart, life-
yielded to His Spirit.

It is the oldest record, the newest,
the profoundest.

“Knowest thou what these things
be?”

Shew me, Lord!

Only a Woman



Daughters of Darkness

CHAPTER X

I N our countries of liberty and civilisation, where some of the outstanding characteristics of our Saxon forefathers have not disappeared, woman is still more or less the priestess of the family, the honoured one, the mother and mistress of the home. It is well to compare the treatment of the weaker sex in our land with the treatment of women in the darkest region of the earth. Men may forget the salvation of others, and think that even heathen people are happy enough in their darkness and ignorance; but women in our Christian lands, one and all, if once their eyes are opened to the actual state of affairs of womanhood in heathen darkness, must and will rise to a realisation of their high privilege and the responsibility of carrying or sending the light to their benighted sisters and speeding their husbands and their sons as missionaries, to the men who degrade womanhood in the non-christian world.

As long as the men are heathen in Central Africa, woman stands more or less on the same level with the man. In fact, where the woman is the stronger, the man is the servant. Where the woman is the weaker, of course, the man is the lord.

At our Pioneer Camp in Northern Nigeria at the foot of the Murchison Range, it was an unwritten law that no woman should be beaten. A number of our station people

The Sudan

were married, and one or two of them were treated sometimes pretty badly by their wives, especially my horse-boy.

A number of men were busy making straw mats for the walls of the huts when I first made my acquaintance with the wife of my doki-boy (horse-boy). The headman brought her to me, and she was crying in great distress. Her husband had beaten her. Would I beat her husband or have him beaten? The husband was called, looking very low. "Why did you beat this woman? You know that no woman is to be beaten in this camp." "Please, white man, this woman is my wife, but she will not cook for me. She will not do anything for me. I have had no food yesterday. She takes all my money, and I do not know what to do."

"Have you treated him in that way?" I inquire of the woman. No answer. "Have you cooked for your husband?" She looks at me obstinately, the tears dry, and again she asks, "Will you beat him?"

It was a very difficult question, evidently, and I felt some hesitation to decide it one way or the other. I ordered them to live in peace, and told the man not to beat the woman again if she behaved badly, but to come and tell me. Then I sent the man away and gave the woman a lecture on the duties of a wife:—That if her husband treated her kindly it was not her business to make life a burden to him. He was working hard and trying to earn money so that she could have good clothing and good food; and for her to treat him badly when he came home tired out was disgraceful. She should be ashamed of herself. "Go back and behave better," and she went.

A few days afterwards, as I was sitting in my hut writing (just in front of my table was a little air hole through which I could look down the village street), not many yards away from me sat my horse-boy cleaning

Only a Woman

saddles in front of his hut. I saw his wife come out and begin scolding him. He sat still and paid no attention. She went up behind him and pushed him. He looked around very meekly, and then turned back to his work. I saw her take a calabash and beat him with it, and only heard him say: "Why can you not leave me alone? You see I am busy earning our living. Do not beat me. Why should you beat me? I have not beaten you."

She got furious. She broke the calabash in her hand and behaved like a mad thing, breaking all the cooking utensils. I thought she had gone about as far as she might, and I walked out of my hut, paid no attention to them, but went across to the stables. As soon as she saw me she disappeared, and there was sudden, perfect silence. I said nothing at the time, but reserved up my judgment for a future date.

A few days afterwards the king of Wase came up to call, and, as we were talking, suddenly the woman came up screaming. I turned to my head-boy and told him to ask the woman to be quiet, but she would not be silenced. She came right up to where we were, gesticulating with her hands in front of our faces. As the white man's prestige, according to the Government idea, is something which at all costs will have to be maintained, and as I myself thought that the woman had gone as far as she might go; and as, furthermore, the king of Wase sitting by my side looked most astonished, I ordered the head-man and the head-boy to remove the woman, make her take her things, and march her right back to the next town, where her mother lived and from whence she had come, and tell her that she must not return to our compound.

Half an hour later, when I walked over to the doki-boy's house, I found him whistling and smiling as happy as a school-boy out of school. He looked as if life was

The Sudan

worth living. "Would he like me to send in a week's time to ask his wife to return?" "No, please white man, I will do anything for you, but please do not ask my wife to come back." She had evidently treated him too outrageously.

One day one of my boys came to me. He was going to get married. Would I marry him? He had a lady living in town, and he was going to pay her mother a certain sum of money, as is the custom in the country. I said, "Have you money enough?" "No, I have borrowed it from my friends." I advised him not to borrow money to get married with, but he refused to listen. He would get married. So I asked him to bring his good lady, and I joined their hands. He had paid about sixteen shillings to her mother in cloth and silver, and they went away to the newly-built house in our village very happy.

As I had to start on a journey that night, the finale of this wedding was related to me a few weeks afterwards by one of the missionaries. On the morning after his wedding the bridegroom was working with the labourers in the compound, and when he returned to his house he found his newly-married companion gone. She had disappeared and gone back to her mother in town. So off he marches to inquire why she had run away, why has she not cooked his food. Answer: "I do not like to stay alone in the house. If you have to go away to work I am not going to live with you any longer." Here was a distressing case. He had borrowed a good deal of money to get a wife, and the money was spent and the wife was gone. A great palaver ensued, and the missionary judged that the mother of the wife should give back half the money, as the wife would not stay with her husband.

One might multiply stories like this, showing that as



Women Pounding Corn



Method of Carrying a Child

Only a Woman

long as the people remain heathen women enjoy a comparative freedom. In fact, sometimes they usurp all the authority.

When down on the river at a village called Dempar, I heard about one of the great gods of the country, named Dodo. I inquired after the worship of this god, and was informed that he was a god to frighten women with, as otherwise it would be impossible to keep the women in order or make them do anything. From time to time they have great dances in honour of Dodo. They have a large juju house where Dodo lives, and no women are allowed to come near this house. "If a woman is found trespassing there all the men combine and either drive her out of the village and beat her or kill her. They take this question of maintaining a certain amount of authority over the women so seriously that one boy, when he allowed his mother to go near the juju house and peep in without telling the men of it, was, by common consent of the men of his family and the elders of the village, burned to death."

Thus women amongst the Pagans are only treated badly if they are the weaker, but as soon as the men become Mohammedans the women become slaves and worse than slaves. In lands under the sway of Islam, woman is a chattel in her husband's hands, whom he is authorised to punish for wrong-doing by beating, stoning, or imprisonment till death. In case a woman is guilty of breaking the marriage tie, the Koran provides (p. 52, Sale's translation): "If any of your women be guilty . . . produce four witnesses from among you against them, and if they bear witness against them, imprison them in separate apartments until death releases them." The punishment in the beginning of Mohammedanism was to be immured until they died, but afterwards that cruel death was mitigated, and married women were allowed to be stoned. (Sale, p. 55).

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“Honest women are obedient, but those whose perverseness ye shall be apprehensive of, rebuke and remove them into separate apartments and chastise them” (page 58). Mohammedans are allowed and even commanded to beat their wives. What a contrast to the law of love and the law of Christ! As a result we have scenes like the following :—

A missionary lady in North Africa, some distance away from the coast, in one of the Mohammedan towns, used to repair during the evening to the roof of her house to enjoy the cool air. Night by night as she rested she heard curious wailing from the next courtyard. So one evening, when there was nobody near, she stepped over the low parapet wall, walked to the edge of the roof and peered down into the next courtyard. And what did she see? On the opposite side of the wall she saw a hole the size of a dog's kennel, and by the side of this hole a woman chained hand and foot to the wall, weeping. The missionary called out, “Why are you weeping?” but the poor thing got frightened and hid away in the hole. With many words the missionary coaxed her out again, and at last drew the following story from her :—

“Many months ago I disobeyed my husband. He beat me frightfully. He chained me to the wall. He has beaten me every day since, and he has said he is going to beat me to death, and that is why I am crying.”

And there is no law in any Mohammedan country to protect this woman.

Notice the following illustration which is taken from Sir Samuel Baker's experiences on the Upper Nile :—

“I was asleep in my tent when I was suddenly awoken by loud screams, and upon listening attentively I distinctly heard the heavy breathing of something in the tent, and I could distinguish a dark object crouching close

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to the head of my bed. A slight pull at my sleeve showed me that my wife also noticed the object, as this was always the signal that she made if anything occurred at night that required vigilance. Possessing a share of sangfroid admirably adapted for African travel, Mrs. Baker was not a screamer, and never even whispered; in the moment of suspected danger a touch of my sleeve was considered a sufficient warning. My hand had quietly drawn the revolver from under my pillow and noiselessly pointed it within two feet of the dark, crouching object before I asked "Who is that?" No answer was given, until upon repeating the question with my finger touching gently upon the trigger ready to fire, a voice replied, "Fadeela." Never had I been so near a fatal shot! It was one of the black women of the party, who had crept into the tent for an asylum. Upon striking a light I found that the woman was streaming with blood, being cut in the most frightful manner with the coorbach (whip of hippopotamus' hide). Hearing the screams continued at some distance from the tent, I found my angels in the act of flogging two women. Two men were holding each woman upon the ground by sitting upon her legs and head, while two men with powerful whips operated upon each woman alternately. Their backs were cut to pieces, and they were literally covered with blood. The brutes had taken upon themselves the task of thus punishing the women for a breach of discipline in being absent without leave. Fadeela had escaped before her punishment had been completed, and narrowly escaped being shot by running to the tent without giving warning. Seizing the coorbach from the hand of one of the executioners, I administered them a dose of their own prescription, to their intense astonishment, as they did not appear conscious of any outrage—"they were only women."

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I have sometimes sat at my window in the native quarter in Alexandria, Egypt, and watched the Arab women in the lane below. One of them had a little boy who seemed to be very fond of making mud pies in front of the house. She was standing in the doorway and called out to the little fellow: "Come in, darling, don't get your clothes so dirty. Come in, sweet one. But no answer from the four-year-old boy in the street. So she stepped out into the road, after having looked about to see whether there were any men near. She laid hold of the little boy with kind motherly hands to take him into the house. "Come, little one, I will give you sweets, come!" Her husband was at that moment coming round the next corner, and stood still to see what would happen. What did happen was this. The child turned round on his mother, and doubling up his little dirty fist, he beat her right in the face, and snarled at her: "Bint el kelb" (Thou daughter of a dog), and tore himself loose.

At that moment the father stepped up. To do what? You would say to give that little scoundrel a solid thrashing. No, to pat his brave little son on the back, smile upon him and say: "You brave little boy! You magnificent little fellow." Proud of a son that could treat a woman thus.

It was distressing to see motherhood treated like this under one's very eyes.

It is the fault of Mohamet, the fault of the faith of Islam. According to the Koran, there is no heaven for our mothers, no paradise for old women.

Some time ago, a lady missionary in Egypt had visited the house of a rich Bey to preach the Gospel to the women of the house. Quite a little crowd of women were seated around her as she was reading to them out of the Scriptures. Suddenly the chief wife stood up, "What



Hausa Man, Woman and Child at Bautchi



Bautchi Woman and Child

Only a Woman

is that to us, we are only women. Why do you not go to the men with this teaching, this religion, and this book? There is no *ganat el fardous* (Paradise) for us. We are like cattle; when we die, we are gone. We have no souls."

The very idea that they are human beings has been driven out of them; and these are our sisters.

The Pagan women of the Sudan are in our generation in the serious danger of being handed over to Islam to a worse slavery than that land has ever known since the curse of Ham has rested on the children of Ham.

The Land of the
Lions and Leopards

CHAPTER XI

SLEEPING peacefully on our camp beds under the low hanging branches, close to a water hole, in the African bush, we were awakened by a night concert.

R-R-R-R-R-r-r-r-zk! A few lions were enjoying themselves. A mother and her babies were going through their nightly play. But, undisturbed, we slept on, safely protected by a mosquito net.

The morning dawned, and away we marched.

Another day is spent; tired out we reach the next mud-hole. It is the end of the dry season, and nearly all the water used up; boiling and filtering will not make it drinkable, and, thirsty, we have to seek our beds. We had come in late, and so no tent was pitched. Soon all were asleep. Three or four or a half dozen low camp fires; around each of these a few black men and a horse, and a white man at rest. . . . Two o'clock in the morning . . . the fires have died down, and a dead silence reigns, when a tremendous yell and howl and an unspeakable hullabaloo makes us start up, grasp a shooting weapon, and try to shoot something or somebody. But not a hand can be seen before our eyes; it is pitch dark.

"Light the fires, boys!" I called out.

"Zaki, zaki, zaki!" (the lion, the lion, the lion).

"Light the fires!"

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Soon several fires blaze up. The men count each other; they are all there.

“Where are the horses?” One here, another there, and the third—gone! Three men were sleeping round the fire with a horse standing close to them, when the old gentleman of the forest, seeking his supper, jumped on the back of the horse; and with one bite through the neck, killed it; the horse, with the lion on him, came down almost on the top of the men. This successfully aroused them from their slumber. They opened their eyes and looked into the face of the lion!

“Kai, kai!” (Thou, thou), they yelled, and the lion tried to grab them, but away they scurried, and soon the whole camp was enjoying a most unspeakable pandemonium, which frightened the poor old lion away. I did not like that lion, as his murdering my horse meant walking for me for many miles the next day.

* * * * *

“Boys, you will take this box down to the river to the white men, four days’ journey through the bush, and four days back, and you will return immediately after you have delivered it.”

“All right, white man,” and the boys marched off.

A week passed, ten days, a fortnight, and yet no boys. I became anxious, and was tempted to send other boys after them, when on the fifteenth day the good fellows suddenly turned up.

“Where have you been?”

With sour look and fearful eyes they explained.

“Bature, the first day was all right, and we went on quickly; but on the second morning, when travelling through the bush, there was a lion in the way.”

“You idle fellows,” I said, “your excuse is as old as

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Solomon." The slothful man says "There is a lion in the way." "Don't tell me stories."

"No, white man, there really was a lion, and he tried to eat us for breakfast, so we left the box and scurried up a tree. The lion sat beneath and looked at us, and we looked at him. He waited a long time, and then he went away angry because we would not come down. We ran back to the village, but were afraid to carry the box. Next morning, with a number of men from the village, we returned to find the box, and when we came to the place there was the lion sitting close to our load. He saw us, and rushed at us, and we all went up the trees again."

I said, "That must have been a wonderful sight, to see you hanging on the trees like ripe plums, and the lion enjoying himself underneath."

"Yes, white man, but he kept us in the trees a long time, and it was almost evening before he left us, growling. We jumped down, picked up the box, and ran. We went a long, roundabout way, and at last reached our destination, but were afraid to come back the same way, and so had to choose a longer path, and here we are."

* * * * *

Dearth of food was sometimes a serious difficulty in the bush, and one had to live on what one could bring down with one's rifle. Our caravan was travelling along, when two antelopes crossed our path, and one of them dropped to my bullet. The men were standing over it and skinning it, when one of them, who was somewhat of a star-gazer, and always kept looking about, suddenly called out, "Kai, damissa!" Everyone jumped, for "damissa" means a "leopard," and of all the wild brutes in the bush a leopard is the most undesirable. One can climb up a tree from a lion, one can dodge a buffalo or an elephant, but one cannot get away from a leopard. And

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this was a big leopard stalking us, using every blade and bush to come nearer and trying to have us for luncheon. Up came the rifle, and out went the shot! Another one followed, and that leopard will never eat luncheon again.

* * * * *

“ See those monkeys there ? ”

We were hard at work behind the mission house when the King of Wase came up complaining about the big monkeys,

A KIND OF GIANT BABOON,

that were devastating the land around the town; not only eating their fill of the guinea corn, but tearing it up and spoiling the crops. Would I frighten these monkeys away and shoot them?

“ Will you eat them if I kill them ? ” I asked.

“ Oh, no! No one would eat bush-man—Devil-man.”

“ Well, then, I am not going to shoot them. I do not like to waste life.”

Some days after, and again the people complained about the baboons. At last, one morning, when they were all round our camp barking and growling, I felt that they were becoming too friendly and intrusive. Picking up a Winchester, number 405, I went after them. Away they ran towards the Rock—the great Wase Rock, a most wonderful geological formation, somewhat over 800 feet high, standing out of the open land—a sheer granite and basaltic column. No man had ever been to the top of that Rock. No, nor any monkey either. They could get half way, and then the Rock became too steep. Up they scrambled through the bushes and the stones till they could get no further, and I after them. There was the big father of the herd, a monkey over five feet high, sitting on a broad ledge of rock, leering down at me. Thirty feet away I stopped behind a small tree, and lifting



Rock Baboons

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my rifle, I put a ball into his heart as he showed his open chest. Now, any other sensible wild beast, such as elephant or lion, would go and die, but he did nothing of the kind. Opening his jaws as wide as possible, showing teeth as long as my little finger, with a great howl he scrambled down towards me. As he came around the Rock, about fifteen feet away, I put in another bullet, and this time caught him in the forehead. Over he rolled and went to sleep. But this was not the end. It was rather the beginning of a very nasty affair. For as soon as the other baboons saw their leader down they attacked, and what with stones and sticks and other missiles, they gave me one of the most uncomfortable five minutes of my life. One had to fire about twenty shots before getting them to understand that we were not playing baseball. When they turned I turned, and did not make haste slowly. The big father of the herd is now in the British Museum.

On board the fast river steamer, we were hastening down the Niger, when a gentleman standing next to me on deck related to me a remarkable crocodile story.

“Do you see that town, and that rock running into the river? In the deep water, just on this side of the rock, an immense crocodile had its home. They measured the length of this crocodile by the impression that it left on the sand where it slept, and it was twenty-six feet. The boys and girls here, as all the wide world o’er, are fond of splashing in the water, paddling and swimming. The crocodile oftentimes came and joined in with the games of the children; loved some of them so well that he loved them right away, and they were seen no more. Till at last the white Resident of the town was informed of the crocodile’s doings. Sentinels were posted along the river—coloured sentinels—with the order to shoot any crocodile that came in sight. Again and again they saw

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the big 'croc' and blazed away at it, sometimes hitting it, till at last it disappeared. For months nothing was seen of the enemy of the children, and everybody was happy; and the children used to sing in the streets, 'The crocodile is dead, the crocodile is gone, the crocodile will never again kill anyone!'

"One day, towards evening, the women came down to the riverbank, as they were wont to do, to fill their water pots. The strongest of them, wading a little into the river up to her knees, had taken the pot from her head, and was rinsing it out, when close to her appeared the head of the mighty dweller of the deep. Round he turns, and with a vicious lash of his tale sweeps her off her feet into the deeper water. The jaws open and close, and the woman has gone. The other girls and mothers, seeing this, shrieked, left their pots, and rushed back to the town. The white man was sitting with his companions at dinner, when he heard this tragedy. 'It is too bad,' says the one at the head of the table. 'We shall have to take this matter in hand and fight the old 'croc'; we had better divide our time and do sentinel-duty ourselves.'

"So it was agreed that they should take two hours in turn, watching for the brute of the river; and every time the big crocodile showed himself, he was saluted with bullets out of elephant guns, Winchester express, and other deadly weapons of precision. Till one day a rifle shot caught him fair and square in the shoulder. A tremendous leap in the air, a dive, and down floated the body of the crocodile. That evening was a happy one for young and old in all the compounds of the town.

"Six months went by. A week or two before I passed the place a man went down to the river for a bathe. He walked along yonder ledge of rock, which, about two feet

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wide, runs for thirty or thirty-five feet into the deeper part of the river. He took off his garments, sat down on the rock, and began to throw the water over his head and shoulders. His whole attention was concentrated on his ablutions. No one was near; when, on the rock behind him, he hears scratching. He looks around, and, to his unspeakable consternation, sees a giant crocodile with a big scar on his shoulder, lazily and leisurely walking up towards him, having cut off his retreat to the shore. What is there to fight with? Nothing but his clothes! A moment's thought, and, with a yell, off he dives into the deep water to try to reach the opposite bank of the river; but hardly has he dived, when off slips the crocodile. Again the jaws open and close—the river reddens—the man was seen no more.

“Do you see that rock yonder? that is where the last scene happened. They have not got the crocodile yet.”

* * * * *

A hard day's march was behind us; the heat had been very oppressive, and the carriers were dead beat when we reached the hospitable village in the bush. Everybody turned out to welcome the white man. The best huts were placed at our disposal; and although the people were exceedingly poor, they did their level best to make the travellers comfortable. In the evening, before retiring, the leading men of the village came to call, and we had a palaver.

“White man, we are glad you have come; we would like to show you hospitality. All we have is yours, but, alas! it is very little indeed. The corn of last year's harvest is finished, and we are without food; but there is plenty of game in the bush. You who carry life and death in your gun, will you not stay over to-morrow and shoot us meat?”

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As I looked round at the hungry faces of the people I was easily persuaded to stay for the day, and give my carriers also a rest. Early the next morning before breakfast, after hasty consultation with the village chief, I started away with some of my carriers toward the little lake two miles away from the field in the bush, where ten or twelve hippopotami were reported to have their habitation. We reached an opening in the bush, but high grass and swamp prevented one from seeing anything of the clear water in the centre; but climbing up a tree which gave me a better view, there right enough, were the heavy square heads of the water horses, as they were sporting in the deeper water.

“How can we get to the edge of the deep water?” I put the question to the chief.

“Leave that to me,” he answered, and within five minutes the tall grass, some of it twelve and fifteen feet high, was ablaze all round the lake; and through the flames and the smoke, as the grass burned away, one could see the excitement of the huge animals, as their unwieldy bodies arose half out of the water, and their heads, with their mouths open, almost seemed to come in two—and with a mighty snort they disappeared again in the water. We could see them right enough now, but how could we get at them? The skull of the “hippo” in front is over five inches in thickness, and as it slopes back, bullets will not penetrate it. The only way to place a deadly shot is up the nostrils into the brain; and the distance, even after wading into the swamp up to our chests, was much too far to enable one to shoot with any accuracy.

“Will you build me a raft?” I asked the king. “It is too far for me to shoot them from the bank.”

The king looked at me in great astonishment: “Build you a raft?” he said. “Why, they would kill you. These

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very hippopotami have killed some of our hunters before now. We have a better plan than that. We will cut down some of the trees, swim with them to the edge of the deep water, and there build you a platform. Then we will go round the lake, and drive the game past you, and you can shoot them while sitting down, with perfect ease."

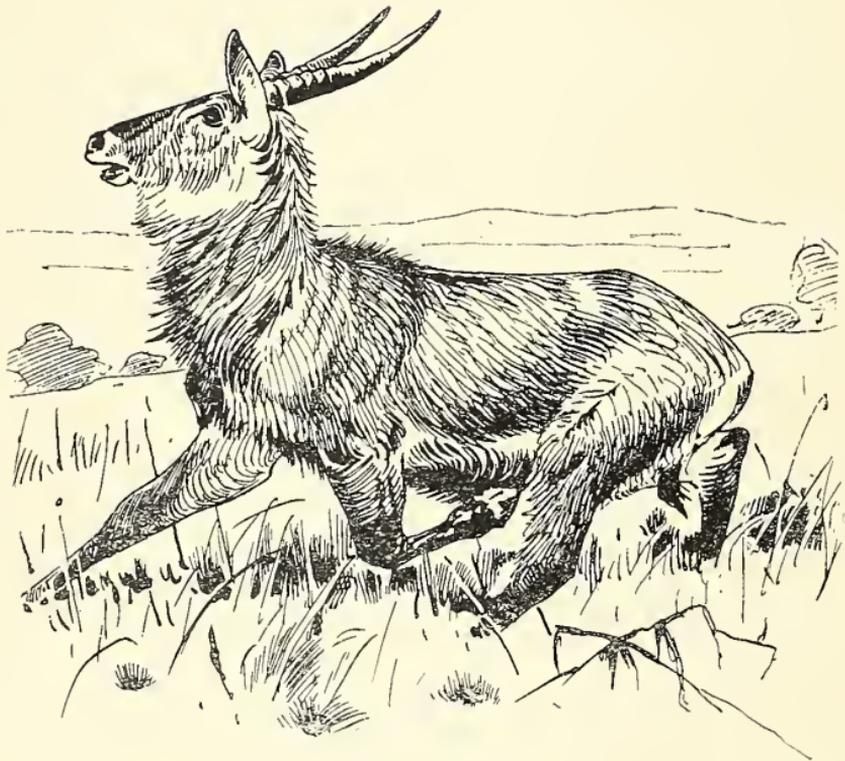
The plan was a good one, but what about the execution of it? Before very long quite a number of trees had been cut down by the hundred men who had come down from the village, and the platform was built. But it was getting hotter as mid-day was drawing near. By a dozen of the strongest men I was carried to the platform, shooting weapons were brought to me, and I waited for further developments. The village people dispersed: and went round both sides of the lake, towards the further end of which the animals had fled. Some of the bold men had crossed the swamp, and entered the deep water with their long spears, set up a great shouting, and tried to frighten the hippopotami down in my direction. But instead of being frightened, a big bull turned towards the three most forward of the men and, roaring, went for them at such a rate that I thought there would be no chance for the men to get away. As the animal showed a good part of its body out of the water, I thought I had better interfere, although it was six or eight hundred yards away. I put a bullet or two into it, which taught the "hippo" a lesson not to show itself too freely, and enabled the man to get away. While I saved the man I spoiled my chances; and though the villagers tried for hours to induce the "hippo" to come down to me, the latter would have none of it, and stayed where they were. I sat and waited, and waited, and still waited; the mosquitoes swarming around me in crowds and having great feasts, while I perspired profusely in my endeavours to fight

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them. At last the men of the village got tired—almost as tired as I was myself—of our fruitless hunt. They came and carried me back to *terra firma*, and disheartened we wended our way back to the village.

As there were a number of antelopes in the bush, I thought I might have a chance shot at some of them, and left the path, followed by two of my best men. All the others returned to their homes. While the “hippo” hunt had been a failure, my little evening stalk of antelopes proved a distinct success. Within a few minutes of leaving the road, I came upon a large herd of cob and hartebeest. At first I noticed only one or two and went flat on the ground. I reached a fairly large tree and held on to the nearest fair-sized buck. At the sound of the shot the whole bush seemed alive. Out of the grass, and from under the bushes, and around trees they came—a very large herd. So standing up quietly, I just sent four bullets in about four seconds and every shot brought down a heavy buck, a cob or hartebeest. After the fourth shot, I saw the last white whisk of a cob’s tail disappear in the gathering darkness. The two men with me were simply wild with excitement, and swinging their tomahawks around their heads, they rushed on to the four antelopes, and performed one of their remarkable war dances. All that night there was great rejoicing in the village, as I distributed the meat among the hungry people.

The next town I came to was famous on account of its great number of water buck that were said to be living on the banks of the river. As I desired to add a good water buck to my collection of skins and heads, I spent a day in the bush with two of the best hunters in the town. But for a long time we found only the spoor of the game, and were not able to sight the game itself. At last the



Waterbuck

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men were tired. We sat down on the trunk of a dead tree that had fallen to the ground, and were just planning which way to return, when I noticed some dark objects moving, about one hundred and fifty yards away, under some fairly large trees. Whispering to the man nearest to me, I pointed them out to him and received the reply, "There is the game we have been looking for so long. There are the 'gombaso.'" With my trusty No. 405 Winchester express in my hand, I soon was near enough to distinguish the heavily-built antelopes with their long grey-black shaggy hair, their short legs, and their magnificent long horns. About ten yards in front of me a heavy red-wood tree was growing, and keeping as close to the ground as I could, I wended my way towards it. But just before reaching it, as the wind was blowing strong from the direction of the game, a half-burned blade of grass was suddenly blown right across my eyes! and as I had my eyes wide open watching the buck the vehement whack of the grass absolutely blinded me for the time being; in fact for two or three days I suffered exceedingly from it. Closing them for a moment I felt my way on towards the tree trunk, and then lay down behind it, rubbing my eyes with both hands, and trying to get them open to see, but for a long time I failed.

At last with the greatest difficulty, I succeeded in sighting as I looked round the tree, about a dozen good-sized water buck. The leader of the herd was out of view, but there close to me, twenty yards away, was a fair-sized male, and I lifted my rifle. His shoulder was hidden by a tree, and as it is no good to wound any game in Africa, as one rarely gets it if one is not able to drop it with the first shot, I hesitated. But as the pain in my eyes became worse, I felt I had better shoot now, or in

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five minutes I might not be able to see anything. I therefore fired, trying to hit his neck and break the spine. In this I succeeded, for his head suddenly dropped, and though he went away with a great spurt, I knew I should get him. Thirty yards in front of me I saw the leader of the herd. I could not let him go, and down he came to my bullet, and after that I sat and rubbed my eyes. As the native hunters came up, I sent them to find the first buck. Three minutes, and they came back. . . . "Well, have you found him?" . . . "Yes, Massa, but it is a doe." . . . I said, "Nonsense! I saw his horns as well as anything." "Yes, but it is." I got up and walked through the nearest bushes, and there, right enough, lying on the ground, as dead as a door post, was a doe, shot through the heart. I felt absolutely disgusted with myself, for I had taught the native hunters, whenever I had a chance, never to fire at female game. As I was still looking at the poor animal in front of me, my men, who had wandered about, called out; and as I went after them, there was the young buck that I knew I had hit. With two shots, three water buck had fallen to me, and with one shot I had killed the leader of the herd and the doe. The latter one, much to my disgust.

Antelopes—some twelve different kinds—are found in Northern Nigeria. Some of almost every kind have fallen to my rifle when travelling through the bush. In certain places there is an abundance of game. I have seen herds of kob of between one and two hundred, and herds of roan antelope of fifteen or twenty. Some of them, such as the bush buck, are beautifully marked, some like the hartebeest, of very large proportions. The hartebeest of Northern Nigeria is one of the largest, if not the largest, of its kind in Africa.

When we were at the mission station Wase, the

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kings of the neighbourhood kept on bringing us presents of sheep and goats, till at last we had quite a little flock, and had to build a special house and appoint a boy to look after them. One morning the shepherd came to me, "Please, Massa, there are only fourteen sheep, and there were fifteen yesterday." "Well," I said, "What have you done with the other one? Have you sold it, or killed it, or eaten it? What have you done with it?" "No, white man, I have done nothing with it; last night I put them in the stable, and this morning one is gone."

I went round with him to look at the stable, from which the sheep had so mysteriously disappeared, and noticed on the ground round it the heavy spoor of a large hyena. I did not care for night visitors such as hyenas in our mission camp, and therefore waited for him the next night, but no hyena came. Then, tired out after a sleepless night and two hard days' work, I went to sleep the following night, so the hyena came and had another one. This was too aggravating, and again I waited the next night, but no hyena came, so we put thorns around the hut, but the hyena broke through them and took the third. I felt that it was no good going on in this way, and sent the sheep to town to be looked after by one of the men there. Hyenas are to be found everywhere in Northern Nigeria, and their horrid laugh at night makes one feel exceedingly uncomfortable.

"Dangana, come here, we'll go hunting!"

There was little or no food in camp, and as it was a delicious fresh morning I left my hut, followed by my boy, to see whether any meat was walking abroad which might be transferred into our cooking pot. Wending our way round the southern side of the great Rock, the monkeys welcomed us with great shouts and acclamations. The

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long grass had been burned, and the sharp, black spikes of the remaining stalks made walking very uncomfortable. Scratch, scratch, scratch in front of me on the Rock, I jumped back, up went my rifle, and before I knew what it was a large porcupine was sprawling it front of me on the ground, shot through the back.

Dangana, who had been drowsing, had walked right into me when I fired, and was, I am sorry to relate, roughly awakened out of his morning nap. He is somewhat sleepy when he has nothing else to do, though he is up to the mark right enough when work is required of him. With a few bits of bark the feet of the porcupine were tied together, and, fastening his belt round the prickly pig, Dangana shouldered his burden and marched off towards the camp, while I continued my walk. Returning home, I found the boys had not touched the game. On questioning them I was told, to my great amusement, that porcupines were dangerous to eat, as the spikes would surely grow out of your skin if you ate their flesh. We got our cook to make us a savoury roast of a hind-quarter of porcupine for dinner, and it tasted most delicious. When Dagana saw that we enjoyed the food he, as a brave man, thought that he also might venture to have a try, but the other boys would not touch it. A few days later, as I was writing up my diary, Dagana came to me in great distress, pointing to a sore in his side, and feeling it with the tip of his finger, said, "I am afraid, Massa, the spikes are beginning to grow. What shall I do, what shall I do?"

* * * * *

I began with the lion, let me close with the ant. In the huts we had built the ground had been beaten hard, and the larger pests, such as poisonous snakes (of which according to the natives there are three hundred and

The Land of the Lions and Leopards

fifty-four different kinds in Northern Nigeria) and the scorpions (which are very nasty-looking, some of them being large and absolutely black), were comparatively rare visitors. But do what we would there was no way of getting rid of the ants, and the varieties of ants were just wonderful. Sitting at our meals we used to watch them coming round, watch them walking on the floor, climbing up the chairs, and on the table, crawling around here and there and everywhere; ants yellow and black, red and grey, white and brown, of all shades and all sizes. They used to attack everything. The little red ones used to eat our sugar, and sometimes the whole sugar-basin; instead of being filled with an agreeable white substance, was filled with red and black living creatures. There was but one remedy for it, and that was to put them in the sun; somehow the rays of the sun seemed to drive these little thieves away.

There was another kind of ant—the black one—a big giant that used to be very fond of biting us when he had a chance, and his bites left nasty marks behind. Then, worst of all, there was the little white ant, which is really not an ant at all, but a termite. This little African seems to like everything, especially relishing boots and books, leather and wood, and all kinds of indigestible things. When, with great patience you had carefully raised your wooden trunk from the ground and placed it on a stone foundation, you would come to it one fine morning and find the whole bottom eaten out, and regiments of white ants as busy as possible doing their destructive work. Happily there is one mark that ants always put upon anything they are going to eat, and that is they cover the place where they are going to burrow with earth. So whenever you see your boots, or boxes, or books covered with earth you know the ants are at it.

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Oh, what patience one has had to have with these little inconveniences! A well-known traveller has said that every African explorer needs three virtues, and certainly if the explorer needs these virtues, the missionary does quite as much or more. What do you think these virtues are? . . . The first one you cannot do without; Its name is Patience. The second one is even more important than the first, and is absolutely essential; its name, too, is Patience. And third one, which surpasses the first and second in importance, is again Patience.

* * * * *

The following three chapters, being purely scientific, may be skipped by those not specially interested in Botany, meteorology and hydrography.

What Grows
in the Land?
(Botany)

CHAPTER XII

THE VEGETABLE PRODUCTS OF NORTHERN NIGERIA.

A GREAT deal remains still to be done, before the various trees, to say nothing of the lower vegetation, can be classified and named. Botanical research work is still in its infancy in the West-Central Sudan. The future trade with Northern Nigeria very much depends on its annual products. There is no doubt that cotton, rubber, kautchuk, rice, tobacco, and coffee will form valuable assets for the development of the political economy of the Hausa people.

How far woods, such as ebony, mahogany, red-wood and others will exercise an important influence remains to be seen.

The following fairly correct list of the vegetable products of Northern Nigeria has been compiled from various sources :—

Paspalum exile. Known to the natives as hunger-rice.

Pennisetum typhoidium. Kaffercorn, African millet, in the interior known as Gero or Gussub.

Zea mays. Maize which grows to the height of 5ft. to 6ft. and of which the natives bake bread, and also brew a kind of sour beer (pitto-buoa).

Semler, "Tropische Agricultur," 1892.

Oliver, "Flora of Tropical Africa."

Hooker, "Niger Flora."

Moloney, "Forestry of West Africa."

Braun, "Botanischer Bericht über die Flora von Kamerun." M.a. D.D. Sch. Bd. 2 p. 141.

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Oryza sativa. Rice. This grows wild, and is also cultivated.

Sorghum vulgare. Guinea Corn, the Dawa, of Hausaland, mostly sown in April and harvested at the end of December.

Coffea stenophylla. The uncultivated wild West African Coffee, a coffee with an excellent taste, which is only inferior to the *coffea arabica*.

Capsicum annum. The Red Pepper, much cultivated by the natives and used daily.

Arachis hypogoea. Ground Nuts. These are cultivated everywhere, and some are exported. Roasted or cooked they form a healthy food for both natives and Europeans. Thick soup, made of ground nuts, tastes very good. They are exported to Europe with and without the husks. The oil which is extracted from them takes the place of olive oil. It is used as machine oil, and is also made into ointments and soap. The remains, after the oil has been taken out, are pressed into oil cake for the cattle. The kernels are worth £10 to £15 per ton.

Lawsonia alba. Henna, is a bush about 6ft. high, out of which the natives (especially the Mohammedans) extract a red dye, to dye their finger nails.

Gossypium *barbadense*
,, *herbaceum* } Cotton.
,, *arboreum* }

This grows wild in many places (in the Hinterland of Cameroon, Bornu, and also on the coast). If adequately cultivated in Northern Nigeria it would be of great value to the Colony in the future.

Moringa pterygosperma. The horse-radish tree. The

What Grows in the Land?

seeds of this tree have at various times attracted a good deal of attention as a source of Ben oil, which has been recommended as a salad oil, as a lubricant for delicate machinery, and as a solvent for perfumes in the "enfleurage" process of extracting perfumes and essential oils. Experiments made on a commercial scale in Jamaica showed that from 100 lbs. of these seeds freed from husks, 12½ lbs. of Ben oil were obtainable, and it was found that with this yield the cost of the oil was about £80 per ton, whilst only £20 per ton could be obtained for it in England. It may be pointed out, however, that the Northern Nigeria seeds, if pressed by modern processes, should yield at least 25 per cent. of their weight of Ben oil, so that they appear to be richer in oil than the seeds employed in these experiments in Jamaica. Information is now required as to whether these seeds could be collected in Northern Nigeria and transported to London at a cost which would permit of their being sold here at £7 per ton. If a large quantity of the seeds, not exceeding half a ton, could be sent, it would probably be disposed of at the rate of £7 per ton for the purpose of expressing the oil, and making experimental trials of its value.

Irvingia Barteri. (Hooker), variously known by the natives as the "udika," "dika," "dita," "oba," and "iba" tree, the second and third of these native names being also applied to the fruit. The pulp of the latter is eaten by the natives of the Gambia, who also pound the small white seeds embedded in the pulp of the fruit into a mass, which, after the removal of the solid tallow constitutes "dika or Gabou chocolate."

The Sudan

D'ospyros ebonum. Ebony. Both in the Bassa and Muntchi country a good deal of ebony wood is obtainable, but up to the present unworked. The exploitation of valuable woods should only be allowed under Government supervision, as the depletion of Northern Nigeria of its forests would result in very serious climatical changes.

Caesalpinia echinata. Redwood.

Caesalpinia brasiliensis. Frequent and valuable bush-wood in Northern Nigeria. Might profitably be exported.

Eriodendron anfractuosum. The cotton tree. A high tree with a very heavy trunk. The silk-like wool of the seed corn is used for upholstery. Its seed contains oil, and its bark supplies valuable rubber.

Rubber and Kopal is little exploited up to the present in Northern Nigeria, but could be got from the following trees :—

Sterculia tragacantha (gives ordinary gum arabic).

Balsamodendron africanum.

Canarium edule.

Anacardium occidentale.

Cordyla africana.

Daniellia thurifera (aromatic rubber).

Albizzia lebbek (the Siris tree of India).

„ *brownei* (Kopal).

Sarcocephalus esculentis.

Acacia mellifera.

„ *erubescens*.

„ *verek*.

„ *neboured*.

„ *adansonii*.

„ *albida*.

„ *arabica*.

What Grows in the Land?

Acacia senegal.

„ *abaica.*

„ *seyal.*

Copaifera guibourtiana (white Kopal).

„ *colpospermum* (ironwood).

Adansonia digitata. The Baobab, Monkey-bread fruit called Kuka by the natives.

The trunk which is often 10 to 12 feet in diameter, is seldom over 30 to 40 feet high. The tree is common all through the country. Its bark yields a celebrated material for paper making. The fruit tastes like cabin biscuits and lemon. It has medicinal properties. It blossoms during the rainy season.

Cola acuminata. The Kola tree runs up to 30 feet high and is fairly plentiful in certain parts. The somewhat bitter nut forms one of the most considerable trade products of the Sudan. What tobacco or coffee is to the European, the betel nut to the Indian, opium to the Chinese, the Kola nut is to the Sudanese. The nuts, red and white, grow three or four in one ball together. At Kano the nut is worth 120 cowries, in Kuka 300 cowries.

PALMS.

Elaeis guineensis. Oil palm 10 to 25 feet high.

Cocos nucifera. Cocoa palm 20 to 30 feet high.

Phonix dactylifera. Date palm. Few south of the Murchison range.

Borassus flabelliformus. } Palmyra palms.
„ *guineensis.* }

Raphia vinifera. } Out of the leaves cloth is woven.
„ *hookerii.* }
„ *welwitschii.* }

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Hyphaene thebaica. } Dom palm, 20 feet high.
,, *guineensis.* }

Phœnix spinosa. Fruit eatable, juice made into wine.

Scelerosperma Mannii. Palm without stem. Leaves used for covering roofs.

Pododoccus barteri. Small tree about 10 feet high.

Out of the fruits of several of the forenamed palms, especially the *Elaeis guineensis*, the palm oil is made. The oil palm, mostly wild, bears best if not over 12 feet high, standing on marshy ground. As it grows older, it reaches double that height. The fruit grows in large prickly bunches. The shell is a glittering red or orange colour, and becomes yellow when ripe. The flesh of the fruit is reddish white and bitter. The kernels in the rainy season render the best oil. The oil palm bears fruit for forty years, and begins at the earliest in the seventh year, but often not until the twelfth year. The two harvests in the year bring each about 20lbs. of nuts. The oil pressed out of these is about half the weight of the nuts themselves. About 6,000 bunches give one ton of oil.

The natives use the oil for different purposes, for cooking, as ointment for the body, and as lamp oil. A simple method of extracting the oil is the following:—The nuts are gathered, and put in a hot place for three or four days; then the kernels are separated, and the juicy parts cooked in an iron pot. The pulp is crushed in a wooden mortar, mixed with water, and cooked again; till the oil collects on the top of the water and can be skimmed off. For export oil, which has to be made in large quantities, the process is more complicated. The bunches are gathered and the nuts separated. The flesh of the nuts is nearly always hard and has to be softened. This is done by putting the nuts into a deep pit and

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leaving them there for several weeks, until they show the first signs of decay. Then they are crushed in wooden mortars till the flesh is loosened from the kernel. They are cooked, and the oil at the finish is put through a fine sieve. The value of the oil depends on the careful preparation, and also on the ground on which the oil palm grew.

There are different kinds of palm oil, hard, medium, soft, or fluid. Hard oil, which contains much stearin, is used for candles; whereas soft and fluid oil is mostly used for ointments and soap.

Palm oil is first mentioned as a trading article by Captain Welsh on his journey to Benin in the year 1588. He calls it "oil of palms," and he brought home with him from his second journey 32 tons of this new article.

The price of palm oil, which has gone down much during the last few years, was specified by Mockler-Ferryman for the year 1898 in Liverpool at 22 shillings per ton, but it is continually changing. According to Hamburg statistics, 31,064hl. of Palm oil worth 992,000M. were exported from Cameroon in the year 1902, which is about 30M. per ton. The use of oilpalm kernels is still comparatively new. The oil which is extracted from them is divided into white and black (brown). In getting the oil, it is necessary to open the shells carefully, so that the kernel itself should not be broken. The white palm oil is obtained in the following way. The kernels are crushed in a wooden mortar, ground between stones, and mixed with cold water, till the oil comes to the top in white lumps and can be taken off. It is then bleached in the sun, and is ready for use. The black or brown oil is extracted by cooking. First the kernels are cooked in a pot, and thus part of the oil is obtained. Then the kernels are crushed and ground,

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and the rest of the oil is separated by pouring hot water on the remaining mass. By further stamping, cooking, and filtering, one is able to get a good deal of oil still from the oil cake.

In the Liverpool market the Palm kernels were worth 40 shillings per ton in 1902.

Besides the oil palm, the *Kautschuk* (india rubber) is of the greatest value in the trade with Northern Nigeria.

The best Kautschuk is obtained from the *Landolphia owariensis*, the white rubber-vine; and from the *Landolphia florida*, a heavy woody creeper, which is found in great quantities south of the Benue. The natives open the bark of these creepers and collect the juice which gushes forth; this hardens very quickly in the air. They roll it in balls of various sizes and bring it to market. The *Ficus* (*Nrostigma vogelii*) is a tree of 25—30 feet high, which is cut into by the negroes when it is five years old, and the fairly liquid juice which flows is led into vessels, in which it slowly hardens. It appears in balls, about the size of billiard balls, on the market. Kautschuk is worth 2s. 3d. per pound on the Liverpool market.

What conclusion will the foregoing lists allow us to arrive at?

(a) Does the export adequately drain the vegetable and mineral sources of the country? Certainly not. Hardly a beginning has been made, and the possibilities of remunerative commerce before those with sufficient enterprise can hardly be overestimated.

(b) To what extent are the resources of the country capable of development?

Coffee, cotton, and rice might be cultivated to such an extent as practically to supply the needs of the British Isles. Any one of these three export articles are far

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enough developed at the present time to allow a remunerative export.

If, instead of the thin, cheap cotton material, heavy and durable cotton could be introduced into the country, most of the hands that are now employed in spinning, weaving, and dyeing native cloth would be set free for the cultivation of raw cotton. The vast low lying land on the banks of the Benue would form an ideal soil for the growth of cotton and rice, and the hill country of the Murchison range, the Bautchi hills, and the Shebsheb mountains would form very promising ground for the growth of coffee.

If the export possibilities are as valuable as we see in the preceding, the import possibilities have the same opportunity. A country with at least ten million people in it, many of them industrious, a country easily accessible, would surely offer a valuable market for manufactured cloth, steel, and iron.

What Makes
Things Grow ?
(Meteorology)

CHAPTER XIII

THE African rain maker and witch doctor will soon have to be pensioned off if every white man will persist in carrying meteorological instruments into Central Africa. We shall soon know as much about the climate of the Dark Sudan as we know of our own beloved homeland.

In the following we have figures from the Guinea Coast and the Western Sudan. Meteorological observations are now also carried on at Khartoum and at one or two other places on the Upper Nile, but between the Nile and Lake Chad no meteorologist is at work.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FROM THE NIGER TERRITORIES AND THE GUINEA COAST.

These compilations take their raw material partly from the following printed publications *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, *Mitteilungen aus den deutschen Schutzgebieten*, *Meteorologische Zeitschrift*, *Annuaire Soc. Met. de France*, *The Geographical Journal*, *The Climatology of Africa*, *Colonial Reports*, as also from several still unpublished manuscripts.

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RAINFALL AT OLD CALABAR, 4° 58' N, 8° 17' E.

	Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Year.
1895	(25)2)	(59)2)	—	128	116	289	330	222	334	176	55	0	—
96	56	58	190	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
98	34	5	131	163	200	331	296	344	233	340	239	69	2382
99	0	25	58	166	224	157	204	348	184	105	163	8	1638
1900	28	91	97	—	—	547	228	107	199	157	190	22	—
01	45	12	129	185	184	—	—	197	225	161	107	48	—
02	0	36	257	244	312	366	339	378	181	298	87	121	2640
Mean	37	41	144	177	222	338	280	319	226	206	140	52	2183

PREDOMINATING WIND.

	Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Year.
1898	—	NW	SW	SW	—	—	SW	SW	SW	S	SW	SWS	SW
99	NW	NW	SW	SW	SW	SW	SW	SW	SW	SW	NW	NW	SW

TORNADOES

1898	0	0	7	11	0	0	0	0	3	3	6	1	31
99	0	3	8	6	6	6	3	2	1	0	4	0	39
1900	1	2	7	6	5	6	1	0	0	5	3	1	37

(Mean of three years).

Mean	10.7	5.7	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0.3	0.7	13.0	30.4
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What Makes Things Grow ?

These observations were made up to 1901 by Dr. E. G. Fenton and Dr. Robert Bennett, by Mr. S. W. Thompson, from March, 1902, to September, 1902, by W. Fletcher, D.M.O., to October, 1902, by H. Hanley, S.M.O., to November 1902, by J. B. Bate, D.M.O., from December, 1902, to February, 1903.

CLIMATE OF NORTHERN NIGERIA.

“Nigeria is a land of tornadoes. Towards the end of the dry season—end of February—cyclones from the north-east, usually accompanied by storms of thunder and rain, burst with great fury. Increasing in frequency, they merge into the heavy rains, which last from July to October. Then the Harmattan wind begins to blow from the north-east. The clear atmosphere of the rainy season gives place to a thick haze, which, like a London fog, obscures the whole horizon, and objects only a few hundred yards distant are indiscernible, so that surveying is difficult. The sun disappears like a crimson disc about five p.m. behind this pall of haze, which consists chiefly of inpalpable dust. The so-called Tuareg ‘veil’ and the habit of wearing the pugari over the mouth and eyes is adopted as a protection against this dust. The wind itself blows intermittently for several days with violence, and anon with moderate force or abates altogether, but always from the same quarter, especially between 8 a.m. and 4 p.m.

“The Harmattan is the herald of cold nights, and in the Northern States, even during the day, in the months of January and February, the cold is often trying. The excessive dryness of this wind from the desert of the Sahara causes an evaporation when it meets the wall of humid atmosphere in the Niger Valley, and produces these effects of cold. Where the lakes around Timbuktu

The Sudan

and the waters of Chad infringe on the desert I am told that frost is not uncommon."

Capt. P. S. Lelean, R.S.M.C., who accompanied the Commission on the Sokoto Arc, Northern Nigeria, gives the following meteorological observations which he made from April to September, 1903. As the Commission moved from place to place the observations were not continuous on any one spot, the area over which they were taken being a rectangle with measurements of (roughly) 120 by 30 miles. The latitude varied from $14^{\circ}28'$ to 13° N., and the longitude from $5^{\circ}14'$ to $7^{\circ}36'$ E.

The following figures are of extreme interest from this little-known region :—

1903.	Rainfall.		Temperature.		
	Amount. Inches.	No. of Days.	Highest	Lowest.	
April27	3	—	—
May43	4	111.4	66.2
June	...	2.25	6	112.7	72.2
July	...	4.69	8	94.7	66.1
August	...	10.79	12	95.4	64.3
September	...	4.61	10	—	—

The total rainfall from April 5 to September 30 was 23'04 inches.

SEVERAL METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FROM AKASSA. RAINFALL IN MM. (4 YEARS).

Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June
50	102	219	185	432	445
July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
316	291	507	482	201	147

Total for Year—3377.

What Makes Things Grow ?

Wari Rainfall in MM.

1895.

Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
145.7	505.6	160.4	95.1	.05

1896.

Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June	July
11.4	25.8	256.2	91.3	186.6	304.5	323.7

Kano (from R. Lander's observations in the year 1826)
+ ° Celsius :—

		6 a.m.	Mid-day.	3 p.m.	Rainday.
August	26	27	28	3
September	...	26	29	30	4
October	...	24	29	30	1
November	...	24	30	30	0

Sokoto (the same) + ° Celsius:—

		6 a.m.	Mid-day.	3 p.m.	Rain-day.	Wind.
January	...	19	32	33	—	NE
February	...	23	36	37	—	NE
March	...	22	37	37	—	WSW
April	27	39	40	—	E

Bamako, 12° 37' N, 7° 52' W of Paris (*Annuaire de la Société Met. de France*, 1883) and *Meteorol. Zeitschrift*, 1890, p. 391.

One year mean temperature, 27.9°C. January 26, .5°C.; May 29, .5° C.; August 26, .3°C.; October 28, .1°C. Rain, about 1200 MM. (in August, 418 MM.); 32 dry and 71 wet tornadoes.

Kipo Hill, Niger, 8° 48' N, 6° 25' E. Observations by the Rev. C. Paul, a native missionary, who got his thermometer from E. R. Flegel. Read every three

The Sudan

hours between 6 a.m. and 9 p.m. Instrument mistake not known :—

1881.	Temperature Extremes.		Mean Temperature.		
	Maximum.	Minimum.	9 a.m.	9 p.m.	Mid-day.
April...	35.4	24.5	28.9	29.5	29.2
May ...	33.3	23.3	27.2	28.3	27.7
June ...	31.1	23.3	26.1	27.2	26.7
July ...	30.0	23.3	25.6	26.1	25.9

Kuka. Mean of the observations of Denham, Rohlfs, (Petermann Ergänzungsheft, 34) and Nachtigal (Sahara and Sudan, 2). Besides this a rainfall observation by Corporal Church, 1854 :—

	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June
Mean Temp. ...	22.6	26.1	31.6	33.5	33.1	32.0
Rel. Damp — ...	44	42	—	The driest months.		
Rain-days...	—	—	—	—	—	—
Wind ...	NNE	ENE	—	—	—	—
	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
Mean Temp. ...	28.7	26.5	28.6	28.9	25.7	25.5
Rel. Damp ...	—	84	67	50	44	44.5
Rain-days...	17	15	11	—	—	—
Wind ...	SW	SW	SE	NNE	E	NE
		W	W	E		ENE

Total for Year :—

Mean Temp., 26.3. Rel. Damp, 48. 327 mm. Rain in the year 1854.

What Makes Things Grow?

RAIN ON THE GUINEA COAST IN MM.

Place of Observation.	Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Year.
1 Crampell	1 J 0	23	33	93	143	219	274	256	102	129	44	17	1333
2 Mobaye	1 4	44	100	145	129	243	120	232	267	212	123	22	1641
3 Lokoja	1 0	0	15	96	89	158	210	224	94	94	22	0	997
4 Jebba	1 0	0	0	21	114	218	99	143	175	76	14	0	860
5 Old Calabar	8 37	41	144	177	222	338	280	319	226	206	140	52	2182
6 Baliburg	2 59	85	330	294	242	261	263	203	420	418	125	47	2745
7 Younde	2 15	85	134	154	201	66	61	58	274	251	129	3	1356
8 Lolodorf	1 —	—	—	—	—	—	16	69	103	270	160	—	1500
9 Buea	4 5	38	93	207	203	218	456	535	416	282	91	33	2577
10 Ngoko	1 —	—	—	188	116	150	122	218	164	247	103	108	1901
11 Koibi	2 71	145	323	277	241	382	214	205	439	336	259	51	2943
12 Ebolwoa	1 —	—	—	—	37	120	0	37	181	357	231	31	1800
13 Burombi	3 127	100	227	220	184	325	504	209	279	317	64	0	2556
14 Cameroon	13 37	78	206	228	335	546	726	752	502	433	150	77	3970
15 Victoria	5 16	38	126	298	266	464	830	875	428	327	113	39	3820
16 Batanga	2 166	339	268	479	212	348	347	560	602	498	265	48	4132
17 Bibundi	3 93	175	187	343	640	1008	1278	2125	1652	1547	485	140	9673
18 Debundja	3 183	193	362	319	820	1556	1303	1342	1519	1103	689	238	9276

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ROCK STATION.

(West Central Sudan), 1904-05. 9° N. 10' E. of
Greenwich.

Month.	Min. Temp.	Max.	Mean Day.	Wind.	Rain.
November	On the 13th, 64.45°	On the 21st, 101.78°	82.58°	SE	Nil.
December	On the 23rd, 62.35°	On the 23rd 101.25°	81.73°	NE	Nil.
January	On the 15th, 62.5°	On the 29th 97.72°	81.27°	N	Nil.
February	On the 10th, 60.5°	On the 27th, 107.60°	85.91°	N	Nil.
March	On the 17th, 68.25°	On the 23rd, 107.63°	93.13°	NE	Nil.
April	On the 26th, 71.5°	On the 7th, 111.05°	91.21°	SW and WSW	14th, rain begins 46.78 mm.

Minimum Temperature of Six Months, 60.5° on the 10th of February.

Maximum " " 111.5° " 7th of April.

Mean " " 85.97°

Prevailing Wind " NE

Last Rainfall, October 15, 1904 } Between these dates absolutely
First Rainfall, April 14th, 1905 } Dry.

What Makes Things Grow?

LOKOJA.

Average for four years in centigrades and millimeter.

Months.	Shade Max.	Shade Min.	Range.	Mean.	Amount in mm.	General Direction of wind.
January ...	35.18	14.63	20.18	25.73	106.240	—
February ...	34.96	17.22	18.52	24.16	10.496	—
March ...	34.89	20.18	16.85	30.12	40.526	—
April ...	36.17	24.47	16.38	28.77	123.763	—
May ...	35.25	19.67	16.85	27.78	223.536	—
June ...	34.84	20.75	14.45	27	133.912	—
July ...	33.8	21.20	11.67	30.21	221.504	—
August ...	30.99	21.31	19.82	26.5	206.496	—
September ..	32.16	18.65	16.10	26	296.533	—
October ...	33.95	18.95	14.45	25.76	128.704	—
November	33.78	17.97	18.7	26.68	19.456	—
December	34.40	15.27	20.55	28.88	—	—
	34.30	19.19	17.04	27.30	1511.166	—

ZUNGURU.

Average for two years in centigrades and millimeter.

Months.	Shade Max.	Shade Min.	Range.	Mean.	Amount in mm.
January ...	38.85	15.85	22.5	27.25	—
February ...	38.90	16.1	22.80	27.57	—
March ...	40.50	18.32	22.22	30.5	13.824
April ...	40	20.27	19.72	30.45	41.472
May ...	36.65	20	16.65	28.1	136.448
June ...	33.07	19.72	13.35	26.17	177.408
July ...	34.42	20	14.42	25.75	235.804
August ...	31.65	19.72	11.92	25	230.144
September	32.5	19.45	13.07	26.82	164.992
October ...	34.45	19.72	20.27	26.37	81.664
November	36.37	14.45	21.92	25.95	—
December	37.20	14.17	23.05	25.8	—
	36.21	18.15	18.49	27.14	1081.956

The Sudan

GENERAL METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

Northern Nigeria.

Average for four years.

Centigrades and Millimeters.

	Shade Max.	Shade Min.	Range.	Mean.	Amount in mm.
1901.					
Lokoja ...	31.94	22.55	—	27.24	1568.428
Jebba ...	33.03	23.18	—	28.07	1343.488
	—	—	—	—	—
Average	32.49	22.86	—	27.65	1455.958
1902.					
Jebba ...	36.57	17.08	18.20	25.95	—
Lokoja ...	35.45	18.33	15.93	24.93	—
Zaria ...	32.89	15.33	15.99	24.44	—
	—	—	—	—	—
Average	34.97	16.91	16.40	25.11	—
1903.					
Zunguru ...	36.53	18.80	18.12	27.64	841.729
Lokoja ...	35.52	18.52	16.35	27.26	1583.390
	—	—	—	—	—
Average	36.02	18.66	17.32	27.45	2425.119
1904.					
Zunguru ...	35.91	17.50	18.34	26.48	1308.160
Lokoja ...	34.71	17.92	16.71	27.04	1068.032
	—	—	—	—	—
Average	35.31	17.71	17.52	26.76	1188.046
General					
Average	34.70	19.03	17.08	26.74	1689.708

What Makes Things Grow ?

Average for four years in centigrades and Millimeter (including a few observations not contained in the preceding).

Months.	Shade Max.	Shade Min.	Range.	Mean.	Rainfall. Amount in mm.
January ...	36.53	15.34	20.53	26.19	106.240
February...	37.02	18.51	18.22	25.86	6.528
March ...	36.98	19.25	19.53	30.31	23.226
April ...	38.36	22.37	18	29.61	60.198
May ...	35.95	19.83	16.7	27.94	135.18
June ...	33.43	20.28	13.9	26.58	155.664
July ...	34.11	20.6	13.04	27.98	228.654
August ...	38.70	19.23	11.13	23.95	215.349
September	32.67	18.82	13.72	25.37	207.687
October ...	34.68	18.62	17.12	25.69	118.768
November	35.42	15.33	20.43	26.36	63.36
December	35.54	13.88	19.92	25.56	—
Average	34.95	18.51	16.83	25.99	1300.85 during the year.

The observations at our disposal in the preceding pages permit us to arrive at certain conclusions of which the following are the most important.

1. The nearer a meteorological station is to the Gulf of Guinea, and especially to the Kameroun mountains, the higher the annual rainfall. The further away from the coast the meteorological station is situated the less rain do we find.

2. The nights during the four months November to February are cold in the Northern provinces of Northern Nigeria, and especially so where Lakes (Lake Chad and the smaller ones round Timbuctu) approach the desert.

The Sudan

3. At the meteorological stations along the river banks we find a considerably greater humidity, less wind and greater heat than we have at stations which are removed from the river valleys.

4. Especially in the hilly districts of Northern Nigeria we notice a considerable variation of temperature between day and night and also between the beginning and the end of the dry season.

If we compare the general hygienic laws with the meteorological conditions of the Protectorate of Northern Nigeria it will immediately appear that, other things being equal, a man should be able to live in Northern Nigeria, especially in the hills and Northern provinces, at least as healthy a life as he may expect in the Dekkan of Central India, the lower ranges of the Himalayas, or any other comparatively healthy places in the tropics.

The Water Ways

(Hydrographic)

CHAPTER XIV

TWO great highways lead to and from the Sudan, the Niger and the Nile. Old Father Nile, with his wonderful history, is fairly well known, but comparatively little has been written about the exploration of the Niger territories.

Jeremy Collier wrote in 1688: "This is the greatest river of Africa, called by the natives Hind-Nijer. It rises in Ethiopia from a lake by the same name, and running westward divides Nigritia into two parts, After a long course, and the reception of divers rivers, whose names are unknown to us, it falls into the Atlantic Ocean in six great streams, which are all south of Cape Verde but one.* All the early explorations, which touch the Niger territories, from Herodotos Nasamonas, the five noble youths, who, crossing the Sahara, reached the Central Sudan, to the Arab Geographers of the middle ages.

El Bekri.

El Edrisi (1152).

Ibn Said (1282).

Ibn Batuta (1353).

Ibn Khaldum (1382).

Makrizi(1400).

Leo Africanns (1528).

None succeeded in clearing up the geographical darkness of the hydrographical system of the Niger, though the

* Mockler Ferryman. British West Africa. Page 146.

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later African explorers visited the Niger territories themselves.*

Towards the latter part of the middle ages English and French explorers attempted the conquest of the Niger territories from the Gambia. Richard Thomson (1618), Richard Jobson (1620), Batholomew Stibbs (1723), and the French attempt under Bier Brue (1697); Mungo Park's expeditions from 1794 to 1805 gave no clue to Geographers about the mouth and the lower part of the Niger. The first Geographer who arrived at correct conclusions about the Niger river was a German, M. Richard, who published in 1808 the following results in the *Ephemerides Geographique*: "The Niger turns after it has reached the Wangara, southwards, receives a number of tributaries in that part of Africa, and describes a large half-circle towards south-west. It continues in this direction till it reaches the northern part of the Gulf of Guinea, where it forms a magnificent delta whose easterly branch is the Rio del Rey, while the westerly was formerly called Rio Formoza or Benin." Richard Lander and Laird confirmed later what M. Richard had found. In 1852 a company was formed in Liverpool by Macgregor Laird and others, whose object was to develop the trade in the Niger territories. In 1879 the company changed its name from West African to United African, in 1882 to National African Company, and later on to the Niger Co. A Royal Charter was granted to this latter Company. Under the leadership of Sir Taubman Goldie the Company grew magnificently. It bought out all the other trading companies (several English and French) on the Niger, and reigned as sole mistress of the Hausa lands.

The No, or Benue, formerly falsely known as Schari,

* Joseph Thomson. Mungo Park and the Niger. Page 16.

The Water Ways

or Tsadda, is one of the most important of the African rivers. For hundreds of miles it flows a deep, quiet stream through fertile and thickly populated districts. Had it reached the Atlantic Ocean without falling into the Niger, and thus escaped the Niger delta, it would have formed an ideal road into the interior of the Dark Continent, and would without doubt have unlocked the heart of Africa—the Sudan—centuries ago.

The word Benue belongs to the Batta language, in which “bee” or “be” means water (in other dialects closely related to the former it is called “bi”). “Nue” means mother, and the whole name therefore “Mother of Waters.” The name Benue is feminine, and one should speak of the Benue as “she.” The sources of this river are situated close to the Logone, in the Bubandjidda mountains, from whence she flows in a north-westerly direction as a mountain stream from the Ribago country till the Kebbi joins her. The Benue is at this place between 600 and 700 yards wide and six to seven fathoms deep. Just above Yola, a new tributary, the Faro (Paro), falls into her. This latter stream, though much more shallow than the Benue, is considerably wider and more rapid. At Tape, shortly after the confluence of the two rivers, their bed is narrowed to about 300 yards, with a depth of sixteen fathoms in flood tide. Both banks are densely covered with Gallerie forest. The whole length of the Benue is somewhat over 800 miles, her fall from source to mouth little over seven hundred feet. At Lokoja, the Benue enters the Niger. She carries during the rainy season from 12 to 15 thousand cubic yards of water a second at her mouth.

The flood time of the Benue is forty days, from the 20th of August to the end of September. With regard to the depth of the river we write from the books of the best known explorers in this district.

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“ At Doulu, just above the junction of the Mayo Kebbi, the Benue was 200 yards wide on the 21st January, 1893, very shallow, hardly forty centimetres in depth. In the centre of the river there were large sand banks. The banks of the river also were covered with sand. During flood time the river is here four to five meters in depth.” At Garua the Benue was on the 23rd of January, 1893, so deep that Maistre could not ford her, and though the river is still deeper at Yola, Maistre writes :—

“ C’est que les bateaux a vapeur, même les plus petits, ne peuvent en cette saison remonter a Yola : c’est tout au plus s’ ils peuvent arriver a Ibi, la grande station anglaise dans le pays de Mouri.”

On the 31st of January, 1901, the Benue was at Ibi 1,000 metres wide, the banks of the Benue on the 18th of July, 1851, were at the mouth of the Faro twenty-five to thirty feet high. The bed of the river, after the first depression of a foot and a half, had a very gentle incline. At the distance of forty to fifty feet from the banks the depth of the water was only $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Then it suddenly became deeper. The natives thought that Barth was looking for gold when he suddenly dived. Near the Faro the Benue is at least 1,200 paces wide and about eleven feet deep, and according to the markings on the banks rises from thirty to fifty feet.

The Faro on the 19th of July, 1851, was 900 paces wide and less than two feet deep. The river Faro is more rapid than the Benue, because it comes directly from the mountains.

Laird and Oldfield in their journal, volume ii., page 276 and page 420, say that the *niveau* of the Benue at Ida rises and falls in the course of one year fifty-seven to sixty feet, and Dr. Passarga writes about the Benue in the dry season: “ Welche Veränderung war seit unserm

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ersten Besuch in dem Aussehn and dem Charakter des Flusses eingetreten! Während auf der Hinfahrt der majestätische Strom sein breites Bett ausgefüllt hatte, sodass der Dampfer dicht am Uferrande liegen konnte, war er jetzt um fünf bis sechs Meter gefallen und man blickte vom Rand des Ufers, an welchem Sandsteinbänke anstanden, auf das in der Tiefe befindliche Schiff hinab, Sandbänke unterbrachen den Spiegel des Flusses und träge rollte die spärliche Wassermasse dahin. Ibi ist der Äusserste Punkt bis zu welchem in der Trockenzeit die flache „Benue,“ der einzige Dampfer welchen überhaupt zu den Zeit den Strom befährt, gelangen kann. In diesem Jahre war derselbe ganz besonders tief gefallen” (März 1894).

During the rainy season, especially in August and September, the Benue more than doubles the volume of water carried by the Niger; but in the dry season she is almost stagnant, and not to be compared with the Western Branch of that system. The depth of water in the Benue for the different months may be estimated thus:—

APRIL.

Lowest ebb of the Benue. Eduard Vogel (who crossed the Benue in April, 1855) remarks that “the Benue in the dry season in her upper course has still four to six feet of water, which during that time of the year is stagnant, the river lower down is not perfectly blocked by sandbanks” (*Zeitschrift für Erdkunde*, 1856, Th. 1, p. 487). According to Baikie, during the beginning of this month a slight swelling is already perceptible. This is doubtless the consequence of the first flood on the Upper river 7-8° N. During this time the surface of the river begins to get covered at its mouth with *Pistia Stratistes*.

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MAY.

The Benue and her Southern tributary, the Faro, begin to rise, both with a sudden swelling. The water of the Benue changes its colour and becomes muddy. Up till now the river looked as clear as a mountain brook.

JUNE.

During the beginning of June the natives say the Benue begins to feed the Niger. On the 18th June, 1852, the Benue and Faro at their junction, 9° 50 N.L., were slowly rising. June 27th, "the Benue has risen two feet during the last ten days." Middle of June, 1833, "the river rapidly rising" (Laird). June 19th, 1833, "her mouth is still divided into three or four channels by different sand-banks and islands."

JULY.

The tributaries of the main river are rising more rapidly in consequence of a large rainfall. July 24th, 1854, "the river is slowly rising." (This year seems to have been an exceptionally dry year.)

AUGUST.

During the last quarter of this month, the Lower Benue, above Tepe, reaches her point of culmination fifty to sixty feet above her lowest level, and the river rises now only very slowly, with sometimes remarkable changes resulting from the changing amount of water carried by her different tributaries. August 16th, 1833, "the Lower river has stopped rising." August 15th, "the river has fallen ten inches at Akaita." Laird thought this was the beginning of the fall of the river, but it proved only a temporary fall. During the beginning of August, 1854, according to Baikie, the Lower Benue fell for over a fortnight on account of a break in the rains, and only on

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the 21st August the first signs of a renewed rising appeared. "To the end of August (in eight days) the river rose five feet."

SEPTEMBER.

The Benue reaches in September her highest flood, with a width of over two miles; the culmination of her flood is towards the end of the month. "During this time," says Barth, "it is possible to have a navigable connection with Lake Chad."

OCTOBER.

At the end of September and the beginning of October the water begins to fall at the confluence of the Benue and Faro. October 3rd, 1854, "clear signs of falling at Zhibu" (Baikie). October 5th, 1854, "considerable fall." October 16th, 1833, "Lower Benue falling slowly" (Laird).

NOVEMBER.

"The water begins to fall rapidly." "The Ayu (*Manatus vogelii*) leaves the river with high water."

DECEMBER.

"The water of the Benue falls more slowly."

JANUARY.

"The water falls still more slowly."

FEBRUARY.

"Hardly any change." "The river is fordable at many places." "Large sandbanks."

MARCH.

The river has reached its lowest level, and stagnates in certain places. Dr. Balfour Baikie, who spent many years, from 1854 to 1860, on the Niger and the Benue, and lost

The Sudan

his steamer *Dayspring* on the 7th of October, 1857, in the passage of Jebba about sixteen English miles above Rabba, describes the water of the Niger and Benue in the following way: "During the rainy season both rivers are muddy. During the dry season the Quora (Niger) is white and not transparent, full of earthy matter, and so thick, that oftentimes when bathing and diving only a foot below the surface, I was not able to see anything, even a few inches from my eyes. The water of the Benue, on the other hand, is perfectly clear at this time of the year, transparent, and of a beautiful dark blue colour."

"The line where the two streams meet is clearly marked. The waters do not mix, but for several miles run side by side, till at last they mingle. The inhabitants maintain that the white water of the Quora is the better of the two for drinking purposes. I am of the same opinion."

In August, 1882, Eduart Flegel explored the Katsena and the Taraba, the head waters of the Benue, besides some of her southern tributaries. Her sources are close to Rumde, due north of Ngaumdere in 1260 meters latitude. A considerable waterfall, about 300 meters high, carries the mountain stream into the valley. On the 18th of August, 1883, Flegel stood on the watershed between the Benue and the Logone in a latitude of 1600 meters.

The question whether the Benue and the Logone-Shari have any connection has long remained unanswered. Barth was the first to ask this question. He wrote in 1852: "I am convinced that in 50 years European vessels will maintain an annual trade with Lake Chad from the Bay of Biafra. Nature herself has formed an almost unbroken connection (from the mouth of the Niger to the mouth of the Mayo-Kebbi). This part is navigable for boats drawing not more than three

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feet of water. The Mayo-Kebbi seems to be navigable for flat native canoes. These are doubtless able to travel up to Dana (in the Tuburi mountains) during high water. Dr. Vogel visited this lake-like shallow expanse of water, which appeared to be a kind of large swampy pool. Even if there is at this point no real bifurcation between the Serbewell (upper branch of the Logone) by means of the wide Mgaldjam of Demme (which is very probable) and the Mayo-Kebbi, the watershed is only about 20 miles in width of perfectly flat country, and the granite height of Tuburi and other rocky mounts can easily be evaded. The level of Lake Chad appears to be the same as that of the Upper Benue between Taipe and Gewe or at the mouth of the Mayo-Kebbi. At this place the Benue is, according to all appearances, only about 850 to 900 feet above sea level. The Mayo-Kebbi has, therefore, nearly as large a fall as the Logone river from Wulia to Lake Chad. Dr. Vogel discussed this question in 1858. Major C. M. Macdonald was sent with several boats in 1889 to the Upper Benue to solve the riddle, and he solved it in the negative way. Dr. Passarge tried to bring light into it, but he also failed to give a decisive answer, and only in 1901 the French Captain Loffler, who started from the Logone, reached the Mayo-Kebbi via the Tuburi swamps. He showed by this that in the rainy season there exists between the Benue and the Logone a water connection. Dr. von Oppenheim goes probably too far in his speculations. "The question whether there is a connection between the Benue and the Logone, that is to say, between the Atlantic Ocean and the Shari-Lake Chad has to be answered affirmatively, according to the informations of the French explorer, Bonnel de Mezières. According to his view ships are able during certain parts of the year to reach the Shari

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from the Benue via the Mayo-Kebbi. Steamers that commence their outward journey in the autumn from the Atlantic Ocean, by way of the Niger, would be able to bring European goods to Garua; they would have full time to gather the products which have been accumulated up there, and take them back to the ocean. From Garua smaller boats will be able to go to Bifara and the Logone, and from thence these goods could be transported always by water-way to Lake Chad and vice versa. Lieutenant de Thezillat has lately succeeded on his way home on furlough in exploring the Upper Logone in German territory, having started from Fort Lamy."

Without going too far, we may safely say that the Niger-Benue forms the best water-way into Central Africa. During the end of the rainy season the Niger and Benue systems are navigable for steamers drawing less than 12 feet of water for a distance of about twelve hundred miles. That is to say, five or six hundred miles up the Niger, and six or seven hundred miles up the Benue. There is no reason why ocean-going steamers should not take their cargo at Liverpool and land it at Ibi, Lokoja, or near the Busa rapids. Flat bottom motor launches, drawing not more than six inches to one foot of water, can travel up the Niger and the Benue all the year round. The question may be asked, is it not possible to dredge a channel down the Niger-Benue, so that navigation might be made possible for larger steamers all the year round? This is impracticable, for the simple reason that during flood time the current is so fast and the volume of water so immense that this dredging operation would have to be repeated every year. The fine sand is being shifted continually.

The Water Ways

The progress of exploration and survey is so rapid in this dark region that soon the old saying, "quid novo ex Africa," will be gone, as there will be no more new things to explore.

Where are we?



The Ship that lost her way



The King of Shendam

CHAPTER XV

“ HULLO! Hullo! Hullo!”

The words rang out with a marked nasal twang across the burnished gold of the tropical sea.

“ Hullo! hullo!”

We stepped across the deck, for on shipboard any outside life is interesting, and saw a large sailing boat lying at anchor, motionless, and apparently tenanted only by one man. Fair and square he stood there on the poop, captain of a silent craft, her sails half down, her deck in perfect order, but with a lost and aimless air about her.

“ Hullo! hullo! Where are we?”

The unmistakable Yankee voice has a note of perplexity in it. Round came her rudder, and our ship swung off her course, circling round the stray vessel to enable the two captains to communicate. Apparently the American had crossed the Atlantic, and, in tacking several times against the wind, had lost his bearings and his whereabouts. He had reached the African coast, but whether to sail east or west to find his port, he knew not.

The sea was like glass as our restless steamer ploughed her way through the peaceful waters. The dark green coast was only two or three miles distant, covered with tropical forest, majestic silk cotton trees, towering ebony, and graceful oil palms with their feathery heads. But that level line of forest might have been anywhere in the tropics.

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“ *Where are we?* ” rang out the repeated question.

“Four degrees East, four degrees twenty North,” answered our captain, and the other was satisfied. Up went the sails, “Heave in the anchor!” and away she moved to her destination—the place she was meant to reach. We took a snapshot of the receding vessel, and stood on deck there watching the Stars and Stripes grow less. We had just had our little Bible reading in my cabin, and had come up to enjoy the comparative cool of the tropical morning. The stranger’s question and the dark green line of the Ivory Coast lying across the glittering water, carried our thoughts far away to the million numbered dark souls in dark bodies living in the wide land north of us, just beyond our view. We leaned on the starboard rail while our boat hastened on her eastward way, but the beauties of the scenery passing before our eyes gave place to a wider vision as we dreamt with open eyes about the millions in the great Sudan.

“ *Where are we?* ”

There are nations embarked on the ocean of life, nations that have newly come under the threefold cross of the Union Jack, nations that until quite recently were unknown to the Government official, the newspaper writer, or even the geographer. Out of a long unconsciousness they are suddenly awaking. The dawn of the morning of civilization is breaking over their lands. They find themselves they know not where.

“ Where are we ? ”

“ Long in the darkness we have waite
For the shining of the light ;
Long have felt the things we hated
Sink us still in deeper night.”

“ Christians, can you help us? Lost on the ocean of



The Giant King of the Ankwe

Where are we?

life, we meet you—we call to you. Some of us are cannibals—why not, we are heathen. Some of us have even eaten our own parents. Is it wrong? Where are we?

“We have fought our level best against the slave-raiding Mohammedans whom you Christian people honour. You have conquered them and us. You honour them and despise us. Your God is stronger than the God of Islam. Teach us to worship Him, who has made you so great.

“You give no answer. Do you mean us to become Mohammedans? Is the false prophet to be lord of our land of darkness—of our Sudan—of our Africa?

“WHERE ARE WE?”

If ever men called for light and guidance, the Pagans of the Central Sudan are calling now. Look at this man here, the giant king of the Ankwe, photographed just as he came to see me, to ask for the white man's teacher. Last year he was a simple Pagan. To-day he is followed everywhere by his Moslem Malam. It is not too late yet to reach him. Soon, humanly speaking, it *will* be too late. He and his tribe will probably have gone over to Mohammedanism, and will look down on Christianity.

Look at this man, the king of the Burmawa, whose people—most of them cannibals—held their own for generations against the advancing hosts of the false prophet. He built a high wall on the principle of the great wall of China, right along the northern end of the Murchison range of mountains, and defended his land successfully against the Moslem slave raiders. Woe to the Moslem trader or missionary who dared venture into the Burmawa mountains! His possessions would have gone to enrich the poor of the land, and he himself would have been food for the hungry.

The Sudan

Now Britain has conquered the Burmawa, and Moslem traders are passing safely through their country. The Moslem teacher has settled down in the capital, and a mosque is being built there.

“*Do send us the white man’s teachers!*” were the king’s words to me.

The British Government has supplied him with a Moham-
medan secretary to enable him to carry on a correspond-
ence with the British resident at Bautchi. And so
directly and indirectly with the extension of British rule
in Northern Nigeria the influence of Mohammedanism is
extending.

Not that the Government wishes this. The High Com-
missioner has printed, written, and said: “I hold out
every encouragement to establish missions in Pagan
centres. I shall be pleased to assist Christian missions
in every way possible in their good work amongst
Pagans.”

But Christian Missionaries are absent, and the tribes
are calling in vain.

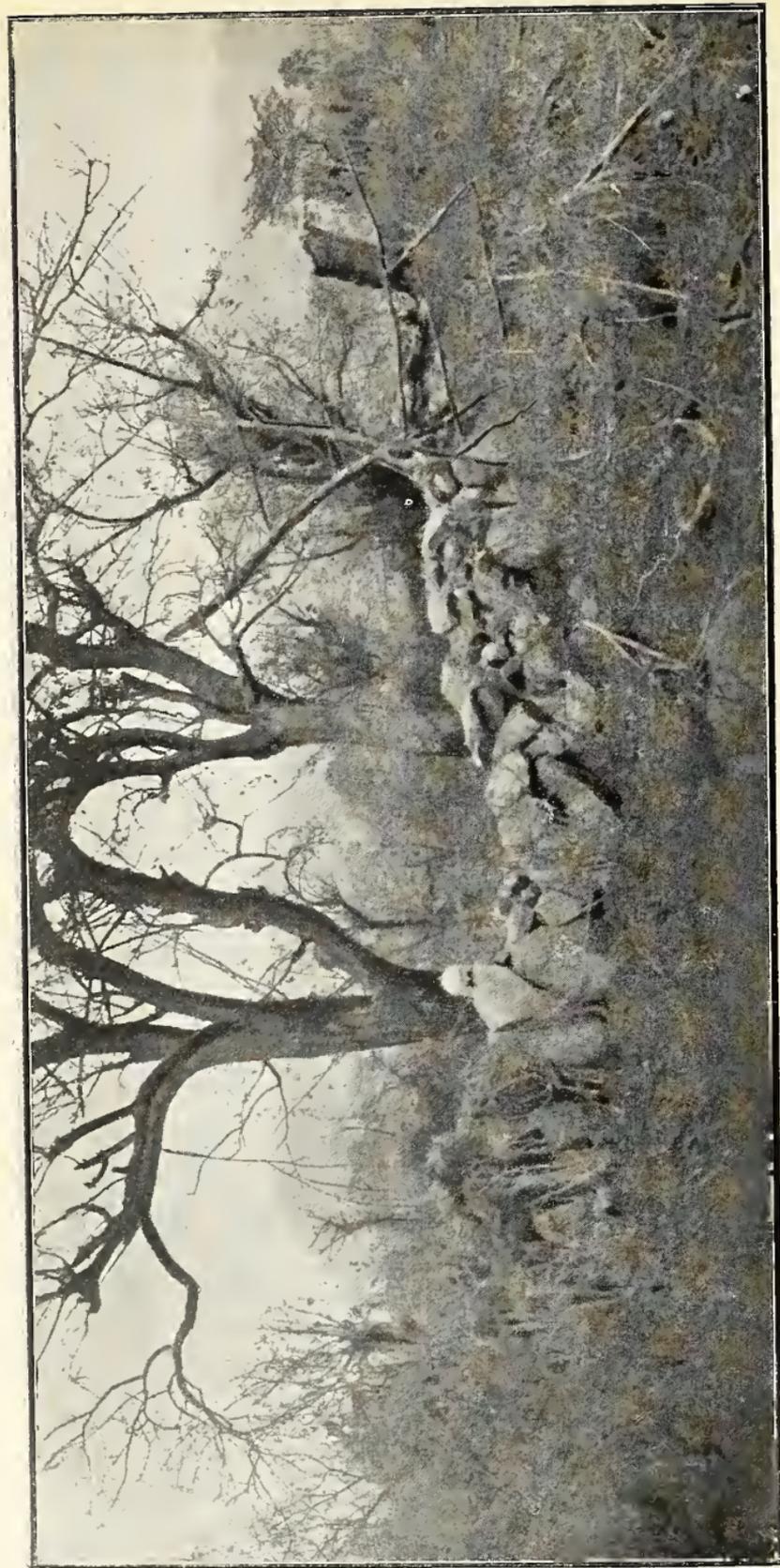
A LAND WITHOUT A GRAVEYARD.

They are poor dark tribes. Look at this picture, a
Golgotha. When people get old among the Gazum,
the sons invite their friends; vegetables are provided;
and as for meat—the old folks are cooked and eaten.
There is a feast, a cannibal feast, and that is the end of
the parent. The skulls are carefully cleansed and stored
in a special place, something like the half-walled enclosure
of this picture. I took the photograph myself. Three
sacred trees were standing with a rough wall around
them. I picked up one of the skulls from the inside and
placed it on the wall. You see it there.

* * * * *



King of the Burmawa



A Golgotha

Where are we?

I was sitting in front of our newly-built mission-house, after a hard morning's work in the broiling sun, having a rest in my deck-chair. The temperature was in the shade somewhat over 110, when up through the compound yonder comes a cavalcade, a little crowd of men, in front of a king, and a number of men following. They come nearer, stopping ten yards in front of me. The king points down to the ground. An invitation is given, and he walks up to sit down in front of me on a stone, the others crowding behind him.

The interpreter to the King of Wase stands by my side, and turning to him I ask, "Who is this king?"

"King Miri of the Gazum," he answers.

"Where does he come from?"

"Three days' journey from the mountains yonder."

"What does he want?"

"He wants to welcome the white man into the country and bring him these presents; these sheep and goats, these fowls and bundles of guinea corn, just to welcome the white man into the country."

"It is exceedingly kind of him to come three days' journey to bring us these presents. Does he want anything else?"

"Yes, he wants to ask for the white man's teachers."

"What kind of people are his people?"

"They are all cannibals."

"What! Cannibals?"

"Yes, and they are very bad cannibals."

"What do you mean?"

"Bature (white man), they are very bad cannibals, they not only eat their enemies, and they not only eat their fattened slaves as they do on the coast, but they eat their own old people. They eat their own sick people, they eat their own weak people."

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“No! Impossible! And without thinking I moved my chair back.

The king in front of me becomes frightened, and through the interpreter I listen to the words: “White man, is it wrong? White man, send us the white man’s teachers; we want to worship the white man’s God.”

The very lowest of the low, the most degraded of humanity, sitting there in front of me on the ground, asking for the white man’s teachers! If these people are cannibals next year it is because the Christian people make them cannibals. They are asking to be taught better. They are waiting for you and me to arise to the realisation of our high privilege and responsibility to pass on that which has been entrusted to us through the civilising influences of the Book of God. To pass on light, liberty, and life, mental, moral, and material.

A few moments of dead silence, and after regaining my equilibrium, I continue my conversation through the interpreter with that benighted soul in front of me.

“King, I want to visit your country, see your towns and villages, and your way of life. Will you give me permission to travel in your country? Would you like me to come and visit you in your town?”

As the interpreter translated these words the black face in front of me lit up, and a smile flitted over the wrinkled visage.

“Of course, white man, all the land belongs to you. Are you not my father?”

“I hope not!” with a sigh of consternation. “It is dangerous to be anybody’s father in cannibal land! How can you call me your father, seeing that you are an old man and I am a young man? How old are you? (The natives of Central Africa do not take count of their birthdays.) How many years do you remember?”



King of Dempar and his Councillors



A King's Son and his Companion

Where are we ?

"I can remember fifty-five dry seasons," comes the answer.

"Well, and how old do you think I am?"

Answer: "I can remember fifty-five dry seasons, and my hair is white; you must be at least ten times as old, because you are white all over."

General hilarity.

Miserable, benighted man; and yet a man just like you and me, a man with a high forehead, a man with a strong physique, waiting for the daybreak. Lost, to be found by you and put in the way of life.

"Where are we?" "Do teach us the white man's religion."

In the capital of the Jukun tribe there is already quite a Mohammedan colony. The Yergun, the Montoil, the Girkoa, who were conquered by the British in 1904, will, humanly speaking, have their Moslem teachers in a few months. There is no Christian Missionary for them.

Is there not ?

Are you not the missionary to these people ?

Are you not the one to send them a Light Bearer ?

Where are you ? Where are we ?

Follow me through the Moslem cities of North Africa and the northern part of the Sudan. Follow me on the wings of thought and imagination. The night still covers the land. It is an hour before daybreak. The cold, chill morning breeze blows southward from the desert. Listen—

"*Allahu akbar*. Rise, ye believers! Prayer is better than sleep. Prayer is better than sleep."

And out of mud huts, out of grass hovels and stone houses, you see them gather—gather to prayer—the followers of the false prophet.

Leave them in their mosque, and hasten back with me

The Sudan

to the home lands. Here, too, people are waking. They are waking to their daily work, waking to toil, waking to gather gold, waking to careful systematic study, waking to pleasure.

Surely the commandment for the Christian is "*Seek ye first money, knowledge, pleasure, food, and fame, and the Kingdom of God shall be added unto you.*"

Christ's injunctions, Christ's commandments, the marching orders of the Church of Christ, what are they to us?

Would to God that we might hear one of these mornings from every church tower the call ring out with the voice of thunder, "Rise, ye believers: ye Christian believers! Prayer is better than sleep. Prayer is better than sleep."

"Awake, thou that sleepest;
Arise and shine."

Addenda

MISSIONARIES IN THE SUDAN, January 1, 1907

I. EASTERN SUDAN

A. KHARTOUM.

Church Missionary Society, 1900.

1. MRS. A. C. HALL.
2. MISS A. G. BEWLEY.

American United Presbyterian, 1900.

3. REV. G. A. SOWASH.
4. MRS. SOWASH.
5. REV. ALBERT MCCREERY.
6. MISS HANNAH C. MCLEAN.

B. OMDURMAN.

Church Missionary Society, 1899. (Closed)
American United Presbyterian, 1900.

7. DR. H. T. McLAUGHLIN.
8. MRS. McLAUGHLIN.

C. DOLAIB HILL.

American United Presbyterian, 1902.

9. REV. E. RALPH E. CARSON.
10. MRS. CARSON.
(Two children, boy and girl).
11. DR. HUGH R. MAGILL.
12. MR. R. W. TIDRICK.

The Sudan

D BOR.

Church Missionary Society, Jan. 8, 1906.

13. REV. FR. B. HADOW, M.A.
14. REV. A. SHAW, M.A.
15. MR. ED. LLOYD, B.A.B.C.
16. MR. JOHN COMELY.
17. MR. B. CH. T. STUART WILMOT.

2. WESTERN SUDAN

A. LOKOJA.

Church Missionary Society, 1865.

1. REV. T. L. MACINTYRE.
2. MRS. MACINTYRE.
3. REV. T. D. AITKIN.

B. BIDA.

Sudan United Mission (Canadian Branch), May, 1903.

Temporarily closed.

Church Missionary Society, 1903.

4. MR. A. E. BALL.
5. REV. FR. F. KOMLOSY.

C. PATAGI.

Sudan United Mission (Canadian Branch), Jan., 1902.

6. MISS MARIAN WUTHRICK.
7. MISS SCHOFIELD.
8. MR. FRED MERRYWEATHER.
9. MR. LANG.

D. WUSHISHI.

Sudan United Mission (Canadian Branch), Dec., 1906.

10. MR. E. F. RICE.
11. MR. F. E. HEIN.

Addenda

E. ZARIA.

Church Missionary Society. April, 1905.

12. MR. W. R. SAM MILLER, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
13. MR. A. ED. DRUITT, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
14. MRS. DRUITT.
15. REV. G. P. BARGER.
16. MRS. BARGER.
17. REV. J. W. LLOYD, B.A.

F. KUTA.

Church Missionary Society. 6th March, 1906.

18. REV. FR. H. LACY, M.A.
19. REV. W. P. LOW, B.A.

G. ROCK STATION.

Sudan United Mission. 17th September, 1904.

20. MR. J. G. BURT.
21. MR. FRANK AUST, B.Sc.
22. MR. W. GHEY.
23. MR. ARTHUR EMLYN, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

H. WUKARI.

Sudan United Mission, 1906.

24. MR. JOHN LOWRY MAXWELL.
25. MR. JOHN MACKENZIE YOUNG.
26. MR. W. C. HOOVER, B.A.
27. THE REV. C. W. GUNTER.
28. DR. J. S. DERR, M.D.

I. IBI.

Sudan United Mission, 1906.

29. THE REV. JOSEPH BAKER, B.D.
30. REV. WILFRED LAWSON BROADBENT.

The Sudan

K. SHONGA.

Mennonite Brethren in Christ, 1905.

31. MR. A. W. BANFIELD.

32. MRS. BANFIELD and two other lady missionaries.

Sudan United Mission, on Furlough (Canadian Branch).

1. MR. ANDREW P. STIRRETT.

2. MR. CHAS. WADDELL.

3. MISS HANNAH CLOTHIER.

We have in the Sudan four Missionary Societies at work :—

1. The Church Missionary Society.

2. The United Presbyterian.

3. The Sudan United Mission.

4. The Mennonite Brethren in Christ.

These are working at fourteen stations. Four in the Eastern Sudan, five in the Niger Nupe district, two in the Hausa Guari district, and three in the Benue region.

Of the fifty-one missionaries in the Sudan fourteen are women and thirty-seven men. There are six women and eleven men working on the Upper Nile, and eight women and twenty-six men in Northern Nigeria. Of these missionaries twenty belong to the Church Missionary Society, ten to the American United Presbyterians, twenty to the Sudan United Mission, and four to the Mennonite Brethren in Christ.

THE NIGER COMPANY'S TRADE RETURNS

(*vide* Colonial Reports, No. 409, Northern Nigeria).

Imports into Northern Nigeria by the Niger Company, Limited.

QUANTITY.		DESCRIPTION.	VALUE.	
1901.	1902.		1901.	1902.
			£	s. d.
		Imported direct—		
		Ammunition	2	16 6
		Beads	616	16 4
5096 doz.		Beer and Stout	290	10 10
76000		Cigars }		861 9 10
349000		Cigarettes }	389	6 2
				{ 232 6 9
				{ 246 13 6

Addenda

QUANTITY.		DESCRIPTION.	VALUE.					
1901.	1902.		1901.			1902.		
			£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
		Cordage and Twine	10	13	1	—		
		Cottons	60044	16	5	28891	12	1
		Drugs and Chemicals	399	16	4	—		
		Earthenware	1473	16	5	—		
		Enamelled Ware	—			1413	13	1
		Firearms	9	2	0	—		
		Furniture	185	15	4	—		
		Glassware	4	3	0	—		
		Gunpowder (Trade)	3	10	0	—		
		Guns (Trade)	54	0	0	—		
		Haberdashery	236	3	2	—		
		Hardware	5169	0	9	1692	0	8
		Leather Goods	207	1	9	—		
1348 doz.		Mineral Waters	1118	2	10	193	16	11
73 galls.		Perfumery	93	0	3	70	10	2
		Provisions	5490	5	11	4103	17	3
		Silks	5	10	0	—		
		Soap	228	19	7	—		
1348 galls.		Spirits	1098	1	1	1869	8	7
2035 cwts.		Sugar	—			1890	8	10
		Sundries	2292	5	5	4732	5	2
		Sundry Liquors	53	7	6	—		
1824 lbs.		Tea	—			141	12	0
1074 lbs.		Tobacco (manufactured)	99	9	6	119	11	8
		Tobacco (unmanufactured)	610	14	2	—		
		Wearing Apparel	1495	12	6	—		
1846 galls.		Wines	475	2	2	1238	3	11
		Woollens	243	11	8	—		
Imported indirect—								
		Building Material	2268	3	0	—		
150 tons.		Coal	290	7	6	225	0	0
		Cottons	—			550	0	0
179 tons.		Cowries	2100	0	0	1253	0	0
12790 lbs.		Gunpowder	—			319	15	0
200		Guns	—			100	0	0
21720		Iron Bars	41	14	2	728	0	0
400 cases		Kerosene	67	18	4	160	0	0
50 galls.		Liquors	—			18	2	6
3186 tons.		Salt	4102	5	6	7965	0	0
1300 lbs.		Tobacco Leaf	—			32	10	0
TOTAL			91341	19	2	59048	18	1

EXPORTS FROM NORTHERN NIGERIA BY THE NIGER COMPANY, LTD.

The Sudan

DESCRIPTION.	WEIGHT, ETC.			VALUE.		
	1900.	1901.	1902.	1900.	1901.	1902.
Beeswax ...	T. C. Q. lb.	T. C. Q. lb.	T. C. Q. lb.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Benneseeds	0 5 0 12	0 19 1 19	1 9 0 25	17 13 0	67 0 5	100 16 5
Capsicums	58 14 3 10	76 4 0 6	174 15 3 14	261 8 4	339 2 1	777 16 8
Deer Skins	18 19 0 7	11 6 6 19	60 9 1 13	274 7 0	163 13 9	875 4 4
Dyed Skins	2314	7694	605 pcs	26 18 6	96 3 6	7 11 3
Ebony	—	—	640 pcs	—	—	11 1 6
Gambia Pods	8 9 2 0	9 7 0 5	5 1 3 3	—	—	18 18 10
Ground Nuts	652 4 0 18	202 15 3 6	15 14 1 17	29 17 6	32 19 2	55 8 3
Gum Arabic	91 19 1 3	202 17 0 4	340 12 3 6	3750 3 9	1166 1 0	1958 13 8
" Copal	—	—	200 12 1 7	1563 7 0	3448 9 7	3410 9 4
" Elemi	—	—	22 0 2 27	—	—	919 11 10
Igara	—	1 4 2 13	3 7 2 23	—	7 12 8	173 4 5
Indigo	0 1 0 0	—	—	17 2 8	—	—
Ivory	17 9 0 24	13 7 2 11	12 15 0 14	11815 0 6	9051 17 0	8580 11 9
Kino	—	—	0 3 1 19	—	—	11 9 8
Mandioca Flour	24 16 0 16	9 6 0 2	1 2 0 8	243 1 6	93 0 2	11 0 9
Oguru Seed	—	—	10 11 1 24	—	—	704 16 9
Palm Kernels	474 6 0 0	495 2 0 0	1600 4 3 6	3946 13 4	3242 18 1	10481 11 6
Rubber	107 10 3 22	192 13 3 16	198 1 2 18	11905 10 0	21333 5 11	21927 15 11
Shea Butter	626 12 3 0	266 2 1 16	181 16 0 2	14142 13 3	6162 5 0	4181 8 5
Shea Nuts...	1408 4 2 10	3419 4 2 9	1422 9 0 0	10913 13 6	26489 2 5	11023 19 9
Tin	—	—	1 1 2 17	—	—	78 18 3
Wood Oil	3480 galls.	10529 galls.	20879½ galls	522 0 0	1579 7 0	3131 18 6
TOTAL	3489 12 2 10	4930 12 1 14	4252 9 1 19	58799 9 10	73272 17 10	68442 7 9

Addenda

TOTAL TRADE of the Niger Company, Ltd., with Northern Nigeria.

		1901.	1902.	Decrease.
		£	£	£
Imports (A1, A2, and A3)	...	112,405	81,684	30,721
Exports	73,273	68,442	4,831
	Total	185,678	149,626	35,552

TOTAL CASH TRADE by the Niger Company, Ltd., in Northern Nigeria.

1900	1901	1902
31,734	35,685	53,715

IMPORTS (estimated) by Native Traders from the Niger Company's Southern Nigerian Stations.

Quantity.		Description.	Value.	
1901.	1902.		1901.	1902.
			£	£
20,000lbs. (about)	1,000lbs.	Cotton Sundries	15,000	16,500
500 (about)	150	Gunpowder	500	25
3,000 tons (about)	1,950 tons	Guns	150	75
		Salt	4,500 (at 30/- per ton)	4,875 (at 30/- per ton)
		Total	20,150	21,475

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