How the savage army attacked the Congo and what happened thereafter, up to the time that the Province of Serra Leoa was conquered.

In the time of King Bernard, as mentioned above, and when her Most Serene Highness Queen Catherine was ruling Portugal, this horde entered the Province of the Congo, devastating those towns and villages which were least prepared and least strongly fortified, with typical cruelty. They spared neither mother nor child, but sliced up the latter before the eyes of the former, and anointed themselves with the innocent's blood. They held up limbs or other parts of the body to their mouths and ran their teeth across them, in order to inspire greater terror. This was their normal practice during this journey. What it must have been to see this multitude of enemies screaming! What emotions, what quantity of tears, this wretched spectacle would arouse!

The king was distressed to discover how limited were the forces at his disposal to rescue his people. But affection finds a way. Affection, and also fear, induced him to send an envoy to Portugal in all haste. King Bernard sent him relying on the royal splendour of a kingdom so Catholic that it would never fail to help him. /f.86r/

As soon as it was known what the envoy sought, ships of the fleet were ordered to be fitted out and made ready. In due course the fleet reached this Province and was received as if coming from heaven. The Manes learnt of this Portuguese aid, but their army was not intimidated or discouraged since it believed that no power existed which could prevail against it. The battle took place, with thundering of guns and whistling of musket-balls, and a shower of arrows from the natives. Now both victory and life itself were being lost by those whose unmeasured ambition had sought to prolong each. When the Manes realised that their expectations were being dashed, however many councils of war they held, in a conflict where they previously had had the better of it, they decided on peace. They promised to be at complete peace with the natives, and to remove any suspicions about their future intentions, as a token of peace they promised to take wives in the country. The Congos accepted this agreement, which has continued valid, so that many of the Manes are today keen Christians and friends of ours, and those who have not yet merited this grace from the Lord have lost their own name of 'Sumbas' and are called
'Jacas'. Our conquest of the Congo made them so fearful of us that in Angola they changed their attitude to the Portuguese. They stated that they only wished for Portuguese favour, and they settled themselves in this region; and a section of them sought the waters of holy baptism. Here they are called Jingas. But there are always rebels in the two provinces who take refuge in the interior, which is very prejudicial to trade, by sea as well as by land, for the rebels in the Congo attack and seriously loot ships which are sailing to those parts where this savage race has made its home.

/f.86v/ When they had been driven off from the Congo, the Manes continued their march, devastating whatever they could. Mina and its castle put up great resistance to them. They had no knowledge of our artillery there. They saw from afar the towers shining white, and they imagined that these were (merely) the dwellings of the Portuguese. Desire for plunder led them on. The whistling of shot and the rumble of guns they took for a thunderstorm. Recollecting the shot and what had happened there to the Manes, D. Pedro used to say that no-one could overcome the Portuguese. Some state that the losses of the army at this point were such that Farma had to reassemble it. But the most knowledgeable affirm that on this occasion Farma (?) general for Messera, uncle of Ferabure, (a) and Mareco, grandfather of Fatema, were both there, these two being the coastal generals.

After this trouble at Mina, they attacked the neighbouring provinces until they reached Magarabomba – which I have not mentioned before, since it virtually forms part of the patrimony of Serra Leoa and is under the same command. Like the whole province it is an area made up of islands, and it has abundance of the normal products, cola, ivory, and an amount of gold which is collected there. They conquered the Sapes and Boulons of its Tausente Island, who were called Xoi or Civi. Sacena was the coastal general for Mareco (b) and Xere Bogo. Maro, father of Sertua, a relation of the King of the Serra, was captain of the advance guard for Sacena. Thus they attacked our renowned Leoa (Lioness), but not even this name could persuade the

(a) Or father, a nobleman of great valour and spirit.
(b) Or rather, for Jomaore, since Mareco died on the journey.
savages to leave it alone. Many persons moved away from these famished wolves, fleeing their claws and hooves. The more spirited natives took refuge in the Island of Cabano, which today serves as the wine-cellar of the district for the neighbouring peoples of the Serra, but then was a fortress where Boulons, Calus, etc., performed heroic feats, slaying great numbers of that savage race. Its capture was the most costly action of the whole conquest, and the blood of many of the enemy was spilt. The capture led to Tora being immortalised, and was the occasion for his promotion from drummer to king, in recognition of the courage with which he conducted himself during the battle. His booty was the island itself (won by) a conquest which was one of the most glorious during the whole journey. (c) Mareco awarded it to him, in recognition of the very heroic feat of his drummer.

Some of their conquests I shall not mention, since they were all of the same character. Other conquests which they attempted we shall discuss later. But because these were less successful, they settled in the Serra, choosing it as a home for life. For the Sumba and for the descendants of this loathsome tribe, the locality seemed ideal, that is, well-suited for this scum who act according to merely what they see and feel. But it would never seem so to anyone with a refined soul, anyone who valued eternal life. Such a one, I believe, would with reason be saddened by even the happier aspects of this desert, the most evil desert in the world. (d) Only souls lacking finer feelings could accept exile here. But to be fair and give each his due, a pot which has once held a foul smelling liquid, however faint the smell, never loses it. Now let us discuss, as I promised, the campaign of these savages against the Sousos.  /f.87/

(c) Fierce looks were here insufficient to intimidate the natives. The wild men came, they fought gallantly. Finding themselves beaten off, the Sumbas sent to say that there were still axes (? to be tried), and soon handles would be broken.

(d) Considered the most evil.