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Two Years Among Wild Men and Wild Beasts in England's Newest Colony.

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AT a regular luncheon of the Canadian Club, held on the 16th February, Dr. Rainsford said:

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Canadian Club,—I may be allowed, perhaps, to begin what I have to say to you with a personal reference, and it shall be brief. It is this: In the splendid opportunity my own friends and the city gave me yesterday to address as stimulating an audience as any man could hope to address, I said nothing that to my mind could possibly be twisted into offering the suggestion of whether I approved or did not approve of what is known as Imperialism. I was speaking of what I believe to be the need of reformation that is on us in religion, and I said, and say, that the lines are drawn, and men must choose their standards, must choose between the religious movement that is imperialistic and the religious movement that is democratic. That is all, gentlemen. (Applause.)

I can only hope this afternoon, in trying, as I shall to deal with the land of East Africa,—to give you a brief sketch of a land at present scarcely known, and of the peoples among whom I dwelt for two years who are practically unknown, some tribes with whom I was last year having never seen any white man until they saw me and my hunter. It is impossible to speak of Africa intelligently unless you can by some legerdemain succeed in imparting to Western people something of the atmosphere of the land. We cannot without imagination understand conditions hopelessly barbarous, where customs are so different, where science and progress stops, a land where there are no roads, and no path wider than that narrow 12-inch path trodden by the naked feet of the black natives, a land where famine may rage, where a lion

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may stop the way, where as you wander down the veldt where for two thousand years the chain gang has made its desolate way to the sea, as you step into the lush grass you may disturb with your foot skull after skull. Only of late years has English and German rule put a stop to throat-cutting. Desolation, misery, death, ruled supreme, and nature, uninfluenced by science and religion, held her dreadful sway.

If you lived, as I did for more than two years, among the black men themselves, you learn to love these men—very near the monkey, probably hundreds of thousand years nearer than we are. They are so true, so brave! More than once has my gun bearer hurled himself in front of me to take on his body the seemingly inevitable charge, and I almost shot him. That same man would in two years perhaps forget my name. You have there a life near the monkey, no memory, no conception of morals whatever, no conception of the spirit, yet with qualities so affectionate, so capable of development, so full of sympathy.

Now you see, gentlemen, unless you can get the atmosphere of such a land, you cannot understand its story. Men come back from Africa and tell hunting stories, but I am not going to tell you any hunting stories, I have not time for that. Most men who go to Africa are only trippers. You can take passage on a reasonably good steamer, and in five weeks from the time of leaving London be at Mombasa; if you want antelope you can be guided to their haunts, and have a cook better than you can get here. (Laughter.) I only mention some of the benefits you can get if you have money, but all this life is the tripper's life. From it a man comes back with various heads, his own often larger than before (laughter) with his rhino—a very easy thing to get—and a buffalo, if he is very lucky. Maybe he will get a lion. He comes back in two or three months to Nyrobi, and thinks he has seen Africa. But he has seen and knows nothing of Africa. You have to get farther away, and submerge yourself in the continent, to surround yourself with a hundred and fifty black carriers out of different tribes, so that you can easily open communication with the tribes you visit. You have to go month after month among them, learn to speak their language, to sit around their camp fires, and so catch the life of this land. Some of their stories are such as perhaps a hundred thousand years ago our own ancestors told around their camp fires,—you could not tell them if there were ladies present. These conditions of human life have lasted perhaps for two hundred thousand years. On real Safari life we are back in the long past of our race. Man has

not trained any beast to help him—we plod along as men toiled forward ages ago. The only mode of carriage is on the head, the only means of carrying food. After such a plunge into barbarism you come back to civilization with a larger sense of responsibility, and a deeper sense of the worth of the effort that has lifted us out of it—out of shere barbarism.

Gentlemen, I want to speak of the unknown of Africa as it thus remains. Yet though none can tell its story, for it is the land of the great, dark, dim unknown—we hear people who go there, they strive to tell us about it, but we are disappointed. No man knows Africa unless he has buried himself in the heart of that land. Africa is a land of mystery. The African in East Africa where I was, has little in common with the African as you know him in the West. Africa has no history, because it has no traditions. I lived for over a year in the midst of a semicircle of mountains looking down upon a beautiful plain, and there dwelt there seven different tribes. These seven different tribes looked down upon that plateau, and in that plateau there are traces of a forgotten unknown people, who built stone kraals,—houses or villages—so that there was a population that occupied that plateau, many thousands—perhaps it would not be exaggerating if I said tens of thousands in number, and I am absolutely certain that they occupied it a hundred years ago. How am I certain? Because in Africa, the instant you take your hand away from the land there sprouts a tree. I have cut down a tree and carefully counted the rings, and I never found more than a hundred rings in a tree in such a kraal. This is proof that it was occupied by men a hundred years ago, and that by some dread desolation—war, famine, or pestilence,—these thousands suddenly ceased to live. But in the surrounding mountains, occupied by these seven different tribes, not the faintest tradition remains of who these people were who long ago built these stone kraals. Science is baffled—these people were swept out of life—why and how, no man knows—and no tradition among surrounding tribes tells of their fate.

World powers that succeeded in other lands failed to influence Africa. We know Egypt failed because she took nothing from African fauna for the world. The hen came to Egypt from the East. So did the cow, and the dog,—and if you could only take that dog and train him he would be one of the finest dogs in the world, though left wild he is dangerous. The zebra would make an excellent beast of burden, and the eland would make a superb cow. But Egypt

failed absolutely to make any penetrative effect upon the great African continent. Though in the time of St. Augustine there were four hundred Bishops of the faith in Northern Africa, but the missionaries never crossed the Sahara, and the power of civilization has never touched the heart of Africa. Will England fail? When a man says England always succeeds, north, south, east or west, I differ with him. I don't think she has succeeded in South Africa. There is nothing but praise for the English civil servant—I take off my hat to him every time. He is the bravest, the most self-sacrificing of men, if sometimes a little stupid—(laughter)—give him a chance and he will do magnificently. He goes out there knowing absolutely nothing but what he got in an English school, and while that goes a certain way it does not go the whole way. I have seen him sitting down there with his Swahili dictionary and a couple of native interpreters before him, trying to make out what black men are jabbering,—he does his job on £200 a year—with too often an unsympathetic government, and he knows that in ten years probably he will have a rotten liver. By such men England is served, and well served, along her far-flung battle line.

There can be little question but that Uganda is one of the richest lands in the world; the western part of East Africa, and the country that surrounds the great lakes, is a natural granary, from which India could be supplied. Two crops can be reaped in a year, sometimes three. Corn grows 10 or 15 feet high in four months. You can plant sticks no bigger than your thumb, and in five years' time you will have to take an ax to save yourself from being driven out of your home by the trees. (Laughter.) I have myself measured gum trees 98 feet high grown in ten years. The land is rich volcanic soil. It can raise the best cotton in the world, and is raising to-day the best coffee in the world, fetching £2 10s. a ton more than any other.

The Uganda mutiny put all this country in jeopardy for a time. Two battalions were sent up the Nile. Now one of the shortcomings of the Nubian soldier is that it is impossible to separate him from his women. He absolutely refuses to be separated from his wives and children. The English bargained that the Nubians were not to be separated from their wives and children for more than six months. But it was found that the campaign would have to go on for eighteen months instead of six. The officers, who had passed their word of honor, and the Government which had done so—for they were representing the Government to these simple people—found themselves obliged to tell the Nubians that they

had to go on to Victoria Nyanza. After some distressful time, these officers gave in their resignations, and new men were appointed, who did not speak the Nubian language—with the result that the soldiers broke into fury, and started to take the country themselves. They were not a large band of men—only two battalions, but they were entrenched, and they had Maxims and Martinis, the best weapons in the world. There were men there, missionaries, trying to help the people, to help their bodies as well as their souls. The Waganda gathered round their missionaries and asked, "Do you think it right for these mutinous mohamedans to take all our country?" There could be but one answer—"no." Then will you lead us against them?

The mutineers entrenched themselves above the lake at Jubas Borna, and from behind the fortified position defied attack. They were armed with Martini rifles and Maxims. Led by Mr. Pilkington, the heroic missionary and their own war chief, the Waganda spearmen charged the Borna wall. Tore at the spring hedge with their hands. Charged and charged! till Pilkington, their war chief, and 900 men lay dead before the guns.

They were beaten back. But the heart of the mutiny was broken—and Uganda was saved to England and civilization. Pilkington lies buried under a rose bush on Mengo Hill—no honors were his—yet surely no braver soldier of the cross ever gave his life for his fellowmen.

I launched out into this wild land with my 100 wildmen and felt absolutely safe. Each man was carrying his sixty-five pound load on his head. You have to give him a pound and a half of that meal a day; it isn't very much, but in one month he has eaten forty-five pounds of the sixty, and what are you going to do about it? There is the crux and the quandary of African travel. That is the reason that journeying in Africa is a trouble and a toil. Hunters leaving the great rivers behind them, the easy means of travel, and going where there are no roads and no rivers, must have food. These men had to carry food, but they could not carry more than sixty pounds each, and when that food was gone they had to get food. The African has no food; he has no such thing as possession. He is a happy man because he has nothing to lose. If he has food, it is hidden in the bush, for in this country which is swept by slavers that is the only hiding place. Even Mr. Stanley, when he went to find Livingstone, could not get food. Every man holds what he has. The man who has it fights for it; and the next man who comes has to fight an enraged man from whom food has been taken! The

fact is Mr. Stanley's steps in Africa were died in blood! Livingstone wanted to be left alone! But the papers had to achieve something, and Stanley was sent!

When the question is asked, "Can a man trust the black man?" I say you certainly can trust him.

Alongside her civil servants who serve her well there stands a man whose position is even nobler, the English and American missionary, who doesn't count life dear to himself, who holds up before and points out to the black man,—who is yet going to be a man,—some adequate representation of what a man should be. The English ivory hunter lives like the black man, but the missionary—I know a man, on \$250 a year, the man and his wife together, living amongst the blacks, tending with their hands the sick, always standing for the best,—these men and a few noble women with them, these want support. People at home think they know everything about East Africa, its gadflies and sleeping sickness. I saw a man sit down to teach a Bible lesson,—he had to teach a black man the epistle to the Romans; how was he to teach the man justification by faith? "Doctor," he said, "I'd rather take St. James." I knew a man who with his dear little wife was living in a village where a man-eating leopard came. I sat up two nights to get that leopard. One night their baby was sick. The weather was hot. He was a great big Wisconsin, six feet two. The window was wide open. Presently he had that sense in the darkness of something near, and looked out of the window, when literally his nose almost touched the nose of that man-eating leopard. He reached down for his gun, which mercifully was within reach, and blew the leopard's head off! That man is living among the Masai, trying to teach them the life that should be. The Masai are the most advanced tribe, and the best organized for war of any tribe of East Africa. They are a cattle-keeping tribe, but I will tell you a terrible thing about them. No man between twenty and thirty can marry; he lives in the war kraals, places of strategic position in the country. The little girls between ten years old and puberty are the property of these great warriors, and live promiscuously with these husky blacks till they reach puberty, then they go back to their homes and are married! Against that sort of thing, men like my missionary friend are striving and fighting, trying to help the black people to better themselves! Thank you for listening to me so long!

In response to the long and hearty applause which marked the conclusion of Dr. Rainsford's address, he said: "Gentlemen, four of the happiest years of my life were spent in this city! Good luck to you!"