

DU CHAILLU, GORILLAS, AND CANNIBALS.*

MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU is no stranger to the readers of this Magazine. So long ago as June, 1861, we gave a brief abstract of the remarkable book in which he described his early adventures among the Gorillas and Cannibals of Equatorial Africa. His book was fallen upon, tooth and nail, by British critics, who tried to throw discredit upon the author's veracity. It is sufficient now to say that the cavilers came to signal grief, and that Mr. Du Chaillu has come to be recognized not only as one of the most adventurous of African explorers, but as one whose statements are to be received with most implicit reliance. Since the time of the issue of his first work he has revisited the region of his former explorations, and has now combined the general results of all his African experience into a Book for Young People, which we venture to say will be most acceptable not only to them but to children of a larger growth. The very Table of Contents reads like a romance. We give here about a half of this table, proposing to select from the book itself a few passages, which will give some

general idea of the manner in which our friend Paul describes what he did and what he saw :

A king and his palace; Dancing and idol-worship; A week in the woods; A tornado; The leopards prowling about; I kill a cobra and a scorpion; Fight with a buffalo; Hunting for wild boars; Sick with the fever; What I found in the pouch of a pelican; How an old king is buried, and the new king crowned; An old man killed for witchcraft; My journey to the country of the cannibals; A rebellion in camp; Nothing to eat; I kill a big snake, and the others eat him; My first sight of gorillas; I arrive among the cannibals; They take me for a spirit; Their king shakes when he sees me; I give him a looking-glass; It astonishes him; An elephant hunt; Life among the cannibals; The terrible Bashikouay ants; Stirring up a big snake; King Bango and his three hundred wives; His five idols; The slave barracoons; A big snake under my bed; A slave-ship off the coast; Going into the interior; Sleeping with the king's rats; The hippopotamus; A Sunday talk; The black man's God and the white man's God; How King Njambal punished his wife; An unsuccessful hunt for elephants; A leopard in the grass; We shoot the leopard and her kitten; Who shall have the tail? A quarrel over the brains; A jolly excursion party; The Oroungou burial-ground; An African watering-place; Fishing; The sharks; Turning turtles; A night alarm; Prospect of a war; I build a village, and call it Washington; I start for the interior; My speech on leaving; The people applaud me vociferously, and promise to be honest; A royal ball in my honor; The superstitions of the natives; We capture a young gorilla; I call him "Fighting Joe;" His strength and bad

* *Stories of the Gorilla Country, narrated for Young People.* By PAUL DU CHAILLU, Author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," etc., etc. With Numerous Illustrations. Harper and Brothers. \$1 75.

temper; He proves unisamable; Joe escapes; Recaptured; Escapes again; Death of Fighting Joe; Appearance and habits of the hippopotamus; King Damagondal and his troubles; I buy an Mbault, or idol; A visit to King Shimbouvenegani; His royal costume; Hunting crocodiles; The ushiego mbovó; Bald-headed apes; Their houses in the trees; We kill a male; The shrieks of his mate; War threatened; Oshoria arms his men; We bluff them off, and fall sick with fever; I become viceroy at Washington; We catch another young gorilla; He starves to death; Going to unknown regions; Reception by the king; Stories about gorillas; We capture a young gorilla; Her untimely death; A trial by ordeal; The kooloo-kamba; The gosamba, or meat-bunger; Exploring the forest; Within eight yards of a large gorilla; He roars with rage and marches upon us; A severe attack of fever; A boy cut to pieces for witchcraft; A useful idol; The ebony-trees; Hunting for food; A young ushiego

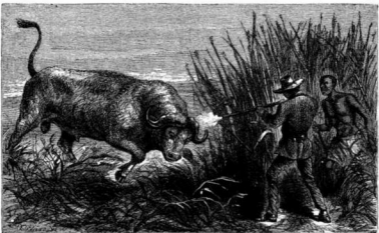
with a white face; He becomes my pet Tommy; His affection for me; His stealing pranks; Tommy gets drunk; His behavior at meals; His sudden death.

In his Preface, Mr. Du Chaillu says:

"I had passed several years on the African Coast before I began the explorations recorded in my first book. In those years I hunted, traded with the natives, and made collections in natural history. In such a wild country as Africa one does not go far without adventures. The traveler necessarily sees what is strange and wonderful, for every thing is strange. In this book I have attempted to relate some of the incidents of life in Africa for the reading of young folks. In doing this I have kept no chronological order, but have selected incidents and ad-



PAUL DU CHAILLU IN AFRICA.



FIGHT WITH A BUFFALO.



ESKIM WITH A BUFFALO.

ventures here and there as they seem to be fitted for my purpose. I have noticed that most intelligent boys like to read about the habits of wild animals, and the manners and way of life of savage men; and of such matters this book is composed. In it I have entered into more minute details concerning the life of the native inhabitants than I could in my other books, and have shown how the people build their houses, what are their amusements, how they hunt, fish, eat, travel, and live. Whenever I am at a friend's house the children ask me to tell them something about Africa. I like children, and in this book have written especially for them. I hope to interest many who are yet too young to read my larger works."

Among the early adventures described by our friend Paul—for so we shall take the liberty to style him—is his first fight with a buffalo. Here, as in subsequent extracts, we abridge more or less the descriptions of our author:

"Not far from our camp was a beautiful little prairie. I had seen, during my rambles there, several footprints of wild buffaloes, so I immediately told Andéké we must go in chase of them. Andéké, the son of the king, was a very nice fellow, and was, besides, a good hunter—just the very man I wanted. So we went toward the little prairie, and lay hidden on the borders of it, among the trees. By-and-by I spied a huge bull, who was perfectly unaware of my presence, for the wind blew from him to me. As it was, he came slowly toward me. I raised my gun and fired. My bullet struck a creeper on its way, and glanced aside, so I only wounded the beast. Turning fiercely, he rushed at me in a furious manner, with his head down. I was scared; for I was, at that time, but a young hunter. I thought the infuriated bull was too powerful for me, he looked so big. Just as I was about to make my escape, I found my foot entangled and hopelessly caught in a tough and thorny creeper. The bull was dashing toward me with head down and eyes inflamed, tearing down brushwood and



KILLING THE SNAKE.



KILLING THE SNAKE.

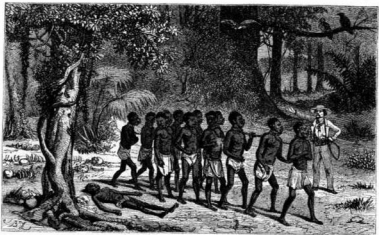
creepers which barred his progress. Turning to meet the enemy, I felt my nerves suddenly grow firm as a rock. If I missed the bull, all would be over with me. He would gore me to death. I took time to aim carefully and then fired at his head. He gave one loud, hoarse bellow, and tumbled almost at my feet. In the mean time Andéki was coming to the rescue. I must say I felt very nervous after all was over. But, being but a lad, I thought I had done pretty well. It was the first direct attack a wild beast had ever made upon me. I found afterward that the bulls are generally very dangerous when wounded."

Here is a snake fight:

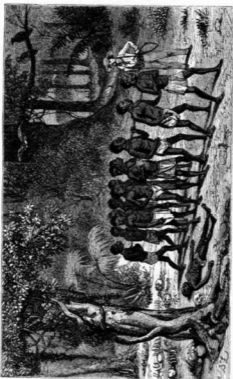
"After resting a little while, we continued our course till we reached the top of a very high mountain, whence I could see all the country round. I was sitting under a very large tree, when, suddenly looking up, I saw an immense serpent coiled upon the branch of a tree just above me. I rushed out, and, taking good aim

with my gun, I shot my black friend in the head. He let go his hold, tumbled down with great force, and after writhing convulsively for a time, he lay before me dead. He measured thirteen feet in length, and his ugly fangs proved that he was venomous. My men cut off the head of the snake, and divided the body into as many pieces as there were people. Then they lighted a fire, and roasted and ate it on the spot. They offered me a piece; but, though very hungry, I declined. When the snake was eaten I was the only individual of the company that had an empty stomach."

Our friend Paul has been honored by interviews with more than one royal personage. He has, unless we mistake, talked with Louis Napoleon, Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert. Among his other royal friends he counts King Bango, whose dominions lie somewhere near Cape Lopez, about as near the equator as one



SLAVE BARRACONS. BURIAL-GROUND.



SLAVE BARRACONS. BURIAL-GROUND.

can get. Here follows an account of the first meeting with his sable Majesty:

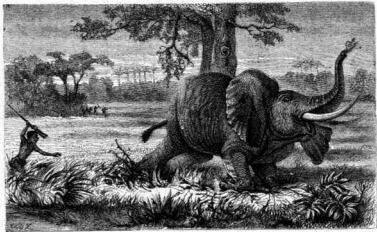
"I prepared myself for a visit to King Bango. The royal palace is set upon a tolerably high hill, and fronts the sea-shore. I found the royal palace surrounded by a little village of huts. As I entered the village I was met by the *safouga*, or officer of the king, who conducted me to the palace. It was an ugly-looking house of two stories, resting on pillars. The lower story consisted of a dark hall, flanked on each side by rows of small dark rooms, which looked like little cells. At the end of the hall was a staircase, steep and dirty, up which the *safouga* piloted me. When I had ascended the stairs I found myself in a large room, at the end of which was seated the great King Bango, who claims to be the greatest chief of this part of Africa. He was surrounded by about one hundred of his wives.

"King Bango was fat, and seemed not over-clean. He wore a shirt and an old pair of pantaloons. On his head was a crown, which had

been presented to him by some of his friends, the Portuguese slavers. Over his shoulders he wore a flaming yellow coat, with gilt embroidery, the cast-off garment of some rich man's lackey in Portugal or Brazil. The crown was shaped like those commonly worn by actors on the stage, and was probably worth, when new, about ten dollars. His Majesty had put round it a circlet of pure gold, made with the doubloons he got in exchange for slaves. He sat on a sofa, for he was paralyzed; and in his hand he held a cane, which also answered the purpose of a sceptre.

"Bangó was the greatest slave king of that part of the coast. Though very proud, he received me kindly, for I had come recommended by his great friend, Rompochembo, a king of the Mpongwe tribe. He asked me how I liked his wives. I said, Very well. He then said there were a hundred present, and that there were twice as many more, three hundred in all. He also claimed to have more than six hundred children.

"The next night a great ball was given in my



ABOKO KILLS A ROUSE ELEPHANT.

AMONG NILES & BOGIEE TARRIANT.



honor by the king. The room where I had been received was the ball-room. I arrived there shortly after dark, and I found about one hundred and fifty of the king's wives, and I was told that the best dancers of the country were there. I wish you could have seen the room. It was ugly enough: there were several torches to light it; but, notwithstanding these, the room was by no means brilliantly illuminated. The king wanted only his wives to dance before me. During the whole of the evening not a single man took part in the performance; but two of his daughters were ordered to dance, and he wanted me to marry one of them."

Here is a little side scene near the court of his Majesty King Bango:

"During my stay in the village, as I was one day out shooting birds, I saw a procession of slaves coming from one of the barracoons toward the farther end of my grove. As they came nearer, I saw that two gangs of six slaves each, all chained about the neck, were carrying a burden

between them, which I knew presently to be the corpse of another slave. They bore it to the edge of the grove, about three hundred yards from my house, and, throwing it down there on the bare ground, they returned to their prison, accompanied by the overseer, who, with his whip, had marched behind them.

"The grove, which was, in fact, but an African *Aceldama*, was beautiful to view from my house, and I had often resolved to explore it, or to rest in the shade of its dark-leaved trees. It seemed a ghastly place enough now, as I approached it more closely. As I walked toward the corpse I felt something crack under my feet. Looking down, I saw that I was already in the midst of a field of skulls and bones. I had inadvertently stepped upon the skeleton of some poor creature who had been lying here long enough for the birds and ants to pick his bones clean, and for the rains to bleach them. I think there must have been the relics of a thousand skeletons within sight. The place had been used for many years; and the mortality in the barracoons is

sometimes frightful, in spite of the care they seem to take of their slaves. Here their bodies were thrown, and here the vultures found their daily carrion. The grass had just been burnt, and the white bones scattered every where gave the ground a singular, and, when the cause was known, a frightful appearance. Penetrating farther into the bush, I found several great piles of bones. Such was the burial-ground of the poor slaves from the interior of Africa."

Elephant hunting does not figure very largely in Du Chaille's narrative. Nevertheless there are several descriptions, of which here is one:

"The next day found us again exploring the woods in every direction. Elephants certainly were not plentiful; besides, they traveled much in search of their favorite food—a kind of fern, which was not very abundant. Again I got very tired; but at last, in the afternoon, we came across our quarry.

"Emerging from a thick part of the forest into a prairie which bordered it, we saw to our left, just upon the edge of the wood, a solitary bull elephant. The huge animal stood quietly by a tree, innocent of our presence; and now, for the first time in my life, I was struck with the vast size of this giant of the forests. Large trees seemed like small saplings when compared with the bulk of this immense beast which was standing placidly near them.

"What were we to do but to kill him? Though I felt a sense of pity at trying to destroy so noble an animal, yet I was very anxious to get the first shot myself; for it was a 'rogue elephant'—that is, an elephant unattached. It was an old one, as we could see by the great size of its tusks. I remembered that rogue elephants are said to be very ferocious. As soon as we had seen him, we lay down and hid ourselves in the forest in such a manner as not to lose sight of him. Then we held a grand council, and talked over what must be done to bag the beast.

"The grass was burnt in every direction to the leeward of him, and we dared not risk approaching him from the windward for fear he should smell us. What was to be done? I looked at the country, and saw that the grass was very short; and, after taking account of all the chances of approach, I was compelled to admit that I could not manage to get near the beast myself with any certainty. I could not crawl on the ground; my clothes were sure to be seen by the elephant; therefore, as a sensible hunter, I was reluctantly compelled to resign in favor of Aboko, who, I thought, was the best man for the difficult undertaking. His eyes glistened with pleasure as he thought that now he could show his skill.

"After cocking his musket, Aboko dropped down in the short grass, and began to creep up to the elephant slowly on his belly. The rest of us remained where we had held our council, and watched Aboko as he glided through the grass for all the world like a huge boa constrictor; for, from the slight glimpses we caught, his back, as he moved farther and farther away from us, resembled nothing so much as the folds of a great serpent winding his way along. Finally we could no longer distinguish any motion. Then all was silence.

"The elephant was standing still, when suddenly the sharp report of a gun rang through the woods and over the plain, and elicited screams of surprise from sundry scared monkeys who were on the branches of a tree close by us. I saw the huge beast helplessly tottering, till he finally threw up his trunk, and fell in a dead mass at the foot of a tree. Then the black body of Aboko rose; the snake-like creature had become a man again. A wild hurrah of joy escaped from us; I waved my old hat, and threw it into the air, and we all made a run for the elephant. When we arrived, there stood Aboko by the side of the huge beast, calm as if nothing had happened, except that his body was shining with sweat. He did not say a word, but looked at me, and then at the beast, and then at me again, as if to say, 'You see, Chaille, you did right to send me. Have I not killed the elephant?'

"The men began to shout with excitement at such a good shot. 'Aboko is a man,' said they, as we looked again at the beast, whose flesh was still quivering with the death-agony. Aboko's bullet had entered his head a little below the ear, and, striking the brain, was at once fatal. Aboko began to make fetich marks on the ground around the body. After this was done, we took an axe, which Fasiko had carried with him, and broke the skull, in order to get out the two tusks, and very large tusks they were."

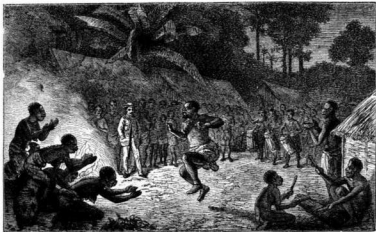
Paul, after a while, built for himself a village, which he named Washington, which he thus describes:

"I immediately began building a substantial settlement. I collected from a kind of palm-trees a great many leaves, with which to cover the roofs of the building I had to construct. I gathered also a great quantity of branches from the same palm-trees, and sticks, and poles, and all that was necessary to make a house; and finally I succeeded in building quite a village, which I called 'Washington.' My own house had five rooms; it was forty-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and cost me about fifty dollars. My kitchen, which stood by itself, cost four dollars. I had a fowl-house, containing a hundred chickens and a dozen ducks. My goat-house contained eighteen goats, and funny goats they were. You had to milk a dozen of them to get a pint of milk. I built a powder-house separate, for I do not like to sleep every day in a place where there is powder. I had a dozen huts for my men.

"At the back of my village was a wide extent of prairie. In front was the river Nposoulai winding along; and I could see miles out on the way which I was soon to explore. The river banks were lined with the mangrove-trees; and, looking up stream, I could at almost any time see schools of hippopotami tossing and tumbling on the flats or mud banks.

"I was now ready to explore the country, and go to Aniamba, where the big king of the country lived. I bought a splendid canoe, made of large trees, which I hoped would be serviceable to me in my up-river explorations. I was now anxious to be off."

From Washington Paul set out on an exploring expedition. His present design was to pay



AFRICAN DANCE. KING OLENGA-TUMBI DANCING.

AFRICAN DANCE. KING OLENGA-YOMBI DANCING.



a visit to Aniambia, the capital of the dominions of King Olega-Yombi. The monarch was greatly elated when he learned that a white man had come, and at once accorded to him a state reception. "His Majesty," says Paul, "was a drunken old wretch. He had on a thick overcoat, but no trowsers, and, early in the day as it was, he had taken a goodly quantity of palm wine, and was quite drunk. I was invited to sit at his right hand. King Olega-Yombi was one of the ugliest fellows I ever met with. He always carried with him a long stick, and when drunk he struck at his people right and left, shouting, 'I am a big king!'" His Majesty was disposed to do the utmost honor to his guest, and so, says Paul:

"The next day King Olega-Yombi held a

grand dance in my honor. All the king's wives, to the number of forty, and all the women in the town and neighborhood, were present. Fortunately the dance was held out in the street. The women were ranged on one side, the men opposite. At the end of the line sat the drummers, beating their huge tom-toms, which make an infernal din, enough to make one deaf; and, as if for this occasion the tom-toms were not entirely adequate, there was a series of old brass kettles, which also were furiously beaten. In addition, as if the noise was not yet enough, a number of boys sat near the drummers, and beat on hollow pieces of wood. What beauty they found in such music I can not tell. There was, of course, singing and shouting; and the more loudly and energetically the horrid drums were beaten, and the worse the noise on the brass kettles, the wilder were the jumps of the male Africans, and the more disgusting the contortions of the women. As may be imagined, to beat the tom-tom is not a labor of love; the stoutest negro is worn out in an hour, and for such a night's en-



MARABOUTS, STORKS, AND PELICANS.



MARABOUTS, STORKS, AND PELICANS.

tainment as this a series of drummers was required.

"The people enjoyed it vastly; their only regret was that they had not a barrel of rum in the midst of the street with which to refresh themselves in the pauses of the dance; but they managed to get just as drunk on palm wine, of which a great quantity was served out.

"The excitement became the greatest when the king danced. His Majesty was pretty drunk, and his jumps were highly applauded. His wives bowed down to his feet while he capered about, and showed toward him the deepest veneration. The drums and kettles were belabored more furiously than ever, and the singing, or rather the shouting, became stentorian. Of course I did not think his Majesty's party pleasant enough to detain me all night. I retired, but could not sleep."

The superabundance of birds in some of the lonely marshes of equatorial Africa is something

wonderful. One such scene Paul describes, and we abridge:

"Birds flocked in immense numbers on the prairies, whither they came to hatch their young; especially later in the season, when the ugly marabouts, from whose tails our ladies get the splendid feathers for their bonnets, were there in thousands. I believe the marabout is the ugliest bird I ever saw, and one would never dream that their beautiful feathers are found only under the tail, and can hardly be seen when the bird is alive.

"Pelicans waded on the river banks all day in prodigious swarms, and gulped down the luckless fish which came in their way. I loved to see them swimming about in grave silence, and every now and then grabbing up a poor fish with their enormous long and powerful bills. If not hungry, they left the fish in their huge pouches, till sometimes three or four pounds of reserved food awaited the coming of their appetite. This



GORILLA HUNTING.

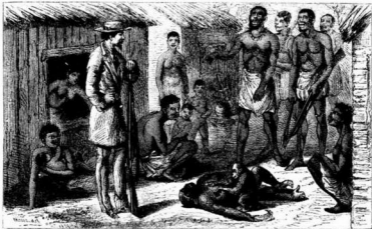


pouch, you see, performed the office of a pocket, where boys, when not hungry, keep their apples in reserve.

"On the sandy islands were seen now and then flocks of the sacred Ibis of the Egyptians. They looked exactly like those that are found mummified, and which have been preserved several thousand years. They are very curious-looking birds; the head and neck have no feathers. I have tried to find their nests, but never succeeded. Ducks of various kinds built their nests in every creek and on every new islet that appeared with the receding waters. Some of them were of beautiful plumage. Cranes, too, and numerous other water-fowls flocked in, and every day brought with it new birds. They came, by some strange instinct, from far-distant lands, to feed upon the vast shoals of fish which literally filled the river.

"Along the trees bordering the river, sometimes perched on their highest branches, sometimes hidden in the midst of them, I could see

that most beautiful eagle, the *Gypokierax angolensis*, called *coucou* by the natives. This eagle is of a white and black color. He often watches over the water. How quickly his keen eyes can see through it! and with what rapidity he darts at his prey! Then, seizing it in his powerful talons, which sink deep into it, he rises into the air, and goes where he can devour it undisturbed. These eagles attack large fish. They generally make them blind, and then gradually succeed in getting them ashore, though it is hard work for them. They have a luxurious time on the Fernand-Vaz River during the dry season, and are very numerous. They build their nests on the tops of the highest trees, and come back to them every year. They keep very busy when their young begin to eat. The male and female are then continually fishing. They are very fond of the palm-oil nuts. In the season when these are ripe, they are continually seen among the palm-trees. No wonder these eagles grab fish so easily, they have such claws! One day, as one



A YOUNG NHHIEGO BROUVE WITH A WHITE FACE.



A YOUNG NERIEGO MOVING WITH A WHITE FACE.

passed over my head, I shot him, and, thinking that he was quite dead, I took him up, when suddenly, in the last struggle for life, his talons got into my hands. I could have dropped down from pain. Nothing could have taken the claws away; one of them went clear through my hand, and I shall probably keep the mark of it all my life."

Gorillas have a prominent place in Mr. Du Chaillu's book, but we have so far filled up our allotted space as to leave us room for only a few scenes. The natives have a great idea of the medicinal value of that great ape. "If we kill a gorilla," said one of them to Paul, "I should like to have a part of his brain for a *fetick*. Nothing makes a man so brave as to have a *fetick* of gorilla's brain. That gives a man a strong heart." Mr. Du Chaillu tells almost mournfully the story of one of his gorilla hunts:

"We had divided. Etia, Gambo, two other men, and I kept together, and we had hardly gone more than an hour when we heard the cry of a young gorilla after his mother. Etia heard it first, and at once pointed out the direction in which it was. Immediately we began to walk with greater caution than before. Presently Etia and Gambo crept ahead, as they were expert with the net, and were also the best woodsmen. I unwillingly remained behind, but dared not go with them, lest my clumsier movements should betray our presence. In a short time we heard two guns fired. Running up, we found the mother gorilla shot, but her little one had escaped; they had not been able to catch it.

"The poor mother lay there in her gore, but the little fellow was off in the woods; so we conceded ourselves hard by to wait for its return. Presently it came up, jumped on its mother, and began sucking at her breasts and fondling her. Then Etia, Gambo, and I rushed upon it. Though evidently less than two years old, it proved very strong, and escaped from us. But

we gave chase, and in a few minutes had it fast, not, however, before one of the men had his arm severely bitten by the savage little beast. It proved to be a young female. Unhappily, she lived but ten days after capture. She persistently refused to eat any cooked food, or any thing else except the nuts and berries which they eat in the forest."

But some of Du Chailu's accounts of gorilla hunting are of quite a different cast. Those of us who a few years ago saw the stuffed skin of the big gorilla which Du Chailu brought to this country, and which we believe is now in the British Museum, will not wonder that there is little of sentiment in the manner in which the fight with this great beast is narrated:

"Again the gorilla made an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. I could see plainly his ferocious face. It was distorted with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other, so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was drawn forward and back rapidly, which made his hair move up and down, and gave a truly devilish expression to the hideous face. Once more he gave out a roar, which seemed to shake the woods like thunder; I could really feel the earth trembling under my feet. The gorilla, looking us in the eyes, and beating his breast, advanced again.

"Don't fire too soon," said Malaouen; "if you do not kill him, he will kill you."

"This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. I was breathing fast with excitement as I watched the huge beast. Malaouen said only 'Steady,' as the gorilla came up. When he stopped, Malaouen said 'Now!' And before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket-balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle.

"He was a monstrous beast indeed, though not among the tallest. His height was five feet six inches. His arms had a spread of seven feet two inches. His broad brawny chest measured fifty inches round. The big toe of his foot measured five inches and three quarters in circumference. His arms seemed like immense bunches of muscle only; and his legs and claw-like feet were so well fitted for grabbing and holding, that I could see how easy it was for the negroes to believe that these animals, when they conceal themselves in trees and watch for prey, can seize and pull up with their feet any living thing, leopard, ox, or man, that passes beneath. The face of this gorilla was intensely black. The vast chest, which proved his great power, was bare, and covered with a parchment-like skin. His body was covered with gray hair. While the animal approached us in its fierce way, walking on its hind legs and facing us as few animals dare face man, it really seemed to me to be a horrid likeness of man."

One more notice of hunting, and we close. Paul and some of his men had started out upon a hunt, hoping to find a gorilla. After some hours they heard the cry of a young animal, which was recognized to be a *sabiego sâoué*, a

creature of the ape kind, but not so large or ferocious as the gorilla.

"We crawled through the bush as silently as possible, still hearing the baby-like cry. At last, coming out into a little place where there was very little undergrowth, we saw something running along the ground toward where we stood concealed. We hardly dared to breathe, for fear of awakening the animal's suspicions. When it came nearer we saw it was a female *sabiego sâoué*, running on all-fours, with a young one clinging to her breast. She was eagerly eating some berries, while with one arm she supported her little one.

"Querlaouen, who had the fairest chance, fired, and brought her down. She dropped without a struggle. The poor little one cried 'Hew! hew! hew!' and clung to the dead body, sucking her breasts, and burying his head there in alarm at the report of the gun.

"We hurried up in great glee to secure our capture. I can not tell my surprise when I saw that the *sabiego* baby's face was as white as that of a white child. I looked at the mother, but found her black as soot in the face. What did it mean?—the mother black, the child white! The little one was about a foot in height. One of the men threw a cloth over its head, and secured it till we could make it fast with a rope; for, though it was quite young, it could walk. The old one was of the bald-headed kind, of which I had secured the first known specimen some months before.

"I immediately ordered a return to the camp, which we reached toward evening. The little *sabiego* had been all this time separated from its dead mother, and now, when it was put near her body, a most touching scene ensued. The little fellow ran instantly to her. Touching her on the face and breast, he saw evidently that some great change had happened. For a few minutes he caressed her, as though trying to coax her back to life. Then he seemed to lose all hope. His little eyes became very sad, and he broke out in a long, plaintive wail, 'Ooee! ooee! ooee!' which made my heart ache for him. He looked quite forlorn, and as though he really felt his forsaken lot. All in the camp were touched at his sorrows, and the women especially were much moved.

"While I stood there, up came two of my hunters and began to laugh at me. 'Look, Chailu,' said they, calling me by the name I am known by among them, 'look at your friend. Every time we kill gorilla, you tell us look at your black friend, your first cousin. Now, you see, look at your white friend.' Then came a roar of laughter.

"Look! he got straight hair, all same as you! See white face of your cousin from the bush! He is nearer to you than the gorilla is to us!"

"Gorilla no got woolly hair like me. This one straight hair like you."

"Yes," said I; "but when he gets old his face is black; and do you not see his nose, how flat it is, like yours?"

"The mother was old, to judge by her teeth, which were much worn; but she was quite black in the face; in fact, her skin was black. Like all the *sabiego sâoué*, she was bald-headed."

Here we close, without having touched upon a title of the things which Mr. Paul du Chailu has told of what he saw in that strange "Gorilla Country," which not only was he the first white man to explore, but as yet we think the only one. We wish we could conscientiously say that the English artist who has illustrated his book had entered into the spirit of the author. Our friend Paul is, indeed, when in the domains of civilization, a light, alert man of hardly five feet four, looking marvelously like the pictures of Napoleon when young: almost the last man whom one at first sight would set down as a great explorer, an adventurous traveler, and a naturalist of no ordinary attainments. How he looked when equipped for an expedition, the portrait which we give faithfully shows. The artist, however, in some of the pictures which we have given, and in a score more in the book, has resolved to send him out upon his African adventures clad in such a fancy hunting garb as Cockneys who are bent on a day's shooting are wont to find ready made at the famous mart of Moses and Sons. We pray all the readers of Mr. Du Chailu's stirring adventures to be assured that they were not performed in any such dandified attire.

SHEFFIELD—A BATTLE-FIELD OF ENGLISH LABOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE first sign of the iron country I had seen was a flame shot up through "a dark, tremendous sea of cloud" from the New Foundry at Masbro', near Sheffield. At that New Foundry was born, eighty-seven years ago, Ebenezer Elliott, whose flame-like soul also burst up from the soot and smoke, and was a beacon for Great Britain from whose light the dragon feeding on the heart of the people could not hide, and under which it was slain. What Rousseau was to the French Revolution, what Paine was to the American, that was Elliott to the great revolution which gave the English people untaxed bread. In the list of the books that have been more potent than battles in affecting the destinies of the world, the "Corn-Law Rhymes" must have a place with "The Social Contract," "The Crisis," "Letters of Junius," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He was an anticipation of that Singer with the Iron Harp of whom our own fine-souled Dorgan wrote:

"Sweet slingers of the dreams of old,
Ere are your harps of gold;
And ye weep your lot that lies
In the gloom of thunder skies.

Who would our iron age compel
Must strike loudly to be heard;
Loudly must he sing, and well,
To iron harp with iron word."

Yet flame-flower out of the heart of Drudgery's realm, iron-rooted, grown by furnace-heat, though he was, it was the soul of Wordsworth that was in him. His story has never, to my knowledge, been told in America, and only since I visited his birth-place did I learn that in 1841 he had written a brief account of his early life. Also, twenty years ago, Mr. Watkins, his son-in-law, a liberal minister, a chartist, and a playwright, wrote some reminiscences of his latest years. So far as the Elliott pedigree can be traced it promises that Tabal-Cain would be discovered at the beginning. Out of a line of iron-forgers came, at last, the man of iron—Ebenezer Elliott, Sen. He is a stern dissenter, a "Berean," who baptizes his boy himself. In after-days he baptizes him rather roughly; for, having a superstitious reverence for the number 3, he would always (not without danger) duck his children three times when they bathed in the canal. But I must not deprive the reader of the poet's own vigorous portraits of his father and mother:

"The whole life of my mother was a disease—a tale of pain, terminated by death—one long sigh. Yet she suckled eleven children, and reared eight of them to adult age. From her I have derived my nervous irritability, my bashful awkwardness, my miserable proneness to anticipate evil, that make existence all catastrophe. I well remember her sending me to a dame's school kept by Nanny Sykes, the beautiful and brave wife of a drunken husband, where I learned my A B C. I was next sent to the Hollis School, then presided over by Joseph Ramsbotham, who taught me to write, and little more.....About this time my poor mother, who was a first-rate dreamer, and a true believer in dreams, related to me one of her visions. 'I had placed under my pillow,' she said, 'a shank-bone of mutton, to dream upon; and I dreamed that I saw a little broad-set, dark, ill-favored man, with black hair, black eyes, thick stub nose, and top-shins: it was thy father.' And a special original my father was—a man of great virtue, not without faults.....I never knew a man who possessed the title of my father's satiric and humorous powers. He would have made a great comic actor. He also possessed uncommon political sagacity, which afterward earned for him the title of 'Devil Elliott'—a title which is still applied to him, I am told, by the descendants of persons who then hated the poor and honored the king. He left the Messrs. Walker to serve Clax and Co., of the New Foundry, Masbro', for a salary of sixty or seventy pounds a year, with home, candle, and coal! Well do I remember some of those days of affluence and pit-coal fires; for glorious fires we had—no fear of coal bills in those days. There at the New Foundry, under the room where I was born, in a little parlor like the cabin of a ship, yearly painted green, and blessed with a thoroughfare of light—for there was no window-tax in those days—he used to preach every fourth Sunday to per-