

Leonoldville, Stanley Pool.
 Editor Journal - Africa - March 6 - 1898 -

My last letter to you was written from Banga Matoka one month ago - My wife was sick with fever at the time and things in general had a peculiar hue like unto what one sees when looking through blue glasses - However God was good to us and we were on our way again, shortly losing only a day and a half. Just out of Banga Matoka we met two returning Missionaries Mr McKenzie and Mr. Harvey and it was a pleasant episode. We exchanged greetings and passed on perhaps never to meet again in this world - The next night we encamped along the bank of a large river - a tributary to the mighty Congo - All the rivers of Africa as far as we have seen them are exceedingly dirty - Instead of the clear sparkling water one sees at home we find a dirty brown muddy river - One or two small creeks were as clear as crystal but not so the rivers - This river had to be crossed in a canoe - our first canoe ride - the current is very swift and it was with an uneasy feeling that we sat down in the bottom of the canoe while the Natives paddled us over but they were true to their trust and in a few moments we were safely landed and in an hour or two were sleeping - The next morning when I awoke every part of my nature rebelled against

The track before me but there was no help for it - as off we started having before us a five hours tramp and the early morning sun gave promise of a hot day - and the promise was kept - At noon I walked into camp behind the others an unusual place for me - as I had before this been in the van - but this day I arrived behind time and completely worn out - I could not wait for cot or chair but threw my self down in the shade of a hut - My wife asked me if I had fever and I said "oh no" "I am only tired out" but she went for my medicine chest and got the thermometer and took my temperature and lo! it stood at $103\frac{1}{2}$ - and there I knew I was in for a dose of African fever - We were only 5 hours travel from the half way house - in half way from Matadi to Leopoldville, and as I had walked so far I was in hopes that I could walk all the way but this fever compelled me to take the hammock and go was carried for five hours (about ten miles) into Lukunga - just ahead of a very wet shower - The Carriers we had secured at Matadi did not agree to go farther than Lukunga so it became necessary to remain here long enough to secure new Carriers - Lukunga is a small mission station the C.B.M. and the A.B.M.U. are located here - Lukunga is more of a transport station for the missions than any thing else - Still much good work is done here - Mr Host is doing grand work at this point - We had to live in our tents the four days we were detained here as the mission has no accommodations for travellers - Morgan of the C.B.M. however prepared our beds

- And I can assure you it was a treat after our camping
 experience - We were exceedingly fortunate in securing
 carriers inside of four days as some have had
 to wait from one to four weeks - So on Saturday
 Feb-18- After going over to the State's house to
 receive several letters we started once more on
 our overland journey to Leopoldville - Owing to
 several circumstances we did not get started until
 two o'clock and necessarily our first days travel
 was short and at five o'clock we stopped
 at a native village and camped for the night -
 Feb 19th we awoke early to find it raining and
 the state of the weather continued until 8 o'clock when
 we got under way and travelled for 2 1/2 hours
 to a big river Rain coming on we camped
 and remained at this river until the next
 morning at 7 o'clock when we started on again
 and travelled for 4 1/2 hours to a place called M'
 Kundwa. Just before we reached this place I
 heard a roaring noise as if some mighty stream of
 water pouring over a mountain. "Oh, ho" I says to myself we
 are coming to a big waterfall and then as I turned the
 corner I came upon - what do you think? A waterfall
 No indeed - but about 1000 black men and women
 all talking very loud and all talking at once
 At first I was just a little nonplussed but I
 soon saw they were peaceful and that it was
 a large native market I had so suddenly
 come up with - The natives do not bear

to which they can go and buy things as we have in our country, so once or twice a week they have a market held right in the open fields, no covering over their heads save the vaulted blue of the heavens - And here all the natives for miles around come to buy their Luanga (Native bread) and N'Guber's (Peanuts) and M'Walie (Plantains) and pipes and tobacco and Sweet Potatoes and Pine apples and N'Saphio's (a fruit that grows on a tree - the fruit is about the size of a hen's egg and when roasted is very fine -) and Sweet Corn - The women do most of the selling and they sit on the ground with their goods lying around them. We were delayed here for a couple of hours as our Caravan was out of "Chop" (Food) and of course had to stop to do some "Shopping" and the Ovrago Native is as fond of shopping as any of our ladies in Tampa - We have tried to eat the Native bread - It looks like putty - feels like it too and if you will mix some vinegar with a lump of putty you will have a fair sample of Native bread. They tell us we will learn to like it - Perhaps so - but we can assure you we don't crave after it. I can eat it fried in butter but I don't want it - Feb. 21st we left M'Kendwa at 7.30 and marched for 3 hours to Louisa. Again the rain detained us and we lost another half day. Feb 22 we made another short run to a place called N'Dugi but on the 23 we travelled

for 4 hours to U'Kessi where was another big Swift
 river here we took dinner and then travelled
 for 3 hours more to U'Zwingi Mr R. was not
 at all well and we feared a return of the fever
 but a good nights rest set all things straight-
 To-day this day I had to ford streams. I
 was alone at the time with the exception of a
 small boy who could not carry me. We are
 in a more home like looking country now - we
 see many cultivated patches of ground planted
 to Pea nuts and Cassava, no houses are
 in sight but these patches show that there is a
 native village not far off. Any way it is much
 more inviting to the eye than the tracts of
 uncultivated land through which we have been
 passing - Pineapples grow wild here and the most
 delicious one I have ever eaten - but like most
 things that you can get for a song there is something
 to mar the pleasure. Pineapples are not healthy
 in this country and though to be had for the
 picking one dare not eat them as one would
 at home - Feb 24 we came up with another pack.
 Our supply of food was getting very low and we
 were in hopes that we might find some eggs and
 chickens but we were disappointed for 8 eggs
 and 3 chickens were all we could purchase ^{and}
 what were they among so many? Another rain
 detained us at this place until late in the
 day. Left at 11 A.M. and walked for 3 hours to

Kimfuma One very pleasing incident occurred
 this afternoon - About 3 o'clock we met a young
 colored boy - a native, with letters for us from
 the dear ones at home. Dr. Sims at Leopoldville had
 heard we were on the road and so he sent us
 all the mail he had - I tell you it was a treat.
 The latest date was Dec 8th so we have no news
 from home later than that - 3 months!! and what
 may not have happened in that time - When
 we leave here and reach Luabo we cannot hope
 for mail often than once in six months - At
 Kimfuma Mr Rowbotham had an experience with
 the African Ants which nearly drove him out of
 his tent - One poor native who was sleeping in
 a peculiarly comfortable place was attacked by these
 ants and being unwilling to give up his sleeping
 place and being stung severely by the ants he
 just lay as still as possible under the circum-
 stances and cried like a child - Feb 26th we
 made 6 1/2 hours a fair days travel and at
 Sun Set reached Fuma de Coco - a native village
 where resides a chief called Fuma de Coco - he is
 noted for having a beard six feet long. I saw
 him - he gave my wife 3 ears of corn as a
 present - We learned a bit of Astronomy at this place
 too. We were told that the Sun when he sets goes
 down in the Congo river and all night long he
 travels up the river till he reaches the rising
 place when up he comes again - The Congo

river is the biggest water the natives know of -
 When asked where the Moon goes to during the dark
 moon they told us "The Moon goes to 'Ni Pooti'
 White man's Country - Not so far away in that
 Monday Feb 27. We left Fuma de Coco at half
 past nine in a small rain storm and travelled
 for 3 1/2 hours took dinner and then started on
 our last 3 hours travel and at 12 o'clock
 we reached Stanley Pool tired out (and
 I had a fever - but oh so glad that the 260
 miles were traversed - I walked every bit of
 it with the exception of the few miles just
 before we entered Lukinga - Most of the
 places I have named in this letter are large
 only in name - they are stations placed by
 the State government and consist of one grass
 house and one shed - the house for travellers
 and the shed for carriers - We preferred our
 tents to the houses unless as in some instances
 the houses were clean - We have been one
 week at Stanley Pool and may have to wait another 3
 or 4 months for a boat. Stanley Pool is quite a large place as African
 places go - The day after we arrived the State King two natives
 for digging up a dead body and eating part of it. We saw the poor
 wretches hanging on a cross beam. No caps over their faces
 not even a haugman's knot - just strangled to
 death - You should have seen them - one could count
 their ribs they were so poor - We are all well at this
 date -
 Yours D. W. Snyder -