



HEAD OF THE GORILLA.

ADVENTURES IN GORILLA LAND.*

TOWARD the close of the year 1846, the Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, now the respected Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, but then a missionary in the Gaboon Region of Western Africa, came into possession, accidentally, of the skull and afterward of the greater part of a skeleton of an ape which he was convinced was not known to naturalists. He forwarded these remains to the Boston Society of Natural History, in whose proceedings they were afterward described by Dr. Savage and Professor Jeffries Wyman.

This was the first notice the scientific world had of the existence, in a part of Africa known to the civilized world for twenty centuries, of an animal the most monstrous and cruel, as it has been since demonstrated to be in its frame the most man-like, of all the beasts of the forest.

Mr. Wilson's discovery, whose importance he modestly underrated, devoting to it only a few lines in his interesting account of Western Africa,† caused naturalists to search old books of travel for any description of such an animal; and a few such traces are indeed found, but all evidently negro exaggerations with the glosses of imaginative writers; no civilized man having up to that period ever seen a live gorilla; only Mr. Wilson was known to have had the good fortune to see its carcass. In 1855 Professor Owen, of London, received from the Gaboon, from an old shipmaster, a cask of rum, in which

was contained the spoiled body of a huge gorilla. Only the skeleton proved of use for descriptive purposes, and on this Professor Owen founded a most interesting paper, in which he took pains to collect all the meagre accounts so far gathered from the natives, of the appearance and habits of the animal.

With this memoir the subject rested, to all intents, until in the fall of 1859 the naturalists of this country were at last gratified by the return, with a magnificent collection of stuffed gorillas of all ages, of Mr. Paul B. Du Chaillu, an enterprising American citizen, who had spent four years in a thorough exploration of the region in which alone the gorilla is found, and in hunting that animal, and gaining, with the enthusiasm of an ardent naturalist, the fullest knowledge of the habits and nature of the mysterious beast. We propose to follow Mr. Du Chaillu through a portion of his romantic and adventurous travels, as he has recounted them in the magnificent work he has just published; but must pause at the threshold to give the reader some idea of the region which may with justice be called "Gorilla Land." Turn to a map of Africa, on which are marked the most recent explorations, and you will find a belt, narrow, compared with the length of the continent, but containing a vast area of land, lying between lat. 3° North, and lat. 3° South, and which is left blank from the western coast to Captain Burton's Lake Tanganyika on the east. Barth did not reach it from the north; Livingstone stopped short of it from the south; Burton's adventurous march to the long-sought land of the moon was but a step in the long journey across the continent from the east; and the merchants who had for many years more or less drained this mysterious region of ivory, beeswax, ebony, gold dust, and latterly of India-rubber, were content to live carefully on the coast, not caring to risk

* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa: With Accounts of the Manners and Customs of the People, and of the Chase of the Gorilla, the Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other animals.* By PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, corresponding member of the American Ethnological Society, of the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York, and of the Boston Society of Natural History. 1 vol. 8vo, with numerous illustrations. Harper and Brothers.

† *Western Africa, its History, Condition, and Prospects*, by Rev. J. LEIGHTON WILSON. Harper and Brothers.



NSHAKA, KING OF THE CASSINAI.

the limited commerce himself. As a merchant he became familiar with the languages of many of the tribes who came down to trade. Having studied Natural History in France, he profited by his leisure to make collections of the numerous undescribed species of birds found on this little known coast; and at last, desirous alike of extending his trade, and of investigating the habits of the gorilla, about which he had long been curious, he determined to devote a year to an exploration of the mysterious interior.

His year lasted *five* years! And in this time, as he modestly sums it up in his preface, he traveled—always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men—about 8000 miles; shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2000 birds, of which more than 60 are new species, and killed upward of 1000 quadrupeds, of which 200 were stuffed and brought home, with more than 80 skeletons. "*Not less than 20 of these quadrupeds are species hitherto unknown to science.*" He suffered fifty attacks of the African fever, taking, to cure himself, over fourteen ounces of quinine. Of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains, and attacks of ferocious ants and venomous flies, he thinks it not worth while to speak.

These are achievements of which surely any man not yet thirty may be proud, and which place him high in the

an almost certain death by rash ventures into an interior thought to be doubly protected by ferocious negro tribes and fatal fevers. Of these merchants the father of Mr. Du Chaila was one. The son was familiar with the coast from early boyhood, quitted it to attend school, but returned, and on his father's death entered into

list of those adventurous spirits—Livingstone, Barth, Burton, and others, the pioneers of African civilization—to whom, some centuries hence, we may imagine the Empire of Africa gratefully erecting statues.

The tribes of West Africa, according to Mr. Du Chaila, are pre-eminently traders, and con-



WOODEN MAN AND WOMAN, SHOWING MANNER OF CARRYING CHILDREN AND BIRCHES.

their eagerness for commerce he based, in part, his hopes of safety in his solitary incursions into the far interior. For he was entirely unattended; and when it is remembered that he did not hesitate to encumber himself on his longest journey with about two thousand dollars' worth of the goods most coveted by the savages among whom he lived for two years, it is not strange that Quengema, the great king, called him "a man with a heart like tiger's."

"When you go out again, you will make up a party of whites?" the present writer one day suggested to him.

"What for? You know they would all die!" was the quick reply.

"But why did not you die?"

"Because I had not time."

The blacks are the most eager traders in the world; but when we know the manner of their trade, we cease to wonder that an enterprising merchant should attempt to work without agents of such double-dyed Jewry. In the first place, all trade is a monopoly. Many of the products are brought from a distance of three or four hundred miles from the interior. There are the elephants, the ebony-trees, the India-rubber vines; and there live the wretched producers. Between them and the coast live perhaps a dozen tribes, who are not producers, but commission mer-

chants. Each holds fast possession of a piece of the river, which is the only highway of the impenetrable country. Each passes to his neighbor below him the tooth, or piece of ebony or barwood, which has passed to him from his neighbor above; and when, at last, the venture reaches the coast, it is already burdened with a series of debts, in the shape of commissions, which too often eat up the principal. "In fact, the first holder has *traded* each successive dispenser with his property without any equivalent or 'collateral' security. Now, when the last black fellow disposes of this piece of ebony or ivory to the white merchant or captain, he retains, in the first place, a very liberal percentage of the returns for his valuable services, and turns the remainder over to his next neighbor above. *He*, in turn,

takes out a commission for *his* trouble, and passes on what is left; and so, finally, a very small remainder—too often nothing at all—is handed over to the poor fellow who has inaugurated the speculation or sent the task. The poor interior tribes are kept by their neighbors in the profoundest ignorance of what is done on the coast. They are made to believe the most absurd and horrid stories as to the ferocity, the duplicity, and the cunning of the white traders. They are persuaded that the rascally middle-men are not only in constant danger of their lives by their intercourse with the whites, but that they do not make any profit on the goods which they good-naturedly pass on to a market, so that I have known one of these scoundrels, after having appropriated a large share of the poor remainder of returns for a venture of ivory, actually, by a pitiful story, beg a portion of what he had handed over to his unsuspecting client. Each tribe cheats its next neighbor above, and maligns its next neighbor below. A talent for slandering is, of course, a first-rate business talent; and the harder stories one can tell of his neighbors below the greater profit he will make on his neighbor above."

Again, through the anxiety of white traders to secure "trade," there has sprung up along the coast an injurious system of "trust." A



merchant, to secure to himself certain quantities of produce yet to come down from the interior, gives to such black fellows as he thinks he can depend on advances of trade goods, often to very considerable amounts. In this way, on the Gaboon and on the coast, often many thousand dollars' worth of goods are in the hands of natives,

for which no consideration has been received by the white trader, who meantime waits, and is put to trouble and expense, and thinks himself lucky if he do not eventually lose a part of his investment. And last, though evidently not least, is the vexation and loss of precious time in a climate fatal to white men, of having to deal



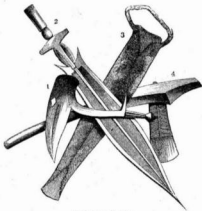
SLAVE-BATTLE AMONG THE FANS

with a set of fellows to whom time is precisely the thing they least value, and who chaffer all day about the sale of a tooth, and then take it away to try again next day. Here is a scene on board a ship just arrived. She is instantly boarded by a crowd of fellows, each jabbering

away, apparently at random, but all telling the same story:

"Never was there such dearth of ivory—or whatever the captain may want!

"Never were the interior tribes so obstinate in demanding a high price!



FAN KNIFE AND AXIS.

1. Tomahawk.—2. Knife three feet long.—3. Sheath.—4. Wapaw.

"Never was the whole coast so bare!
 "Never were difficulties so great!
 "There have been fights, captain!
 "And fever, captain!
 "And floods, captain!
 "And no trade at all, captain!
 "Not a tooth!"

This point settled, they produce their "good books," which are certificates of character, in which some captain or other white trader who is known on the coast vouches for the honesty—the great honesty and entire trust-worthiness—of the bearer. It is not worth while for a fellow to present himself without a certificate, and the papers are all good, because, when "the bearer" has cheated, he does not apply for a "character." Now these certificates help him to cheat. When he finds the need of a new set of papers, he conducts himself with scrupulous honesty toward two or three captains. These, of course, "certify" him, and then he goes into the wildest and most reckless speculations, upheld by the "good books," which he shows to every captain that comes.

Now, while they are pretending that nothing is to be bought, that there is no ivory on the coast, all this time the lying rascals have their hands full, and are eager to sell. They know the captain is in a hurry. The coast is sickly. The weather is hot. He fears his crew may fall sick or die, and he be left with a broken voyage. Every day is

strange interior. The rivers are highways as far as they go. When they fail, the travelers' luggage is strapped on the backs of women, who support the load by an awkward band wound round the head. There are no beasts of burden. The savage wild bull of these plains has never been tamed; horses are unknown; and the journey must be made on foot. Happy the poor traveler if he does not starve on the way; for game is scarce. "Not even a monkey or a rat!" exclaims hungry De Chaille, looking with greedy eyes and watering mouth at a half-croaked snake, twenty-five feet long, which his unscrupulous party are devouring; and cursing in his heart those qualms which forbade him to partake with them.

At every new town our traveler reached he was the object of wonder not unmixed with



FAN BOWMAN.



FAN TOWN AND SANDA.

alarm. His white face—tanned, we imagine, to what we should call a dark bronze; his shoes, which were usually supposed to be his feet; his clothes; and, above all, his long, straight hair, excited by terms the awe and admiration of curious and rankly-smelling crowds; till, at last, when he reached the *ufina* side of his first journey, an astonished warrior fell down at his feet, in mortal terror, to worship him as a spirit.

This was among the *Fans*, a tribe remarkable for the most disgusting species of cannibalism which has ever been witnessed or recorded. They eat habitually the corpses of persons who die a

los between neighboring villages; and our traveler not only found his quarters in the Fan capital surrounded by human remains, but was witness to the division of the spoils of a deceased villager. We have heard Captain Burton relate, with savage glee, how a tribe on the eastern coast, determined to conquer another which offered unexpected resistance, on the field of battle ate the hearts of their enemies in the presence of a number of prisoners, who, being afterward released, carried the terror of this tale to their nation, who immediately submitted. "They could stand being killed," said the redoubtable captain, "but to be eaten struck them with terror." But here was a tribe who eat human flesh habitually, and that of a peculiarly disgusting quality. We shall not forget the incredulous smile with which a dinner party received this relation from the lips of Mr. Du Chaille, who, quickly perceiving the doubt, capped it with an instance which seemed quite too horrible to be true: "A party of Fans who came down to the sea-shore once to see the sea actually stole a freshly buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them; and another party took another body, conveyed it into the woods, cut it up, and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them."

Several months afterward we found ourselves one day in Mr. Du Chaille's museum, and were introduced to the Rev. Mr. Walker, long time a missionary on the Gaboon station, and were by him assured of the literal truth of this story, which no one would before believe.

These disgusting cannibals are a finely built



THE BASSINOCAV ANT, MAGNIFIED TO TWICE ITS NATURAL SIZE.

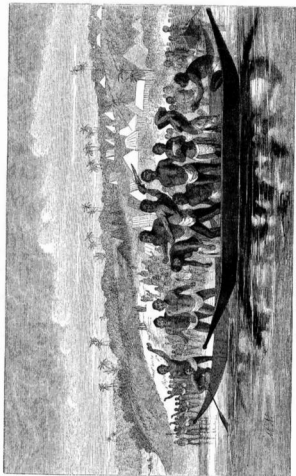
natural death—that is, by disease! It seems that they refrain from eating their relatives and townsmen, but carry on a regular traffic in bod-

WELLS & JO HAYES



and very intelligent race; taller than their neighbors; smelting and hammering iron, of which they make spear-heads, and long, savage, two-edged knives, compared with which the Arkansas tooth-pick is a child's plaything. They use a bow of immense strength, which even they can not bend without sitting down to it, and from

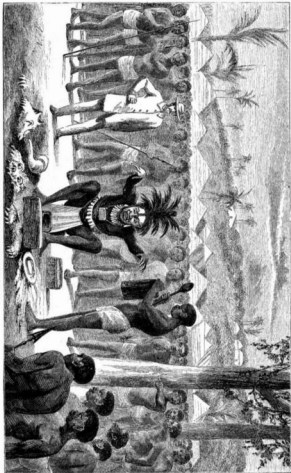
which are propelled the little poisoned arrows which make them a terror to their enemies. The men plait their wool into a queue behind, lengthening it by the help of tow dyed black, as John Chinaman helps his tail out with black silk. They use a shield of elephant hide, a specimen of which, in Mr. Du Chailu's collec-



FUGION ORIGNAL, AND MUGLIFICATION FOR BOGGERY.

tion, needs a strong arm to hold out. They dress themselves in a cloth made, like the South Sea Islander's "tappa," of the beaten bark of a tree; to which are added a leopard's skin about the middle, and an abundance of tigers' teeth, human vertebrae, monkeys' tails, and other absurdities, which are fetiches or amulets, to pro-

tect these man-eaters from the arrows and teeth of their enemies. Their country abounds with elephants, which they kill for their meat and the ivory, which is their only "trade" with the coast. And, alas! even these fierce ghouls are cheated by their monopolizing neighbors, to whom they intrust their goods for sale to the white man.



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When the Fans have discovered the beat of a herd of elephants, they construct, with great labor, a net-work of the abundant vines of the forest, which half incloses a considerable tract. This requires several days. Then, armed with numerous spears, they drive the herd against this fatal barrier, where the huge bodies push

vainly against the yielding vines, while their agile enemies attack them from the overhanging branches and from behind the trees, till at last, one after another, the poor victims fall, their hides bristling with spears. But there is no little danger in the mad mêlée; and the man who loses his presence of mind for a moment is killed

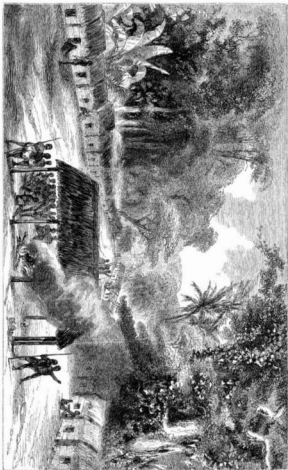


CROCODILE HUNTING IN THE ANGENGEE LAKE.

by the enraged beast. Of our traveler's party, on one such *batta*, a poor fellow was caught and trampled into a jelly in an instant by a furious elephant, which suddenly charged an attacking crowd.

We have not space to recount the curious rules which guide the chase among the Fans,

or the superstitious observances with which the spoils are afterward divided. Nor can we quote the interesting account of their marriage customs, or of a cannibal wedding at which Mr. Du Challa was an honored guest, and where he was deafened by the noise of savage music, and disgusted by the general intoxication with which



"MORLEY" ILLUSTRATION BY K. BENTLEY

the feast wound up. The drum is valued the more the greater noise it makes. But these people have also a very remarkable instrument called the handja, whose sweet and silvery tones by no means smack of cannibalism. It consists of a light reed frame, three feet long by one and a half broad, into which are set and securely

fastened a set of hollow gourds covered by strips of a hard red wood found in the forests. Each of these cylinders is of a different size, and all are so graduated that the set form a regular series of notes. A handja generally contains seven. The performer sits down, lays the frame across his knees, and strikes the strips lightly

with a stick. There are two sticks, one hard, the other soft, and the principle is the same on which music has been produced in France from a series of glasses. The tone is very clear and good; and though their tunes are very rude, they can play them with considerable skill.

It was while among the Fans that our traveler killed his first gorilla, a huge beast lacking but a few inches of being six feet in height. They had been cautiously hunting the dense jungle for some hours. "Suddenly Miengai uttered a little *cluck* with his tongue, which is the native's way of showing that something is stirring, and that a sharp look-out is necessary. And presently I noticed, ahead of us seemingly, a noise as of some one breaking down branches or twigs of trees.

"This was the gorilla, I knew at once, by the eager and satisfied looks of the men. They looked once more carefully at their guns, to see if by any chance the powder had fallen out of the pans; I also examined mine, to make sure that all were right; and then we marched on cautiously.

"The singular noise of the breaking of tree-branches continued. We walked with the greatest care, making no noise at all. The countenances of the men showed that they thought themselves engaged in a very serious undertaking; but we pushed on, until finally we thought we saw through the thick woods the moving of the branches and small trees which the great beast was tearing down, probably to get from them the berries and fruits he lives on.

"Suddenly, as we were yet creeping along, in a silence which made a heavy breath seem loud and distinct, the woods were filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla.

"Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and presently before us stood an immense male gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight I think never to forget. Nearly six feet high, with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring, large, deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some nightmare vision: thus stood before us this king of the African forests.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there, and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance; meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp *baak* like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass *roff*, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from the deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire as we

stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now truly he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, as he began another of his roars and beating his breast in rage, we fired, and killed him.

"With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. The body shook convulsively for a few minutes, the limbs moved about in a straggling way, and then all was quiet—death had done its work, and I had leisure to examine the huge body. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed.

"My men, though rejoicing at our luck, immediately began to quarrel about the apportionment of the meat—for they really eat this creature. I saw that we should come to blows presently if I did not interfere, and therefore said I should myself give each man his share, which satisfied all. As we were too tired to return to our camp of last night, we determined to camp here on the spot, and accordingly soon had some shelters erected and dinner going on. Luckily, one of the fellows shot a deer just as we began to camp, and on its meat I feasted while my men ate gorilla.

"I noticed that they very carefully saved the brain, and was told that charms were made of this—charms of two kinds. Prepared in one way, the charm gave the wearer a strong hand for the hunt, and in another it gave him success with women."

The evening was spent, as was usual on such occasions, in telling superstitious stories of the powers and evil doings of the mysterious brute, which has taken so strong a hold of the imaginations of these Africans that it is in all these regions a household word of dread. We call a few of the many curious stories which Mr. Du Chaillu thus gathered at different times about the camp-fire. He says: "I listened in silence to the conversation, which was not addressed to me, and was rewarded by hearing the stories as they are believed, and not as a stranger would be apt to draw them out by questions. One of the men told of two Mboondemo women who were walking together through the woods, when suddenly an immense gorilla stepped into the path, and, clatching one of the women, bore her off in spite of the screams and struggles of both. The other woman returned to the village, sadly frightened, and related the story. Of course her companion was given up for lost. Great was the surprise, therefore, when, a few days afterward,



THE KOOLOO-KAMPA.

she returned to her home. She related that the gorilla had forced her to accompany him for many miles, but had not seriously injured her, and that she had easily escaped from him.

"Yes," said one, "that was a gorilla inhabited by a spirit."

"Which explanation was received with a general grunt of approval.

"They believe, in all this country, that there is a kind of gorilla—known to the initiated by certain mysterious signs, but chiefly by being of extraordinary size—which is the residence of

certain spirits of departed negroes. Such gorillas, the natives believe, can never be caught or killed; and, also, they have much more shrewdness and sense than the common animal. In fact, in these 'possessed' beasts, it would seem that the intelligence of man is united with the strength and ferocity of the beast. No wonder the poor African dreads so terrible a being as his imagination thus conjures up.

"One of the men told how, some years ago, a party of gorillas were found in a cane-field tying up the sugar-cane in regular bundles, preparatory to carrying it away. The natives attacked them, but were routed, and several killed, while others were carried off prisoners by the gorillas; but in a few days they returned home uninjured, with this horrid exception: the nails of their fingers and toes had been torn off by their captors.

"Some years ago a man suddenly disappeared from his village. It is probable that he was carried off by a tiger; but as no news came of him, the native superstition invented a cause for his absence. It was related and believed that, as he walked through the wood one day, he was suddenly changed into a hideous large gorilla, which was often pursued afterward, but never killed, though it continually haunted the neighborhood of the village.

"Here several spoke up and mentioned names of men now dead whose spirits were known to be dwelling in gorillas.

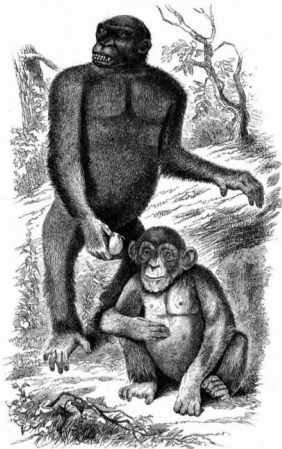
"Finally was rehearsed the story which is current among all the tribes who at all know the gorilla: that this animal lies in wait in the lower branches of trees, watching for people who go to and fro; and, when one passes sufficiently near, grasps the luckless fellow with his powerful feet and draws him up into the tree, where he quietly chokes him."

Such stories as these, the wild imaginings of terror-stricken negroes, have, until now, passed current as at least largely founded in fact. They are gathered in Professor Owen's before mentioned very interesting *Memoir of the Gorilla*; and it seems a pity to wipe away at one blow so horrible and pleasing a picture as is thus made up. But Mr. Du Chaillu must be believed, and he says: "I am sorry to be the dispeller of such agreeable delusions; but the gorilla does not lurk in trees by the roadside, and drag up unsuspecting passers-by in its claws, and choke them to death in its vice-like paws; it does not attack the elephant and beat him to death with sticks; it does not carry off women from the native villages; it does not even build itself a house of leaves and twigs in the forest-trees and sit on the roof, as has been confidently reported of it. It is not gregarious even; and the numerous stories of its attacking in great numbers have not a grain of truth in them."

It lives in the loneliest and darkest portions of the dense African jungle, preferring deep wooded valleys and also ragged heights. It does not live much, if at all in trees, only the young ones sleeping in the branches, while the adults make their beds at the foot of some mon-

arch of the woods, sleeping, as Mr. Du Chaillu thinks, in a sitting posture. Though the animal has such immense teeth and jaws, it is a strict vegetarian; its favorite food being pine-apple leaves, a small berry which grows near the ground, the soft pith of a tree, to get at which the gorilla uses his vast strength to break the tree down; and, lastly, a nut with a very hard shell, which it cracks with its strong jaws. It is not gregarious. The young are found in flocks of never more than five; and these, as well as females when found alone, make off in great haste from the hunter. *But the adult male gorilla is never known to run from his enemy, man.* This is not only the experience of Mr. Du Chaillu, but the universal testimony of the negroes. "When I surprised a pair of gorillas, the male was generally sitting down on a rock or against a tree, in some darkest corner of the jungle, where the brightest sun left its traces only in a dim and gloomy twilight. The female was mostly feeding near by; and it is singular that she almost always gave the alarm by running off, with loud and sudden cries or shrieks. Then the male, sitting for a moment with a savage frown on his face, slowly rises to his feet, and, looking with glowing and malign eyes at the intruders, begins to beat his breast, and, lifting up his round head, utters his frightful roar. This begins with several sharp barks, like an enraged or mad dog, whereupon ensues a long, deeply guttural rolling roar, continued for over a minute, and which, doubled and multiplied by the resounding echoes of the forest, fills the hunter's ears like the deep rolling thunder of an approaching storm. I have reason to believe that I have heard this roar at a distance of three miles. The horror of the animal's appearance at this time is beyond description. It seems as monstrous as a nightmare dream—so impossible a piece of hideousness that, were it not for the danger of its savage approach, the hunter might fancy himself in some ugly dream. At such a sight I could forgive my brave native hunters that they were sometimes overcome with superstitious fears, and ceased to wonder at the strange, weird 'gorilla stories' of the negroes."

It is a maxim with the well-trained gorilla-hunters to reserve their fire till the very last moment. Experience has shown them that—whether the enraged beast takes the report of the gun for an answering defiance, or for what other reason unknown—if the hunter fires and misses, the gorilla at once rushes upon him; and this onset no man can withstand. One blow of that huge paw, with its bony claws, and the poor hunter's entrails are torn out, his breast-bone broken, or his skull crushed. It is too late to reload, and flight is vain. There have been negroes who in such cases, made desperate by their frightful danger, have faced the gorilla, and struck at him with the empty gun. But they had time for only one harmless blow. The next moment the huge arm came down with fatal force, breaking musket and skull with one blow.



GORILLA AND YOUNG.

One poor fellow, an attached follower of our traveler, was thus slain, the gorilla with one blow from its tremendous arm laying his bowels open. Then the furious animal seized the gun, whose barrel it bent, and bit so as to leave the dents of its teeth on the iron! "I imagine," says Mr. Du Chaillu, "that no animal is so fatal in its attack on man as this, for the reason that it meets him face to face, and uses its arms as

its weapons of offense. Just as a man or a prize-fighter would—only that it has longer arms, and vastly greater strength than the strongest boxer the world ever saw."

But we must refer the reader to Mr. Du Chaillu's work for farther particulars of the gorilla, whose nature and actions he was able to study, not only in the forests, but in his camps, where he had at various times no less than five

young captive gorillas. Utterly untamable, ferocious, and not to be touched either by kindness or severity, these treacherous little beasts wore out their lives by vain struggles for liberty and savage attempts at revenge upon their captors. There is a monstrous fascination about his accounts of this animal which is scarcely equaled by the most horrid of Edgar Poe's nightmare-breeding romances.

Our remaining space suffices only to give a running summary of Mr. Du Chaillu's journeys and their results. His longest and most important explorations were made by the favor of a powerful king, Quengwa by name, whose shrewd mind appreciated the benefit he was likely to derive from the friendship of a white man. At Goombi, Quengwa's capital, the traveler was received with great honor, and, with the exception of one unfortunate execution for witchcraft, when two of his own friends were murdered in cold blood, he enjoyed here a great influence over the people; many of whom begged him to send them white men to teach them. The *ogangas*, or medicine-men, however, hated him, because he spoke with disrespect of their superstitions, and tried to induce the king to abolish the cruel poison-ordal to which persons accused of sorcery are obliged to submit, and by which thousands lose their lives every year through this region.

One of these medicine-men played him in return a very shrewd trick, which we must relate. A man had died in the town owned by our traveler at the mouth of the Fernand Vaz, and which was the base of his operations, where his surplus goods were stored in houses built by him at considerable expense. Now when a man dies in that country, it is supposed to be only because some enemy of his has bewitched him. Hence an *oganga* was called from the interior, whose duty it was to discover the culprit—who would then be submitted to the ordeal of poison, and if this, by its effects, declared him guilty, would be decapitated, quartered, and his remains cast away. The shrewd *oganga* came, and after various incantations declared himself unable to discover the sorcerer; but gave it as his opinion that if the people did not abandon their town, and remove farther up the river, they would all die. And before twenty-four hours were over poor Du Chaillu was left entirely alone! The medicine-man had played him a trick which nearly proved fatal to his enterprise, as it was only by promises of extravagant pay that he could induce three or four men to come back and live with him, and to keep watch over his property in his absence.

Before ascending the Rembo to Goombi, Du Chaillu explored the Ogojay, to its termination, or source, in a lake called the Anengue, which he found, at the dry season, filled with little blotches of mud-islands, covered with astonishing numbers of crocodiles, who came down from the surrounding marshes to feed on the fish, which abound in the lake at this season. On these crocodiles the natives of the region live;

killing them with a rude but effective harpoon, which is darted from a long and very flat-bottomed boat, which skims over the turbid surface raising scarce a ripple. Crocodile shooting by moonlight—which is the best time—is a novel and exciting sport, which he here enjoyed for the first time, and which we find no note of in former African travelers.

Above Goombi, the Rembo, which was originally the Fernand Vaz, takes the name of Ovenga—Rembo meaning, in fact, only *river*. Here our traveler came upon a region somewhat healthier, with a soil of considerable fertility, though, in the utter ignorance of the negroes, they do not cultivate the ground with sufficient regularity to draw from it even subsistence for themselves: a more idle, hand-to-mouth living set of people it would be difficult to imagine. They cut small quantities of the abundant ebony, kill a few elephants, and cut sometimes a little barwood, and with these manage to obtain scant supplies of beads, guns, powder, and iron and copper kettles, from the sea-shore. In all this region the gorilla is found; and while staying with a chief named Obindji, Mr. Du Chaillu was so fortunate as to discover two new species of apes—of which the world did not before possess even that scant intelligence it had of the gorilla. These were the *Kooloo-Kooloo*—so named from its singular cry—which is pronounced by comparative anatomists the most man-like of all the apes; and the *Nakigo M'lowé*, a remarkably docile and intelligent animal, which builds for itself, with a surprising ingenuity, a leafy roof, in the forks of some high tree, where it rests at night, secure from the drenching rains of this country, and from the attacks of beasts. Of the last, our traveler possessed several young ones, which exhibited an astonishing docility and love for the company of man—very different from the morose and treacherous disposition of the young gorilla. And, most singular of all, the young *Nakigo* is born with a face as perfectly white as the whitest child! It is not till it enters its second year that its face assumes a yellow tint, and at three years old it is pitchy black like its mother. We can not spare room here for a more detailed account of these remarkable animals.

Among all the tribes he had hitherto visited he had found a kind of grass-cloth, used for the scanty covering of both men and women—but nowhere, so far, had he seen a loom. To the question, "Where do you get this?" the invincible answer was, "from the East, from a people who are cloth-makers, and great magicians, and whose tongue we do not speak, and who can kill men whom they do not like." This people—cloth-makers and magicians—he had long wished to see; and at last, after many delays, he set out for the high table-lands in which they were said to dwell. After many days' journey, through a mountainous region, they did reach the plains, and found the Ashira, the mysterious nation of cloth-makers, to be really a superior people, industrious, living in permanent towns, and peace-



GWENDJI IN HIS EAST-CHAIR.

able. Here he was received as a spirit of great power; the maker of guns and powder and beads—for though these negroes had never even hoped to see a white man, they knew the use of guns. Hence he journeyed yet farther east, to the Apingi, a tribe who were yet farther advanced than the Ashira, being not only better weavers, but also workers in iron, and of no mean skill, for savages, to judge by their knives and other weapons, brought home by Mr. Du Chailu, which we have seen. The Apingi not only looked upon him as an all-potent spirit, but thought him a cannibal; and with a hospitality which can not be too much admired, the king sent him, on his arrival, a fat slave, to be roasted for his supper, promising a further supply when it was needed.

"What, then, do you white spirits do with the men you buy on the sea-shore?" queried the Apingi king, curiously, of our horror-struck traveler. "If you don't eat them, what do you want of them?" It seems that in the far interior the whole white race is believed to be in the practice of cannibalism; and having a short supply of human flesh at

home, these people believe that we are forced to seek our supply from among them, in Africa.

In Apingi-land Mr. Du Chailu stood upon the threshold of what he justly regards as his most important geographical discovery. He found himself at the beginning of a range of mountains,



GAMMA MAN AND WOMAN.



A NEGRO BEAUTY.

extending, so far as any of the negroes could tell him, in a direction nearly due east; that is to say, across the continent. He determined to follow the line of this mountain range as far as possible; though, from lack of preparations, and the debility resulting from some twenty-five attacks of African fever within two years, with constant exposure, poor fare, and hard work, forbade him to hope to cross the Continent. We must remember, in addition, that the only food which could be carried by his party was the plantain and yam, both, by their bulk and weight, rendering it impossible to carry more than a few days' supply; and that the forests of all this region are almost barren of life—vast solitudes, in which the stately ebony rears its head high above its neighbors; in which the barwood and various other precious woods are found in abundance, and where the traveler's steps are cumbered by the abounding vines which yield the crutchbone of Africa.

The only hope of penetrating such a country was to push desperately on from tribe to tribe; but when our traveler reached the Isogo villages, some four days' journey east from the Apingi, he found that the next stopping-place—with no intermediate villages—was put at three days' journey, due east, which he well guessed would prove nearer six. Nevertheless, the mountain-range still pointed eastward; and it was not in the heart of a man who had pierced this great secret so far, alone, and against all odds, to give it up now. Gathering what scant supplies he could obtain, and putting on, alas! his last pair of stout shoes, he set out, determined, if possible, by energetic travel to reach the Ashango villages, where he might rest.

On that last pair of stout shoes rested in reality all his hopes. Starvation he had now got pretty well accustomed to, and we think of him, in the last extremity bracing his stomach to receive a proper portion of roasted bon-constrictor, if nothing better offered.

But the ground proved too much for the shoes. On the third day he tied his shirt-sleeves about his bleeding feet—and yet pushed on, with empty stomach, no villages yet in sight; the jungle dense as ever; the mountains still ranging east-

ward, as far as the eye could reach from any unobstructed point.

At last the swollen, torn, and bleeding feet could bear him on no longer. He sat down by the side of a purling brook, bathed his feet, and sent his men to ascend an eminence near by, from whence perhaps they might descry human habitations. But there was nothing but the dreary jungle, and the mountains still ranging eastward, as far as the eye could distinguish their peaks in the distance.

They returned with a snake and a monkey, having dined on which, and fastened a small American flag to the top of the highest tree they saw, as a symbol of possession, in right of first discovery, they set out on their backward trip, desperate with hunger, and not daring to stop, even to hunt, by the way.

"Of the journey back," he writes, "I have but a dim and feverish recollection. I remember that my feet got worse instead of better; that when the wretched shoes were beyond even tying together with vines, I cast them away, and bandaged bare feet with what remained of my shirt. That on the second and third day of our journey we had not even a little bird to eat, but plunged forward in a stupid apathy of hunger and pain. That on the fourth morning one of the men espied a gorilla, who came roaring toward us, beating his vast chest, and waddling up to the attack with such horrid utterances and soul-freezing aspect, eyes glaring, and the monstrous face distorted with impotent rage, that for once, waking out of my dreamy stupor, and seeing this image of the devil cossing upon us, I would have run if my feet had borne me. I remember that, when my gun-carrier shot the huge beast, the men rushed upon it, and tore rather than cut it up, to stifle with its leathery flesh the hunger which was gnawing at their vitals.

"Then we went on, relieved for a time from starvation, I dragging my bleeding, bare, and swollen feet over the rough and thorny ground, till at last, at noon of the fifth day, we came to the Isogo towns."

And here we leave him.

The discoveries of Mr. Du Chaillu in the Department of Natural History alone, have been proclaimed in this country and in Europe, to be of such value and interest as to make his name honored among those enterprising men to whom Natural History is under the greatest obligations. But he has shown us not only the terrible gorilla, the curious nest-building vshiego, and many other new and beautiful animals; he has laid bare, for the operations of our enterprising commerce, a large region fruitful in many products which take the first rank in the world's commerce. India-rubber, ebony (of which he imported a cargo cut in the upper Ovenga, under his own supervision, and which was counted first-class wood for size and grain), ivory, barwood, palm-oil, are found here—in a virgin country, only needing shrewd management to become a source of wealth to our merchants and of new hopes of civilization to Africa.