

tion we adopt, and commend to the notice of these poets, the vigorous protest made by John Wesley in the celebrated Preface to his Hymns against the tinkers and botchers of his day. Here I feel leave to mention, he says, a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honor to reprint many of our hymns. Now, they are perfectly welcome to do so, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. (Therefore, I must beg of them one of these two favors: neither to let them stand just as they are, nor to take them for better or worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men.)

**Those Congo Horrors**

There are signs that some idea of the real strength and true inwardness of the campaign of calumny against the Belgian administration in the Congo is, at last, beginning to penetrate the British mind, although the anti-Catholic agitators and sensation-mongers are making despairing efforts to keep their cause alive. Their latest scheme was the holding of a 'Congo Exhibition' at which was shown the alleged instruments of Belgian cruelty with the object of sending thrills and creeps down the spinal marrow of the gobe-mouches. Gullible, by fit apparatus, says Carlyle, 'all publics are'; and the Congo reformers are certainly sparing no pains to secure the fit apparatus. 'The artfulness and energy,' says the *Catholic Times*, of the Congo agitators cannot be disputed. They are extremely clever in working up sensational stories and pictures. The 'Congo Exhibition' at the Horticultural Hall is a masterpiece. Hitherto the relics by which it has been sought—but sought in vain—to awaken horror amongst the British public have been produced in instalments, as it were. Now they are massed together as a sort of grand object-lesson revealing the inexpressible cruelty of the Belgian people. The exhibition, too, is strictly a missionary one in the religious sense. What more artistic arrangements could be made for harrowing up the soul? None whatever, seeing that eloquent commentaries on the exhibits were offered by those true and well-tried antagonists of Belgian rule in the Congo, the Earl of Mayo, Dr. Clifford, and the Rev. John Harris. They did paint King Leopold and his subjects in dark colors. Mr. Harris was shocked by the thought of anyone even doubting for a moment that the Belgians delight and persist in atrocities. He was amazed at the statement made by Mr. Belloc in Parliament that Catholics are not in sympathy with the agitators. Mr. Belloc was 'incomprehensible.' This affectation of a conviction that all right-minded men must be aghast at Belgian wickedness is fit for the stage, but not for acceptance by persons who are endowed with common sense. The Belgians are well known to be a go-ahead people, good-natured, pacific, and not at all fond of murder and mutilation.

Meanwhile, evidence of the most disinterested and trustworthy kind in refutation of the Congo calumnies and exaggerations is steadily accumulating. We dealt at some length with the whole subject in our issue of September 23, in which we quoted from a long list of well-known travellers who, speaking with first-hand knowledge and from actual observation, were unanimous in declaring that in the course of varied and more or less lengthened experience they had never encountered the alleged atrocities. The latest testimony, and certainly not the least valuable, in confirmation of the independent witnesses before mentioned is to be found in the description recently issued by Reuters' agency of the experience of two gentlemen who were sent to the Congo region on behalf of the British Museum. The expedition consisted of Mr. E. Torday, who had previously resided for more than seven years in the State, Mr. H. Hilton-Simpson, a traveller and explorer, and Mr. N. H. Hardy, an artist. The object of the expedition, according to a statement in the *London Tablet*, was to collect for the Ethnological Department of the Museum interesting data regarding the natives in the Kasai Basin, in the very district in which the worst of the outrages are said to have occurred. After their prolonged wanderings and careful and minute investigation, what did they find? Mr. Reuters' statement as it appeared in the *Daily Express*, leaving English readers of October 1907, the travellers have thus spent nearly two years in the great forests, plains, and rivers of the heart of the Kasai. Proceeding by train from Matadi to Leopoldville, where some stay was made, the expedition travelled on to Dima, about 600 miles in the interior.

They worked as far east as Mokinsia station on the Lubutu River, where they remained among the Bakatela people, and then proceeded north to the Lomela River in the fiftiest region. For a large portion of the time—about four months they were working in the Domaine Privé of the King of the Belgians. During the whole period of their stay they insisted that they never saw a single act of brutality on the part of the State officials or the company's people. They further state that they never had the least difficulty with the people who formed their expedition, although eighteen of their twenty-five porters were captives from the Kwilu River. Of these Mr. Hilton-Simpson says that they are some of the best natives he has ever met, mild, obliging, honest, and industrious.

These English gentlemen will probably not have increased their popularity with a certain section of the readers of the *Express*, but they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have given the truth a much-needed airing.

**RUBBER AND THE CONGO**

About the middle of the eighteenth century (says *America* of October 23) the English people began to use a substance which they learned had long known as caoutchouc. The name looked hard, and a certain moral courage was needed to pronounce it by giving a sort of dry sneeze. Of course, really scientific persons, philosophers, they were called in those days, had no difficulty in the matter, but sneezed to one another with a fine abandon which implied: 'You know what I mean.' The unlearned, however, were tormented with self-consciousness. Though they might use the word occasionally, the doubt would always recur: 'Does it really spell that?' And as at first they employed the thing for rubbing but pencil-marks, they soon gave up the philosophic sneeze for an easier name, india-rubber, lawlessly compounded of the place of origin, the Indies (for in the good old days this expressed all tropical America as well as Southern Asia) and the domestic use. Practical men found out that the properties of the substance could be modified with very simple treatment, and began to make of it elastic bands, tubes, and cloth, but it still kept its popular name.

An attempt was made in this country to call it gum; perhaps because it comes from a milky juice that exudes from a tree much in the same way as what the speech of cities calls turpentine, but that of the forest terms more properly gum, flows from the pine and the fir. Overshoes for wet weather were coated with it. These were called in England galoshes, from the French *galoche*; our grandmothers called them gums, and used to admonish our mothers not to go out in the wet without their gums. The men of the fifties in California wore gum-boots, which sometimes caused in the feet a disease known as gum-boot gout. But in this discrepancy of names the old country gained one of its few victories over the New World, a sort of Chesapeake and Shannon affair, to set against the long catalogue of defeats. The American gum disappeared, vanquished by the English India-rubber.

The American has the great quality of not knowing when he is beaten. Others claim it also. Whether they have an equal right to it, or a greater or a less, or any right at all, may be discussed in connection with other things. What is to the point now is, that the American people were blind to their defeat in the gum-india-rubber question. Indeed, we took so kindly to the victorious name, we got to be on such friendly terms with it, that we soon dropped the ceremonious *india*, and spoke familiarly of rubber. Gum may have survived in some out-of-the-way corner, but rubber stalked through the land as if native and to the manner born. The Englishman might still speak of galoshes, for us they became rubbers. He might wear a mackintosh, we know only the rubber coat. We used rubber hose to water our gardens, we put rubber tyres on our carriages and automobiles. We ignored *india* so persistently that at length defeat was changed into victory, and to-day rubber, plain and unadorned, is the word of commerce, whereas the English tongue is spoken and still speaks of *india*. The substance has become an important article of trade, and the Indies, so vaguely splendid when the world was younger, are no longer heard of in our exact school geographies, all of that it comes from! South America, Asia, and Africa; and when Africa is mentioned, the article of trade becomes a site of controversy. Large quantities of rubber are exported from what was the Congo Free State, and is now the Belgian Congo Colony. It is produced largely in the Bakuba country, which, according to the English Congo Reform Association and its American friends, while guttoden by white foot, was a terrestrial Paradise, as the people were free and happy under the mild rule of their king. Their great houses lined the well-swept streets of the towns, and their broad fields brought forth maize, beans, potatoes, and tobacco abundantly. When the fancy took them they hunted the elephant for his tusks

'Hech! sirs, the day! but it's ill daein' wi' common Teas after being accustomed tae Cook o' the North.' HONDAI-LANKA TEAS are particularly guid.

'A Gowpanfu' o' grôsets?' on a het day, and a waucht o' COCK OF THE NORTH TEA on a cauld night, are twa vera guid things. Try it!