

THE CONGO NATIVES.

How Business was First Conducted.

WHEN MONEY WAS UNKNOWN.

How the Natives Treasure "the Promise to Pay."

NO FOUNTAINHEAD OF SLAVERY.

I lived among Bakongo people for some years, inducing them to carry up from the coast loads of merchandise for stations in the interior. For their services they received payment—at a known rate—in pieces of cloth, such as striped calicos, blue indigos, strips of handkerchiefs, each consisting of a dozen uncut gaudily colored squares of cotton, or such other cloth as my stores contained or their fancy dictated. Handkerchiefs were, as a rule, the fashion, although a check known as "nkelele," or the guinea-fowl, by reason of its white spots, ran them hard.

Money was quite unknown. I myself never saw it, never possessed it, never longed for any for a period of close on three years spent in this life up country.

From an elephant's tusk, worth \$500 in Europe, to a single purple *nsafu* fruit of an unknown absence of value, cloth such as I have described, blue-glass beads, or brass wire in eighteen inches lengths, alone served for the purpose.

Sometimes it happened that carriers arrived, and my paying store was empty until fresh supplies of cloth should reach me from the coast.

In these cases each carrier readily accepted a scrap of paper "good for" the number of pieces due to him, to be redeemed at sight.

A smiling circle of gazing, wondering faces would surround me as I wrote these "minkanda" or "skins," as the natives term paper, believing it to be the skin of some unknown creature.

Turning them round and round in their fingers, or holding them upside down, each native in turn would take with a grin his billet d'échange.

Some, more bold, or more full of fun than others, after having drunk in their fill of the strange hieroglyphics my pen had traced on their "bon," would hold it toward me, and half laughing, half doubting, would gasp out:

"And does this really show three pieces of 'handkerchiefs'?"

Then gravely would I point it all out, word for word, tracing which of the lines represented the bearer's name, which stood for the magical number "three" pieces, and showing where the "handkerchiefs" in engendered characters sprawled across the page, finally pointing out the letters at the front that stood for my own name, and which gave to the paper its value as a "bon."

A pleased sigh, half of wonder, half of intense longing, generally greeted "Handkerchiefs."

Then, turning away, they would smack their thighs and break into peals of laughter as they tied up the scraps of paper in their loin cloths, to be treasured up until the day when they should return to demand the promised payment. It thus happens there is often "paper money" floating round Congo villages bearing perhaps half a dozen signatures of different white men. At times the wrong white man will be requested to pay on the strength of some dirty shred of paper dated years previously and signed possibly by a comrade who had long since journeyed the long, long journey—opportunity not having offered to the native earlier to present the draft, and though time had killed the drawer of it, the bearer's faith had waxed strong and blossomed with the years.

The would-be recipient's face grew longer and longer as his mind gradually grasped through a maze of questions and explanations, the fact that the paper he held was no longer negotiable, and turning sadly away he would gaze ruefully on it, while his hand still firmly grasped the bond for "Six yards of Red Saved list, payable to Lutete Mbonzo by John Williams, 3rd September, 1884," which now could never be presented save in the courts of death.

But such cases were very rare; the claim was almost invariably acknowledged by the white trader, or missionary, or government official, as the case might be, and an infinite faith born of past experience in the white man's bond rendered the payment by "Minkanda," when a temporary lack of cloth compelled it, a means always accepted by it not always acceptable to the natives.

One busy morning, while engaged in paying a newly arrived caravan, Maquala, the chief's nephew and successor, marched gaily up, as was his wont, with floating cloth of blue and red and, offering me the preliminary greeting of "Mbote Nfumu," presented me with nonchalant manner an apparent "bon," carefully folded up as if it had just emerged from its resting place in the loin cloth, and then stood awaiting payment. Finishing with the carriers, I turned my attention to Maquala, and, slowly unrolling the somewhat greasy morsel of paper, I discovered it to be the off sheet of a piece of note paper, such as one tears away and keeps when destroying the written half of one's old letters. Across it wandered a straggling entanglement of ink strokes, spluttering and thick, somewhat as though a bird had trod in an upset inkpot and hopped across the page. Round and round the page they wandered, and ended in a grand climax of circles and blots near the bottom.

I studied this composition for some time and then raised my eyes to Maquala's calmly and reposefully looking back into mine.

We regarded each other in silence for some moments, and as I slowly shook my head and handed back the supposed "bon," a broad smile rippled and spread over Maquala's youthful countenance—a smile of amused disappointment.

"So you won't pay it, eh?" he queried, still looking at me, as the smile deepened and broadened, while a dying gleam of hope yet lingered in his eyes.

"No, Maquala, not that one," I said with emphasis, as I vainly struggled to keep my countenance in face of this genial, hopelessly dishonest, yet, "hoping all things," heir apparent to an African throne.

As Maquala joined a group of other lads who had been waiting for him he shook his head laughingly as he held out the rejected paper, exclaiming:

"No goes; he wouldn't pay it," and shrieks of laughter arose from all as the

would-be forger disconsolately turned this self-inspired infant attempt at African forgery round and round in his hand, striving to detect wherein lay the difference, evidently so apparent to me between it and a genuine effort of a white man's pen.

The past in tropical Africa is a blank—the future an unknown possibility, peopled in each savage mind with horrible fears of witchcraft and spirit-world devilry, mingled with fleeting hopes of more wives, more slaves, more "zimbongo," or white man's goods—and visionary glimpses of unknown quantities of palm wine yet to be consumed on market days—while over all hangs the ever present shadow of death, that to the savage mind African of all his enemies seems the most unnatural and uncalled for!—for why should death come to man if it were not for the infernal malice and ingenuity of the witches who lurk in every community and "eat the souls" of man by their hidden art.

Age has succeeded age, generation generation, and Central Africa is to-day probably exactly what it was when the Pharaohs ruled in Egypt—the same frail huts inhabited by the same dusky people pursuing with similar utensils and identical weapons, each their only round of domestic happiness and unhappiness—savage love-making, savage warfare—women holding the ground and preparing food, while their husbands fished on the broad, calm rivers, or hunted through the dark impenetrable forests.

The land, too, is the same; no single record of the past, no solitary memorial of the ages that have blindly staggered into the tomb of time, mark its surface.

Nature has stepped calmly, with unchanging features, through the long years, spreading a thick mantle of deep forest over the dark bosom of Africa, which pulsates silently and forever in the flow of the great streams welling up from its hidden heart.

Domestic slavery has existed no doubt since Esau sold his birthright to Jacob, and on the Congo to-day we have the strange sight of one brother selling another.

The elder brother is the Nfumi or chief of his younger brethren, and must be consulted by them and treated with deference until they reach years of discretion—a term synonymous with the taking unto themselves of wives.

Fathers and mothers don't count. I have known a case where a strong-minded member of a certain family sold off all the relatives he could lay his hands upon, until at length, moved by one common fear, the scattering survivors of the clan gathered together from the outlying districts and put the head of the family (he had obtained that height by success in sales of senior claimants) up to public auction.

He was knocked down for quite a small sum, and so he went to join the great majority—of his relatives.

Petty theft, when detected, renders the culprit liable to be sold as a slave by the person robbed.

If the theft be a particularly revolting one, such as by breaking into a hut to rob the absent owner of the slowly accumulating pile of cloth that was to have been the means of purchasing unto himself a wife, then justice may not deem herself righted until the offender has been done to death.

Burying alive after the limbs have been all broken, leaving the head only above ground, is a favorite punishment for a crime of such magnitude.

Possibly because so common for the swaggering, boasting freeman of to-day may be the bondsman of to-morrow, African domestic slavery entails on its victims few of the horrors usually associated with it in the public mind at home.

The Congo slave, owned by the most exacting of masters, would open his eyes in horror and amazement at the lot of the so-called free toilers in the East end of London, or elsewhere through the world's great centers of civilization. Should he work for his master he must be paid, even as a free worker would be—he cannot be forced to perform menial duties at his owner's will. His servitude consists in the fact that where his master lives, there must he dwell also, and if fighting is to be done or public palavers to be attended in state, he must by swelling his lord's train, add to its strength or importance.

His wife is his—his children his—though always slaves—possibly his wives, for he may be clever and active, and by keen trading have amassed more wealth than his chief possessors; and it is no uncommon spectacle in a lower Congo village to find the chief a mere cipher, and the real, openly exhibited authority, entirely in the hands of one of his slaves.

By far the most important native personage from Stanley Pool to the Atlantic Ocean is Makito of Ngombe, not only in actual wealth of ivory and of European goods amassed by its sale to traders, but in men, guns, and personal influence.

His village is large and well built, his own house of substantial European planks, the only one of its kind possessed by a Congo native save that of the King of San Salvador—and when Makito sallies forth to fight, neighboring potentates tremble in their shoes—or would do if they owned shoes.

Mysterious Affair on Board Ship.

On the 7th of last month, the sailing ship Regent, of Liverpool, from Calcutta to New York, put in at St Helena reporting that the captain, had that morning locked himself in his cabin, and then discharged several shots from a revolver. The port authorities, going on board, found the captain lying in a state of unconsciousness, with four bullet wounds in his head and body. He was at once removed to the hospital on shore. Afterwards he made a statement to the effect that the crew, headed by the chief-mate, were in a state of mutiny, and had threatened to kill him. When he saw them, as he supposed, commencing to set fire to the ship, he went to his cabin and tried to blow his brains out, preferring death in that way to being murdered. The captain has been pronounced insane by the authorities at St Helena, and he has been sent home in the mail steamer Dunbar Castle under the care of Dr. Rideal, who succeeded during the voyage in extracting the two remaining bullets. The captain was landed in London on Wednesday and handed on to the Board of Trade. In the meantime the Regent is detained at St Helena awaiting the arrival of another captain, the Governor of the island not deeming it desirable to send the ship home in charge of the mate.

Erastus Wiman says railroads will soon be run by electricity.

HOW A BRIG WAS CAPTURED.

The Captain's Wife Marooned off the Coast of China.

There is a sailor employed by a ship chandler in Montreal who attracts attention by his walk on the street. His right leg seems to be attached to his body for walking sideways instead of the usual manner. At the first glance you would call it a natural deformity, but if you followed him for a hundred feet you would feel quite certain that some accident had happened to him, and that he owed his condition to the ignorance or carelessness of those who practised surgery on a broken leg. I will call his name John Lee, and I will reel off his story as he told it to me not a fortnight ago.

In the year 1863, after the Government of the Japanese islands had put down the rebellion which had been in existence for two years, many heads were lopped off and many rebels banished from the country. Among the latter were a score or more adventurers who were not natives, but Europeans. Some had gone in with the rebels for the sake of adventure and plunder, and others had been forced to join by circumstances. The fear of being involved with other Governments decided the Japanese authorities to spare the lives of these foreigners and at the same time rid the islands of their presence. There was in the port of Yokohama at the time an Australian brig named the Robert May, commanded by Capt. Henry Welles, and she was chartered to take fourteen of these rascally adventurers to the south and land them on one of the islands of the Bonin group which should prove the most convenient. As all of them

WERE DESPERATE MEN,

the Japanese Government was willing to pay a good price to get them out of the country. There must have been money in it for the brig, or the Captain would not have meddled with such a dangerous cargo.

The brig had an English crew of nine men and a boy, and the Captain had his wife with him. John Lee, the sailor with the twisted leg was one of the crew. The brig had part of a cargo of tea, and a space in her hold under the main hatch, was fitted up to receive the prisoners. A dozen muskets were brought aboard, the prisoners guarded the same as convicts would have been, and Capt. Welles set sail in full expectation of landing them according to instructions. He was not the man to deal with such rascals, however, as events demonstrated. Every man in the pen knew that he was to be landed without shelter or provisions, and from the first going aboard there was a determination to rise on the crew and take the brig. It was on the night of the fourth day out, and during a squall, which came near dismasting the brig, that the plot was carried out.

There are many things to be said in favor of the desperadoes. They desired to capture the brig without bloodshed, and but for the dogged obstinacy of the Captain, that would have been done. He called the crew to rally, and when he found himself unsupported he

FOUGHT THE GANG ALONE

and single-handed until killed by a musket ball. He was the only one killed, though some of the crew were wounded in the first rush. John Lee was aloft at the moment, and in his fright and confusion he met with a fall which broke his leg. The mutineers set it and gave him careful attention, but in the setting they twisted it around and the bone knit and left it in its present shape. Having possession of the brig the desperadoes were for a time divided as to what should be the next move. They had had enough of Japan, and no one had any idea of turning pirate in waters where a man-of-war was to be met two or three times a week. They decided to run to the southwest and land on some uninhabited island above Formosa and enjoy a free and easy life for a season. To that the crew of the brig agreed. Some pleased with the prospect of such a life and others realizing that opposition would be of no use.

Mrs. Welles was about thirty years of age full of energy and resolution. Her treatment by the mutineers did more than anything else to win the crew over to their side. The fellows were led by an Englishman named Tom Jones, who was, no doubt, a thoroughly bad man, but in this case he should have due praise. On the morning after the capture of the brig Mrs. Welles was interviewed in the cabin. She was told that the men had possession and that it was proposed to get her

OUT OF THE BRIG

and out of harm's way while they had control. They did not dare to speak a ship, nor land her at any port, but would set her ashore on some island and provide her with means to take care of herself. She agreed with them that this was the best they could be expected to do, and for the next two days and nights she was left entirely undisturbed in the cabin. There was plenty of rum aboard, but between the mate, who was acting as Captain, and Tom Jones, who was the leader, nothing like drunkenness had occurred. The "good times" were being put off until they could find a safe haven somewhere. John Lee was lying in his berth with a broken leg, but was kept posted as to what was going on forward and aft.

On the afternoon of the third day the brig reached the island of Shangwen, one of the Loochoo group, and a boat was lowered and pulled ashore to investigate. It was only a small island, nearly circular and about three miles across, and was uninhabited. John Lee says he begged the Captain's wife to take him along, but she, probably, either feared that he would prove a serious case on hands or become a menace to her safety if he got well, and she decided that he would rather go alone. The boat which set her ashore carried all her clothes and the personal effects of her husband, with beef, pork, bread, wine, a musket and ammunition, some books, and in fact whatever else she asked to be allowed to take. Jones and three men went ashore with her, and they not only found a good spot for a camp, but constructed a shelter for her and put all her goods under cover. No woman could have fallen into the hands of more desperate men, and yet no woman could have been treated more tenderly. The brig sailed away just at sundown, and she was left to begin her Crusoe life.

The island had scarcely been left behind before the men on the brig began their carouse. Two days later they beached their vessel in a cove on one of the Borodine group of islands, and for many months peace and war reigned by turns. From the very hour of landing dissensions arose, and it wasn't a week before the crowd split in

two parties and lived apart in fear of each other. John Lee, according to his own statement, was no better and no worse than any of the others. There was nothing to do but sleep and eat and drink. The brig was

PLUNDERED AT WILL,

and as provisions began to grow scarce there was more drinking and less eating. The first man killed was the mate, about a fortnight after landing. His death was followed speedily by that of a second man, and afterward the evil passions of the living were not restrained. At length, tired and disgusted with their orgies, the Jones party attempted to get the brig afloat and leave the island. They were discovered, and a terrible fight took place, and five men were killed. The brig was set on fire and destroyed, and from that time on until the British gunboat Foxhound touched the island and took off the four survivors, the men hunted each other to the death.

The island on which Mrs. Welles was marooned lies off the east coast of China, and is still uninhabited. On the day after she had been put ashore she made a smoke signal on the west side of the island to attract attention, and it came near causing her destruction. A native trading craft, with a crew of four men, stood in to investigate, and the Captain and a boy came ashore in a small boat. No sooner was it discovered that she was alone than a plan was concocted to rob her of her possessions. Had that succeeded she would, probably, have been murdered also. Thanks to the desperadoes who had marooned her, she was armed, and the result of the affair was that she shot the captain dead and drove the survivors off the island. From that time on she was in such fear that she made no further effort to attract attention. On two occasions ships manned by Europeans came so near that she could have signalled them, but she let them pass without doing so.

It was a real Crusoe life the Captain's wife was compelled to lead, and while there were many drawbacks there was also a certain amount of enjoyment in the situation. She first set about building a house, and the men who suspected it when she was rescued agreed that few men could have done better. It was a framework of poles covered with one of the old sails, and from the stones along the beach she had constructed a fireplace which made her home comfortable in the bad season. She discarded her own attire and dressed in her husband's clothes, and when first seen by the rescuing party she was supposed to be a man. Her second adventure occurred after she had been on the island about four months.

A native craft put in one day and landed a man who was evidently a lunatic. As soon as he was on shore the boat hastened away, and the man's conduct proved that he was bereft of his reason. He began singing and shouting and dancing, and the woman hastened to shut herself up and prepare for discovery and attack. She did not hear from the man however, until next day toward sundown. Then he made a sudden attack on her house, and in self defence she had to shoot him. She only wounded him, however, and he ran down to the sea and plunged in to his death.

One must wonder what a woman, situated as the Captain's wife was, could find to do to pass away the time. After building her house and getting the interior to suit her, she captured and domesticated

HALF A DOZEN PARROTS.

There was also a species of dove on the island, and she built a cote and soon had half a hundred of them about her. Then she transplanted vines and flowers to make homelike surroundings, and when time hung heavily on her hands she cut away at the underbrush or gathered firewood. There was a beautiful spring of cold water about a quarter of a mile from her house and on higher ground. With the axe left her she cut down and hollowed out small trees until she had a continuous line of troughs from the spring to the point near the house with a supply of water almost great enough to run a mill wheel.

One more startling adventure befell the woman before she was rescued. In fair weather, when she had nothing to do about the house, she was in the habit of taking a musket and making the circuit of the island, which was a journey of half a day. She had returned from one of the excursions when she saw three Chinese sailors from a junk lying off the shore. They had come ashore with an empty water cask, in search of water, and having caught sight of her house were plundering it. One of the trio had his arms full of goods and was on his way to the boat when she came up. Her sudden appearance, coupled with the discharge of her musket, tumbled the fellows into their boat empty handed and left her the water cask as a trophy. The junk hung about the island for a day or two, evidently anxious to land, but mystified and afraid, and finally sailed away and left her in peace.

It was just thirteen months and a day from her landing before Mrs. Welles was rescued. It might have been far longer but for John Lee and his companions. When they were taken aboard the Foxhound they told of the woman having been marooned, and after some time spent in locating the island she was found and taken off. Four men were left to be tried and punished by British law for what had happened. When I asked the old sailor about that he refused to explain. When I pressed him he became sullen and morose and would talk no more. He wasn't hanged, of course, but the recollection of a long term of imprisonment wouldn't be very soothing to him.

Experiments in hypnotism do not support the popular idea that yielding to the influence may make one a "mental wreck." It is, however, possible to see how the excitement of being hypnotized in public might have such secondary effect on the constitution of a growing boy as to actually induce a state of nervous collapse. The account of such an occurrence at Canton, O., calls attention once more to the fact that no State Legislature has taken action looking to the suppression of professional hypnotism. This should be done at once. European Governments have taken the initiative in this reform and it would be well for us to imitate them. There is no more reason why a lot of semi-mountebanks should go about giving entertainments in which hypnotism figures than that they should exhibit the effect of drugs or any other therapeutic agent on the human economy. Hypnotism belongs to the domain of medicine, and its use as a factor for healing should be confined to the registered physicians. To have its phenomena exploited on every lecture stage is a mistake that may have many serious results.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Virtue's guard is labor; ease, her sleep. The truly great are those who conquer themselves.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Do be natural. A poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Weigh your words, and do not throw in too many for good measure.

Rule yourself; love your neighbor; do the duty that lies nearest to you.

Learn to read slowly; all other graces will follow in their proper places.

Indolence is a stream which undermines the foundation of every virtue.

Virtue and laziness may live together, but they are not usually on the best of terms.

The man who does his best in the place he has now, is on his way to a better place.

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor, nothing is ever to be attained without it.

Faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellencies and endowments of the mind.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus seen plainest when all around is dark.

There is no teacher like Experience, no scourge of faults comparable to the last Time places in the hands of Repentance.

Some people's religion is just like a wooden leg. There is neither warmth nor life in it, and although it helps them to hobble along it never becomes a part of them, but has to be strapped on every morning.

Talk of the intense watchfulness of love for the interest of its object, commend me to the vigilance of hate. There is no sharpening of the perception like that produced by an intense, insatiable, unappeasable desire to wound.

The Young Khedive's Boldness.

A little over a week ago, Sir Evelyn Baring who has known Prince Abbas from his earliest childhood, and who has often had him romping with his own boys at the British Legation, happened to be out driving in the neighborhood of Heliopolis, and on his way back to the city called at the palace of Koubeh to pay a friendly visit to the boy Khedive and to drink a cup of coffee with him. Instead of being received at once, as under the former regime, he was kept cooling his heels in the antechamber for about three-quarters of an hour. Finally a native chamberlain appeared, who informed him that the Khedive regretted his inability to accord an audience to the British envoy without being notified thereof in advance. If Sir Evelyn Baring wished to see His Highness, he could do so at Abdeen during office hours. The chamberlain added that he had, moreover, received his master's instructions to draw the attention of Sir Evelyn to the fact that garb of the latter—a gray top hat, gray frock-coat and trousers—was scarcely of a suitable character in which to present himself before the sovereign to whose court he was accredited as envoy.

"The Khedive," he added, "had learned during his stay in Europe that either uniform or evening dress was invariably worn by those who had the honor of being received in audience by royalty, and his Highness desired that henceforth the British minister would make a point of observing this particular form of etiquette."

Sir Evelyn did not wait to hear more. Dumfounded at first, he became almost purple in the face with indignation, and turning on his heel, departed in high dudgeon, which was not diminished by the knowledge that a horde of native officials and retainers of the Khedive had witnessed his discomfiture.

On the following day the Khedive caused an official notice to be published in the government gazette, announcing that foreign representatives and envoys who desired an audience of the Khedive must apply for it twenty-four hours beforehand, stating at the time the subject which they proposed to submit to the notice of his Highness, so that he might have time to discuss the matter with his ministers.

This practically cuts off Sir Evelyn from all personal communication with the Khedive, and cannot fail to bring about a very serious crisis, for Sir Evelyn has in his hands all the threads of the administration, and unless he is able to see the Khedive daily at all hours without previous notice, he will no longer be able to keep up the pretence that the Khedive governs Egypt. He will be forced to abandon the reins of power entirely into the hands of the Khedive, which, from an English point of view, is out of the question, or else he will have to dispense altogether with all further pretence of the Khedive's participation in and sanction of his control of the Egyptian administration.

A few days after the appearance of this extraordinary notification the British authorities, Sir Evelyn at their head were considerably startled to receive from the Khedive a demand for the evacuation of the Citadel by the two English regiments, which have been quartered there uninterruptedly since 1882. The Khedive announced that he proposed to establish his official and permanent residence there instead of at the Abdeen palace.

To Ministers.

Don't drive, but lead.
Don't be afraid of any man.
Don't be anybody but yourself.
Don't follow everybody's advice.
Don't lash the sinner instead of his sin.
Don't tell all you know in one sermon.
Don't scold, nor wear the cap and bells.
Don't put the hay too high in the ricks.
Don't feed people with unbaked dough.
Don't offer manna you have not tasted yourself.
Don't ask any one to work harder than you do yourself.
Don't offer sentimental confessions of intellectual shavings.
Don't spare the people's pockets, for therein lie their hearts.
Don't restrain too much; it is well often that steam escapes.
Don't expect the Lord to be always in as big a hurry as you are.
Don't live in the third century, nor in the twentieth century, nor in the clouds.
Don't despise the rich, dishonor the poor nor esteem yourself wiser than your brethren.