

FROM THE
ZAMBESI TO BENGUELLA.

Extracts from the Diary and Letters

OF

FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT

1884.

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PREFACE.

MR. ARNOT has been obliged to take another long journey, and though the ground was traversed in the opposite direction about seven years ago by an African explorer, Major Serpa Pinto, of the Portuguese army, Mr. Arnot is able to tell of things from a very different point of view. The route is shown on the small map, page 8.

His chief reason for leaving the Zambesi was, that after staying eighteen months in the deadly climate of the Barotsi Valley, and suffering much in health, a change was absolutely necessary. The need of opening up a more certain and quicker mode of communication than by the south, and rumours of an approaching civil war, also induced him to set forth for the West Coast of Africa. This journey took him over numberless rivers and across an elevated region, more than 5000 feet above the sea. The complete change of air, and the subsequent stay on the coast, at Benguella, have been very helpful in restoring his strength, and he anticipated setting out again for Bihé last month, to help the American missionaries, to whom he had already been enabled to render very important service.

It is perhaps well that no one set forth to join Mr. Arnot in the Barotsi Valley, but we may now more than ever ask God to thrust forth true labourers in the Gospel to follow up our brother's pioneering work. Just after he left the Zambesi, M. Coillard, the French missionary from Basuto land, arrived there with his family, but we fear it will prove too unhealthy for them to remain, unless access to the hill country has been allowed since the death of King Leboshe.

Those who have not seen the previous diaries of Mr. Arnot would find them deeply interesting; they are entitled "*From Natal to the Upper Zambesi*," and "*First Year among the Barotsi*."

We commend the workers in these parts, and especially our valued young brother, to the prayers of God's children.

Further tidings will be published from time to time, D.V., in the little periodical edited by us.

EDITORS, *Echoes of Service*.

Feb. 10th, 1885.

From the Zambesi to Benguella.

DIARY AND LETTERS, 1884.

Lealui, January 1st, 1884.—Had a long talk with the king this evening about the stars and the sun. The king then wanted to know where God dwelt, and what did He do with man when dead? I answered that God was not confined to one place, as we are; that when man's body died, the spirit of him who was a child of God went above and dwelt for ever in the presence of God; those whom God knew not here in this life were cast out into a place of sorrow and burning. "But why does God do so?" he asked; "what reason has He for putting man from Him?" I explained to him something of the righteousness of God; that He could in no wise clear the guilty. The king argued that here they did not know God's laws; how then could God punish them for not keeping them? I answered that God having planted His law in their hearts, they all knew what was right and what was wrong. "You know," said I, "when a man lies to your face and steals from you that he injures you, and you call him bad and wicked. So when you to-morrow do the same thing, God judges you with the same judgment with which you judged your fellow-creature yesterday." His only answer was, "Yes, that is true; that I understand." Presently he muttered something about the hardness of man's lot, and I tried to explain God's love to him in the gift of His son, and after listening for a little he suddenly bustled away, saying, "Well, well, I will call you again to speak about this matter."

January 4th.—War is the great employment here at present ; one *impi* (native name for army) just come in, with long strings of captives, poor naked women and children. The man who can show by the pieces of skin from the bodies of his victims that he has killed a number, is danced round by the women as a great hero. *9th.*—The king seems more afraid of the word of God since our last talk, as he is little inclined to speak again on the subject. I was at him again to-day. *14th.*—Candle-making to-day, with bees-wax and ox fat. *16th.*—Washing day. *20th.*—Down with severe headaches ; no sleep night or day. Senhor Porto says I must go with him to Biné. *26th.*—Two men were tried for witchcraft in front of my yard this morning ; they dipped their hands into the boiling water as coolly as possible, for these brutal trials are so common that even the victims show but little concern. In the evening both were brought out of their prison hut, and being found to be badly burned they were condemned to the flames. *27th.*—The two men of yesterday burned this morning. I asked the king and his people to come to my yard to hear the gospel, but he seemed annoyed at this public invitation, and said I must be content with the children ; nor would he allow me to speak to him there, saying that the big people did not want to learn these things. *29th.*—Headaches very bad. I fall into fits of stupor, probably owing to the great heat, with little rain, added to the school work and the translating ; translating the twenty verses a day I have set myself requires a great deal of thought and going over.

February 6th.—Much better ; have been keeping indoors more during the day, and am getting on well with the testament and a dictionary of Sekololo and Serotsi [the languages of the Makololo and the Barotsi]. The heat so affects everything that the people of the town are all either asleep or lazily lying about, drinking thin beer. Not even a dog is seen about ; the oxen stand or lie in each other's shadow, caring little for the rich long grass all round ; the king's horses stand in the shade of a hut, with their heads hanging wearily between their knees ; scarcely a bird flutters, and the smoke from the little fire at which the boys are cooking my dinner, will not rise through the hot air. Such days are generally followed by a tremendous thunderstorm, lightning without intermission, and startling crashes of thunder, far on into the night. During a severe thunderstorm the natives do not

eat, drink, or work. 12th.—The valley is now flooded, one cannot go a few yards from the door without a boat. 20th.—The king and the people of the town, my scholars included, have gone on a grand buck-hunt, so I am left alone, with only a few women and slaves in the town. I have taken advantage of the quietness to begin chair-making and sewing, and to clean my gun for some duck and goose shooting. The slaves of the town got up a fight in their masters' absence, and two men were brought to me to have their wounds stanced and bound up; the one had a knife stab, the other's head and face had been laid open with an axe. 22nd.—Last night an attempt was made to break into my house. To-day the king's head servant sent round the town crier, threatening with death any who should attempt to steal from me.

March 14th.—Have had a run of quartan ague all this month; hearing Porto was laid up, I borrowed a boat and went across the valley, and found him very ill indeed with ophthalmia. 16th.—Ague very severe; never shook so much in my life; fever all night after. 29th.—A wagon has just come in from Shoshong. M. Coillard has sent a blanket to the king with a few lines dated from Basutoland, April, 1882, saying that he was coming on. The father superior of the Jesuits has also sent a letter and a blanket to the king; they are very energetic and determined to succeed.

Lord's Day, 30th.—Had a very few this morning, but a large company in the afternoon meeting, which lasted from three o'clock until sunset; sitting in a draught I got a chill, and spent most of the night passing through the three stages of ague.

April 9th.—Found Porto had lost sight of one eye. 10th.—The king sits in great state on his chair under a big "Ashanti" umbrella; the people kneel before him and roll their heads in the dust. Amongst themselves the women kiss one another on the lips, and the men kiss each other's hands; they are very respectful to their elders and superiors, continually using the term "*ntate*" (my father). 17th.—The king is very strange; to-day he will scold my schoolboys for not learning, and to-morrow he will send them away to herd oxen. There has been quite a plague of serpents here lately; within the last few days I and my boys killed two in the house and three in the yard. While bathing near my house I saw three serpents hanging from the reeds above my head, and the same day

when landing from a boat the boy in front sprang back in terror as he pointed out two black cobras coiled in the grass in front of us. One big yellow fellow had been sharing my bed for I do not know how long.

April 18th.—Porto's man wants to know whether I am going on or not, but to this I really cannot say "yes" or "no." My eye has been failing, and threatens as last year. My goods are done, or nearly so. Strange rumours are afloat, and strange things have been going on since the king's return: I fear it is the beginning of another civil war. A poor old woman who had always been kind to me was burned this morning as a witch. She was suspected of putting a crocodile's tooth amongst the king's corn in order to bewitch him, was tried by the boiling pot, and was condemned. I believe it was a trick of some spiteful rascals who were her servants, in preparing corn for the king, for it was they who brought the tooth to one of the king's head servants. *19th.*—Another old man in the boiling pot to-day, supposed to have bewitched the king's brother, who, though a young man, is so fat that walking is a difficulty with him; imagining that his fat was leaving him he decided that this old man must be the wizard. *20th.*—The old man of yesterday has, strange to say, come out of the trial uninjured. I saw him twice dip his hands into *boiling* water, allowing the water to run over his wrists as he lifted his hands out, and yet the next day his skin was as if there had been nothing to injure it. The only natural cause for this that I can think of is that his hands are nearly a century old, and are as tough as tough can be. This was flourished before me as a great victory, achieved under my very eyes, in favour of the boiling pot trials. The advocates for this piece of barbarism declare that if the hands of an infant who knew nothing of witchcraft were placed in boiling water, not a particle of skin would come off. They delight in the practice, because by it the rich can get rid of their poorer enemies without staining their own hands with the poor man's blood.

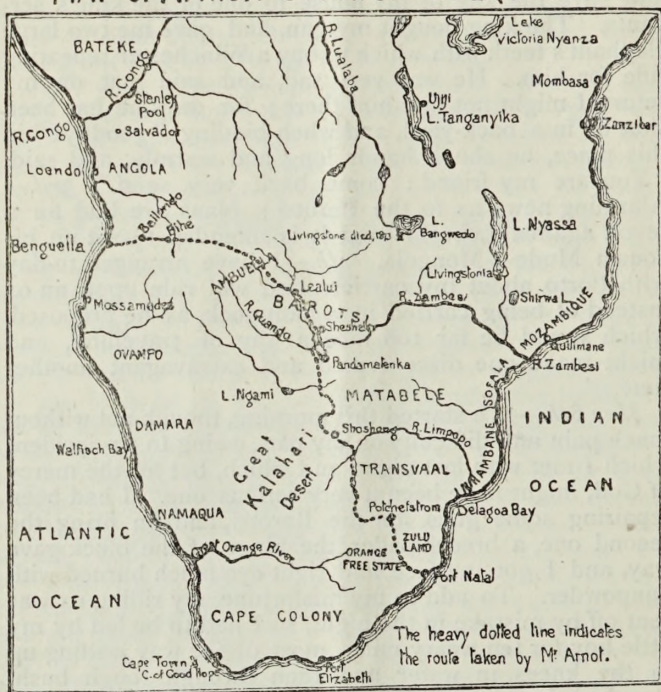
April 22nd.—Gumbela and some of my friends seemed to think it was well that I should leave just now, because of the troubles brewing, so I have told Porto that I will accompany him. *27th.*—Down again with fever since my last note; it has left me weak indeed; hope soon to be out of the valley on to the fine hills to the west.

May 1st.—The king sending word that a boat was ready

for me, I packed up, sent the things I had to his house, and gave the key of my house to one of the king's servants. The king bought my gun, and gave me two large elephant's teeth with which to buy a Winchester repeating rifle for him. He was very sad, and said that on my return I might not find him there ; for days he has been shut up in a back-yard, and when bidding "goodbye" in this place, he shook hands long and warmly, and said, "You are my friend ; come back very soon." *3rd.*—Alarming news as to the Barotsi ; plans are laid for a revolt against Leboshe, and it is intended to set up his cousin Mude-a-Mongola. *4th.*—I have arranged to-day with Porto about my carriers, and will ride upon an ox instead of being carried in a hammock, as he proposed, which would be far too nice a way of travelling, and might make one discontented and extravagant another time.

May 8th.—We started this morning, though not without much pain and difficulty on my part, owing to an accident which I met with last night, and which, but for the mercy of God, might have been a very serious one. I had been repairing some guns for the Barotsi, and on firing the second one, a breechloader, the hinge of the block gave way, and I got my face and right eye much burned with gunpowder. To add to my misfortune, my riding ox was sent off by mistake in the night, so I had to be led by my little boy for ten weary miles, most of the way wading up to the knees in water and then through rough bush. Reached the town of Kangete and camped there. *10th.*—Started on a small ox of Porto's ; a very thick forest being ahead of us, a sorry journey the ox and I made between us. The foot-path was bad and narrow enough, but my ox had no idea of keeping to it, and dragged me about in all directions : on catching sight of the other oxen he would canter straight towards them, leaving either me or bits of my distressed clothing hanging in a thorn bush. I managed, with difficulty, to hold on my hat, but the bandage I had round my eyes was left in the thorns. At last I sent the ox about his business and lay down quite out of breath and, I fear, sadly out of temper. Some of the carriers came to urge me on, but it was of no use, till a female slave gave me a cool drink and some coarse bread, which sent me on my journey, moralising on the superior humanity of women. *12th.*—My own ox was caught this morning, and I got on much better with him.

MAP OF AFRICA SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR.



Started from Kakap long before cock-crow—Porto carries a cock with him to crow—so, early in the day we reached Osore, a lake of considerable size, and camped there. My eyes are gradually getting better through the constant application of poultices of ox-dung heated in a pan. My road all the way to Bihé is the very one that Serpa Pinto took coming here, so that in the map accompanying his book my course may be followed.

May 13th.—Crossed a deep running river, on the shoulders of a big, stout Mambadi, and camped by the Nyengo. *14th.*—Passed through much water on the Nyengo flat, my ox swimming bravely with me on his back. Camped at Relva. *15th.*—A tedious journey through a dense, dark forest, which smelt like a dank dungeon, with moss and lichen, but no grass growing. Camped at Ka King-ga on the river Ninda, as the upper part of the Nyengo

is called, where the Ambuella, a small tribe of the Bambunda race, are living. 19th.—Travelled along the right bank of the Ninda. 20th.—A wild-looking company of Bambunda hunters came to the camp; they dress their hair to imitate the horns of wild animals, and one had a stick through his nose. In this part the Bambunda are peaceable, but further on they form robber gangs and would be dangerous to a small party. 21st.—Journeyed along the Ninda. Ever since leaving the Barotsi valley we have been constantly ascending, so that now we are travelling through high airy country, very cold at night, with sharp touches of frost, but during the day the sun is strong. I have tried to walk barefoot, my boots being done up, but the sand was so hot that after half-an-hour's hopping along I had to give in, with four large blisters on my feet; this is *winter* here.

May 22nd.—To-day we reach the source of the Ninda, which flows from a range of hills dividing the water-flow between the Zambesi and Cuando rivers: here the hills are high and thickly-wooded. 23rd.—Crossed the hills and reached the source of the river Shulong-go, tributary to the Kumbule, which is tributary to the Cuando river. Following the Shulong-go, we came to the Kumbule, a large, beautiful stream, which seemed to dance along over a bed of silver sand so bright that it was painful to look at it. Orange, green, and other bright-coloured water-weeds were growing in abundance and were beautifully mixed. All the rivers and little streams have the same bright appearance in this part of the country, proving that "Afric's sunny fountains" is no mere poetic dream. It is a pity to see such a fertile and undoubtedly healthy country almost entirely uninhabited.

May 24th.—Crossed hilly country, densely wooded, and reached the river Sheekoloi, running south through a valley. 25th.—The oxen refusing to cross the river, they were sent up stream to look for a ford. 26th.—There being no signs of the oxen, we started for the Kuti river, (R. Cuchibe of Serpa Pinto,) crossing four hills and three valleys. 27th.—One of the carriers who has a familiar spirit being asked to divine why the oxen would not cross the Sheekoloi, he called up the spirit of an old servant of Porto's, who said that he had stopped the oxen because presents had not been given to his friends after his death (*one of his friends* being amongst the company of carriers!) 30th.—Deciding to visit the string of small towns along

this river belonging to the Bakuti, a people akin to the Bambunda, we got a boat and pulled up the stream, stopping at all the huts and small villages. The people showed much frankness and said how glad they were to see an "English" for the first time. I asked them to gather together at their chief towns in two days' time, and then I would speak to them.

31st.—All day buying food, which the people bring in plenty. I never saw food anywhere in Africa so cheap as it is here; a piece of limbo, about the size of a handkerchief, will buy about twenty pounds of meal or a calabash of honey.

June 1st.—In the afternoon a goodly company had assembled to be spoken to, but all *men*, for everywhere in Africa the women are the most conservative and the most difficult to persuade into receiving anything new, and here they had shut themselves up in their huts. These people had lived in such seclusion that they knew nothing of teachers living amongst other tribes, the limit of their knowledge being the West-coast trader, his goods, his ivory, and, in past years, his string of slaves. Speaking through my interpreter, Antonia, I told them in the simplest language of God the Creator, of man's departure from Him, of the sending of God's Son as a Saviour, and of His now sending messengers throughout the world to call back men to Himself. The close attention made me feel that the Spirit of God was blessing the word, and at the end they expressed their thanks by clapping their hands. The chief then said that they could not tell how happy they were that I had spoken in that way to them; he had believed in a great God who had made all things, but he wanted to know *that God*, that he might pray to him at all times. Porto says that these people are exceptionally simple; he has never known them to steal any of the goods entrusted to them. They live in square houses built close to the river Kuti, which forms their main street; each person possesses a boat, and, as there is a continual traffic going on, the river presents a very lively appearance. The country is properly called Isambuella and the people Ambuella, but they are generally known as the Bakuti (people of Kuti). Their hair receives more dressing than their bodies: the men have a skin before and behind from the girdle, but the women use cloth in dressing. They have blankets made of the inner bark of a large tree, beaten soft.

June 4th.—Many gathered at the villages, and we had a good time this morning; one man showed great interest and said afterwards, "This day I am a child of Jesus Christ: now I will pray to God alone." Some wished me to return to-morrow, but the chief said, "No, we will tire the white man by his coming so far; we will gather together and go to his camp." *5th.*—A goodly number came to the camp to-day. *6th.*—Had a long talk with the chief and the man who said he was a child of Jesus Christ, and told them that though I was leaving, I would, God willing, return to them. The chief replied that they would look much for my return, that they would not forget the good news brought to them, and that they would pray God to bring me back in safety. I have hope toward God that these two men have indeed drunk of that living water, of which if a man drink he shall never thirst again.

June 8th.—Started for the village of Kwawewe, but learning that the people had moved away and were living amongst the reeds some distance off, I at last found their huts, but in the chief's absence was not allowed to visit them. *9th.*—The chief came to-day saying that he was sorry he was absent yesterday, but that now he had brought his people to hear what I had to say. I spoke to them all in my house, and the chief, who seems to be a sensible, cautious man, thanked me repeatedly, and wanted to give me a little boy as a present.

June 12th.—Left Serpa Pinto's road and kept on by the river Kuti; passed straggling towns of Bambunda and Bashmoke. *13th.*—Started early in the morning, the main body of the carriers being behind. We passed several villages of Bambunda all right, the people only coming out to look at us, but coming to a large town they gathered round us dancing, shouting and yelling like fiends, and swinging their weapons over our heads. They laid hold on some of the carriers, and drove off my ox, so I ran back and kept them off the goods until Porto came up with some more men. Porto sprang from his hammock and seized his gun, which made the ruffians fall back. I got back my ox and started off with the boys and women carriers, while Porto and some armed men kept the Bambundas at bay. *14th.*—Reached the town of Herero, who is chief of the Bambunda along the Kuti, and who proved as disagreeable as his people, demanding an ox and some tiger-skins. I sent word to

Herero that I was a man of peace, who had come from far, and that I hoped to return to them shortly. 15th.—Got off without further trouble, Porto having given some tiger-skins to the chief. Left the Kuti and, crossing a very steep hill, descended to the river Kuvangui, a rapid and deep stream, which I crossed by a frail wooden bridge, the carriers going further up to a ford. Keeping by the Kuvangui for four hours, we passed the town of Kankanga and camped at the town of Kashima's daughter. I speak of "towns," but though the people are there in considerable numbers, gathered close together under their chief, their huts are so hidden and scattered in dense wood, that the only signs to a passer-by of the presence of human beings are certain narrow and winding foothpaths here and there.

June 16th.—One of the servants being recognised as the son of a man who had robbed Kashima, the old chief of the Balochash, of a lot of bees-wax, Kashima's son demanded a recompense, but the lad had nothing to give. The Balochash seized some of our people who were in the wood, and carried them away to the hills. Porto went to a woman-chief, who succeeded in restoring all the prisoners but one ; our carriers are brave fellows, and are determined to have this one back. Porto is very uneasy, and thinks they will have to fight ; but I have asked the Lord, for the sake of His gospel in these parts, to prevent any bloodshed. 17th.—I went with a large company of the Bambadis to the hills where the captive was, and found the Balochash ready to fight, so I sat down on a stool between the two parties for a little talk. An old chief ran out, shouting to the young men to rise and fight ; the Bambadis fell back, and each man got behind a tree or stump. I called to Porto's men not to fire, and got behind the Bambadis, who were waiting for the first shot from the enemy, when the cowards of the Balochash, seeing that the Bambadis meant to fight, caught their chief, who was in the act of levelling his gun, and tied him up, calling to the Bambadis not to fire. At last, they all sat down to talk over the matter, and it was decided to give up the son of the man who owed the debt, until his father came to redeem him by paying for the stolen wax. 19th.—The stolen man was given back to us on payment of things agreed upon. 21st.—Head of Rovangui river ; the Balochash attacked men remaining with an ox, which had fallen behind, but

some of the carriers ran back, and the robbers decamped. 22nd.—Left the Kuvangui valley, crossed a high range of hills, in the midst of which runs the Sinsoy river, and reached the Quando river (Livingstone's *Chobe*) in the afternoon. It is nearly two years since I first came to this river, below Linyanti, where it is broad and reedy, taking hours to cross, while here it is but eight or ten feet broad. 23rd.—As we go up the Quando, the scenery becomes more expansive and grand. The hills on each side are high and wide apart, and covered on the tops with dense wood. Bright, rapid streams run down every kloof. It is strange to find every stream in this part of the country full during the dry season; during the rains they are low.* The hills here seem to be one mass of sand, firm though very porous.

June 24th.—Reached the head of the Quando, which rises very quietly out of a pool about fifteen feet in diameter. Our camp being soon crowded with the people, of whom there are many here, I told one of the fathers of the tribe something of my mission and of the God I served. The old man ran off excitedly to bring some other old men, who greeted me with clapping of hands, and to them he retailed with great energy what I had said to him. I told them I was only journeying to get cloth wherewith to buy food, and would return soon. But my old friend wanted to know exactly when I would come back, so I showed with my hand the height that his corn would be above the ground when he might look for my return. 25th.—Crossed the Kutau and Biseque; camped at Kambuti, at the head of the latter river. The Biseque joins the Kutau, which falls into the Lungebungo, a tributary of the Zambesi. For some time back I have been travelling almost entirely on foot, as my riding-ox is quite done-up for want of grass, which the frost by night and the sun by day have withered to tinder. Walking fifteen miles a day through deep sand and under a hot sun is no easy work, and Senhor Porto was quite angry on hearing of this, saying I was sure to be ill after it; so between us we rigged up a hammock, and he has given me four of his own men to carry me; to-day I found I enjoyed my hammock ride amazingly.

* This is owing to the peculiar nature of the soil, as explained at some length in the journal.

26th.—Kambutu is the first place where I have seen the domestic pig in native territory.

June 27th.—Reached the Cansambe and camped at Brutwe ; the Cansambe is a small river running *east* and not west, as Serpa Pinto has it in his map ; it joins on its western side the Cuango, which runs parallel with the Kutau into the Lungebungo. 28th.—Crossed a high range of hills and camped by the Cambimbia, flowing west ; its waters go by the Nyonga and Cuito to the Okovango river, which flows into Lake Ngami. 29th.—Crossed the Nyonga river and camped on the right-hand bank of the Bembe river. 30th.—Crossed the Cuito river. The Balochash are not found further west ; they belong to the Ambuella race, which is the same as the Bambunda, their language being merely a different dialect. Like all hill men, they are wild and troublesome, continually roving about. With one another, however, these natives are very playful and childish. Amongst them live a good many Bashmock, who are everywhere the tradesmen, doing beautiful work in brass, iron, and wood.

All these tribes we have passed through have one common religion, if one can call it by that name. They say there is one great Spirit, who rules over all the other spirits, but they worship and sacrifice to the spirits of ancestors, so far as I can learn, and have a mass of fetish medicines and enchantments ; the hunter takes one kind of charm with him ; the warrior another. For divining, they have a basket filled with bones, teeth, finger-nails, claws, seeds, stones and such articles, which are rattled by the diviner till the spirit comes and speaks to him in the movement of these things ; a solemn dirge being chanted by the people when the spirit is hard to be brought up. All is attention while the diviner reads off a string of short sentences in different tones, repeated after him by the audience. I am persuaded that these diviners are arch-rogues, and the mere hirelings of men who have set themselves to oppress their neighbours. There is an open door amongst all these tribes for a preacher of the gospel ; every time I have been able to gain their ear, unhindered by any quarrel, they have shown much interest and delight even, and have acknowledged that they are living in darkness, and in ignorance of the great Spirit who rules above all.

July 2nd.—Following the course of the Onda river,

passed through a fine open country, crossing a running stream of water nearly every half hour, some large, some small, but all running rapidly; a splendid country for cultivation. During the dry season the whole country could be put under water by irrigation; why it should be almost entirely deserted by the Kimbande I cannot say. Reached the town of Cabango, who has recently died; the Kimbande have been very civil, and cautious of giving offence. *3rd.*—Camped by the Letot river. *4th.*—Spent four hours in crossing the Quanzas river; such confusion I never saw—every one rushing into the water to get his load into the boats. I stood up to the waist in water, with a big stick, keeping the men back from overloading the boats. We all crossed safely and camped at Yapepa, close by the Cocemba river. *5th.*—Crossed the Cocemba in boats, and after a long day's journey lodged at Konyeba's town, the same who found Cameron far in the interior in very destitute circumstances, and brought him out to his town at Bihé; from here Cameron went to Benguella. I am now in Bihé territory, and mark a decided change for the better in the outward appearance of everything. Every one is well dressed; the men wear hats and coats and a rather long cloth kilt; the women wrap themselves in cloth from the armpits downwards, bright grotesque patterns being the rage amongst them. Their houses are square and well built, with hinged doors and native-made iron locks; all, of course, in imitation of the Portuguese. Their gardens are large, well-tilled, and neatly furrowed, quite like our own fields at home. They are sadly given to drink and immorality, it being an undeniable fact that those tribes which live near Europeans, and imitate them, are more depraved in their manners than the tribes of the interior.

The manners and customs of the negro "pure and simple" of the interior, remind one of Scripture passages. The Barotsi have such names as "Child of sorrow," "Child of joy," "Born by the river," and many others suggested by events occurring at birth. When a man of property dies, leaving no children, his nearest kinsman takes his brother's wives, and children born of them inherit the dead man's property. (See Deut. xxv. 5, 6.) This custom, however, is dying out. In 2 Kings iii. 11, it is said of Elisha that it was he who poured water on the hands of Elijah. On the return of a man to his town or house a servant regularly waits with a vessel to pour

water on his hands. The average negro is the reverse of cleanly, but there are many laws and customs among them as to cleansing. The better-class negro washes his hands regularly before and after meals, but this is because he eats with his fingers; he may use a spoon with thin porridge or thick milk, but only to ladle the food into the palm of his hand, from which he drops it into his mouth. Houses defiled by dead bodies must be cleansed, and an unclean woman, after living so many days outside the town, is washed with water, anointed with oil and perfume, and the inner fat of an ox is hung round her neck by her husband, after which she returns home. Circumcision is very generally practised by different tribes, and in different ways.

The Barotsi make offerings to the spirits of their forefathers when going to pray—under a tree, bush, or grove planted for the purpose; they take a larger or smaller offering according to the measure of their request. If the offering be beer, they pour it upon the ground; if cloth, it is tied to a horn stuck in the ground; if an ox be slaughtered, the blood is poured over this horn, which is, in fact, their altar. In times of great distress they sacrifice oxen to the great spirit "Nyambe." When the king's state-barge is built, or war-drums are made, the fingers and toes of a child are cut off, and the blood is sprinkled upon them, after which the living body is thrown into the Zambesi.

The native manner of speech is very quaint, and the mere expectation of good things causes such delight that men will dance and shout all night, with empty stomachs, in prospect of a feast on the morrow. Regard for decency in conversation is utterly unknown. There is a city of refuge among the Barotsi, and any one incurring the king's wrath, or committing a serious crime, may find safety by fleeing to the town of Wynee; if this man Wynee pleads for him, he can return to his house in peace.

The African native, as found in his own home, is, like ourselves, a man, with all the instincts of a man, and this is felt by the lowest slave. A poor slave having been kicked out of a hut in which he had sought shelter, he folded his arms and calmly said: "Yes, master, I know you think me to be a dog; but, sir, I am not a dog, I am a man." There was, for the moment, a dignity and impressiveness about the poor naked slave, which subdued the fellow

who was abusing him, and he was told to return to the hat.

|| The negro has many good laws as to constancy and fidelity, but his innate cruelty is, I think, without comparison, and makes war a terrible thing with him. On returning from raids he exults in telling the horrible cruelties he has committed. A man will woo a woman with accounts of the devilry he has been guilty of, for the women delight in it, and I have seen things done to captives, the thought of which makes the blood run cold. Among the Mashukalumbe the women and children turn out to applaud their brave warriors, who string up by the neck to tall trees the little children they have taken captive, a spectacle which gives entertainment to the whole countryside. Their punishments are very cruel. Burning alive is, amongst the Barotsi, of every day occurrence; also tying the victim hand and foot, and laying him near the nest of large black ants, which in a few days pick his bones clean.

There is an old but waning belief that a chief is a demigod, and in heavy thunderstorms the Barotsi flock to the chief's yard for protection from the lightning. I have been greatly distressed at seeing them fall on their knees before the chief, entreating him to open the water-pots of heaven and send rain upon their gardens; but last year the chief acknowledged to me that he knew he was unable to do so: still, he keeps up the delusion for the sake of power. These ancient beliefs of the negro in the power of chiefs' medicines and enchantments have but very slender props to rest on, and they are kept up merely to fill a want in the mind, much as a drowning man will clutch at a straw in his need of something to bear him up. The king's servants declare themselves to be invincible, because they are servants of God (meaning *the king*); but when some discontented Barotsi went to kill Sepopo, the late chief, none fled faster than the king's body-guard. Sepopo, like the present king, would boast that he possessed medicines and enchantments which made his body impervious to spear or bullet, but Sepopo fled in haste when he heard of the insurgents, and a bullet through the chest killed him.

Man is a very fragile being, and he is fully conscious that he requires supernatural or divine aid. There is much to prove—shall I say apart from the distinct revelation given by God in the first chapter of Romans?

—that the heathen African is a man to whom the living God has aforetime revealed Himself; but he sought after things of his own imagination and things of darkness, to satisfy those convictions and fears which lurk in his breast, and which have not been planted there by the evil one, but by God. Refusing to acknowledge God (Rom. i. 28, margin), they have become haters of God (verse 30). The preaching of the gospel to them, however, is not a mere beating of the air; there is a peg in the wall upon which something can be hung, and carried away by them. Often a few young men have received the message with laughter and ridicule, but I have afterwards heard them discuss my words amongst themselves very gravely. I heard one man say to a neighbour, "Monare's words pierce the heart." Another remarked that the story of Christ's death was very beautiful, but that he knew it was not meant for him; he was a Makalaka, and such a sacrifice was only for white men and princes.

Their memories are so acute that they will come many days after being spoken to, in order to discuss some question which has been weighing on their mind. I judge from their actions that a few amongst the Barotsi have consciously received something. Malonda, who was a very kind friend to me, repeatedly professed his belief in the things about which we had many long talks when travelling together from Shesheke; but he is secretly afraid of the king, and the putting away of his wives would, in his eyes, end his career among the Barotsi. Mala, of Secumba, one of the nobles of the land, when he came to the king's town used to dine and sup with me, and we would be for hours together, reading and talking over the Scriptures. Mamwia has suffered much from her husband Gumbela, the king's prime minister, for loving to come and hear the Scriptures read, and she professes to know the Lord. Our Lord knows *all*: He who will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed, can nurture and strengthen the little spark into a flame.

July 14th.—Left Belmonte (Bihé) with Senhor Porto, to see the king of these parts, a man about sixty years of age, who looks all fat and good humour: he is lodged in the centre of a large town, quite a city. Porto said that we were fortunate in finding him sober, as his normal condition is much the reverse. *16th.*—Bad news has come from Bailundo, to the effect that the American mission-

aries have been robbed and turned out of house and home. 19th.—The men sent to Bailundo have returned; they found the missionaries' houses in the hands of the natives, but where the missionaries had gone, or what had become of them, they could not learn. I cannot think of sitting here when my brethren are thus in trouble, so start to-morrow to see and hear for myself. 22nd.—Crossed the Kutato river, and reached the town of Dungenugo, the son of the reigning king of Bailundo, who said that it was entirely owing to the conduct of B—— that the missionaries had left the country. B—— is an escaped murderer, who has been living a sort of brigand life in native territory, stirring up the natives here and there to rob and kill white men, and share the spoil together.

July 24th.—Passed many towns, the people of which brought out dishes of mealie beer for me and my men to drink. Two men met me at some distance from Atinda to run my hammock into the town; they ran so fast that they broke the hammock-pole, and instead of having a grand entrance into the town, I was landed rolling in the dust just before the gate. 25th.—Reached the town of Shekulo, the chief man in the country at present, and had a long palaver with him and a few of the headmen, through my interpreter, Jumbo. They had been persuaded by B—— that the little tins containing meat, etc., were full of fetish enchantments, intended by the missionaries for the destruction of the Bailundo kingdom. The missionaries had to flee, seemingly taking nothing but their wives and little children; it was distressing to see all around the destruction of their valuable property; books of all kinds, photographs, letters, clothing, tins of sugar, tea, etc., were in every one's hands. With all my energy I spoke out to these Bailundos as to the way in which they had permitted men to be turned out of house and home who had come to them with a message of peace from the true God; they had treated them as they would not treat their dogs. Shekulo sent for B——, who tried at once to make friends with me, but being in no gentle mood I brought him at once to the point, and asked him what charge he had against the Americans. "Oh!" said he, "I thought they were Jews, and not Christian missionaries." He was compelled to explain matters to the natives, and I asked Shekulo if he was satisfied, to which he replied that he was perfectly

satisfied ; that B—— had not a word to say against these people, but had only been telling lies ; and that he himself was willing, if I would only say the word, to lay hands on B—— there and then. I said I had come, not with any authority or intention to punish B——, but to see justice done to my friends, and that Shekulo must gather the missionaries' goods together and keep them in safety until their return.

July 27th.—These Bailundo people seem to be very far advanced in superstition and fetish worship ; in Shekulo's yard there is a small roughly-cut image, which I believe represents the spirit of a forefather of his. A man and woman came into Shekulo's yard, and rushed up to this image, dancing, howling, and foaming at the mouth, apparently mad. A group gathered round and declared that the spirit of Shekulo's forefather had taken possession of this man and woman, and was about to speak through them. At last the demon began to grunt and groan out to poor Shekulo, who was down on his knees, that he must hold a hunt, the proceeds of which were to be given to the people of his town ; must kill an ox, cook so many large pots of beer, and proclaim a grand feast and dance. Furthermore, all this was to be done quickly. Of course the poor old man was thoroughly taken in, and in two days' time the hunt was gathered. So here I find, as amongst the Barotsi, that divining and prophesying and other religious and superstitious demands are resorted to in order to secure private ends, and to offer sacrifice to the one common god, the belly. The more I see of them the more I am persuaded that they have no other god, and this I tell them continually.

August 8th.—I started again for Bihé ; next day got to the town of my friend the prince, and two more days brought me to Belmonte. By the way I met a Portuguese, who had heard that my friend Iwanika Leboshe, king of the Barotsi, had been killed by his people. Such are the Barotsi—three kings killed (if this last report be true) within eight years. Outwardly, there is amongst them all the show of a monarchy, every man the king's slave, but I have long since seen that in reality it was every man his own king, and the king their puppet.

August 21st.—A man came to my house the other day to confer with Antonia about the purchase of an ox. He said that some time ago he had killed a relation of his by witchcraft, to possess himself of some of his riches, and

that now he must sacrifice an ox to the dead man's spirit, which was troubling him. This killing by witchcraft is a thing most sincerely believed in, and it made one understand, on hearing this man's cold-blooded confession of what was at least the intent of his heart, why the Barotsi put such demons into the fire. Here old and renowned witches are thrown into some river, but almost every man will confess that he practises witchcraft to avenge himself of wrong done, and to punish his enemies. One process is to boil together certain fruits and roots with which the wizard daubs his body in order to enlist the aid of the devils, and the decoction is then thrown in the direction of the victim or laid in his path.

The western tribes have none of the attachment to other members of their own tribe which is seen amongst the Zulu, the Bechuana, and even the Zambesi tribes, where each man is his neighbour's brother. Here they live to bite and devour one another; the most trivial mistake or breach of etiquette is a crime and has to be paid for dearly. A man who accidentally knocked over a small pot of fat was fined thirty shillings' worth of beeswax. A stranger passing through the country is liable to be entrapped into paying heavy fines. If a slave steals, say a few ears of corn out of a garden, he is seized, and if not redeemed by his master's paying full market price for him, he is sold at once.

Death is surrounded by many strange and absurd superstitions. Amongst the Bambunda-speaking people it is considered essential that a man should die in his own country if not in his own town. On the way to Bailundo, shortly after leaving Bihé territory, I met some men running at great speed carrying a sick man tied to a pole, in order that he might die in his own country. I tried to stop them, but they were running as fast as their burden would allow them down a steep rocky hill. By the sick man's convulsive movements I could see that he was in great pain, perhaps in his death throes, hence the great haste. If a Bailundo man dies in Bihé, the Bihé people have to pay the Bailundos heavily for the shameful conduct of the Bihé demons in killing a stranger, and *vice versa*. When a man dies at home his body is placed on a rude table, and his friends meet for days round the corpse, drinking, eating, shouting, and singing, until the body begins actually to fall to pieces. (Senhor Porto declares that these people have no sense of smell; that the

nose is simply a receptacle for snuff.) Then the body is tied in a faggot of poles and carried on men's shoulders up and down some open space, followed by doctors and drummers. The doctors demand of the dead man the cause of his death, whether by poison or witchcraft, and if by the latter, who was the witch? It is never supposed that a man has died from natural causes; most of the deaths I have known of in negro-land were from pulmonary diseases, but they are all set down to witchcraft. The jerking of the bier to and fro, causing the men bearing it to stumble hither and thither, is taken as the dead man's answer; thus, as in the case of spirit-rapping at home, the answer is spelled out. The result of this enquiry is implicitly believed in, and if the case demands it, the witch is drowned.

There might be some ground for their superstition if the dead body were laid upon the ground and allowed to jerk away itself, but to put the corpse on the shoulders of six drunken men, and say that the jerking and stumbling are caused by the inanimate body, is so thoroughly ridiculous, that one cannot imagine how it ever entered the mind of men to judge and condemn their fellow-creatures by such a process as this. The boiling pot of water is reasonable compared with this.

After all these knotty points are settled, the poor man gets a decent burial, but chiefs and great men do not get to rest so soon; their bodies have been kept above ground for so long as two years after death. When a chief dies, they at first say that he is sick or asleep, and all the business of state is conducted by a man who sits in a hut beside the dead body. The people have a great fear of death, which they do not seem to look upon as a certainty, and the natural end of life—at least to say so in conversation gives offence. They would fain believe that death is a mishap, an evil brought about by fetish agencies, but for which, man would be immortal. Consequently, all their so-called religious observances and charms are meant to counteract the influence of these *evil* fetishes by other fetishes. Before starting on a journey a man will spend perhaps a fortnight in preparing charms to overcome evils by the way, and to enable him to destroy his enemies; if he be a trader he desires to find favour in the eyes of chiefs, and a liberal price for his goods. As there is no limit to a man's fears and superstitions, and avarice, and hatred of his enemies, so there is no limit to

the number of his charms, and at the end of his journey he finds himself loaded with such things, sewn into belts and hung in little horns round his neck.

As to the articles used in the composition of charms, I may say that everything under the sun is used. I have been told here that they can turn the hills into water with some of their charms, can make an ox impervious to bullet or spear, can create a living lion out of the skin of a dead one, and can bring death or sickness upon anyone. I have grown tired of asking to have some of these wonders performed before my eyes, and have offered my riding-ox to any man in Bihé who will bring an ox or other animal so acted upon by charms that I cannot kill it with my gun or with a spear; but the ox has not yet made its appearance. Many half-castes, and Portuguese even, believe strongly in the charms of the Bambadi tribes, but on questioning them closely as to certain of the mysterious things alleged to be done, I always find that the thing has happened in the night-time, and that the fetish doctors will not "cast" their charms or work miracles at any other time. How close the connection between spiritual and literal darkness!

In conversation with the people of Bihé about the one true God, they profess to believe in His existence, and say that there *is* and must be a great Spirit over and above all, whom they call Suku, but that they do not know him. They do not appear in any way to connect "Suku" with the things which are daily occurring around them. I cannot even say that they truly believe him to be a universal God, as they always speak of the white man as being under a separate set of gods and spirits from themselves.

Judging according to human judgment, I should say that the missionary of the Gospel would find the ground here very hard indeed. Besides the mass of superstition, which surpasses anything I ever heard of in negro-land, there have been for nearly two centuries many evil and brutalising influences working upon the people, and no humanising ones. During all this time rum and the slave trade have had full scope. During the eighteenth century there were many Roman Catholic missionaries at work all along the west coast, and for some little way into the interior. The only remaining traces of them or their works are a few "Christian relics" added to the heap of native charms, and, here and there, a wooden cross

standing at the head of some pagan's grave, sharing the ground with fantastic heathen images and symbols. Many thoughts come into one's mind on looking upon such a scene of entanglement. Only the one confident assurance that there is a God who *liveth* could strengthen the heart of any servant of the Lord coming to this part.

August 29th.—Letters from Mr. Sanders, full of kindest words and sympathy in the work; I was delighted to find that I had such warm-hearted neighbours in these American missionaries; our meeting will be a great pleasure to me. They had sent me two loads of the most useful articles possible, and but for the shameful conduct of the man who took charge of them I should have received them at the Cuchibi river.

August 30th.—Started for the king's town and got the *remnant* of the two loads sent by the missionaries, after promising to pay a tooth of ivory.

September 4th.—It is well that I have been kept here at Bihé for this short time, as every day I am feeling stronger and better for the change. My ague has left me entirely, so that when the time comes for my return to the interior I shall go back with a good store of animal strength.

Bailundo, October 1st.—People must not think to learn the language at all correctly by direct conversation with the natives; it must be learned by *constantly* listening to the natives *conversing amongst themselves*. Their manner of conversing with a European is absurd and very misleading; not only do they contort their own language greatly, but they are constantly using outlandish sounds, which they think belong to the white man's tongue, and which they in their smartness have picked up. Again, if he wishes to be intelligible to the raw native who has not been tutored in the company of Europeans to understand the sounds of their tongues, he must remember that African languages are composed not only of sounds, but of *accentuated* sounds. If he does not pay the closest attention to this, though he may be able to speak fluently to the natives in a white man's store or town, he would require a person to interpret his words to a company of raw villagers. The Bushman's language goes to an extreme in this; certain sounds and clicks accented differently, pitched in a higher or lower note, shrill or deep-sounding, have all their different meanings. Their language is very musical; to hear the little children speak-

ing and laughing in their play is like listening to the tinkling of a musical box.

There are two plans before me for returning to the interior. (1) To return to the Barotsi or to the Bakuti on the Cuchibi river; but the Barotsi valley is very unhealthy, and the road thither is blocked at present, and I cannot get a single Seculo to contract for the journey at any price. The last caravan that attempted to pass was plundered, and only four men escaped being taken captive by the same crew that I met with on the Cuchibi. The poor Bakuti, in whose company I had such a "good time," are sadly oppressed by the Bambunda robbers, and are leaving their river and mixing with the Mashie tribes on the Quando. (2) To visit the Garenganje, living to the north of and adjoining the Barotsi, under the chief Mosheede. They are a rice-growing people, which is an advantage; the country is said by everyone to be healthy, and the road thither is reputed to be safe. By turning south I could then reach Iwanika's "dogs," and should be able to fulfil my promise of re-visiting the Barotsi. I have with me as my personal attendant an excellent interpreter, who knows the languages and people *well*. This would be quite a new adventure, and the Arab and west-coast dealers who have visited the Garenganje and influenced them for evil, would probably have prejudiced them against such people as myself.

October 16th.—I do not think there is anything so essential to real work for God in a wholly heathen country as an *entire* separation and devotion to the work, so that even isolation at times has its advantages. I have found that one's time cannot be divided and laid out beforehand, as at home. Amongst the Barotsi I have risen to a day, say of writing, but it turned out to be an *all-day* meeting. At festival times at Lealui crowds of people used to come in from all the country round; at such times it was, from morning light until midnight, one constant stream of people through my house, all curious to see, some to hear, and some wanting to speak of what had been said on a former visit.

Again, on making short trips amongst the villages, I found the press of work almost unbearable at times, from pure lack of strength. The work is trying, but is all-engrossing, and needs one to be *wholly free* from all temporal things. At home the earnest street-preacher may gather a few village children around him after much

noise and singing, but in heathen Africa one is sometimes glad, in coming up to a village, to hide one's self in the bush. Everything is laid aside ; the child toddles out to the field to call its mother ; the hunters return and call in their dogs, and the cattle are driven into their enclosures that the herdsmen may come and listen to the white man's words. The more isolated and ignorant the people the more eager they are. Wherever I was able to make the character of my errand known, their willingness, their intelligent enquiry, their excitement even, quite wore me out, and I was glad at times to hide behind my little camp bed.

I expected to have been back to such precious work by this time, but the Good Shepherd knows what is best for His sheep. Meanwhile I have been getting rid of some of my fever legacies. Ague now seems to be a thing of the past. My spleen which was so much swollen that I could not lie with comfort in any position is now almost reduced to its proper condition. My body has in every way picked up in this fine healthy country.

Arriving here on the 5th instant, I started again on the 7th, and on the fifth day reached the king's camp, to speak on behalf of the American missionaries. A small stool was given to me to take my seat beside the king, a council having been called, and everything was talked over ; all the blame was put upon the Portuguese. The meanest plans were tried to injure the missionaries, who have been shamefully treated by both blacks and whites. The result was, that two letters were written by me for king Kwikwi, one to Senhor Porto, the other to Mr. Sanders. The letter to the latter was as follows : "I entreat of you to return. I have acted very badly to you, having received you all as my children, then to have turned you away so ; I have been like a man demented. Come back, or, if you wish to go to Bihé, send some of your people here. All my people are crying because of your bad treatment." I started from the camp next morning and reached Obala, the Bailundo capital, on the forenoon of the third day.

"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee," is a thing hard to be understood in Africa, partly owing to the pernicious practice of most missionaries in earlier days giving presents on all occasions to the natives. Consequently, a missionary is known all over Africa, where news spreads with wonderful speed, as a great man—a chief, in fact, who gives away goods

ad libitum. So a missionary ignorant of all this goes off to the interior, as he thinks amongst the rawest of the raw, hoping to establish a law and order of his own, only to find that they have long since established law and order for him, and for such as he. All this throws almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of a poor man who carries with him only what is sufficient for his own food and clothing. However, whereas traders before camping in a country send a present to the chief, I send the following message:—"I am a stranger passing through your country: I have not come with cloth and goods, but with a message from the God of all the earth: it is for you, and it speaks of *peace*. I wish you and your people to hear it at once, ere I pass on." This causes a great stir amongst the blacks; they rush down to the camp in swarms, and generally there is not a word said about presents.

October 23rd.—Mr. and Mrs. Sanders of the American B. C. F. Mission are at their old station in Bailundo, but are uncertain whether to remain there now, or go on to Bihé. These have been happy days in the company of Mr. and Mrs. S.; their hearts are in the work here, and they mean to succeed in the name of the Lord. It had a soul-stirring effect upon me as I saw these two and their little caravan winding their way across the wooded hill to their old home at Bailundo; robbed, plundered, forced to fly almost for life, but here again undaunted. I am persuaded that all that has happened to them will be for the furtherance of the work here; it will stamp upon it a character it could not have had before, and will show the people here that the missionaries are not ordinary residents or lodgers in their country, but are men who have come with an object. Mrs. Sanders has won the hearts of all at Bailundo; the testimony regarding the other ladies is also good. I am sure that much of the work in Africa will yet be done by female workers.

November 1st.—I met a curious sight yesterday, a company from the far interior—not that they were different from the rest of the people, but in my present state of mind they were naturally of interest to me. They were from the chief Mosheede of Garenganje, and had been sent with a letter to the king's brother-in-law who lives at Ohonjo. A few hours brought me to Ohonjo, and there I met the royal brother-in-law, Coimbria, a half-caste, who read to me the letter just received from Mosheede.

It was dated this year, was written in a sort of wretched Portuguese, possibly by some half-taught black, and contained an earnest appeal to come to Garenganje, and to plead with *white men to enter that country*. I looked with amazement on the piece of rude, well-travelled paper. Of course it was as traders that he wanted white men, but I felt I had something even better than good trade, which, if Mosheede only knew of, he would gladly receive. The brother-in-law was delighted to hear of my proposal to go thither, and sent for a black lanky slave from that part ; he knew exactly the place where Livingstone died, Ilala, by Lake Bangweolo. I may yet get this man to go with me, but the guide I have already employed knows all the country.

Let us look up and take courage ; *the Lord reigneth*. Surely He has taken many ways to show me from the first His desire to guide me ; He comes down to our weak faith, as He did with Gideon, and repeats the signs until we are filled with shame at our blindness and tardiness. I think it is now clear that I must seek another way to Iwanika's (the Barotsi's) "dogs ;" in this case the Lord may feed the dogs before the "children."

I shall be at liberty, so far as I can learn, to come as near to the Barotsi as possible, and yet remain outside their sway ; and were I to go down among them at any time, I should, humanly speaking, suffer no harm, having so many friends amongst them. I might, in fact, be able by going between to unite those two great countries and secure a way through the Barotsi to the north, which at present, through jealousy, is shut. The Garenganje grow rice in large quantities ; this is a great recommendation, as Europeans can live on rice when they cannot on maize, corn and millet.

The governor of Benguella took the trouble to write to Senhor Porto to take care of me, and bring me safely to the coast ; I suppose because of the trouble the Americans had at Bailundo the governor feared that I, being English, might suffer from the Bailundos, and bring down an English inquisition upon them. However, Senhor Porto is my guardian in the meantime, and although I have been running about to my heart's content, I fear Porto would consider me ungrateful were I running on to Benguella before him, so I must wait on here for a couple of days, as he has been detained on the road. Strange that patience towards the end of a journey is far harder

than patience at the beginning. Staying a whole week here, within three days or so of the coast, seems intolerable.

A Portuguese came here to-day, and after talking for some time he remarked that at Benguella they were expecting one, Padre Arnot, from the east coast. He knew that I had come from the east coast, but could not recognise the *Padre*; I heard him laughing when told that I was the *Padre*.

True and faithful service is not a thing thrown away, as this shows—Mr. W. W. Bagster, now gone home, gave three years ago a Testament to the man Coimbra, with whom I am now staying, the reading of which touched him, and Mr. Sanders had long talks with him. Coimbra is anxious about his soul, and this morning he took down his Testament, although I had not been speaking to him in a personal way, and turned to Mark x., 29, saying to me, "This is my trouble;" he could not leave wives, children, houses, and all. I told him that the Lord asked him not to leave anything, but *to receive*, and that when God's love filled his heart, he would know by the power of love how to serve Him. He said that he was greatly relieved, and that his way seemed more clear; he did not desire to live any longer with more than one wife, but he could not turn into the fields those who were the mothers of his children, nor put away his children. The good Lord will not quench the smoking flax.

I am told that Garenganje is as healthy as Bailundo; if so, there is no fever there; one might live there and not merely exist. I shall make a particular request to each chief by the way to have a young man ready to *run* with my letters as they come from the interior or the coast, and think this plan would work in time of peace. Native news in this way flies like the wind, and why not my letters? The only question would be amount of pay.

November 9th.—At Cutambela at last. Waiting for Senhor Porto, and a sharp attack of dysentery detained me; I ate too many bananas at once.

Benguella, November 11th.—Mr. Walters, of the American Baptist Mission, who is stationed here as acting business man for the mission, is prepared to put himself to any amount of trouble for me, and through him I can get trade articles very cheap, imported from England and America.

December 9th.—Benguella is a very quiet, unbusiness-

like place. The Custom House duties are very heavy; they average twenty-five per cent. on everything, and this on the value of goods *here*, not on invoice value, so that everything imported is of necessity expensive. I should say that the place is unhealthy; the Portuguese, at least, consider it so, as the most of their "degradados" (convicts) are sent here, and all government officials while in office here are reckoned as serving double time. It is not so at Loando.

It seems as if the sea had thrown up a sand dyke, forming the present shore, for all the country inside seems to be at a level lower than the sea; consequently it has no drainage. Fortunately, but little rain falls; even now, which is the rainy season, not a green spot is to be seen except in a few hollows. The heat is very great, but every afternoon a fresh breeze comes off the sea, which makes the evenings pleasant. I am in the best of health.

I expect to start for Bihé in a month's time, which may seem somewhat hurried, but I would not have sent for return carriers so soon, had not the members of the American Mission here been very anxious for me to return as soon as possible so as to help Mr. Sanders a little at Bailundo.

I can only ask earnest prayer to God that He may be pleased to look upon this work for His name's sake, and that I may be in His hands like moist clay, *impressible*. Surely the one thing needful for perfect service is that we be susceptible to His sympathies and to the guidings of His Spirit. God will not guide and lead us into His work unless we first have hearts in sympathy with Him as to that work, so let us hang and wait upon God that we may go forth as men "driven of the Spirit."

FRED. S. ARNOT.

A CHAPTER IN AFRICAN HISTORY.

I will give you a slight history of the Upper Zambesi tribes, so far as I can.* Somewhere between 1810 and 1820 a large tribe of Basutos called Makololo lived in the country now occupied by the Batlapins, in the south of

* This is taken from a letter written early in 1884, and is inserted here to give a general idea of the history of African kingdoms.

Bechuana land. Two brothers, Sebitwane and Mosheshi, had a dispute about the chieftainship, so they agreed to separate, Sebitwane going north, Mosheshi sometime afterwards going south. Sebitwane fought his way through the Bechuana tribes, taking many oxen from all the tribes, and went on, greedy of more conquests. After fighting and beating off the Matabele, he arrived at the Zambesi in the year 1823. (I obtained this date from the Portuguese.) He was soon master of the Batoka country, and in that same year came up the river as far as Shesheke. All the Mashi tribe and the Manyeti up the Chobe river yielded to him, after great slaughter, and he was soon chief of an immense country.

Just then Malunda, the chief of the Barotsi, died, and as is often the case here, left no acknowledged heir to the chieftainship. Two supposed heirs were going to quarrel about it, when the strongest, and evidently the wisest, went down the river to the great chief Sebitwane, and invited him to take possession of the Barotsi kingdom. Of course might was right in this case, and the weaker party of the Barotsi fled far up the Zambesi river, and I am told enjoy a very happy and peaceful little kingdom there all to themselves in a fine healthy country. Sebitwane put to death many of the old men and would-be kings among the Barotsi. Malunda left three young sons, too young to be kings, poor things; their names were Mokobeso, Ditia, Sepopo. Mokobeso was betrayed to the Makololos while in hiding among the Manyeti tribe, and killed. Ditia died somewhere of a natural death, leaving three sons and three daughters that I know of, and the eldest of his sons is the present king. Sepopo fled among the Mambundas.

But to return to the Makololo story. Many of Sebitwane's headmen were much against him for taking upon himself the rule of so much country and so many people. "Who," said they, (to quote the words of an old Makololo woman,) "who will you leave behind you to take charge of this great nation? We Makololo are only a handful of people compared to all these." Sebitwane, in the ordinary course of nature, died, and his son, a mere boy, Sekelutu, reigned in his stead. He made a desperate attempt to obtain great power, killing every one whom he thought to be at all powerful in his own or other tribes. A civil war at last broke out among the Makololo, Sekelutu fell sick of a grievous sickness and retired

from the scene, leaving the scramble for power to others. At this point the Barotsi came in with all their forces, (it must have been about the year 1861,) and fell on the Makololos, who perished to a man; only women and little girls were left alive, and one or two infant boys, saved like Moses by being hid away. These Makololo women still live an unhappy and exiled life among a race of people whom they were ever taught to look down upon as dogs and slaves. The Makololo are of a reddish copper colour, the Barotsi of a pitchy black.

As soon as the Barotsi had got the upper hand they called for their head, Sepopo, collecting their forces in the Barotsi valley. Meanwhile the Batokos also called back their exiled chief. Sepopo at once sent down his challenge to this man; the result was a sharp fight, and again the Barotsi were victorious, and ever since the Batoka have been tributary to the Barotsi. All the other tribes round about gave in to Sepopo, so he reigned paramount. Sepopo, though often in the Barotsi valley, preferred living at Shesheke for the sake of trade with the white people.

The Barotsi headmen, being left to themselves, had time to foster their discontent, and make their plans against Sepopo. At last, about seven or eight years ago, they started from the Barotsi in great numbers for Shesheke. Sepopo was told of his danger, but would not believe it. At the last moment he fled for his life, when a bullet from one of his own attendants killed him. The Barotsi then put into the chieftainship Wanawena, son of Mokobeso, elder brother of Sepopo. He laid a plan to revenge Sepopo's death, and to kill all the leaders in the rebellion, and he had to flee, but tried to regain power. He was met, however, by the new king Leboshe or Iwanika, and after a tough fight was driven back, and one of his servants killed him, to avenge himself of his brother's death. Leboshe's next exploit was to kill off a number of Mabundas, who he thought were in favour of some other chief than he. He next waged war against the Mashukulumbas, and drove off a lot of cattle. Yet Leboshe is a mean-spirited and trembling fellow; he seems to have been carried on by a crowd of leaders, but is himself no leader or ruler. Almost daily he quarrels with his "officers of state," and they taunt each other, and I fear the end will be another king-killing.

F. S. A.

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