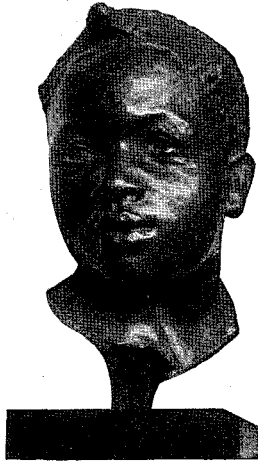




An Aruimi Type.



A Congo Boy.



A Congo Girl.

THE REAL AFRICAN

By Herbert Ward

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SCULPTURES BY MR. WARD



ENTRAL AFRICA is a land of strange and fatal enchantment.

There is an inexpressible charm in picking one's way through localities that have never before been visited by a white man; seeing strange types and hearing new languages. To be alone in the very centre of the African continent, where nature and human nature are alike in a crude state; to be far away in the midst of a primitive people whose nature is wild and uncultivated—people who are simple, savage in ignorance, timid and ever fearing for their lives; to be the one delegate, as it were, of the modern world in the midst of countless thousands of human beings whose minds are the minds of primitive mankind; to live free from all the petty conventionalities and ramifications of civilization; to be able to forego all the artificial necessities of our modern home life; to give free play to that strong, inward craving for true natural liberty,—these are some of the subtle attractions that inoculate every man of African experience; these are the charms which cast their spell upon all African travellers,

and which have held so many of them fascinated for long years.

It has been my good fortune to have passed five years of my life among the savage inhabitants of Central Africa. Entering Africa in the year 1884 under the auspices of Stanley, I served two and a half years in pioneer work connected with the newly formed Congo State. Whilst still in Africa, Stanley arrived with his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, and I was enrolled, in 1886, as a volunteer officer of that expedition and faced once more the far interior.*

I took to Africans from the first. They appealed strongly to my sympathy by reason of their directness, their lack of scheming, and by the spontaneity of everything they did. My confidence ripened as time went on and I found myself imbued with a profound sympathy for African human nature. Of all the aboriginal races with which I have come in contact during my travels in New Zealand, Australia, Borneo, and the Far East, the African appeals to me as being the most transparently human.

* Works by Herbert Ward: "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals," "My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard."

Among the native tribes of the Congo region of Central Africa there exists no form of history. There is no written language. They have no signs or characters; no traditions and no memorials of the past. It is as though an opaque curtain hung behind the living generation, concealing everything that passed before their time. It is considered a bad omen to allude to any one who is dead. Such an allusion is only made by accident, and is immediately redeemed by a snapping of the fingers.

No record is kept of dates. Consequently natives are ignorant of their age. The only epochs that remain marked in their minds are associated with such events as the occasion of a tribal fight or the killing of an elephant.

Their lives are as wild and unchecked as the tangled growth of their primeval forest homes. There is nothing to occupy or to stimulate the mind, which lives, thinks, and acts for the moment. They possess a faculty of indifference, the obvious outcome of the precariousness of their lives.

When not fighting for bare existence, their minds are focussed upon methods of satisfying their animal wants. Despite the present condition of these forest tribes, there yet remain signs of a former condition of superiority. A world of human nature lies hidden beneath their dark, forbidding exteriors. Upon many occasions I have

had revealed to me evidences of humane and tender feelings.

The eyes of the Congo forest dwellers are never refreshed by a distant view, and there is no bright sunshine in their country

to gladden their hearts, for the sun's rays seldom or never penetrate the eternal forest gloom in which they spend their lives.

With danger lurking behind the trunk of every tree, and with an ever-present fear of capture and death, they live their days and years; they pass through periods of modified joys and sorrows, knowing nothing of the outside world, living without hope and without regrets.

Nothing is lasting in their lives, the keenest heart-ache, the bitterest grief is soon forgotten. They live only for the present, without prospect or retrospect.

In view of the growth of modern tendencies in relation to questions of socialism and

equality, much that is instructive may be gathered from a study of the existing conditions of the life of the African savage. In Central Africa we have a complete object lesson before us of the ultimate results of life under conditions of equality. It would seem that the social state of equality which is observed by primitive mankind is now the aim and ambition of the most highly civilized communities. Social equality appears to be the first and last ambition in the history of mankind.



Le Chef de Tribu.

Throughout Central Africa the spirit of enterprise among the people is restrained, not to say crushed, from the fear of exciting the envy and cupidity of their fellows. As an instance:

One who builds a better house than his neighbor's will have his house pulled down forthwith. Should a man exert himself to amass native riches, he courts the enmity of all his fellows and becomes doomed to an early death. Ambition to excel, which is such a natural attribute of human nature, receives no encouragement in Central Africa. Coinciding with this state of life, we find the people living in a state of anarchy and ignorance, without a constitution, without a history, and even without definitely established habitations. They lack even the ambition of conquest, and they are content to pass their lives in a state of mental atrophy.

The extraordinary virility of all the Central African races may be ascribed to the following principal reasons: Firstly, to the plurality of women, for, generally speaking, one finds the number of women is greatly in excess of the male population, the reason for this being that men are so frequently killed in their incessant intertribal battles. It necessarily follows that the strongest and most enterprising of the men is generally the owner of the most wives, and consequently the fittest male becomes the father of the most children.

Their children are like ours. The pleasures of the African child are the pleasures of all children. Their mothers coo to them and use flowery and endearing terms. Whilst still mere babies, after being bathed

and laid out in the sun to dry, they toddle about helping to catch small fish or to snare birds, and they play at cooking food in the burning embers of their mothers' fire.

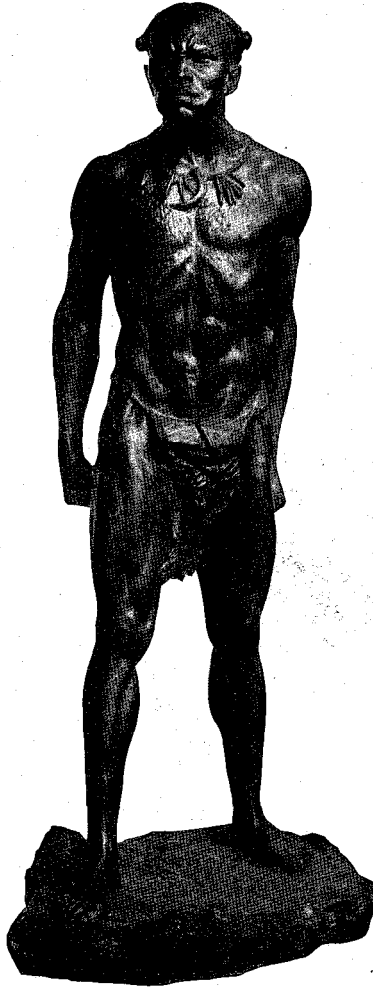
Little boys make miniature bows and arrows; they paddle miniature canoes and ambitiously imitate all the pursuits of grown-up people. They have no guiding voice to correct or to curb their natural animal instincts. They are the offspring of parents whose union was merely transitory.

Home life does not exist. Huts are generally built in long rows. Women and very young children dwell together, but the men lead a primitive club life of their own. They have no artificial appliances for comfort. There is practically no reserve or privacy in their lives.

There would appear to be solid foundation in support of the following theory which accounts for the apparent arrest of the intellectual faculties at an early age. Certain it is that Central African children are exceedingly intelligent and quick-witted. The subsequent arrest of the intellectual faculties has been attributed to the premature closing and

subsequent ossification of the sutures of the skull, thus arresting the normal expansion of the brain.

The Congo languages may be described as onomatopœic, a word which may be defined as representing a system of coining words from sounds. For example, in the same manner that our children say "Puff-puff" to indicate a train, so the African savages will use the words "Watamba tam-ba" to describe men who march in large bodies, in imitation of the sound of their



Defiance.

footsteps. "Watuku tuku" was also coined by them to designate white men, because they associated them with the sound of the engines of their river steamers. The first syllable "Wa" in each case represents the plural prefix denoting people.

Their languages are rich and liquid, and contain a preponderance of vowels. The

the missionaries, in setting up type to print their translations of the Scriptures into Kikongo, had to send home an order for an extra stock of vowels and F's.

It is a fact worthy of remark that the first sound a Central African baby utters, like our own babies, is the word "Mamma." This same word "Mamma" I have heard uttered on more than one occasion by wounded Africans as a last dying articulation.

Central African natives are naturally eloquent and ready speakers. They are adepts in the use of metaphor. They reason well and they are ready debaters. The sonorous effect of their speech is greatly aided by the soft inflections and the moist euphony of their language.

The best illustration of the naïveté of Central African character occurred to me at a place called Manyanga, situated in the cataract region of the Lower Congo. It was during the hottest part of the day, and I was sitting on the veranda of my grass-thatched hut gazing upon the troubled waters of the cataracts, thinking of the particularly tragic incident which ended the life of Frank Pocock, perhaps the most tragic circumstance connected with Stanley's memorable travel across Africa in the year 1877.

From where I sat, I could see the troubled waters swirling and foaming below the huge rocks against which the poor brave fellow had been dashed to death.

A party of natives returning from a market wended their way toward me, and the spokesman, by every persuasive power of speech, endeavored to sell me a skinny goat for treble its value. The interview ended abruptly, and a few minutes later I was watching the little party embarking in a canoe, paddling their way up-stream, keeping close to the shore, until they attained a point at which it was customary, but at all times hazardous, to steer the

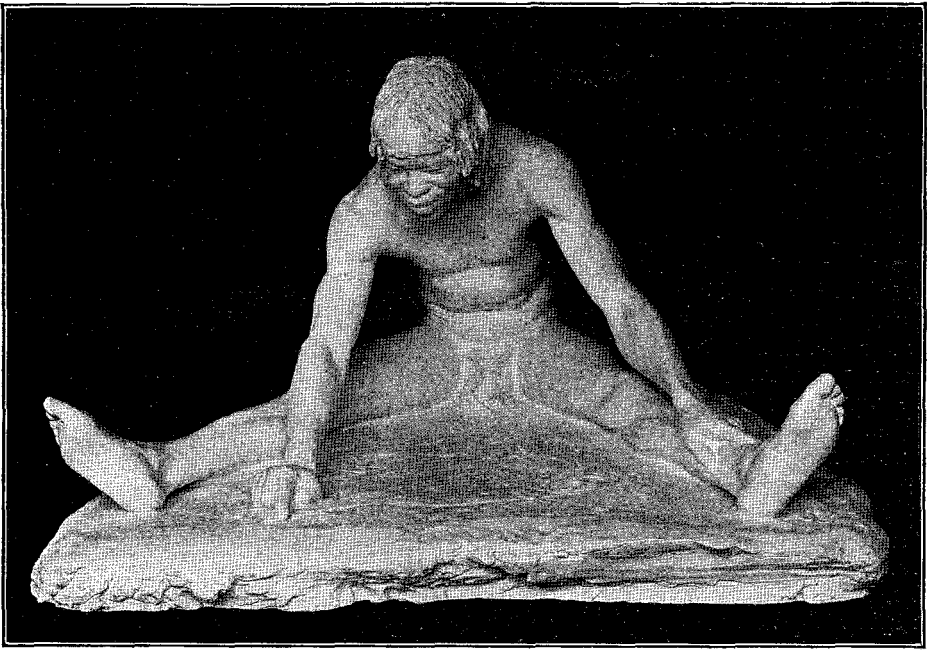


A Congo Girl.

beauty and plastic form of these languages are noticeable, suggesting the softness of Italian, the grace of French, and the precision of English.

The most natural peculiarity of the language is the prevailing use of prefixes in place of suffixes, and an alliteration which amounts almost to rhyme. It is interesting to remember that this euphonious peculiarity is also found in early English.

Soft, pliant, and musical, the language is governed by an alliterative concord. There are but few consonants, of which, in the Lower Congo language, the letter "F" is the most frequently met with. In fact,



A Congo Savage.

A native drawing a fish in the mud.

frail round-bottomed dug-out across to the north bank, a distance of some five hundred yards, through violent and ever-changing whirlpools. About half a mile below this point the water churned itself into foam as it swept over a succession of enormous rocks, and represented a threatening danger to those who crossed the river.

Listlessly, at first, I watched the little party in their wabbling canoe until they had reached the critical part of their journey, the point at which they had to manoeuvre their canoe so as to escape the vortex of a powerful whirlpool.

My apathy soon gave way to a feeling of keen apprehension as I observed the frail canoe being carried away, broadside on, in the swiftest part of the channel. The paddlers had evidently lost control, and the occupants of the canoe appeared to be overcome by a sense of impending disaster, for they began to sway the canoe from side to side in their endeavors to aid the paddlers.

By the time I reached the river's bank all was lost, for the canoe had sunk, and in its place were now merely a few black specks bobbing here and there, with occasionally an arm thrown up in wild despair.

In a few minutes all was ended, and the poor fellows who had been drowned were swept away by the terrific force of the stream. To my amazement, I perceived one individual who still kept afloat and who swam bravely back toward the south shore. Running along the river bank I kept pace with him as he drifted, and the tension of watching the poor man's efforts became acute. At the time, it seemed miraculous that the man should have power enough to reach the shore, but he did. My surprise can be imagined when I found that a child, a chubby little boy of four or five years of age, was still clinging around the man's neck.

Overcome by excitement and by admiration for the man's prowess, I aided him to land, and took the two survivors to my hut, where I collected everything I could lay my hands upon likely to be considered valuable in the eyes of a native. At the same time, as I presented the man with modest gifts, I told him that he had that day performed a deed which would greatly please white men. I told him that he was a plucky fellow for having saved a helpless child from imminent death. He replied:

"Yes, he is saved. I tried many times to shake him off, but he clung too tight!"

In order to relieve the monotony of my station life, I endeavored to institute an athletic meeting among the natives of the surrounding villages. Such a thing was an entire novelty in the country, where, indeed, the advent of the white man dated but a few months back.

The chiefs with whom I discussed the matter readily agreed to bring their most powerful young men on the day appointed. They assented to my suggestions with so little surprise as to make it difficult for me to realize that I was introducing to them an entertainment of quite a strange character. Early on the day fixed for the sports I was startled by gun firing. Volleys were fired at regular intervals; indeed, the firing lasted until about ten o'clock, by which time I found my station crowded by between five and six hundred natives.

To provide refreshments for the party I had three large pigs roasted whole, and, in addition to a limited quantity of palm wine, which was scarce at that time, I had my two zinc baths filled with water so as to save my guests the trouble of going down-hill to the stream, which was some three hundred yards away.

I soon discovered that the unanimous wish of the people was to begin proceedings by partaking of refreshments, and although to my idea this was quite contrary to the usual custom followed at athletic meetings, I gave way. By noon provisions

were exhausted, and there remained at the bottom of the two baths only a little greasy water where the natives had stooped down to drink after eating their fill of fat pork.

The first item on the programme was a hundred yards race in which every one seemed eager to enter. It was in vain that I tried to persuade them to relinquish their spears and shields; they explained to me that they could run just as well with them as without them.

The starting of this race was a most laborious business; handicapping was out of the question, and the line, when they all stood ready to go, extended for some distance. I had arranged to start them with a pistol shot. After numberless false starts and a good deal of angry wrangling, wherein one-half of the company appeared to lose their tempers and the other half to become sulky, I at length succeeded in getting them off.

Immediately all was chaos. The native idea seemed to

be to win by disabling one's adversaries, and the race resolved itself into one wild struggle, in which most of those engaged found themselves on the ground.

The winning post was passed by about fifty men *en masse*.

I at last realized the difficulty of the situation. It was perfectly hopeless to explain matters. Every man who started in the race came to me clamoring for a prize, each one arguing that as he entered for the event he was justly entitled to reward!

Angry words were soon followed by blows, and during the remainder of the



A Congo Wood Carrier.

afternoon I found myself in the midst of a violent, turbulent mob of people who were apparently bereft of all reason.

The various chiefs next came to me for payment not only for their services, but also for the services of their people who had run in the race, and also for the gun-powder which they had expended in the morning, in order, so they said, to give the affair a good send-off.

It was late that night before my station resumed its normal quiet, and as I stretched myself out for the night, it was with the full conviction that the time for introducing sporting events in that part of the country was not yet ripe.

One day, whilst strolling through a native village, my attention was attracted by the piteous moaning of a woman. I found her lying upon a heap of refuse—banana peelings, sweepings, fish-bones, and rubbish, all seething in the hot sun. The poor creature appeared to be in great distress. Her body was smeared with blood and filth, and the flesh was literally torn from either side of her face, leaving her temples bare and raw.

In her agony she had clawed and torn her flesh with her finger nails. Her despair was indeed pitiful to behold, and I sought to soothe her, but all in vain.

Turning to a native who was standing by I inquired in the native language:

“What ails this woman? What manner of malady is this? Quickly tell me words to explain this.”

The savage shrugged his shoulders, and with a scornful toss of his head he replied:

“That woman’s baby died a few days ago. See! She bleeds herself with grief. That is all!”

Grief! The pathos of the scene would have moved a heart of stone. There at my feet was a revelation of savage feeling, of love and grief, of the deep emotions that can be enjoyed and suffered by one even of a cruel, cannibal race. As a mother, this woman had cherished and loved her child; as a savage, ignorant of faith and forlorn, she mourned her infant’s death.

The following incident impressed me as being typical of African vanity:

It was in a market place, and the inhabitants of all the country-side were there, buying, selling, haggling; each individual talking incessantly, and quite indifferent as to whether any one listened.

Presently I detected the sound of angry voices. Said

the Chief of Fumba to the Chief of Lutete:

“How poor are your people! A chief of people so poor is scarcely a chief at all. Do you not suffer from hunger? Are you not cold at night because you have no cloth? And your dead, is it not hard to place them in the ground without any cloth around their bodies? Your children, too—why, our slaves at Fumba own more wealth than your people of Lutete.”

In the course of a heated reply I heard the Chief of Lutete allude to the forthcoming market of Nkandu. Said he:



Les Fugitifs.

"Your words are the words of envy. At the Nkandu market we will show you that you lie, that your words are not true words. Wait, O Chief! Wait for the next market day."

This little dispute interested me, and I made a point of attending the next market.

Everything went on as usual until noon. Suddenly I heard exclamations of astonishment and wonder. Hands were placed over open mouths in token of surprise as the people gazed upon a long procession which slowly wended its way up the hill. These were the people of Lutete, and they had come to answer the taunts of the Chief of Fumba by a parade of their wealth and possessions.

There were probably two hundred men and women, and the chief, who led them in person, was most gorgeously attired. He carried a scarlet parasol, encircled with gold lace. Upon his head he wore an English lifeguardsman's helmet; around his neck he had the wooden circlet of a tambourine with its little brass cymbals jingling, and he wore next to his naked body the scarlet tunic of a militia uniform, which, together with some yards of multi-colored cotton cloth wrapped round his waist, with the ends trailing in the dusty ground behind him, completed his dress. The costumes of his followers were no less amazing in their incongruity, and the whole formed a collection of so varied a nature as would have aroused the interest of a Houndsditch clothier. The parasols of all shades and

descriptions; the yards of cloth and cotton goods; the rows upon rows of glass beads which adorned the bodies of the women; the jingling of the bells; the brave show of old flint-lock guns; the queer uses to which some of the garments had been put, all made a picture not easily to be forgotten.

Without a word being said the cavalcade entered the market place and in a most dignified manner they marched through the throng of admiring and dumfounded spectators, only to retire in the same order as they had come, still without uttering a word, whilst we all stood gazing in astonishment and silence as they followed the narrow serpentine path which led them back to their village in the valley below.

A touching incident, illustrating the sentiment of gratitude, followed my efforts to give relief to a suffering baby. Some months

later, I was surprised in the middle of the night by seeing a dark shadow cast upon the entrance of my tent. A woman's voice, hushed in tone, said to me:

"Here, O white man, take this egg! Many moons ago my baby suffered. You gave it medicine and it is well. I am a poor woman; I have nothing. But—O take this egg!"

Much touched by her words I arose from my bed, accepted the egg, and placed it in one of my boots for safe-keeping.

The following morning, whilst my caravan was getting ready for the day's march, I gave the egg to my cook, instructing him to poach it for my breakfast. A few min-



Le Sorcier.



The Idol Maker.

utes later he returned to me, holding in his hand a broken egg-shell, saying:

"Master, that egg was a bad one!"

As a contrary illustration, I must cite the instance of a man who suffered from a form of skin disease. By dint of simple remedies I succeeded in purifying the man's blood, and, in fact, the patient proved so amenable to my treatment that at the end of a month I told him that he was perfectly cured and might go home.

"Yes, O white man!" he replied. "But

what will you pay me? I have been with you many days, a whole moon has passed, what will you pay me for all that time?"

As an amusing instance of African human nature I recall a native who visited me in my tent at dawn. He told me that he knew of the whereabouts of elephants. He led the way. After travelling several times the distance he had previously indicated, I expostulated with him for lying, and refused to go further. It was the early part of the afternoon. He replied:

"Oh, you had better come on now! It is further for you to go back to your camp than it is to go where the elephants actually are."

An interesting friend of mine was Lumemba, living in the Cataract region of the Lower Congo; he once said philosophically:

"I have worked for white men and have had much hardship. I have been flogged for making mistakes, I have had my pay stopped, and I have seen much trouble. Now I will worship God and live quietly by the side of the Mission Station listening to the missionary, who says that it does not matter whether we be rich or poor, for rich and poor alike enjoy the same chances of going to heaven. What use is it for me to work? No! I will sleep."

In 1886, when proceeding to take command of the Station of Bangala, a populous district of the Congo Independent State, one thousand miles in the interior, I travelled up the Upper Congo on board the sternwheel steamer *Le Stanley*, my companions being Captain Deane, and Dr. Oscar Lentz, a well-known German scientist.

Arriving late in the evening at a village called Lulungu, situated on the south bank, we applied to the people for provisions, for we had on board some four hundred native followers, a portion of whom were Houssa soldiers, these latter being attached to Captain Deane, who was on his ill-fated journey to take command of Stanley Falls Station.

The Chief of Lulungu informed us that his people were in great trouble. They were at war with a neighboring village, and daily they had sustained heavy losses; in fact many of their people had been already captured and eaten, and they feared that they would very shortly be overpowered by the superior number of their adversaries.

We held a palaver, and it was agreed that we should enter into the matter at sunrise.

The following morning endeavors were made to parley with the chief of the hostile village. Spears were hurled at us, and our overtures were treated with derisive yells.

Dividing the two villages a stockade had been formed about twelve feet high, composed of the sides of old canoes which had been split lengthways. The Houssas fired a volley through the stockade, and Deane gave the word to rush forward.

Clambering over the stockade, we fell on the opposite side in a confused mass, during which time the natives continued hurling spears at us, and firing occasional shots from their one or two flint-lock guns.

For several minutes the scene was one of indescribable confusion, and the noise of shouting, shrieking savages had a peculiar awesome effect upon the nerves.

After making two or three plucky stands, the warriors incontinently bolted to seek cover in the high grass of the neighboring swamp. In retiring they set fire to their village, and as a strong wind was blowing, the grass huts crackled and blazed until we found ourselves enveloped in sheets of flame. Stifled by the smoke, singed by the fire, and half-blinded, we suffered considerable discomfort. A few minutes sufficed to convert the village into a mass of charred, smouldering sticks and poles.

The Lulungu people immediately rushed toward the river, calling us to follow. There, attached to stakes, immersed to their chins in the water, we found four Lulungu captives in a pitiable plight. Following the habit of the country, their captors had subjected these poor captives to a process of soaking preparatory to their being killed and eaten.

Throughout Central Africa one finds a remarkable system of communication between villages by means of drum tapping.

It is evidently of very ancient origin, and has been referred to as the forerunner of writing. Travelling through Africa, one's arrival is always anticipated by this means.

The drum that is most commonly used for this purpose consists of the segment of a hard red-wood tree, some six feet long and about two feet in diameter, the inside of which has been hollowed out by means of a small adze-shaped tool. This is a work which occupies much time and considerable patience. One side being left thicker than the other gives the means of producing two distinct tones.

They first "call" the town by a series of taps. They can argue, and they are able even in war time to communicate with their enemies and make terms. This applies more particularly to the riverine tribes who, finding that sound travels better over water, are in the habit of taking their drums to the water's edge. Their signals are repeated from one village to another.



Les Bantus.

Seeing, they see not : and hearing, they hear not, neither do they understand.

The drum is beaten by two wooden sticks capped by balls of rubber, and the system consists of irregular taps upon the two notes. In spite of all my efforts I was never able to acquire any practical information concerning their methods. But I can personally vouch for the wonderful accuracy with which they conveyed tidings and doings.

By way of testing their powers I once asked for the despatch of a canoe manned by four men, to be sent from a village on a distant shore. They duly shoved off, and after a few minutes I asked them to telegraph that the canoe was too small, that they were to return, and that what I required was a larger one with an increased number of men. Instantly the canoe returned to the shore, and a larger one set out

more fully manned, my order being promptly and perfectly executed.

The natives frequently send word to each other by means of drum tapping, as to the whereabouts of elephants, hippopotami, or buffalo, and calling all hands to go and hunt them. They give the description of the place, so that all can meet together at a given spot and join the hunt.

The natives become greatly excited by the booming of a drum; and it is a curious fact related by natives that chimpanzees in the forest have been noticed to have been affected by the rhythmical beating of a drum.

On my passage home from Africa I travelled on board a Portuguese steamer. When within about twelve hours' steam of the island of San Thomé, which lies on the

equator, off Gaboon, we sighted a cap-sized boat. The weather had been rough, and a heavy sea was still running. We lowered a boat, which proceeded with difficulty toward the derelict. Our astonishment was great when we found that two Africans were clinging to the overturned boat. Soon we had them on board, two forlorn men, who were quite exhausted. After a little rest and nourishment we succeeded in obtaining their story. They were both slaves, belonging to a cocoa plantation. Three days before they had attempted to escape from their cruel bondage in an open boat. Having no knowledge whatever of their bearings they merely rowed, with true African unreasoning confidence, in the direction of the rising sun. They were caught by the storm, their boat was capsized, and they had passed three days clinging to the bottom of the boat without food of any description.

Their survival was the more remarkable from the fact that the ocean in the vicinity of San Thomé is one of the most shark-infested portions of the coast.

We naturally felt great pity for them, and they were the recipients of various presents, including a very handsome clasp-knife.

That same night there was a disturbance between these two men. It was discovered that the man who had received the clasp-knife was deliberately attempting to kill his comrade, and had already inflicted some deep flesh wounds. The trouble arose from a spirit of envy. One man had been allotted a blue blanket and the other a red blanket, and the man with the clasp-knife was envious of his companion's blanket, which he preferred to his own. It was a deadly quarrel over a mere question of color.

Living as we do, generation after generation, in a condition of continuous progression, surrounded by so much that is complicated and artificial in our lives, it is difficult for us to really understand what life means to the African savage who dwells in harmony with wild and unrestricted nature.

With reference to the native's disregard for human life, it must be remembered that the motive does not always proceed from mere malignity of nature. Sometimes it is due to superstition, sometimes to fear. The people are sometimes over-ready to

attack through dread of being attacked. They kill lest they should be killed. It is very true that a slight motive is often enough for taking human life, but that does not prevent them—even the worst cannibal tribes—from having a disposition that is in some respects amiable and very easily conciliated and amused.

Human nature is always the same; it does not change. We all know that there are certain qualities indigenous to the human mind. These identical qualities which we share with Africans should surely be regarded, more than they are at present, as bonds of sympathy and conciliation in uniting men's affection for one another.

That "untaught nature has no principles" is a familiar axiom. In the case of the African savages, one is often too ready to estimate them as beings of nature, untaught, a degraded race, without conscience or even scruples. True it is that so they appear, for they have none of those finer feelings or sentiments which are known to us as mercy or charity; but the result of intercourse with even the lowest types affords abundant testimony of their being in possession of an instinctive conscience. It is also true that they are naturally cruel, that they rob and murder and even eat the bodies of their fellow-men; but the fact must not be forgotten that they are not conscious of wrong in so doing. An African savage seldom does that which he feels intuitively to be wrong.

The natives of Central Africa possess a clear intelligence within the limits of their own experience. Under the influence of good example they will surely relinquish their evil customs, for their natures are capable of better things. It is as sure that they will improve under good guidance as it is unfortunately sure that Europeans of an inferior moral and intellectual standard, prompted by greed, who have been thrown among them have, in too many cases, assimilated a double measure of the native's lower qualities. There must be hope for the future of a people who are so amenable to kind and judicious treatment. We should always bear in mind that the savage of to-day serves to indicate to us how far we ourselves have advanced from a similarly primitive condition.

It has been my experience that the longer one lives with Africans, the more one grows to love them.



John Howard Payne.



Washington Irving.

CORRESPONDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING AND JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

[1821-1828]

Edited by Payne's Grandnephew, Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

FIRST PAPER

INTRODUCTION

THE following letters are published for the first time.

In preparing them for publication I have eliminated uninteresting portions, and have introduced only a few explanatory notes, leaving the letters, so far as possible, to tell their own tale.

The letters from Irving to Payne came to me from my mother, who was a niece of John Howard Payne, being the only child of Payne's youngest brother, Thatcher.

The letters from Payne to Irving are from letter copybooks which I secured sev-

eral years ago at an auction sale in Philadelphia of some of Payne's papers.

It was John Howard Payne's habit to preserve all letters he received and to retain copies, either written or impressed in special books, of all letters that he wrote, so that when he died in Tunis, in 1852, he left an accumulation of letters besides other manuscripts, which if they could have been preserved intact would have been now of great value and interest.

Of Payne's numerous brothers and sisters only his oldest sister Lucy, the widow of Dr. John Cheever Osborn, and his young-