
A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

Patristic school, which adopts ancient writings, traditions, and decrees, as interpreters of Scripture; to the *Scriptural* school, which believes in a direct teaching as to the meaning of Scripture to be conveyed to the mind of the devout reader by the operations of the Holy Spirit. He advocates the Rationalistic view, or truth discoverable from Scripture by each man for himself by fair inquiry, and, like his friend John Hales, he held opinions and doctrines to be matters indifferent, and not grounds of separation. Of a somewhat kindred view with these divines was a layman whose writings attracted great attention at this period, Sir Thomas Browne, the Norwich physician. In beautiful English, rivalling that of Chillingworth or Bacon, Browne advocated toleration on Latitudinarian principles. We thus have in the midst of the strictest discipline and most rigid book-examination of Laud, the birth and development of the extremest Latitudinarian principles. Many were attracted to these opinions by their liberality and seeming reasonableness. It was reserved for a famous divine of the Church of England to show the true relation between a creed firmly held and zealously guarded, and the just treatment of the opinions of others. In a well-known passage in "His Liberty of Prophesying," Jeremy Taylor says, "Although variety of opinions be impossible to be cured, and they who attempted it did like him who claps his shoulder to the ground to prevent an earthquake, yet the inconveniences arising from it might possibly be cured, not *by uniting their beliefs*—that was to be despaired of—but by curing that which caused these mischiefs and accidental inconveniences of their disagreeings." Towards reaching this good end, we think Mr. Gardiner's History may contribute not a little. The fair and candid spirit which pervades it, together with the exhaustive research which will recommend it to all historical students, are both of the highest value.

GEORGE G. PERRY.

ART. V.—A JOURNEY UP THE RIVER CONGO.

The River Congo, from its Mouth to Bólóbó; with a General Description of the Natural History and Anthropology of its Western Basin. By H. H. JOHNSTON, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S. With maps and illustrations. Sampson Low and Co. 1884.

ATTENTION has of late in many ways been directed to the Congo, or Livingstone river, particularly in regard to the enterprise of Mr. Stanley; and a well-written narrative of a journey up that great river is just now welcome. Mr. Johnston's

book is not a record of novel exploration, for he visited few places that were not already explored, nor of scientific research, for in his own estimate he lacks the necessary ability; but it is a successful attempt to give an interesting description of the landscapes, and inhabitants, and natural history of a region of which, after all, we know very little. For intending travellers the work may serve as a "guide-book," scientific readers will also find in it a good deal of information; and for the class of general readers there are many attractions. The descriptive passages as a rule are graphic, and there are pleasing illustrations, so that it is easy enough to obtain, from pen and pencil sketches, a clear impression of the main features of the much-talked-of Congo region. To earnest supporters of Missionary work the book will be disappointing.

Banana Point is a little peninsula of sand, which on one side is lashed by the breakers of the Atlantic, and on the other meets the brunt of the mighty Congo. Banana is the only good and safe harbour at the river mouth, and it will therefore become an important settlement. Here are three different factories, of which that belonging to the Dutch Company is by far the largest, with its thirty white employés, and some four hundred natives, Kruboys, Krumanas, and Kabindas. From Banana Mr. Johnston started to ascend the river in a Dutch steamer, making his first halt at Kissangé, a small trading settlement about twenty miles from the sea. He stayed here "three most pleasant weeks, enjoying the kind hospitality of Senhor Ribeiro at the Dutch Factory." Of the vegetation of Kissangé he writes in glowing terms. For instance:

> In the marshy spots, down near the river shore, are masses of that splendid orchid, *Lissochilus giganteus*, a terrestrial species that shoots up often to the height of six feet from the ground, bearing such a head of red mauve, golden-centred blossoms as scarcely any flower in the world can equal for beauty and delicacy of form. These orchids, with their light green, spear-like leaves, and their tall swaying flower-stalks, grow in groups of forty and fifty together, often reflected in the shallow pools of stagnant water round their bases, and filling up the foreground of the high purple green forest with a blaze of tender peach-like colour, upon which I should have thought no European could gaze unmoved. Yet the Portuguese merchants who lived among this loveliness scarcely regarded it.

In a little village near Kissangé, it seems, are kept every possible kind of mammal, bird, or reptile, captured and tamed to be sold in the English steamers, or to merchants at Banana. In neatly-made wicker-work cages, constructed out of the light pretty wood of the baobab, are green parrots, wax-bills, and weaver birds; in one cottage are young mandrils and a lemur; in another are barbets with red foreheads and large notched bills.

At Boma, eighty miles from the mouth of the river, are

"factories" belonging to the English, Dutch, French, Portuguese, and Belgians. There is also, says our author, "a flourishing Catholic Mission here." Boma is reckoned the most unhealthy place on the Congo. The heat is excessive, and behind the European houses lie great swamps and fetid marshes, which not only give rise to much fever, but breed mosquitoes, terrible for bloodthirstiness and size. Crocodiles here are numerous and daring. Thirty miles higher up is Underhill, the site of a large Baptist Mission. Underhill (known to the natives as Tundua) is a pretty station, in splendid scenery. Opposite the station, the great river takes a broad bend and is shut in on both sides by the towering hills, so that it resembles a beautiful mountain lake lying in a profound gorge, save for the signs of the whirling, racing current. The little mission-house at Underhill was building when Mr. Johnston arrived there. The principal element in its construction, as in most of the temporary houses on the lower Congo, was what the Portuguese call "bordão" and the English "bamboos:" the strong shafts of the full-grown fronds of *Phœnix spinosa*, a species of dwarf palm. The skeleton of the house is first formed by a scaffolding of stout poles cut from among the saplings of the neighbouring forest.

From Underhill, in a little steamer belonging to the African International Association, Mr. Johnston made his way to Vivi, where Mr. Stanley, who had just returned from Europe, was then staying. On the night of his arrival, twenty-seven white men dined together in the moonlight on the edge of the cliff, the station dining-room being too small for the company. From "Stanley's House," on Vivi Hill, there is a most beautiful view of the Lower Congo, with its woody islands, its swirling rapids, and noble downs. Below the "white" part of Vivi, lie the settlements of the Zanzibaris, the Krumen and the Kabindas. These are "scrupulosly clean." No work is done on Sundays.

Mr. Johnston made a short trip to the interesting native town of Pallaballa.. As he journeyed among the natives several came forward and saluted him with "'Morning," a contraction of "Good-morning," which they have learnt from the Missionaries. The Missionary of the Livingstone Inland Mission, who was resident at Pallaballa, gave the traveller a kind reception, and a welcome meal was soon prepared for him by the Missionary's orders. There were delicious fried bananas, pounded pea-nut sauce with roast chicken, "palm-oil chop," and many other native dishes, supplemented with a few European accessories. After dinner, Mr. Johnston attended prayers with the Missionary in the school-house, where an English lady, one of the members of the Mission, was residing.

Here [he writes] some twenty people were assembled, principally boys. There was a little giggling at our approach, otherwise they were well behaved. The Missionary prayed in Fiote (the language of the Lower Congo), and in English, and also read a chapter of the Bible in the same tongues. The subject in Fiote was not wisely chosen, being a wearisome record of Jewish wars, where familiar-sounding Bible names were strangely mixed up with unintelligible Fiote. All the while the black congregation (swelled this evening by my five porters) sat stolidly unmoved, although the Missionary strove to infuse as much interest as possible into his discourse. After this followed a Moody and Sankey hymn in Fiote, in which I felt anything but at home, and could only make semblance with my lips to be following. Finally, a short prayer finished up the whole, and then began a ceremony which the natives would not miss for the world. Each one came separately and shook hands with the lady, the Missionary and myself, accompanying the shake-hands with a "Goo'-night, sir," applied indifferently to either sex. We also retired to our rooms, and although mine was rather damp (there was a fine crop of mushrooms—alas! not edible—and waving grass growing on my bedroom floor), I had a comfortable bed, and slept well.

At Pallaballa, at the time of Mr. Johnston's visit, the natives were disposed to be impudent, and even aggressive, towards white men; but during the last few months of his stay on the Congo, they modified their tone, owing to their commercial relations with Mr. Stanley's expedition. They are very superstitious, and for every person that dies somebody is made "ndokki" (or "devil-possessed"), and has to take the *casca* poison. This is usually administered in such a way as to be merely a strong emetic, under the idea that the victim may "bring up" the devil, and cast him out with his bile. They think a great deal of their "*Nkimba*," and on the south bank of the river, where Mr. Stanley's influence is not as yet so firmly established as in the neighbourhood of Vivi, it is dangerous for a white man to offend these fanatics, who will severely beat him (as they did a young member of the Livingstone Mission) with their long wands or staves in return for fancied slights.[1] Mr. Johnston writes:

The people of Pallaballa may be said to "patronize" Christianity, a religion which, in my opinion, they are in their present mental condition totally unfitted to understand. When the Missionary holds a Sunday service in King Kongo-Mpaka's house, some twenty or thirty idlers look in, in a genial way, to see what is going on, much as we might be present at any of their ceremonies. They behave very well, and imitate, with that exact mimicry which only the negro possesses, all our gestures and actions, so that a hasty observer would conclude they were really touched by the service. They kneel down with an abandon of devotion, clasp their hands and say "Amen" with a deep ventral enthusiasm. The missionary, on the occasion that I accompanied him, gave a short sermon in Fiote, well expressed considering the little time he had been studying the language. The king constantly took up the end of some phrase, and repeated it

[1] The *Nkimba* are the initiated. They may be of any age, boys of eleven, or men of forty; but generally the "Nkimbaship" is undergone by young men. The sacred mysterious language is never taught to females.

with patronizing interest after the missionary, just to show how he was attending, throwing meanwhile a furtive glance at his wives, who were not pursuing their avocations outside with sufficient diligence. A short prayer concluded the service, and when the king rose from his knees, he promptly demanded the loan of a handscrew to effect some alteration in his new canoe.

Of Missionary labour Mr. Johnston shows but little appreciation. The negro can only be ruled by gentle force, and the long-suffering Missionaries are the worst people possible to deal with him. A "rule of love," indeed, he takes for a confession of weakness, and abuses it accordingly. So writes Mr. Johnston. In Pallaballa, where the Livingstone Missionaries "have been patiently working for three years," the king insisted on a present of gin to the value of 25s., the interpreter being Mr. Johnston's "kind host," who had frequently been obliged to make "presents" himself. All this has been altered. Missionaries and travellers alike now, it seems, are free from exactions, treaties having been made by Mr. Stanley's agents with the native rulers. One thing is certain. The "rule" of many white traders among the "niggers" is not a "rule of love." On the Lower Congo, says our author, slavery certainly exists, as much as ever it did, the only difference being that it is internal; and slavery will continue to exist, he adds, "as long as European merchants stand sorely in need of labour, and native chiefs are willing to 'apprentice' or sell their superfluous subjects for an important consideration in gin, cloth or guns. Any traveller who visits the factories on the Lower Congo—except, perhaps, in those belonging to the English—may see groups of slaves in chains who are so punished for having run away, and if he arrives at a time when a slave has just been recaptured—possibly by his own relatives, who have brought him cheerfully back, sure of a reward—he will have an opportunity of studying the application of the formidable cow-hide whips to the runaway's skin, and see the blood spirt from his well-flogged back." Certainly, Christian people will admire the Missionary's "rule" more than the Trader's.

In January, 1883, Mr. Johnston, with sixteen porters, left Vivi for Isangila, Manyanga, and Stanley Pool. He was escorted by three of Mr. Stanley's favourite Zanzibaris, of whose "affectionate service" he makes due mention. Part of his journey he made in a little steam launch, since transferred to the upper river. Manyanga, it seems, was the scene of the only serious disturbance which took place between the expedition of Mr. Stanley and the natives; the buildings are now entrenched and fortified. The station of the Baptist Mission, at a lower level than the fort, is very bright and pretty, but not so healthy; a Missionary lately died of dysentery. Manyanga is a great food-centre; at its markets, troops of sheep, fifty goats, eighty

fowls, and hundreds of eggs may be bought at one time. Navigation of the river here ceases. The great falls of Ntomba Mataka are close to the station; and in order to reach Stanley Pool, about 100 miles, the traveller must follow the native roads.

When quite close to Léopoldville, which, like nearly all the "Expedition" stations, is placed on rising ground, you get a glimpse of Stanley Pool, with its lovely islands; and on turning the hillside the magnificent prospect of it bursts upon your view. From the little station of the Baptist Mission, on the top of the hill, a view embraces almost the whole extent of the Pool, which is about 25 miles long and 16 broad. The Baptist Missionaries, it seems, have a large garden down near the banks of the river; they rent altogether from the Expedition about two acres and a half of land, paying for it £10 per annum rent. In the wooded valley below Léopoldville the Livingstone Inland Mission finished building their houses last year, Dr. Sims and a Danish Missionary being in charge. Léopoldville, our author thinks, will become the great Empire city, the terminus of a railway from the coast, and the starting-point of a river journey half across Africa.

In the narrative of his boat journey to Bólóbó occur many interesting passages; but our limits are overpassed. Here and there in his descriptions of the people of the Congo appears a sentence (*e.g.*, in pp. 416-418) which, in a book for general readers, is a mistake. In his Darwinism the author is far advanced. From a great struggle, *e.g.*, he says, "some one of the many great apes emerged as man"!

ART. VI.—JOHN STAUPITZ.

THERE are few who know anything of the life of the great German Reformer, who do not know that he was more or less aided in his spiritual difficulties, at the outset of his noble career, by the old monk whose name stands at the head of this paper. But their knowledge of Staupitz may be of the vaguest kind, consisting of little more than the impression that he was helpful to Luther in directing him to Christ for salvation. For such readers we furnish the present brief paper, in the hope that they may be induced to pursue the subject further. It will be found not only profoundly interesting, but highly valuable as an historical study, inasmuch as the relation of Staupitz to Luther seems to be an important factor among the combined elements which led to the reformation of the Church.

JOHN STAUPITZ, sprung from an old and noble family in