

# UGANDA TO KHARTOUM



Albert Shoop

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ALBERT B. LLOYD



LONDON & GLASGOW  
COLLINS' CLEAR-TYPE PRESS

# UGANDA TO KHARTOUM

LIFE AND ADVENTURE ON THE  
UPPER NILE

BY

ALBERT B. LLOYD

Author of 'In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country'

*WITH THIRTY-THREE ILLUSTRATIONS*

LONDON AND GLASGOW  
COLLINS' CLEAR-TYPE PRESS

I  
DEDICATE THIS BOOK  
TO  
MY BELOVED FATHER  
REVERED AND HONOURED FOR HIS  
GOODNESS, UPRIGHTNESS  
AND WISE COUNSELS

## PREFACE.

AFRICA has been slow in revealing its mysteries ; and, though the great problems connected with its lakes, rivers, and mountain ranges have mostly now been solved, we have still an immense amount to learn about the details of its geography, and the characteristics of the varied races and tribes scattered over the great continent. There is a wide circle of readers who are eager to gather all they can on these subjects from the accounts of those who have penetrated to the remoter districts, and who feel the peculiar fascination of well-written books of travel. To such, no less than to those who care for the spread of the Gospel of Christ, Mr. Lloyd needs no introduction. For ten years he has laboured as a missionary in the western parts of the Uganda Protectorate ; and last year he returned for the second time on furlough to this country.

The natural way of coming home, whether from Toro or Unyoro, would have been by the Victoria Nyanza and Mombasa on the east coast ; but with his missionary zeal Mr. Lloyd combines a large measure of that spirit of adventure which is the heritage of Englishmen. After his

first period of service he plunged into the great Aruwimi forest, and made his way down the Congo to the west coast. The account of that journey is given in his former book, *In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country*; and all who have read it will be anxious to scan the pages of this newer volume. At present I have only been able to glance through the manuscripts, but I have read enough to whet my appetite for the book when it leaves the printers' hands.

Within the last two years I have myself paid a very brief visit to Uganda; but that journey took me no farther west than the neighbourhood of Mengo, its capital. My small experience, however, enables me to appreciate the description given in the first chapter of this book. In the briefest possible form it gives the reader a correct idea of the present position of affairs—a position for which, when we recall the past history of the country, we may well be heartily thankful. Time was when the adherents of British and French missions were ready to fly at each other's throats, and when the pioneers of civil administration were far from appreciating the benefits of missionary work. All this is largely changed, and one of the pleasantest features in Mr. Lloyd's story is what it reveals of the sympathetic relations now so often subsisting between missionaries and Government officers.

To many readers the latter part of the book will probably prove the most attractive, with its description of the remote Acholi country in which Mr. Lloyd's work has lain of late, and of his homeward journey down the Nile. This Nile route between Egypt and Uganda is not altogether new, for it was by the Nile that one of the earliest missionary parties travelled to Uganda, being welcomed and befriended by General Gordon on their way, but for many years it was made wholly impossible by the Dervish régime. Since the overthrow of the Khalifa's power, seven years ago, the great southern Soudan has been gradually reopened, and the Nile route is likely to become rapidly easier and more accessible.

It is an inspiring thought that throughout this vast region the Pax Britannica now prevails, and that our Empire's power is felt along the whole course of the Nile, from the great lakes in which it takes its rise, to the Delta and the Mediterranean. God has committed to our care the millions, of many diverse races and tribes, who depend upon this mighty river; and we may well be proud of the civilising work which is being steadily carried on by our administrators. But there are limits to the good that may be accomplished by Government; and it is surely not for material blessings alone that these people have come under our influence. Many years

ago that brilliant administrator, Sir Herbert Edwardes, asked with reference to another part of our Empire: "Why has God given India to England? Was it for no higher object than the spread of education, the reduction of taxes, the building of bridges, the increase of commerce? We cannot think so meanly. . . . All His purposes look through time into eternity, and we may rest assured that the East has been given to our country for a mission, not merely to the minds or bodies, but to the souls of men."

His words apply with equal force to the great Soudan; and it is pleasant to learn from the book before us that England is awaking to her obligations, and that a beginning, small though it be, has been made in the direction of missionary enterprise. But what must strike us more is the vastness of the field that remains untouched. If this story of travel and adventure serves to arouse us to a deeper, truer sense of our responsibilities towards these, our less favoured fellow-subjects, Mr. Lloyd's chief object in writing it will have been gained.

VICTOR BUXTON.

## INTRODUCTION.

THIS book is intended to depict some of the many experiences encountered during a five years' residence in the Northern Provinces of the Uganda Protectorate. Like its predecessor, *In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country*, it does not pretend to any literary value; but as a record, simply told, of travel and adventure and honest work amongst the natives of a part of Central Africa very little known to the public—it may be interesting and, I trust, instructive.

It deals briefly with missionary efforts amongst the Pagan tribes of the great Dark Continent, but it is not intended primarily as a missionary work. The writer does not essay to satisfy the desire of those who would be interested in missionary work only, so much as to reach the many whose concern is with Africa as a land of darkness, fascinating adventure, and immense possibility.

A. B. L.

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## CHAPTER I.

### UGANDA TO BUNYORO.

THE capital of Uganda is our starting-point, and its beauties will quickly be hidden from view by the tall elephant grass and papyrus swamps, as we journey northward towards the Upper Nile Provinces. Looking back for a moment over this great Central African city, it is quite impossible to divest one's mind of the history of the past—and so, one pauses. How different is the Uganda of to-day to that of thirty years ago! The bitter controversies and the savage persecutions of those early days have almost faded away and are now scarcely remembered, while all visible trace of them has vanished; for Uganda has passed through its fiery ordeal and has come out safely on the other side. The dark days are behind, and those who remember them prefer not to dwell upon their horrors, but to look forward to the bright prospects ahead, with ever-increasing eagerness—for the DAWN has come.

We are thankful for the Native Government, by which laws are made, based upon purity and uprightness, and that tend to uplift the greatest of Central African people; and for

the wise administration which not only helps the Uganda native to work honestly for his living, but also keeps the country at rest from wars and strifes that hitherto have made Africa so dark. But best of all, we are thankful for the British flag that flutters over every outpost in the country, ensuring the blessings of peace, prosperity and religious liberty to all under its sway.

Daudi Chwa, King of Uganda, still in his minority, is being trained as a Christian prince should be, and he will yet be able to show his gratitude to the British Government by an earnest and devoted life of service for his country.

Apolo Kagwa, the Prime Minister of Uganda, has been to England and has seen for himself the prosperity of a land that is rightly and properly governed, and he has now returned to Uganda with one motive uppermost in his mind—that of working for the raising and civilising of his own countrymen.

It was a great day for Uganda when the wonderful work upon the Cathedral Church of St. Paul the Apostle on Namirembe Hill was finished.

On 20th June 1904, a great crowd began to assemble at 6 a.m., and long before the doors were opened the big yard surrounding the

building was filled by some 10,000 people. At 9 o'clock the Bishop and officiating clergy led the young king and His Majesty's Commissioner, Colonel Hayes Sadler,<sup>1</sup> to their allotted seats in the great building, and the National Anthem was played while the huge assembly stood. Then in solemn praise and prayer the wonderful place was for ever set apart for the service of God, and I maintain without fear of contradiction that so long as the people of Uganda, or of any other country, seek to glorify God as a nation, they will prosper and their days shall be prolonged.

And so, with this hope within us, we make our way past the great hospital for the sick and dying on Namirembe Hill, through the native market-place, listening for a moment to the strange cries of the hundreds recommending their wares to the passer-by, and then down the hill into the great papyrus swamp. Years ago this swamp was a terrible difficulty, unbridged and foul, with strong-smelling mud and rotten vegetation, and to cross over, one had to plunge in up to one's waist and struggle through. Now it is substantially bridged and can be crossed dry-footed.

These are the days of bicycles in Uganda, and sixty miles a day is quite possible on the

<sup>1</sup> Since transferred to the East African Protectorate.

beautiful road that runs between Mengo and Hoima, the capital of Bunyoro. Bullock wagons may also be seen, and one has heard a whisper of motor cars yet to come. Groups of men are often met with, whose work it is to keep the road in repair, and a native chief at the head of each gang directs the operations.

Our caravan was a large one: my wife and myself, close upon one hundred stalwart natives, carriers for our household goods—all made up into the smallest possible packages—sheep, goats, dogs, and oxen included. A jollier set of porters never set out on a journey through this part of Africa; all were singing and urging each other on by witty sayings: "Tugende Bunyoro, tugende Bunyoro, tutwala omuzungu, abanyoro besimye mutusigulire tuli basaja tuli basaja." ("We go to Bunyoro, we go to Bunyoro, we are taking the white man, the Banyoro should be pleased with themselves, clear the road for us, we are men, we are men," etc. etc.) Some of these men are Christians, some heathen, and a few Mohammedans, but all bright happy fellows, and their chief desire seemed to be to get into camp with their loads as soon as possible in order to settle down to a good solid meal of bananas, with a little green stuff thrown in. It is astounding what these fellows will do, given plenty of food

at the end of the day: for hours they will jog along, with their heavy loads sometimes on their heads and sometimes on their shoulders, keeping up a continual chatter amongst themselves, and occasionally giving vent to their pent-up feelings by a terrific yell or "ndulu" as it is called. Nothing but rain seems to damp the ardour of these muscular fellows, but this certainly does, for upon the first drops being felt, there is a dead silence, and they are mum until it stops, and the sun again shines, when once more the "ndulu" is heard, and the song is swelling forth from the throats of these merry-hearted porters.

Often the road was so good that we were able to cycle far ahead of the caravan, and patiently await the arrival of our men, in a wayside hut or by some sparkling stream whose sweet waters slaked our thirst. Once, before a camp fire, we roasted potatoes, very kindly given to us by some men journeying in the opposite direction while we waited for the caravan.

Two boys ran with us all the way to push our bikes up the hills and carry them, or us, or both, across the numerous swamps, many of which, owing to rain, were so swollen that the bridges were broken down.

At last the porters arrive, all cheery and gay. "Kulika" they cry as they catch sight of us,

which being interpreted means "Congratulations," then, down go their loads, and they rush off into the long grass for reeds or other materials to build for themselves small huts in which to spend the night. Some are told off, however, by the headman to pitch the tent, others to fetch firewood and some to get water, and, in a surprisingly short space of time, a little colony of grass huts springs up around the Europeans' tent.

Then night comes on, and darkness reigns around, save for the bright glow made by the many fires of the porters. In groups the men sit down and discuss the events of the day, poking and blowing the fire every now and then while the evening meal is cooking; their merry laugh is always cheering, and one forgets the discomforts of the tent life and enters into the joys of existence together with these happy black boys. Hard work seldom kills and a little of it makes the black man happy, and the white stranger soon learns to enjoy the blithesome laugh of the porter as he trots along with his sixty pounds' load on his head, making the way seem shorter, and the discomforts are forgotten.

Starting every day at 6 a.m., just as soon as the sun rises in the east and sheds its warming rays around, resting at nine, and partaking of

a good substantial breakfast, then on again for another two hours, when camp is fixed up.

Eight days' tramp of this sort brings us to the great Kafu River, a dead sluggish stream which forms the natural boundary between Uganda and Bunyoro. A hundred yards across it is choked up with masses of fetid vegetation, coarse reeds, papyrus predominating, thick black mud with a watery slime on the top—it is one of the most horrible rivers it has ever been my misfortune to cross. The bridge over it is washed away periodically, and then to get across is impossible, excepting by the aid of a tiny dug-out canoe, three inches of water at the bottom, and well smeared with mud all over. A few minutes in this crazy craft would satisfy the most venturesome for a lifetime, and as the foul waters are stirred up by the man at the stern with a big pole to propel the boat across, the awful odour hangs thick around one, so that to take a deep breath is a foolish venture, and to be judiciously avoided.

The valley of the Kafu River abounds with game of all sorts, and it was here that one of our men, who was following us a few weeks afterwards, bringing rupees, etc., met with an exciting adventure. Having made friends with several other fellows, who like himself were on the way to Bunyoro, they tramped along

together ; they pitched their camp on the southern bank of the river, and very early in the morning commenced their long tramp into Hoima, the capital. Just before they reached the stream one of the men who was walking ahead of the rest, came running back with the news that a big herd of elephants was grazing near the water close to the path.

The party hesitated for a while to consider the advisability of proceeding, but came to the conclusion that they might go forward, making as much noise as possible so as to frighten the herd away. The wonder to me is, that the elephants did not start to run upon the first sound of that awful din—produced by the Muganda when he wishes to make an impression—and never stop for the rest of the day. As it happened, there was in the herd a real old rogue, whose great delight is to chase all and sundry of the human race, whenever and wherever met with, and this chief of the herd was at once put upon his mettle before the followers in his train, at the sound of the unearthly yells of the approaching cavalcade.

The noisy crew went boldly forward, each encouraged by the next man's yells, when suddenly they came in full view of about twenty huge beasts of the forest with the wild bull at their head. At first sight, he came for them

full speed ahead, with a frightful trumpeting, the whole herd taking up the chase most vigorously. The porters scattered and fled like dry leaves before the wind—the man with the rupees and other treasure cast everything from him, and went half naked into the bush, the bull elephant after him. Now this black man was no fool, and although he ran with all the energy of his nature, he kept cool about the head, and turning sharply to one side, dodged behind an overgrown ant-hill, and Jumbo passed by like a flash of lightning. However, a more unfortunate brother was just ahead, and not being so fleet of foot, or so quick to decide what was best to be done, was soon overtaken and thrown to the ground and trampled to death. Having thus wreaked his vengeance upon the disturbers of his morning meal, the rogue withdrew from the scene and joined his more peaceful followers, who were by this time some distance away. The man returned and picked up the pieces, consisting of two bottles completely smashed, which had contained medicine, which he most religiously brought along with him in spite of their emptiness. None of the rupees were lost, and the one man was the only casualty.

For some time there has been a large herd of buffalo in this valley, and although I have

never come across them, I have seen plenty of fresh tracks for a mile or more along the road. A chief of this district once brought to me the skull of a full-grown cow that had been killed by a lion close to his village. Lions are plentiful, so the natives say, and great care had to be taken to keep fires burning around the camp; but it is strange how soon one gives up these precautions and how little does it affect the general spirit of cheerfulness that reigns in a well-conducted caravan.

At one camp on this road on the Uganda side of the Kafu, I had a thrilling experience. We had pitched our camp upon a high hill overlooking a beautiful plain of short, fresh grass, roaming over which we could distinctly see small herds of Uganda cob and other beasts.

After a short rest I went with two of my men to hunt, in order to supply ourselves and porters with fresh meat. It was a glorious afternoon, almost a cloudless sky and a cool, refreshing breeze—a common feature in these high altitudes of Central Africa. We had not gone very far from camp when a fine buck presented a magnificent chance, and soon it lay stretched out upon the plain. A pair of horns,  $21\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length, was a prize not to be despised, and a boy was left behind to guard the meat and carefully remove the head and hide.

Another hour's walk through rather longer and coarser grass brought us to a place where the country was more broken, and there were many little kopjes rocky and bare, jutting out of the surrounding flatness. At the foot of one of these I was successful in bringing down another fine buck, and leaving it in charge of my last remaining boy, I hurried on with the intention of returning to camp alone, to call up the porters to bring in the meat. I struggled to the top of the little rocky hill to get, if possible, a view of the camp, or at any rate of some point from which I could find my way. But I could see nothing familiar, and no sign of the camp. This was rather unfortunate, especially as evening was drawing on rapidly and darkness threatening, and more than this, a storm was approaching with alarming rapidity. The lightning was flashing, and I could hear the distant rumble of the thunder, each moment becoming more distinct. The wild swishing of the grass in the strong breeze as it tangled itself about one's legs made progress slow.

At last I came to a grassy knoll, from the summit of which I guessed I should obtain a glimpse of camp, so up I went, breathing painfully, with the strong wind blowing in my face. At length I reached the top, and with gun carelessly flung across my shoulder,

I was making my way to a tree up which I might climb for a better view, when, to my horror and intense excitement, ten yards only in front of me, a huge lion rose to its full height. Its muzzle was covered with blood, disturbed as it was at its feast upon an antelope, and at sight of me it snarled, showing a set of teeth all gory and red; its ears went back, and its eyes seemed bloodshot and glaring. I came to a dead stop in a shorter time than it takes to think, and almost lost my balance, then I raised my rifle (.303) loaded with a solid bullet, and drew the bead between his eyes. Next instant I should have fired, when I suddenly realised that I was quite alone, so far as outside help was concerned, and that away over the hills was my little wife anxiously awaiting my return, and so I decided not to fire unless absolutely obliged. Keeping my rifle raised, and ready at a single second's notice to pull the trigger, I commenced backing away very slowly, step by step, and finally drew behind a friendly ant-hill, and then—well, I ran as fast as any hare down that hill. I hardly dare look behind me for fear the beast should be following me, until, scrambling over loose rocks and plunging into marshy streams, I was completely exhausted, and for a moment was fain to rest.

The storm was now bursting overhead, and the lightning playing about my head ; I struggled on again, and now by good fortune rather than by knowledge of my latitude, I struck a path that eventually led me to the main road.

I shall never forget the last 500 yards of that struggle back to camp, the storm right in my teeth, the path flooded for six inches up my legs, and a great hill to climb ! It was now dark, and when I at last reached the top of that famous hill upon which our camp was built, a strange sight met my gaze. The tent pegs were all out, and upon every rope there was a man, and three or four at each pole.

Although on the top of the hill there was water four inches deep, the ground sheet was floating, beds were soaked, and there stood my little wife in the midst of this pandemonium, calm and self-possessed, giving orders to the noisy crew of porters who were trying vainly to keep the sides of the tent down. In twenty minutes the storm had passed, and all was quiet again save for the roaring of the lion in the distance that had been so inadvertently disturbed at its meal, and the splash, splash of the porters as they moved about outside in the water trying to rearrange their wrecked quarters for the night.

That night we had a strange chorus around our tent: on the one side the lion kept up an incessant roar; at the back was a leopard which every now and then broke the stillness with its horrible bark, and on both sides of us were the hungry hyenas, attracted no doubt by the smell of the fresh meat that the porters had fetched into camp.

These little diversions remind us that we are in savage Africa, or else, what with the well-regulated Government of Uganda, the fine roads, and the peaceful inhabitants, we might be led to suppose that Africa was no longer wild, and that lions and rogue elephants were things of the past, never again to cross the path of the traveller.

The Kafu River having been safely crossed, we made our first camp in Bunyoro, and settled down to a night of great discomfort, occasioned by the millions of black-legged, spotted-legged and brown-legged mosquitoes: large and small, noisy and quiet, they all alike seemed to have an insatiable appetite. We sat awhile in the smoke of a big camp fire, hoping to be left alone, but nothing seemed strong enough in the smoke line to drive these pests away, and it ended by an early retirement to bed. Under the mosquito net at least we expected peace, but even here we

found a few had managed to scramble in, and needed annihilating before rest was possible. In the night there was a tropical downpour of rain, so heavy that we feared a deluge, camped as we were on the edge of this dreadful swamp river, which seemed to threaten to overflow its banks and pour in upon us. How glad we were when the sun shone in the morning, and the clouds of deadly mosquitoes disappeared with the darkness of the night. For miles the road was partly under water, which finally gave way to thick black mud.

But Hoima, our objective, was now only one day's march away, and after another camp in the shade of a small banana plantation, we commenced the last ten miles' walk of the journey.

We had a right royal reception; runners came out to meet us along the road, and greeted us in true Bunyoro fashion. Some came from the king, others from various chiefs; all seemed highly excited at the prospect of welcoming into their country two white people who had come to live amongst them and to try and do them some good.

It was with very mingled feelings that we entered the little reed house built for our reception by the prominent chief of the district. We thought first of the great work we had come

to do, two simple white folk alone in this wild place, with hundreds of natives looking to us, and expecting much from us, and always quick to see the little discrepancies in our nature. Yes, I say it reverently, we needed some power apart from ourselves, some power that could work independently of us, and yet would work in us and through us, for the uplifting of these dark souls around us.

Missionary life is not living made easy ; it is a strenuous life, full of difficulties and dangers from without and from within, and I place it on record that *we* at any rate felt how very helpless we were in the face of so much blind heathenism, and we fervently prayed for manly wisdom in dealing with the sins and sorrows of these wild children of Nature.



Chap. I.

Interior of St. Paul's Cathedral, Mengo.



Andereya, King of Bunyoro.

Chap. 3

## CHAPTER II.

HOIMA, THE PROSPEROUS CAPITAL OF  
BUNYORO.

HOIMA derives its name from a tiny stream which rises in the Palajoki Hills, to the north of the capital. It is an insignificant little brook, but has a pretty name, and hence the new capital of this northern province of Uganda took this name in place of the old native one of Kahora.

The old road from Mengo wound its way amongst the hills surrounding Hoima, and finally dipped down into the fertile valley, crossing innumerable little rushing streams, up to the central hill upon which is erected the king's palace.

It is a pleasing prospect that meets the eye as one gazes over this rich valley with its waving palm-trees scattered here and there. On all sides it is shut in by the surrounding hills, and in the far distance are the hills on the western shore of the Albert Lake. Banana gardens are abundant and large tracts of cultivated ground spread out before one's gaze: dotted about here and there are the homes

of the people. At no very distant date Bunyoro was the land where the ravages of the cruel King Kabarega were notorious. He was King of Bunyoro, but a despot and tyrant of the deepest dye, and what is extraordinary, he seemed to treat his people with the greatest cruelty, so that they were in constant awe of him, and built their huts in the long grass and forests, to be out of the way of his raiding bands. Hence it was, that at the time of his capture by the British troops in Bukidi, his own people were most delighted that at last his cruelties were put a stop to. No wonder then that the natives of Bunyoro were highly pleased when they heard that the British Government was about to undertake a permanent occupation of their country.

It was well known to the common people what blessings had been the result of the British rule in Uganda, how the vile practices of the late King Mwanga had been for ever stopped, and when they knew of the coming of Mr. George Wilson, C.B., the Deputy-Commissioner, to take up his abode in their own country, their joy knew no bounds.

They had heard much of this man "Tayari"<sup>1</sup> as he was called, and they were quite satisfied that he at least would understand their difficulties and look after their interests.

<sup>1</sup> "Ever ready."

It was a great day for Bunyoro when the order came that the Government House was to be built in Hoima; not a fort with moat and battlements, but just a dwelling-house in which the representative of the British Government should dwell, to guide and direct them in a quiet, peaceful and prosperous existence. They set about this work with a will, every chief calling up his forces, and getting to business without thought or wish for remuneration. Pay for such work was not expected; they would most willingly give their best for this desirable end, and from the king to the meanest peasant labour was gladly given. It was a strange building that was erected, like a huge mud barn; the walls were two feet thick of mud and rubble, with poles in the centre to support the tremendous grass roof. Even this was all out of the straight, and leaked badly when the slightest shower came on. But they did their best, and no one was more ready to acknowledge this than Mr. Wilson himself. What if the roof did leak, and the walls fall in by reason of much mud, was not the building itself an outward and visible sign of the people's goodwill?

The house was seventy feet long by forty feet wide, and contained seven large rooms. But it was a sorry-looking place when the Deputy-Commissioner arrived, and it took him many

days, with the help of several skilled helpers, to get it into a habitable condition. This was done at last, and a most comfortable dwelling-place was the result, where for many months this skilful and sympathetic official lived and worked for the uplifting of the Banyoro.

The garden also was a feature not to be omitted, and well deserves a short description. In front of the house the ground was laid out with beautiful flower-beds, containing many rare flowers and shrubs, known and unknown to this country. A large centre bed right in front of the house contained a fine show of flowering acacias, cannas, and balsams, the last-named showing a gorgeous combination of colour, roses, dahlias and zineas, also contributed to the profusion of rich colouring, seldom seen in such an out-of-the-way part of the world. As a border, there was a species of bright variegated red-leaved plant which gave a most pleasing and attractive appearance to the garden. This plant I believe was first introduced into the country of Uganda by Mr. Jackson, C.B., Deputy-Commissioner of British East Africa, who brought it up with him from the coast. It appeared to be quite dead upon its arrival in Uganda, and was thrown into the rubbish heap straight away. In a few weeks, however, it put forth new shoots, and became a living thing once more, and very

soon it found its way into the gardens of nearly every European in the country. Indeed no garden that I have yet seen worthy of the name of a garden at all, is complete without this beautiful plant. Many flowering shrubs found in the district of Bunyoro were brought in and planted skilfully in the Deputy-Commissioner's garden, which soon became a very paradise of beauty. Grass seed was sown and a fine green lawn was in a little time a flourishing feature, upon which Mr. and Mrs. G. Wilson were often engaged in a well-contested game of lawn-tennis. This is the only grass court I have seen in Africa.

At one corner of the garden was a curious erection built up about four feet from the surface of the lawn, with sufficient room on the top for a couple of small tables and half a dozen chairs. This was the little watch-tower, where the Deputy-Commissioner and his wife might often be found at sundown, and to us who had arrived in this country a few months previously, it was a real pleasure to join the little circle at the close of the day, and discuss the future plans for Bunyoro with this most worthy servant of the Government. And here I should like to say that during these early days of my missionary efforts among the Banyoro, when so much depended upon the foundation laid,

I always found a kind friend and warm supporter in Mr. George Wilson, and many a time have I sat with him upon this little watch-tower at the close of the hot summer day, and received help and advice from my sympathetic friend.

Government officials and Christian missionaries in these far-off lands often but little realise how great their opportunities are for mutual help: the combination is ideal, given the true spirit in the individual work. The officer enters the country with a knowledge of the law that has made England so great, and with the force of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen at his back; and the missionary comes with the simple strenuous desire to make men good and law-abiding. He comes with even a greater power than any 'this world can boast of, and he teaches the helpless native from whence he may obtain the power he lacks, to keep the laws of Christ which, thank God, are the laws of our own Empire. So that, side by side, the British Government official and the missionary form the strongest combined force for good in the world. May we both live up to our responsibilities, then Africa will never regret opening her doors to us.

At the back of the house is another garden of no less importance, for here were grown the vegetables for the table. Almost every kind of

European fruit or vegetable will grow if sufficient care be taken, and here also were to be found rows upon rows of cabbages, cauliflowers, turnips, carrots, potatoes, lettuce, onions, and parsley, and herbs of many kinds, paw-paw trees, orange and lemon trees, pine-apples and bananas—all grew in great profusion. Natives of the country were employed as gardeners and right well they did their work, in spite of the propensity they have to sit down when weeding and to smoke a pipe when there is sufficient foliage to hide them from view. A few caterpillars keep the conscientious gardener hard at work. Some of these pests measured about four inches long, black and bright yellow, and had an array of spikes on their backs as sharp as needles. Their destructive powers are great, for I have seen a good-sized lemon-tree absolutely stripped of green in a night by half a dozen of these formidable insects. Their only virtue is their size and conspicuousness, for the Bunyoro gardener cannot fail to see them.

But now we must look at the great building on the hill in the very centre of Hoima. It is the king's palace, the first of its kind to be built in Bunyoro. This is no single-storied barn, for it boasts of an "upstairs" department, and I always admired the pluck of the

young king who lived there and made his sleeping apartment on the upper floor.

Let us go inside and inspect for ourselves. The front door is very low, so we have to double up a little to get through, and having done so we rub our eyes and try to get used to the darkness, for there are no windows, and light can only get in through the doorway. Here is the king's chair, placed upon a fine lion's skin, surrounded by those of the lesser cats; there is also a profusion of fine grass gathered from the tops of the papyrus stems strewn about to make it comfortable for the king's guests to sit upon.

Then we go through a doorway on the left, much more like a rabbit hole than a decent opening for humans, and we find ourselves in a spacious apartment set apart for the exclusive use of the king's personal attendants.

It is quite dark but for the strong rays of reflected light that penetrate through the dark cloth curtain over the doorway. Here are found a series of rough beds, made as fixtures, with the legs buried in the floor, upon which a thick layer of grass is spread, with a blanket or bark-cloth on the top to be used as a covering. A few guns made of gas-piping stand in the corner, with a powder belt hanging from the muzzle of each.

These are for the sole use of the attendants, and brave men they are if they ever use them, or live to wish to use them a second time.

I have seen this kind of gun before, and it belongs to a native. He usually half fills the barrel with coarse trade-powder, then puts in a good big wad of bark-cloth, and on the top of this as many lumps of lead as he can lay his hands upon, or failing these, small stones will do.

To blow off his weapon is far more dangerous to the operator than it is to the target, providing, of course, he is not less than twenty yards away, for if it does not burst the gas-pipe, it will drop the shooter pretty flat, unless his back is up against a tree.

But let us go upstairs, and inspect the second floor. I said "stairs," but they consist of a precipitous incline made of mud, with a post or two stuck in at the sides to form something to lay hold of. If you are not a good gymnast do not attempt to climb "upstairs," for it is much easier to remain at the bottom. After a breathless struggle we reach the top and try to look about, but here again all is darkness until a lantern is lighted, and we are shown the royal bed-chamber. In the centre of the room is a huge erection called the "Kitanda,"

fearfully and wonderfully made, baffling description. For a mattress, there are several dozen bark-cloths folded one upon another until they have attained the thickness of about a foot and a half; then come several gaudy-coloured blankets, no doubt from the Indian traders. This is the king's resting-place. At one side of the dark room is a little temporised table, and on this is placed a Bible and a Prayer-Book, for the King of Bunyoro has learned the Christian religion. There are a few great boxes, some native-made, others bought from the traders, which contain the wardrobe of His Majesty, and this completes the furniture of the king's chamber. The queen has a similar room adjoining. We gladly make our way to the lower floor, as the atmosphere above is decidedly stuffy, and after another performance on the "staircase" we reach the solid earth once more, and take in a fresh and greatly-needed supply of pure air.

Turning to the back-yard we find several smaller buildings in which dwell the servants of the establishment, and these need no fuller description than 'his—they are all dark and dirty.

Coronation Day witnessed a function long to be remembered in Bunyoro, for although we crowned King Edward on 26th June instead of

9th August, we did it with right goodwill, and the natives of Bunyoro, king and chiefs alike, entered into the joys of the day with a spirit that nothing could damp. The great feature of the day was a service in the Church of the Good Shepherd, as our native church is called, attended by Government Staff of all ranks in full-dress uniform, and a big native feast or reception; a luncheon and a dinner to finish up with. It can be well imagined that the resources at the disposal of those in authority to make such an occasion a success were limited, but some men are never daunted, and Mr. S. Tomkins, then Acting Commissioner of Western Provinces, is one of these.

The day before the event we got the natives to bring in flowers, ferns and palms to decorate the church for the great service; these made the building look charming. A raised dais was placed for His Majesty King Edward's Representative; over it were spread native mats with leopard and antelope skins. At the back of the throne of state was draped the Union Jack with beautiful palm leaves and flowers hanging in great profusion. Another throne was erected for the King of Bunyoro, and similarly draped, while all the big chiefs had places allotted to them around the king.

His Majesty's Representative arrived at 9 o'clock

riding on a fine mule and surrounded by his body-guard of well-equipped native troops: following him were other officials, all of whom were quietly escorted to their seats. Then the solemn ceremony was commenced by the singing of "God Save the King" in the native language. All was hushed while suitable prayers were offered, and a short sermon was delivered by the native pastor of the church, who spoke with deep feeling of the great departed lady, Queen Victoria, whom they all felt to love for her world-wide sympathy and goodness, and then with fine eloquence urged his hearers, from the king to the humblest peasant in his country, to loyally serve the great Queen's son Edward, who that day took up the sceptre lately fallen from his glorious and illustrious mother's hand. This ended the service and the troops again formed up, and the Sub-Commissioner with the native king and chiefs proceeded to the official buildings for the civil ceremony. Here it was announced that King Edward was crowned King of all the Britons and of all the British Dependencies. As a matter of fact it was some weeks later that this in very truth was done, but we in far-away Bunyoro did not know of His Majesty's serious illness until some days afterwards, and it made but little difference, for King Edward

was already crowned in our hearts for his noble mother's sake. A royal salute was then fired by the assembled troops.

A wonderful triumphal arch had been erected on the main road of Hoima, and under this the accompanying photo was taken, a representative group of the Europeans then in Bunyoro, who with one heart joined in the Coronation ceremonies. Luncheon was then served to the European population of Hoima, and King Edward's health was drunk in beverages varying from lemonade to hock and claret. A very bountiful provision was also made for the native king and chiefs, who partook of their Coronation feast in the Government buildings. When this was over the sports commenced.

A mule race for the natives was the first item, and a laughable scene it was. A fine broad course had been prepared, and half a dozen mules and one Muscat donkey, with their native jockeys, lined up to the mark. The starting was the difficulty, for the animals were so scared at the great crowd that had collected to watch the race. Some would not start at all, and others persisted in trotting off into the long grass at the side of the course, or dashing in amongst the scared onlookers.

One wild beast went off at such a pace that

its rider was soon lying on his back in the middle of the road watching his mount fast disappearing in a bee-line for the stables a mile away. As a race it was not a brilliant success, for the slow but unperturbed donkey doubled back to the winning post an easy first, while a fine white mule belonging to the author came in second, with its half-scared dusky rider clasping his arms tightly round the poor beast's neck.

Next came the foot races for the boys and young men, twenty in a heat, and some very smart running was witnessed. Next came the wrestling, by far the most interesting feature of the sports, for if there is one thing the natives excel in, it is this famous pastime. "Catch-as-catch-can" was the order of the day, and one solidly built but stumpy Muganda easily claimed the honours of the match and carried off the first prize of Rs. 3.

Several tall stalwart savages, all muscle and sinew, were tossed over this sturdy fellow's head with the greatest ease, and his skill was worthy of better antagonists than any that could there be pitted against him.

Sundry other contests were participated in, and then the grand final tug-of-war was decided by the native soldiers of the king easily carrying off the palm.

A grand dinner was given at the Residency to the Europeans living in Hoima, and the magnificent proceedings of this eventful day were brought to a close by a torch-light procession. Thousands of natives assembled, each carrying a long lighted torch made of dry reeds. It was an intensely weird spectacle; marching four abreast, the procession wound its way in and out amongst the various buildings to the accompaniment of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," the only popular song known to the crowd.

And so Coronation Day closed, long to be remembered with pleasure by all the inhabitants of Bunyoro both white and black.

## CHAPTER III.

## BUNYORO AND ITS GREAT MEN.

THE early history of Bunyoro, in its essential particulars, is practically the same as that of many another Central African country—a despotic king, who ruled his people by fear and cruelty, his one delight being raiding and murdering, not only in his own country but in those surrounding it. Wherever he went with his marauding bands, he brought destruction and death to the people, and in this he was ably assisted by the wild Dervish tribes of the North which gladly joined him. His own people were not exempt from his cruelties, and it was his practice to commandeer from them whatever he needed in the way of cattle, food, or women.

He sent his band of robbers into Uganda, sometimes with success, and at others with signal disaster.

On one occasion a large band of these fellows, made up of selections from many tribes beyond the Uganda Protectorate, made their way across the Kafu River into Uganda. It is said they were about 500 strong, but such was the plucky

way in which the Waganda repulsed this raid, that not fifty of the rascals were able to return to their king to tell the story of their annihilation. Kabarega was so furious with this defeat of his raiders that he is said to have immediately wreaked his vengeance upon the wives and families of those who were lost in the fighting, by ordering a huge slaughter of his defenceless people.

A strange inhuman practice was observed by the Banyoro, when Kabarega's bands of robbers were let loose upon the countryside.

A little child was buried alive, just leaving the head above the ground, in the middle of the road leading to the village. The marauding bands coming upon this human sacrifice would immediately turn back, and never dare to pass this dreadful spectacle. It was a propitiatory offering to the great spirit of evil, a dumb cry for help and protection from the little settlement not far away.

Such practices as these are now unknown. Kabarega is a prisoner at Seychelles, in durance vile, and the leader and cause of all this misery being removed, Bunyoro is now learning to hold up its head. There is to-day a Christian king, a son of this very tyrant Kabarega, whose real delight is, not in despoiling his own people and keeping them in terror of their

lives, but whose desire is to uplift and to help them.

Andereya Luhaga, King of Bunyoro, is a young man of about twenty-three years of age. He is tall and thin with the old Hima type of features, quick to learn, and ever anxious to understand the why and wherefore of things. Before he was made king, or ever dreamed of being chosen for such a position, he was an active worker at the mission, always keen to help and to teach his more unfortunate brethren. He soon learned to read, and was baptized, and then threw himself heart and soul into the work of reforming the lives and hearts of the people.

He never knew that one day he would be selected as his people's head and representative and made their king. But a better preparation for the great work which lay before him could not have been chosen. He endeared himself to chiefs and peasants alike. Often on a Sunday morning he would start off, almost before it was light, with his Testament under his arm, and walk for eight or ten miles in order to reach some secluded village where the people were in ignorance. Here he would spend the rest of the day teaching and reading to those who gathered round. But not only this: endowed as he undoubtedly is with extraordinary common sense, he would often hunt up those in trouble

from a worldly point of view, and advise them what to do, that their grievances might be redressed. He soon became well known all over the country, as one who loved his people and tried hard to help them in their difficulties, that, when he was proposed as a successor to the throne of Bunyoro, the delight of the people was unanimous. This honour took him greatly by surprise; he had never guessed that such a suggestion was likely. But the distinction sits well upon him. Unlike other black men—who utterly lose their heads when taken from a menial position and made important personages—he has never shown the least pride, but humbly desires to learn the “Wisdom of God,” as he himself puts it, in order to govern his country with righteousness.

He has a capable set of under chiefs, two of whom at least deserve some word of introduction. The man seen in the photograph on the king's right hand is Paulo Byabachwezi, the first Christian chief of Bunyoro. Standing about six feet high, with broad shoulders and straight back, he is a fine specimen of humanity, from a physical point of view. His power also as a chief is great; he owns the largest district in Bunyoro, and has consequently the greatest number of people under his charge. It has been said of him that he was always in abject

terror of the late King Kabarega, and rather than come into his presence, he would feign illness, or even run away into the wilderness. Consequently he was no friend of the king's, and orders sent to him were made doubly severe on this account. For all that, Byabachwezi seemed to hold his own over his people; they all feared him, and would run to do his least bidding.

I have found that many of the people of Bunyoro had a strange idea that Kabarega had supernatural powers; that he could call down the rain, or cause the heavens to be shut up at will. I cannot say that he believed himself that he had this power, but I do not suppose he minded his people thinking this of him. Byabachwezi, then, became a man when Kabarega had fled the country, followed closely by the Protectorate troops. He raised his head and soon took the leading position among all the chiefs of Bunyoro, and he now ranks next to the king in importance. In many things he is a weak man: human nature is very strong with him, and powder running for the sake of gain, and elephant-hunting for similar reasons, for a long time were little weaknesses of his.

In many personal dealings with Byabachwezi I have had ample opportunity of understanding his complex nature, and although his animal

passions are strong, I believe he is capable of becoming a most useful servant of the Government. He has had much to learn, but with severe yet just treatment at the hands of the British officials he is likely to become a most valuable asset on the side of right. As a friend to me upon my first entrance into the country he was of great service, not only in the building of my house, but he also urged upon his own people the importance of learning to read and write, and thus opened the way for very definite missionary work in the country. On the left of the king is Jemusi Muti, who holds the chieftainship of Kago. He is a Uganda chief and owns a large estate in Uganda proper, but upon the invitation of Mr. Geo. Wilson, he accepted a chieftainship in Bunyoro. Jemusi is what may be called a highly-educated native. He came from Uganda with the reputation of being a scholar of no mean order. He speaks very good English, perfect Swahili, and has quickly been able to master the Lunyoro as spoken in this land of his adoption. For this reason alone, he is most valuable to his superior officer of the Government. Mistakes so often arise between official and natives on account of the ignorance of one, and of the language of the other, and it is quite impossible to obtain a good understanding, unless one language at least is

common property of both. Jemusi is a man of business capabilities; from time to time he has made considerable sums of money by buying cloth, coffee-berries, or ivory, and selling them again to traders. He has built himself a beautiful house of brick, furnished with valuable chairs, tables, etc., many of them brought from England. He is also a mighty hunter, and delights in following big game. Being granted a game licence by the Government, he set about trying to get a couple of large elephants, the ivories of which have been long famous in Bunyoro for their size and quality. He was successful in killing two very fine animals only two days' journey from the capital, thereby greatly enhancing his finances for that year. On the strength of his gains, he started building a dhow, to ply the waters of the Albert Lake. Going into partnership with an Indian carpenter, the work is well advanced, and in a little time he expects to make a lot of money by trading with people of the Upper Nile banks. He also is a Christian man, educated, and baptized in Uganda, and is ever amongst the foremost to help on the important work of Christianising the people of Bunyoro. The other chiefs shown in the photograph are also prominent men in the country and are baptized Christians of the Protestant Church.

The Native Parliament of Bunyoro is composed of representatives of every district, the head chief of each district being allowed to bring a given number of his under chiefs.

Needless to say, all the doings of this Native Parliament or Lukiko as it is called, are watched by the British Government Representative in the country, and indeed all serious cases are referred to him by the king for his judgment. It will be seen therefore that the British Government official works through the native chiefs and makes them responsible for the order and good management of the country. In my opinion this is a great secret of the success that follows British administration all over the world. It is never possible for a foreign official, whoever he may be, to thoroughly understand the undercurrent of the native mind. I have heard chiefs admit—under pressure—that they have committed the most dreadful crimes, of which it has been proved they were most thoroughly innocent, and again those have apparently proved their immaculate innocence of deadly deeds, that they unquestionably have committed. It takes a native of the same language and customs to thoroughly investigate these things. The white man has often been deceived when proof to him has seemed overwhelming, but the native seldom misleads, to any great

extent, one of his own tribe. It is most interesting therefore to sit and listen while the king and chiefs try a case their own way ; sometimes two or even three cases will be going on at the same time, and yet the intricacy of each one is wonderfully followed, and quite suddenly, perhaps, while the man is still pleading, judgment will be passed, and the culprit immediately admit his guilt. Family history, style of speech, and the nature of facts related, and those omitted, seem to give definite clues, and I have but seldom heard of a miscarriage of justice in the native court. Of course bribing the judge was very common in earlier days when there was no appeal.

The man who saw the case going against him would make some kind of a sign to the king or chief trying his case, meaning that so many cows or sheep should be given if the case were decided in his favour, and the guilty man always offered the biggest bribe. This was sometimes accepted, but the king and Parliament knew quite well which was the guilty party, so that when a white official appeared on the scene, this bribery had to cease and justice now is invariably maintained.

The Parliament House is a light and airy structure built of reeds with a thatch roof. Every man brings his own chair and is allotted

a place, according to his rank. The big Saza chiefs range themselves round the king, and the smaller fry are in the background. Every one must remove his head-gear as he speaks, excepting the Mohammedans (they, on account of their religious beliefs, are not obliged to do this), and address his remarks to the king, kneeling upon the ground, and when he has finished all he has to say, he retires, bending low before the king, and once more replaces his head-dress. Four or five will often speak at once, and to a foreigner the din is absolutely bewildering, but every word is followed by the chiefs, and it is astounding how reference will be made to some insignificant remark made long before, that has not been forgotten by the chief, although no note has been made.

The king's police are always in attendance, and are supposed to maintain order. Personally, I think they often make more noise themselves than the whole crowd combined. They are a mixed medley, and present various costumes for the admiration of the assembled crowd; once a man actually turned up in a black frock-coat over his dirty black body, and his only other garment was a very grimy pair of linen knickers. They buy up all the old putties of the Government troops, and you will sometimes see a brown on one leg and a blue on the other. The hippo-

hide whip is the usual accompaniment of the native policeman when on duty, and he does not forget to use it freely. As may be supposed, like every ignorant black man when given a little authority, he takes a great deal, and makes himself most objectionable to the more peaceful natives. A gas-pipe gun in the hands of a raw black savage is a passport very often for murder and theft, and he is a dangerous individual to encounter at any time.

Drunkenness is also another pastime indulged in by these arms of the law, and when a drinking bout is going on, you may always be sure of finding several of the king's police amongst the first batch of inebriated men. Not that these things are encouraged by the chiefs in authority for one moment, but it is one of the strange characteristics of the black man when he is given a gun, and put upon police duty, invariably he becomes the ring-leader in all the debauchery of the district.

To my knowledge, King Andereya has made severe examples of some of these miscreants, and a sound flogging with their own hippohide has been administered, and they have been obliged to retire from the force; but for all that, the good ones among them are a long time coming to the fore, the evil ones being generally in evidence. Sometime, perhaps,

things will be altered, and these law-breaking peace preservers will become useful adjuncts to the administration, for at present they are anything but that.

King Andereya, having become a Christian, desired to marry a Christian woman for his queen. The lady of his choice, a Muganda by extraction but brought up in Bunyoro, is a thorough little lady and rejoices in the name of Miriya. She was not a princess of royal blood—indeed this is not necessary according to court etiquette in Bunyoro—but was, I believe, a little captive in the land during the time of the former king, Kabarega.

A Christian marriage was arranged for the pair, and the day was observed as a general holiday in Hoima. The roads were kept clear by a large number of the native policemen mentioned above, who had been previously smartened up for the occasion.

The ceremony was timed to take place at 9 a.m., and huge crowds collected long before that time, lining the main road to the church, everybody dressed in spotlessly white garments.

The king was escorted to the building by a large crowd of princesses and chiefs, his attendants carrying a big umbrella over him to shade him from the sun. He was dressed in a long black Arab robe, trimmed about the

collar with gold thread, and a "kanzu" (a long white garment) of fine white linen underneath.

He wore Arab's flat sandals on his feet, and looked every inch a king. Arriving at the church door, he waited for his bride to come. She was long delayed, and the clergyman had to go and seek her, and was still looking and wondering what had happened, when she came in sight, not much before 11 o'clock! She was attired in white linen robes, draped about her in the most approved fashion, with a bright scarlet band round her waist. On her feet were black velvet slippers, embroidered with shaded silks, and on her head was an ugly red fez. Her face shone with rancid butter with which she had been smeared, and her head shaven, so that one could not say that she looked a very fascinating bride. But such is the custom of the country, and in the eyes of the natives, no doubt, she was all that could be desired. A young princess walked behind her with a large umbrella to shade her from the fierce rays of the tropical sun.

When the king saw her coming, he immediately hurried into church and sat down on a leopard skin, spread out for himself and his bride, close to the communion rails.

The Rev. Nuwa Nakiwafu, a native of the

Uganda church, was the only officiating clergyman, and what with the long waiting, and the excitement of the occasion, he certainly was mentally disturbed. The ring which was handed to him he immediately dropped, and it went spinning along the floor amongst the crowd, and for a few moments could not be found. When eventually it was given to the king to place upon the bride's finger, he first put it on the middle one and then had to change it. The service was the ordinary wedding service of the Church of England, performed of course in the Lunyoro language. The bride when asked if she agreed to "take this man as her lawful wedded husband," answered in a low and indistinct tone of voice, and the clergyman at once told her to speak up as if she were not ashamed. The king was perfectly collected and cool, and gave his answers in a loud voice. The service over, the crowd hurried out to line up on each side of the churchyard, in order that the royal couple might pass down the centre in the presence of all. Now it is the custom in Bunyoro to walk away from the church after the marriage service at a very slow pace; the more slowly the pair moves, the better they are thought of by the crowd. Whether the idea is to start married life as if time in future were to be

no object, or whether the prolonged agony of a few hours exposed to the hot sun in the middle of the day was to show the extraordinary patience each was capable of manifesting, I cannot say. Be this as it may, King Andereya and his wife should have been a good two hours walking five hundred yards from the church to the king's house, but a heavy shower hurried the procession somewhat and the customary slow march was abandoned. As evening drew in a great reception was arranged in native fashion at the palace, and all the loyal ones of Hoima were expected to go up to the palace and "leave cards," or, as is usual in Bunyoro, say to his majesty: "How have you spent the day and how is the bride?"

We of the Mission felt it our duty to call, and were ushered into the audience chamber, where sat His Majesty, looking hot, sleepy, and bored to death. We offered our congratulations and small gifts of a suitable character, and were then presented to the queen, who sat in a stuffy tent at the back of the palace, with a number of fat and well-greased attendants. We were soon glad to leave: the odour of the rancid butter and the heat of the place was, to say the least of it, unsuitable to the delicate susceptibilities of the average European. The day ended with

selections, played by the king's band, in the courtyard of the palace.

Perhaps this band should have a few words of eulogy, for if ever men worked hard, these bandsmen did. The chief instrument is of course the drum, or, in this case, the drums, for they were many and varied. The leading drum, that is, the one that could always be heard, whether anything else were audible or not, was about three feet high and two feet diameter, made out of the trunk of a tree which was hollowed out and shaped, and cow-skin stretched over the top in place of parchment. It had a deep resonant tone, and was beaten with such vigour that the other instruments stood but little chance of being heard. There were also the long narrow drums called "Ngabi," which are beaten with the hand. These are made from a long hollow trunk of tree covered with a water-lizard's skin, and are chiefly appreciated by the natives for the great noise they make. Then there were also several smaller drums, down to the tiny little affair no bigger than a cocoa-nut, which is carried in the left hand, and tapped with a small twig. These are what might be termed the foundation instruments, that is, they always fill up the deficiencies of the rest of the band. There are horns of various sorts and sizes, the

largest, being about three feet, cleverly made of hide stretched over a framework of wood; from this can be extracted three distinct notes, resembling the bellowing of a bull. Other horns are smaller, and of course give shriller notes, according to their size, the smallest being about a foot in length, and giving forth a wild sort of scream. This is the Makondere band, and is always requisitioned upon great state functions such as I have intimated, and they certainly had a full day's employment at the wedding of King Andereya.

It will undoubtedly be a long time before a country like this will, in a commercial sense, pay its way. Officials commanding big salaries have to be supported; good roads made and maintained, and all kinds of machinery and military organisation are necessary. But I take it that the chief end of the finest Colonising Government in the world is not a quick return for money spent, but the building up of a state that will some day be an ornament to the Crown. We can afford to wait, our money is well invested, and will, I believe, eventually pay a good percentage. Our chief concern at present is to gain the confidence of the natives by straight dealing. To this end, it has been thought advisable to impose a hut-tax, that shall be levied once a year, upon every man



King Andereya and his Chiefs.



Bunyoro Chiefs in Council, Hoima.

owning a hut in the country, thus to allow him some hand in the improving of his country, and in the support of those who have to administer justice. This may be paid in money or kind—Rs. 3 is the sum—and if the individual has the cash he pays in money ; if not, he may bring the fruit of his garden, such as dried beans, millet, sem-sem, red chillies or ground nuts, and the like ; or he may go into the forests and collect fibre for rope-making, or rubber ; or again, he can present himself to the Government official, to do a month's manual work.

All these ways are open to him, and no one can therefore complain that he cannot pay his tax. A poll-tax is also levied upon unmarried men of Rs. 2, so that the householder is not the only one who contributes towards the maintenance of the country. As the country advances in wealth, no doubt these taxes will be increased, but we may rest satisfied that under the able guiding hand of Col. Hayes Sadler, C.B., no mistakes will be made.

## CHAPTER IV.

## FOLKLORE AND NATIVE CUSTOMS OF BUNYORO.

It would not be right in a work of this kind to make no mention of the habits and customs of life of the people of the country. In this chapter, therefore, I propose giving some of the most interesting features as I have met with them amongst the Banyoro.

First, with reference to their heathen religion, hardly worthy to be called by that name, perhaps, but their belief in the spirits of good and evil is so genuine that to them it is a religion. I purpose giving in the words of a big chief in Bunyoro the early history of their faith in the Bachwezi ("The Great Spirits").

## THE COMING OF THE BACHWEZI.

The Bachwezi were herdsmen with many cattle, and they came from the south. The king of Bunyoro at that time was Bukuku, and his tribe was called Balanzi. The first of the Bachwezi to arrive was Isimbwa. Bukuku had made a law in his household that any daughter born to him was not to marry, and each girl was safely guarded within a special enclosure,

and no man was ever allowed to see her. He had, however, one daughter, Nyinamwiru, whom he greatly loved, and he made a great fence around her house with no opening in it, and she was never allowed to go outside, all her food being passed over the fence. She was allowed one maid-servant, whose name was Mugizi.

Isimbwa, the strange God-man who came from the south, heard of this girl, and he made advances towards her, with a view to securing her, if possible, for his wife. He told her that he had been sent by the king, and had received his permission to enter her enclosure. He brought with him a long pole, and resting it against the fence, he climbed up and let himself down on the other side. As soon as he saw her he loved her, and she loved him, and he told her how much he desired to make her his wife. She readily consented, and he lived with her secretly for four days. He then suddenly disappeared, climbing back over the fence, and has never been heard of since. After many days Nyinamwiru had a child, a boy, and she was in great fear lest her father when he heard of it should have her killed. She therefore told her maid-servant, Mugizi, to take the child, and climb over the fence and make her way to the great Albert Lake and there drown it. The

servant went with great sorrow to do as she was told, but the child was washed up on to the branch of an overhanging tree, and did not drown. Now it so happened that a man called Mubumbi, a potter, saw the child hanging to the tree as he went to the lake to fetch water. He immediately rescued it, and took it to his house. Now Mubumbi lived quite close to the great enclosure where the Princess Nyinamwiru had her dwelling, and as she was looked upon by all as a person of great importance, he felt that he ought to let her know that he had found a male child. So he went to the fence and called out to her that he had found a child by the lake shore; she very quickly realised that this must be her own child, and was full of thankfulness that after all it was alive. She at once gave Mubumbi milk with which the child should be fed, and Mugizi was sent day after day with a pot of milk for the little one. But Mubumbi did not know whose child it was, and was very much surprised when Nyinamwiru one day sent him a cow as a present, if he would continue to nurse the little child, for she loved her son for his father's sake. All the people called the child a son of Mubumbi, and it was given the name Ndahura.

Ndahura grew up and became a man and

went into the fields to herd the cows belonging to his foster-father Mubumbi, and he herded them with those belonging to the king.

It happened one day that the king himself came into the fields to see his cows, and Ndahura stealthily crept in among the cows until he was close to the king who was sitting on his chair, and threw his spear over the back of one of the cows and killed the king; then, springing forward, he pushed the corpse from off the chair, and sat thereon himself. Then all the people feared, for they saw from his features that he was of royal blood. Ndahura then sent one of the late king's servants to his mother, for he had long ago found out who his mother was, and told her that he had killed Bukuku, and that now he was king. She at once called for her charms which were used as tokens of good, and said: "Let the ill be forgotten, let me live for the future, my son is king." Then Ndahura had a door cut into the great fence that surrounded his mother's house, and she came out with state, and entered the new king's palace, and all the people brought presents to the king, and great were the rejoicings.

Ndahura became a great king, a mighty hunter and warrior, often leading his people to victory, but on one of his expeditions he

was killed, and all his people slaughtered. Wamala, his son, then reigned. Ndahura was therefore the first of the great Bachwezi kings, and for many generations it was said that his descendants possessed supernatural powers, such as being able to make a basket of food or a pot of milk last an indefinite time. They were also said to possess the power of prophesying. They studied all kinds of natural phenomena, and used them as signs of what would happen. When a man from Bukidi brought a fire over the river in his boat and set it on the shore, and the long grass caught fire, the Bachwezi said that from Bukidi would come a ruler who would overthrow Bunyoro and destroy their land. All the flowers had secret meanings to the Bachwezi, and they would send messages to the big chiefs by the flowers; and this became a secret code and was used in Bunyoro until quite lately.

Initiation into Bachwezi worship is a curious custom, and is after this fashion: All the witches and wizards are called together; the oldest woman amongst them is put into the centre of the crowd, and the one to be initiated sits upon her knees. Then the chief wizard brings a coffee-berry and drops it into his mouth, saying to him: "Repeat after me, 'I

have swallowed the Bachwezi," and then the chief priest says solemnly: "Death is in your keeping; if you wish it to come at daytime, it comes, or at night, it will obey you." After this there are many strange incantations performed by all present, and the newly-fledged is wrapped up in two new bark-cloths made from a sacred tree; into his hand is put a stick of the sacred wood, and he is taken in procession back to his own home, all the witches, etc., uttering incantations as he goes. As he approaches his house all the people turn out of the house, and he enters alone. Then the head wizard brings him a bowl of milk from a special cow that has only had one calf—or, as they say, has never loved but one child.

As night comes on the people all collect once more outside the hut, and the man is called forth to be prepared to go into the sacred place of the Bachwezi, a cleared space in the forest, strewn with green leaves. First he is dressed again in the two sacred bark-cloths, and a stick placed in his hand, he then walks alone to the clearing, saying as he goes, "Momo, momo, momo," a sacred word only used by the Bachwezi, and throws himself upon the green leaves, and all the witches and wizards surround him and rejoice with loud shouting.

This goes on until morning, and he is then taken back to the hut and given special instructions by the high priest as to the way in which he is to deport himself before his fellows. The chief points are these: "Never be afraid of man or beast; never refuse any kind of food common to the country, excepting the flesh of a cow that has eaten salt, then not even the milk is to be drunk." Finally the front bottom teeth must be removed. The old witch upon whose knees he sat during his initiation is brought up and is now called his mother and a wizard stands as his father. Both seize him and hold him down while a man forces out the teeth with a piece of hooked iron, one at a time. This is thought necessary, for no one may wear the special head-dress of the Bachwezi until the bottom teeth have been removed.

It is the custom of the young men and women before entering into married life to go to the high priest for his blessing. They kneel in front of him in the sacred place of the Bachwezi, putting their hands upon the ground by their knees. The high priest then spits upon the heads of the suplicants, one after the other, and says: "May the great Spirit be upon you; may you become very rich, may you have many children, and may all sickness



King Andereya's Police.



The King's Wedding March.

be kept from you, and all sorrow be far away."

Then he kills a sheep, specially dedicated as being without blemish, and some of the meat is given to the two kneeling before him, after having been presented in awed silence to the Great Spirit. Then banana wine is brought and consecrated by the high priest, and they all drink out of the same cup, which is supposed to be holy and full of virtue, having been previously blessed by the high priest.

At the birth of a child certain rites have to be performed; if it be a girl, it is placed for three days by the fire, if a boy for four days. The woman may then be brought out of the hut to be presented to her friends as a mother; her head is shaved and her finger nails cut; and she then cleans her teeth, and her husband presents her with some new bark-cloth and congratulates her. After another three days the child is presented to the Bachwezi. The priest is called, and is asked to give long life and every blessing to the little child. He replies by spitting upon the infant and pinching it greatly all over; finally asking for his fee. He is given nine shells (fraction of a farthing) for each arm of the child, and ninety shells are placed at his feet and he says good-bye, his work is done.

Very special significance is given when a man is struck by lightning. If on the road or in the fields, wherever he falls, there he is left, and all the witches of the countryside come and stand round the body with spears stuck into the ground. The high priest also comes and sprinkles all the assembled people with holy water, as they stand by the corpse, the idea being that the Great Spirit has claimed a victim, as in some way his will had been thwarted and disloyalty to him had been apparent. After two days the body is wrapped up in bark-cloth, and taken out into the jungle to the nearest ant-hill, and there given as an offering to the Great Spirit. Then all the witches and wizards adjourn to the dead man's house to find out, if possible, the reason why he had been made a victim, and why the Bachwezi should be enraged. A cow is brought as an offering, also a sheep, a goat and a white fowl, all are sacrificed, and the whole assembled crowd dances round, singing in a loud voice: "Oh, Bachwezi, take these our sacrifices and be satisfied."

Before taking a long journey, a man will go to the high priest to ask him if his journey will be successful or not. He generally takes a perfectly white fowl, having not a single coloured feather, or if he be rich, he will take a sheep

or goat. The animal is then killed and the entrails examined, and from the position of certain organs of the body, a declaration is made, and the man goes away, satisfied that things will turn out as the priest predicts.

Drinking parties are usually intimately connected with devil worship; to get drunk with the banana beer is often said to be synonymous with becoming possessed of the devil. We draw our own inferences; perhaps there is more connection between the two than we civilised folk realise, for surely there is no better illustration of the devil's work than to see a man whose true manhood is cast aside and body and soul are utterly beyond control, and the mind—the seat of the self-government of man—is given over into the keeping of the drink fiend. There is little difference, indeed I fail to see any, between the civilised white and the heathen black, when under the intoxicating influence of strong drink.

The dances of the Banyoro are, to say the least of it, very disgusting; to the usual accompaniment of tom-tom drum and pipe, the dancers move their bodies about and put them to all kinds of contortions, in a most disgusting manner. Men and women alike take part, and both are stripped to the waist so as to show off the evolutions to the best advantage. The men wear bells and wooden rattles on their ankles,

and the women sometimes have iron anklets that they jingle to the tune, keeping time with the tom-toms and drums. Wriggling and twisting about, they keep it up until the perspiration pours from their bodies, then they usually refresh themselves with a long drink of marwa, the native banana beer, and after a short rest go at it again. Sometimes the whole crowd will join in the fun, forming a huge circle of men and boys, with the women in the centre. The dance is kept up all through the night, or at least until the majority are too drunk to keep it up any longer, then they just fling themselves down on the ground and try to sleep off the ill effects of the drink. No wonder that in the morning there is a big day at the dispensary, crowds coming for medicine. Immorality is the usual accompaniment of these dances, and the missionary does well to fight against this heathen custom, which tends to be such a curse to the people, both physically and morally.

A word or two about the children of Bunyoro. From birth until the age of nine or ten, they are unclothed and, as far as one can tell, are seldom washed. I *have* seen little mites of two or three years of age washed down with *cold* water in the early morning and sent off into the sunshine to dry, but even *this* is rare, and the poor little creatures are generally caked

with dirt, with eyes and nose in a filthy condition.

At birth they are washed and placed upon a cold banana leaf for several hours, and if they survive this ordeal, they are considered strong and healthy, but, as I have said, hundreds of these poor little things die before they have spent many days in this world of woe.

Their hair is shaved off at the top of the skull so that the pulsation can be watched at the joining of the bone.

If a child cries much and displays symptoms of pain in the abdomen, it is cut about with a knife in order to let out a little blood. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the children are often terribly feeble and anæmic? As soon as a little girl can walk, she is taught to carry the water-pots to the well, and quite tiny children may be seen accompanying their mothers on these expeditions. Little boys are sent off to herd the goats, and although in some respects they have a freer and easier life than that of the girls, they are exposed to all weathers, and quite left to themselves like little animals.

How often have I seen these poor little fellows sitting out in the pouring rain, shivering with cold, and no clothing to protect them, and no shelter from the cold blasts which are doubly cold in the tropics after the fierce heat of the

sun. At nine or ten the little girl is often given in marriage to some man far away from her home, and it can be better imagined than explained what a terrible evil this is. The Native Government in Bunyoro has now made stringent laws against this practice, and it is a punishable offence now for a parent to allow the little one to be married in order that the parents may receive the money they may be in need of. A tiny child of six was once, to my knowledge, given in marriage to a man of thirty in lieu of a debt. I heard of the case and paid the debt, thus rescuing the child. She has lived on the mission station ever since, and has been taught to read, and she is as happy as the day is long.

The woman's life is a sad one in Bunyoro; she is the drudge of the household and the hard worker in the field. At 6 o'clock in the morning she must be out cultivating, then after perhaps three hours of this work she has to fetch in firewood and cook the morning meal. After this she again goes into the fields to work, sometimes breaking up the fallow land that is overgrown with a tangled mass of thistles and thorns and giant weeds. At five o'clock she again prepares the food for the evening meal, and while it is cooking she must go off to the well for water with the heavy earthenware jar holding as much

as a good-sized English bucket. The well is sometimes a long way from the house, and she gets back just as it is getting dark and her lord and master desires his food.

It is a good thing for her that dark comes on soon after six, and outdoor labour is impossible, or she would have to be at work again.

After the evening meal is over, she must get the beer for the men and keep a bright fire burning, and sit there until her master seeks repose, and then at last her day's work is done. Add to all this the cruelties she often has to bear at the hands of her husband, who when drunk will often thrash her most unmercifully for little or no cause whatever, and the fact that she perhaps has a tiny child to nurse and carry about with her wherever she goes, and it will be seen how hard her life is.

Surely facts like these should appeal to the hearts of the young women in our own favoured land, and lead them in deepest sympathy and love to strive if it be possible to help and relieve these downtrodden ones, by going out to them and joining the noble band of women who in Africa and India and other lands are striving to uplift their fallen sisters.

Wrestling is a national pastime of the Banyoro as it is also of the Baganda, and although the latter are much sturdier, and are generally

considered better at the game than the Banyoro, the Banyoro nevertheless have some fine exponents of the art.

I once arranged a big match between my own boys and the king's followers. A fine level spot was chosen at the back of the station, and a tent erected for the accommodation of the royal party. At two o'clock in the afternoon the crowd began to assemble, and great interest was shown by all in the forthcoming contest. Two of my boys were Waganda, fine, strong young men in the pink of condition and full of pluck, and one Munyoro, a very powerful fellow with enormously long arms—most useful appendages in a game of this sort. The general rule of the game is "catch-as-catch-can," and two throws out of three to decide the contest. Some of the smaller fry first entered the ring and gave a display, the winners in each case standing on one side for the final heats. At last the excitement ran high when the king's champion stepped forward, and made his bow, looking round in the meantime for a rival.

The challenge was accepted by one of my Waganda boys, with only one eye, the other having been put out by his chief for misconduct, a few years previously. The ring was cleared as these two champions faced each other and commenced to dodge about for the best hold.

At last they clasped, the king's man gaining the best hold, and almost before the excited crowd realised what was happening, the one-eyed man was pitched over the king's champion's shoulders in a most masterly fashion, coming down flat on his back. This was a throw, and was at once given against "one eye," who was evidently taken by surprise. The next bout had a similar result, and our man had to cry small, and the champion strutted about the ring with his nose in the air, evidently well satisfied. After a few minutes' rest No. 2 from our side marched into the ring, and the champion faced about to meet him; for some time they farced and feigned, and the crowd got more and more excited, as it now became apparent that the champion had met one very near his own match. It was the Munyoro, six feet two inches of solid muscle, who was opposing him, and we looked for a close match. At last they grappled and the Munyoro had obtained the best hold, and a desperate struggle ensued. For a moment it seemed as if the champion must fall, as he was tossed about by the sturdy Munyoro with extraordinary skill, but each time he fell upon his legs. Round and round the ring they went in locked embrace, and the king's crowd began to get greatly excited, for they saw their champion had met his equal.

Suddenly he seemed to stumble, and threw himself backwards ; it was a grand ruse, for the big Munyoro was outwitted, and fell into the trap, putting all his weight forward upon his wily antagonist who, when within but an ace of the ground, gave a most extraordinary twist that completely baffled his man and turned him over on his back as he fell. A roar went up from the king's men as they saw their champion was victorious ; but he was greatly exhausted and the next round he "found earth" within a few moments of the start. The match now stood at one throw each, and the final was reserved until after the feast, which is always one of the accompaniments of a match of this sort. A bull had been slaughtered and several great basins of stewed meat were brought, with a plentiful supply of boiled bananas and potatoes.

The king, who was almost too excited to eat, called together a few of his most prominent chiefs and a discussion was held as to the points of superiority of each of the combatants.

Food being finished the final match was commenced and a finer display would be hard to find ; for the champion had indeed met his match, and although time after time the two grappled in deadly earnest, no fall was given against either, and the match was declared a draw.

## CHAPTER V.

## MISSIONARY EFFORTS IN BUNYORO.

WHEN we first arrived in Bunyoro, we were cheered and encouraged to find that the people had already built two little churches, one in Busindi, and another in Hoima. Busindi was the old capital, and here resided the young King Yosiya (afterwards deposed for incompetence) and most of the principal chiefs. These had all worked together under the guidance and help of Messrs. Ecob and Farthing<sup>1</sup> of the C.M.S. Mission.

The church was small but well built, and a good congregation gathered day by day. In Hoima we found a similar structure, which soon proved wholly inadequate for the great mass of people who came to worship God and to learn to read.

At this time, as Hoima became the capital, in favour of Busindi, a large and finer building was necessary as a church; when therefore we had settled down a little to life in Bunyoro, I approached the king and chiefs on the subject

<sup>1</sup> Died of blackwater fever, Jan. 1903.

of building a new church worthy of the big capital Hoima was rapidly becoming.

I am glad to say the response was quite encouraging, for in spite of the immense amount of work that had to be done for the Government—the headquarters of which were also removed from Busindi to Hoima—the people set to work with a will, to bring in poles and materials for the building.

Good, however, as the intentions of the big chiefs were, the work was very slow—perhaps in one whole day only two or three poles would be brought in—and often it seemed as though the church would never be built.

One chief, however, was very zealous for the work, and by his persistent efforts a real start was made and the first poles were erected.

Alas, it was only a spasmodic effort, and just when the work looked like going forward, all came suddenly to a dead stop. King and chiefs alike came to me and said—“Our people are more than we can manage; we cannot even get workmen for our own houses, much less for the church.” “Well,” I said, “either you do not want a building in which to worship God, or else you are no good as chiefs, your people will not obey you.”

They thought over this for a few days, and then came and said: “We want to give God

a good house in which we can worship Him, but are we to thrash our workmen in order to make them build?" I told them—"No, come yourselves and work, and I think you will soon find that your men will rally round when they see their chiefs are in earnest."

And so it proved: the chiefs gave up their time to the work, some of them coming down to the building in the early morning and staying most of the day, helping and directing the workmen who of course were not paid for their work, but gave it to their chief. What a change this made! The workmen seeing their chiefs were in earnest soon came to labour, and often we had as many as a hundred men hard at it, digging holes for the poles, or fetching reeds and bamboos for the roof, and the work at last went on. The church was to be seventy feet long by forty-five feet wide; smaller than the original plan, but under the circumstances sufficiently large. Some of the palm poles had to be brought considerable distances, and it was a very merry sight when fifty or sixty men came in with a great tree balanced upon their heads and shoulders. A headman would run up and down the line of carriers, encouraging and helping them as they went, the "slackers" being sometimes touched up with a cane when they lowered their heads, so as to allow the

extra weight to fall upon the head and shoulders of their neighbours.

The scaffolding was a curious feature, and consisted of thousands of little trees or branches, bound together like a huge inverted basket; up the sides of this the men climbed, and perched themselves like monkeys to construct the roof of the church.

The main poles projected through the scaffolding, and cross-beams were balanced on them to make a strong base for the smaller trees and bamboos, which were to form the roof itself. And so the work went forward, and all seemed delighted to do some little, so as to be able to say they had had a hand in the building. The thatching, however, was a difficulty: first, there was not enough grass to cover the entire place; and secondly, there was no one who knew sufficiently well the art of thatching. At this juncture the king came forward and promised a sum of money in order to pay an expert from Uganda; each chief then contributed as he was able, and a thatcher was sent for. No sooner was this difficulty overcome than it was found there were not enough men to prepare the floor of the church. Ant-hill clay had to be collected and spread about and finally beaten hard, but this necessitated many workers, and I suggested to the king that the teaching in schools should

cease for a week until the floor was finished, so that all the readers might turn to work. This was agreed to, and 400 young men and maidens came willingly to carry earth and to beat it down ; the consequence was that in less than a week the place was finished.

We chose to call it the "Church of the Good Shepherd," and during the few years that have passed since this house of God was completed, I feel sure there are many who have already, like the lost sheep, been sought and found and brought to the Good Shepherd of their souls.

News now comes that the Banyoro, not content with the mud church they have erected, are anxiously preparing bricks and material for a really fine structure that will in some way be worthy of the great work that has, thank God, been such a blessing to many.

A word about the native pastor, Rev. Nuwa Nakiwafu, a Muganda beloved and respected for the splendid work he has done in Toro and Bunyoro. His early history is deeply interesting, but can only have a word or two here. His father was a Muchwezi (spirit) high priest, well known to the court of the former King Mwanga of Uganda, and little Nakiwafu was wont to accompany his brother, also connected with the business, when he went

amongst the people practising his devil worship. Nakiwafu carried his charms and horns of divination and ever and anon would perform the tricks and deceptions of the business, as instigated by his brother. I once heard him tell the story of his past life, it was deeply interesting. He said how often he would follow his brother's trickery with a heavy heart, feeling all the while that he was misleading the people, for he had heard tell of the Great God who sent the rain and the sunshine, and who alone could help suffering humanity, and yet it was his brother's wish that he should help him, and he felt he must obey him. At last, however, he surreptitiously procured a copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew in the Swahili, printed by that wonderful missionary, Mackay of Uganda, and then day after day he would puzzle over it, and finally he learned to read it. Then the light dawned in his soul, and he left his brother and became an earnest follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. To-day he is one of the finest men I know, and his life of self-sacrifice for the good of his fellow-men has often been a help to myself. From early morning until late in the evening he is at work, and if human agency is to be praised for the work as it stands to-day in Hoima, Nuwa Nakiwafu is the man to be praised. But no



King's Band, Bunyoro.



A Muchwezi Chief.

Chap. I.

one is more humble than he, and he counts it all a joy, for his heart has been made very loving, and his greatest delight is to spend and be spent for the Master he has learned to love. He was ordained by Bishop Tucker, and from the first has been the apostle to the Banyoro. May he live long to glorify God in this dark land. Incidentally it may be noted that his brother eventually embraced Christianity and was baptized, receiving the name of Yokana (John).

It was not long before we saw the great need there was for little churches and schools to be opened in the country and districts so that the people living far away from the capital might have the chance of hearing the Good News that had made such a rapid change in their country. After a short time little churches or reading-houses were opened all over the country, and volunteers were called for to go out to teach and help those who were yet without the light. Twenty-three young men very soon came forward, and after a short period of training under Nuwa Nakiwafu were sent out. It was astonishing how soon the young fellows made their presence felt; the witch dances and the wizards' tricks were soon out of count, the wonderful teaching was what the people wanted, the power to live pure lives was the one thing needful, suppressed

evil is not sufficient. The law of the land might punish the evil-doers, but this was to be the *motive power* for good.

Within these little churches built of reeds and grass, many of them so rudely constructed as to be barely sufficient to keep off the rays of the tropical sun, men and women are told of the great power of a living God to transform the dark and evil desires of their hearts into those of purity and love, and even the little children too are learning what so many in our favoured land of civilisation and social culture are missing, that the Gospel of our Lord is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Are missions a failure? Go to the homes of these poor, ignorant people, and see the transformation that has taken place; father, mother and children may be seen sitting together over the word of God as the evening shadows gather. Listen a moment to the prayer that is offered by the head of the household as he thanks God for His keeping power from sin, and commits himself and his family into the care of the One who in love watches over them.

Instead of finishing up the day with a devil dance and a drunken feast, when men, women and children **alike** participate, and evil passions and sins are let loose—the whole family meets

in prayer. Then again, as the first sign of the breaking day shows itself in the rosy east, a little drum is beaten and the family again collects, and with simple earnestness the lives of all are placed in the hands of the Great Father for the day that is dawning. God knows there is many a fight against evil, and many a fall, and some get tired and turn again to their heathen ways, but is it for us to say that missions are a failure, while some at least are rejoicing in a new-found hope which brings life and peace?

Once a year the young teachers attend a conference, and to hear the story of one and another, as each relates the conquests of the Cross in dark heathen villages where a little stream of light has penetrated, truly fills one's heart with joy and one's eyes with tears. One young man will say: "The chief of the village refuses to come to church, he thrashes his boys if they come, and the women are shut up, but we meet at night when all is quiet and we read God's word by the light of the fire, and many believe."

Another tells a different story: "A Muchwezi priest (devil worshipper) tried hard to upset the people; he told them there would be sickness and death, that many would lose their sheep and goats, that there would be famine if they learned to read about God, but the people all

made up their minds to trust God, and so they brought all their charms and fetishes and burned them, telling the priest that they had done for ever with devil worship. The priest then told them they would suffer a terrible calamity, for a crocodile would come up in the night out of the Nile and devour them. The little band was much upset at such a prediction, and went to rest with heavy hearts, but no crocodile came, and the priest himself—when he saw that his power was gone—came to our church, and is now learning to read the Gospel."

I say these things remind us of the early Church in St. Paul's day, for the power of Christ is the same now as it was then.

And so we listen with hearts brimming over with thankfulness to the story these young men and women have to tell, and we take fresh courage to go forward, assured of victory.

But it is not fair to expect that a young man just lately won from heathenism, with environments of evil, can live purely and honestly, unless something be given him to occupy his time. It is the same in any other land—the devil is altogether too smart for the lazy man. Work is the grand remedy, whether it be in the fields, or in the house, or on the road, something must be done. This has been fully realised out here, and industrial work,

similar to that in Uganda but on a much smaller scale, was started in Bunyoro.

For many months I had a number of young men to instruct in the art of wood-sawing and rough carpentering work. Some of them stuck to it well and made good progress, others, alas, got tired and gave it up ; in a few months planks were cut out quite accurately from the heavy logs, and the men became very useful. The worst of it was that the chiefs, who were all building new houses, enticed these fellows away to work for them before they had properly learned. Five or six rupees a month was a wage the clumsiest could claim, and many of them got as much as eight or even ten.

Unfortunately, the stress of work devolving upon me in a new district such as Bunyoro, made it very difficult for me to give sufficient time to this important branch of the work, and often the slow ones went to the wall, and only the smart men made progress.

Good people in England often complain that there is not more industrial work done by the Uganda Mission than there is ; let me point out that very often the stations are undermanned and it is quite impossible to carry it on. Industrial education needs good robust health on the part of the teacher, and it is a work that requires a man's full time, to be accomplished

successfully. With half a dozen classes depending upon one each day, it is hardly possible to conduct them properly, if the few moments in between are to be taken up with manual labour.

With a temperature of eighty degrees in the shade, often more, and a dull black boy to teach the art of planing on a rough board, one's most strenuous efforts are required, and a morning spent thus does not tend to fit one for a Bible class in the afternoon. For all that, the importance of industrial work can hardly be too highly estimated. Given a perfect knowledge of the word of God from Genesis to Revelation and a lazy inactive life with nothing to do in the hours between meals, and the result is a lazy, untrustworthy fellow who is a nuisance to everybody and a plague to himself. Combine the two, and you have the man as God meant him to be, with his dual nature of body and mind fully occupied.

No country in Africa, so far as I know, needs the benefits of medical work more than Bunyoro. The mortality amongst the children alone, before the age of one year, has been reckoned at 80 per cent. It is pitiable to see some of the poor little creatures that are brought to us.

Once a tiny fellow was carried to us wrapped up in filthy rags, one mass of burns on head and chest, and fearfully lacerated on his little

legs. He had had fever, and to drive away the evil spirit that troubled him, the parents had burned him in this awful manner with a red-hot iron, and cut him about with knives. Poor little creature, he was almost dead, and nothing could be done for him.

When we told the mother that by this cruel custom she had killed her child, she almost wept and said, "I did not know, what could I do?" Another tiny mite had a string tied tight round its wrist, to which was fastened a small charm on account of a little sore on one finger—the idea being to keep the evil spirit from entering farther into the body. The hand was almost bloodless, and dead. A woman who was visited had complained of great internal pain, and it was found that her husband had already burnt her over the place with a hot iron, making a frightful wound. A man was carried to the dispensary with the abdomen literally opened, exposing to view the smaller bowel, by the cutting of a knife, to dispel the evil spirit.

Some of the grown-up folk, on account of their dirty habits and their disregard for the spread of infectious diseases, are in a most corrupt state. I have more than once seen in a hut a smallpox patient covered with the most horrible sores, reclining on the bed, while little children and grown-up men and women pass

in and out of the hut, utterly regardless of the terrible nature of the disease.

Syphilis, and scabs in their worst forms are so common that no attempt whatever seems to be made to prevent their spreading; indeed it is a fact that little children are often smeared with the virus of those diseases so that they may have the worst symptoms while yet young. It was not long before we got a little dispensary built, and invited the people to bring their sick in the early morning that they might receive treatment. A short service was usually held before any drugs were given out, and the people were all told of the One who alone had power to heal the sick and raise the fallen. We told them we would do *our* best, but without God's blessing upon the means we used no good could come of it. It was sadly impressive to see the collection of diseased humanity kneeling in the open air simply asking the Great Father to help them, and to heal their sicknesses. A hymn was sung, a favourite being, "What a friend we have in Jesus" (of course in the Lunyoro language). Then the work of distributing medicine commenced, and it was often no easy matter to attend to all. They could not understand that they must tell their troubles one at a time, but thought it quite the right thing for about six or seven at a time to state their ailments.



“Any Port in a Storm.”



A Bunyoro Dance.

We found it somewhat difficult at first to hear, but gradually they learned that we took no notice of more than one at a time, and so waited patiently until we addressed them. First, "What is your illness?" Answer—"It is inside." "Yes, but where?"

"Inside, and it goes tic-tica-tica all the time." "Yes, I understand that, but *where* is it—your head, eyes, ears, chest, stomach, or where?" Then they may consider it advisable to tell you, and greatly wonder all the time why you are so particular. It requires all the patience you possess, and when you are not feeling well yourself, or are worried perhaps by some tiresome boy who has burnt your morning porridge and so spoiled your breakfast, it is hard to be gentle and kind. An old man comes up to you and says he is very bad with a "snake gripping at his heart," and you tell him to put out his tongue, and he most indignantly replies: "It is not my tongue that is ill, it is my heart."

Others will say that a "devil is inside them gripping their vitals," reminding me of a poor insane fellow in a home hospital, who told the doctor he had swallowed a *brick*, and nothing the doctor might say would make him believe otherwise.

Pneumonia, pleurisy, and other chest and

lung troubles are very prevalent and could usually be prevented. It is a common practice with the Banyoro to start their drinking parties late in the afternoon, and to continue them right on into the night, and when intoxication overtakes them, the young men, and old men too, will fling themselves in their heated condition, just under the eaves of the house, or even in the open courtyard, to sleep off its effects.

Now at this altitude (3500 feet) the change in the atmosphere after sundown is very great, and often the nights are quite cold, so that when morning dawns the poor wretched half-drunken creatures are shivering with cold and thoroughly wet from the dewy ground. What wonder then that many of them get pneumonia, and in a few days die, and that the strongest are constitutionally wrecked for the remainder of their lives. It is quite heart-rending to go day after day into the little dispensary, and find ten or a dozen little children, all suffering with the most frightful diseases that, humanly speaking, might have been warded off.

Then there are the usual cases to be met with in a country like this, where wild beasts are numerous, and wild men are not a few. One of the latter, infuriated with drink, attacked his little son with a spear and knife, and cut

him about terribly all over the body. The boy was brought to me the next day to have his wounds attended to, and I shall not easily forget the horrible picture he presented. Great holes were in his legs and arms, through which the spear had been thrust, and lacerations were all over his head and body.

A drunken brawl is often the cause of severe bodily injury to those participating in it, even in civilised England, but in Central Africa, where restrictions are less severe, it is the rule, not the exception, at almost every village drinking party.

The wild beasts of Bunyoro—the lion, leopard, and hyena—have supplied many cases for our little dispensary. One young fellow was carried in from a neighbouring garden, who had been attacked by a lion. He was sleeping in a tiny hut by the roadside with several friends, when in the middle of the night he was aroused by the fierce roaring of a lion, that was tearing down the side of the grass hut in its endeavour to enter. In a moment it was through, and had pounced upon the man before he realised what was happening; seizing him by the arm it dragged him outside. His friends, however, fought nobly for him, and after fearfully mauling him, the lion dropped its prey and fled. I was away at the time, and my wife dressed

his wounds and bound up his broken arm and sent him to an Indian doctor who was at that time in Hoima. His arm was set, and then his friends were told to bring him back again the following day to be attended to. This the men would not do, and the poor fellow died a few days later. Whether they thought it unnecessary, and believed he would get well now the bone was set, or whether they guessed that his case was hopeless, we never knew, but I rather fancy it was their lack of human kindness, the men being too lazy to carry their friend the short distance for fresh dressings.

Another case was of a little child badly mauled by a hyena. Mother and child had retired to rest, the door of the hut being but insecurely fastened, when about midnight they were aroused by the noise of some animal in the hut, and next moment, the mother had the child dragged from her breast by some fierce beast she could not see; in a moment it was gone, and the mother dashing out of the house in hot pursuit, was in time to see by the dim moonlight a great creature with her little one in its jaws. She rushed at it, with all the self-sacrificing love of a mother, and for a moment struggled with it for her child; in its fright the animal, which was a spotted hyena, dropped

the child and ran. It was found that half the child's face had been torn away, from the eyes to the ear, both of which were gone, and in the morning the poor little sufferer, just alive, was brought to me. It seemed a hopeless case, but I did my best, carefully tying the broken arteries and thoroughly cleansing the awful wound. The child lived, and although greatly disfigured got perfectly well, and I shall not soon forget the gratitude of the poor mother.

One of the neatest operations I ever performed was upon a man with a huge tumour on his left shoulder blade. He came to me and said: "Will you cut this off?" I told him that I did not think I should be able to, it had gone too far, and I had never undertaken so big a case before. But he insisted, and remarked that nothing was too great for a white man to do! For the sake, therefore, of my reputation as a surgeon, and for the white man's character generally, I told him I would try. One of my boys kindly offered to help me, and I put him in charge of the chloroform. Everything else being ready, I commenced. Our friend was soon "off," and I began the greatest operation I have ever attempted in my life. First I made a four-inch incision down one side of the tumour, tying up the arteries as I went along, and was just about to commence excavating down below,

when the boy, who hitherto had been very quiet, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I cannot see—I am falling—I—I—I—" and down he went in a faint. The sight had been too much for him. What was I to do? The man was fast coming to, so I hastily stitched his back up again and awaited events. The boy soon came round, but declared with all the vehemence of his nature that he would never undertake such a task again. I agreed. While the patient was sleeping off the effects of the chloroform, I had my lunch.

Going on to the verandah afterwards, I espied our friend of the tumour quietly seated, waiting for me. "Well," I said, "I am afraid it is too much for me, I cannot get a helper." "Omuzungu Talemwa Kantu," said he, which being interpreted means "Nothing baffles a European!" and other remarks of a similar nature, until I felt quite flattered, and decided that if I wished to keep this reputation, I must try again. I therefore called to my assistance a man living close at hand, and made the second attempt, which I am glad to say was eminently successful, and a tumour weighing five and a half pounds was removed.

When the old fellow again came to himself, he was greatly rejoiced to know that his burden was gone, and having carefully

wrapped it up in banana leaves, he insisted upon taking it home with him to show his friends. "For," said he, "they all told me it could never be done, and I take it as a proof."

This successful case made a name for me, and I was quickly besieged by innumerable patients: the maimed, the halt, the blind and deaf, all came for treatment. Many learned to read and became Christians, attending the services regularly, and not a few brought thank-offerings for their recovery. One old lady I remember brought me a large basket of corn-cobs, for she said I had healed her.

This work for a time had to be discontinued, but has now been undertaken with redoubled energy by Miss Walton, who has a hundred patients a day, and whose work will, we trust, be abundantly blessed to the many helpless, sick folk of Bunyoro.

## CHAPTER VI.

## HUNTING ADVENTURES.

It has been truly said that "the one essential to a happy life in Africa is a hobby."

Routine work, carried on for month after month in a depressing climate, soon tells upon the strongest constitutions, and however much one's heart may be in one's work, relaxation is good and of vital importance if we do not wish to become mere machines and work in grooves.

There are many hobbies that may be followed with success, but I know of none so thoroughly invigorating and so admirably adapted to cure one of the evils of a "fit of the blues," alas! so common in the tropics, as a good tramp through the jungle with gun slung across the shoulder and every nerve keenly on the alert. The unexpected so often turns up, and any bush may conceal a surprise, so that there is nothing so eminently calculated to drive away dull care and to fill one with expectancy and annihilate all the black thoughts and worries of the past, as a tramp through the wild, uninhabited jungle.

We may be after guinea-fowls and suddenly come upon a lion or other wild and dangerous

beast, or quietly stalking a buck, when elephants appear in view, so that one is always on the *qui vive*.

Bunyoro teems with elephants, lions and leopards, while in some places buffalo and several species of antelope and small cats are to be found.

There is also the dog-faced ape, which does so much damage to fields of maize in a surprisingly short space of time. Numbers of these troublesome beasts were in the habit of invading my garden at early dawn. On one of these occasions the leader of the party gave me a long chase in the early morning, through the soaking wet grass, until he finally climbed a tall tree, and from its most lofty branches surveyed me down below. As I lifted my rifle he dodged behind the thick trunk and for some time succeeded in evading me. However, he did not keep the game up quite long enough, for, leaving his head exposed a moment too long, he got a .303 bullet through the brain. He was a tremendously powerful beast, and his death put a stop to these early morning raids. After he fell to the ground I propped him up against a tree and found that he was nearly four feet high. These apes are common to Bunyoro, and near Lake Albert I once saw a school of them numbering at least one hundred.

At Kibiro, the great salt mine of Bunyoro, there are any number of these beasts, and so little are they afraid of human beings, that they will come into the village after dark, and look round for bits of food that have been thrown on one side. Once I heard of one of them actually entering a hut and tipping the pot off the fire, which contained potatoes, seize a handful of the same and run out into the jungle again.

There is one large bare rock near the Albert Lake which seems to be a meeting-place for all the apes of the district, and I once saw sitting upon this rock a whole colony of them, chattering away, and playing just like a party of children. An old grandfather sat in the middle of them keeping order and making love to an elderly female alternately. Nor were they abashed at my presence: a few of the young ones barked a little at me, and crouched behind their elders, but the general crowd was undisturbed, and went on with their gambols as if I had not been there. And then I left them to their fun, in spite of the urgent requests of the natives. They looked so very happy and were certainly not doing any damage on the bare rock. I have, however, often had to kill them, as being a most destructive nuisance.

Elephant-hunting is to my mind the most

exhilarating of all kinds of sport, and it is also remunerative. To hunt at all, to shoot game for food purposes, one must be possessed of a game licence. There are three kinds of licences in Uganda :—

(A) Bird licence, costing Rs. 3 (4s.).

(B) Settler's licence, costing £10.

(C) Sportsman's licence, costing £50.

Now the first of these is insufficient to supply one's common needs in the wilder parts of Central Africa.

For the missionary at least, No. 2 is too expensive, as no elephant is allowed, and there is therefore no remuneration; while No. 3 which allows two elephants a year, although a big outlay, is soon paid for by the first elephant killed. I have, therefore, always had a sportsman's licence, and have never been out of pocket, having been fortunate enough to kill two elephants with each licence, and so easily pay my way.

To hunt elephants with any grain of success, one must possess a good "battery." For some time a .303 did all that was necessary for me, but a very narrow escape from a charging bull, with nothing but a Lee-Enfield to stop him with, settled my opinion that something heavier was necessary. An '8-bore Paradox is no doubt a useful gun, but to tramp through the thicket

with this weight upon one's shoulder is no joke. I once met a man in Africa who followed an elephant with a gun of this description upon his shoulder for four hours, and not being an Ajax, at the end of that time, when he had actually got within sight of the beast, he was so utterly overcome with fatigue that he had to confess that he could hardly lift the thing to his shoulder, and he came away, leaving the elephant undisturbed. The ideal gun, the very best of its kind, is a Rigby .450 Cordite; with this, one may meet the wildest elephant in Africa, with a reasonable amount of confidence; it is not too heavy, is absolutely trustworthy, provided of course, that a solid nickel bullet is used for the brain shot.

This, then, is the gun I used, and it never failed me, one shot usually being all that was needed.

In ten years of African life I have shot twelve elephants, have never had an accident but have been charged twice (once by two together) and each time the charge has been stopped by a fatal shot in the brain. Needless to say, I have always taken the most careful precautions, reducing the risks as much as possible, but I must confess that one of the chief charms of elephant-hunting consists of the risks it necessitates, and without the "spice" of danger

involved thereby, there would be very little enjoyment—at any rate for myself.

In another chapter I shall give an account of two exciting adventures I had with elephants in Bunyoro, but here let me give one experience typical of nearly all the elephant hunts in which I have participated.

Our camp was a beautiful spot in the heart of the game district of Bunyoro; the young chief had most lavishly supplied my men with the necessary food; and, in addition, had sent out a number of his young men to see if there were any elephants near at hand. I had finished my breakfast and was just thinking of settling down to a quiet read in my cosy tent when in rushed a man with the news that elephants had been sighted close at hand. "How many?" I asked. "About twenty," was the prompt reply. "Any males?" "Yes, five or six." This sounded hopeful, so calling up my gun-bearer, a Muganda Mohammedan on this occasion and one of the very best of fellows, I gave him my reserve gun and ammunition, and set out with a native guide.

We walked for ten minutes only, through the long tiger grass, when we came upon unmistakable tracks. There is this about an elephant track, you cannot miss it, and if a herd of any size has passed by, a track twenty feet across

is left behind where the grass is beaten flat. On this occasion, we found a broad beaten track leading through the dense jungle to a little swamp a few hundred yards away. We followed breathlessly and soon could hear these great denizens of the wilds smashing down branches from the trees, and the unmistakable rumblings of the stomach of a well-nurtured elephant. I crept slowly forward, followed close behind by my gun-bearer, and we soon found ourselves floundering about in the thick mud and water in which the elephants had bathed. There was a dense wood in the little valley, and into this they had pushed their way, and we followed in their tracks, all excitement and expectation.

Now we found that the wind was, alas, *behind* us, and this meant that very soon our presence would be known to these sagacious beasts, which rely almost entirely upon their sense of smell, and not upon their eyesight, which at the best is imperfect. So I changed my course, and making a long detour to the left, scrambling along through the thick mud and water, creeping under the trunks of fallen trees, and making as little noise as possible, we at last got right to the other side of the herd, with the slight wind puffing in our faces.

This was all we required, for we now found that we could get up quite close without being

observed, although the huge beasts were mostly facing us. It now required a little common pluck to pull oneself together and pick out the biggest tusker, for this necessitated standing right up in full view of the whole herd. It truly seemed impossible that one should be unobserved, for I now stood within fifteen yards of the nearest, a great female, who was up to her knees in mud and slush. Close to her was a bull, who seemed to be supporting her, for he was leaning full against her; the others were massed together on either side and behind. There was no time to waste, any moment now and a puff of wind the wrong way would reveal my presence and my chance would be gone, so I prepared to aim at the bull, a huge fellow looking in my direction with wicked little eyes. These were not Zoo elephants but the most colossal beasts in the world, in perfectly wild state. Oh, the flies! how I wished they would keep away for a moment while I drew my bead sight upon a vital spot, for I was in no mood to face a fierce wounded elephant in a dense jungle. Now for it! Bang! What on earth is happening! the yelling; the crashing; the rumbling of mother earth; elephants tearing up the saplings, elephants smashing down the trees, elephants racing hither and thither in wildest confusion. I could

only stand quite still and try to keep "all there" until I could make out what had happened.

Gradually the din ceased, and the elephants were in full career a few hundred yards away, and some men came creeping up to me all of a shake to see if there were any pieces left. I assured them I was all right, and asked where the wounded elephant was, for I now saw that it had not fallen dead as it would have done had the aim been correct for the brain shot, but they had no information to give me. We pulled ourselves together and set off after the herd, hoping to come up with the wounded one. We soon found that they had stopped about quarter of a mile away and we were not long in coming up with them again. As we approached they got wind of us, and away they went. I just had time to spot the wounded one, and take a flying head shot at him. This time the aim was true, and down he came in his tracks, and never moved again, while the remainder disappeared into the thick jungle. We were satisfied, for he was a fine beast, and his tusks were fifty-four pounds and fifty-six pounds respectively.

It was late in the evening when we got back to camp, thoroughly tired, but all the better for a really exciting chase.

One morning while camped near Lake Albert I had a visit from the chief of the village near at hand, to ask me if I would have mercy upon his people who were starving of hunger. We had been shocked at the sight of the people collecting grass seeds for the purpose of food. "Why was this?" I had inquired, and the one word "hunger" was the reply.

All through the country there was great distress, the rains were delayed and the crops were spoiled, and so grass seeds were actually being eaten for food. I saw many little children so thin and weak that they could hardly walk with their little baskets, picking the tiny seeds, and some of them were even eating them raw to try and stave off the terrible hunger. When I found this sad state of things I determined to try and shoot a hippo, and so supply them with some meat. There were a large number of these great beasts sporting themselves in the water close to the shore and it was not a very serious undertaking, so I asked the chief to send me a canoe with a couple of good boatmen and I would do my best for him.

To sit on the high bank of a river and watch the hippo playing about below in the deep water—thrusting out their great heads for a moment to get a breath of air, and then with a sigh of satisfaction throwing them back and sinking

below the surface—is to say the least of it, interesting; but one must be a pretty keen sportsman to get into a tiny cockle-shell of a boat with a couple of frightened natives, and row right up alongside one of these hippo herds with the idea of shooting some of them. A bad shot must not try this game or he will probably find himself trying to ward off the attack of an infuriated wounded hippo with the butt end of his gun and finally in the water with numerous "crocs" swimming round and round him each anxious for a nip.

On this occasion it seemed the only way to get a chance at all, for when I reached the lake shore the hippo were so wild that their noses only appeared for the fraction of a second and there was no time for sighting.

The little craft came in a few minutes, with a couple of sturdy rowers in attendance, and in it I placed a log of wood on which to sit—the bottom was covered with two inches of water, and with my .303 rifle on my knee was punted along through the shallows in the direction of the herd some 200 yards from shore. The little bark was anything but seaworthy, and as we got away from the shore and the waves became more vigorous I had to hold to the sides with bated breath, expecting every moment the wretched water-logged boat would capsize

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and precipitate me into the tangled mass of vegetation that seemed to be floating on the surface. When at last we got out into the open we were soon in the midst of a highly excited herd of these ponderous beasts, and several of them looked at us from their tiny "pig-like" eyes, with a nasty little twinkle that might mean anything; very soon heads were popping up all round us and it was quite impossible to fix one's eye upon any given animal. There was a small island about 500 yards from the shore, and I told the men to first put me ashore there in the hope that on the far side I might find some hippo near enough to shoot at from the shore. Presently the craft was pushed through the papyrus belt that surrounded the island and I got ashore, not without a good wetting.

Then with my rifle I scrambled through the thick vegetation to the far side of the island. Several great crocodiles plunged into the water at my approach, casting wicked glances back at me as they swam away with snout only above water. I soon found the hippo were not near enough for a shot from the land, so once more I went back to the canoe, stirred up the men who were settling down to a quiet nap under the shade of the trees (a most reckless proceeding, considering the numbers of huge

crocodiles waiting round for a meal), and once more embarked.

Very slowly and quietly we pushed along through the papyrus, keeping a sharp lookout for the ugly nose of an unsuspecting hippo. We did not have long to wait. Suddenly there was a grunt just ahead of us not twenty yards away. I balanced myself as best I could, and slowly rose to my feet. A few yards more and we rounded a thick bush of tangled grass that was floating fifty yards from the shore, and there was a hippo close to us.

We had taken him quite by surprise, and for a moment he glared at us, and that moment was his last, for a .303 solid penetrated to the brain, and down he went with the unmistakable motion of a dead creature.

But what a set-out there was! The boat rocked, and a whole school of hippo made their presence noticeable, while the boatmen rowed for all they were worth for the nearest shore. Here we waited, and in less than an hour there rose to the surface a big pink mass, recognised at once as a dead hippo, and a little fleet of canoes were soon put off to bring him to shore.

It was a sight to behold, and once seen never forgotten. The gleam in the eyes of

those intensely excited men as they rolled the great carcass to shore was a sure sign of their satisfaction. Hunger, at least for a day or two, was appeased.

After the photograph had been taken, the chief himself, appearing rigged up in some left-off dress uniform of an English officer, joined in the wild fight for meat. Naked savages with knives, tearing the dead beast to pieces and eating it as fast as ever they could, all red and raw! In less than an hour nothing but bones were left, and away in the village could be heard the yells of the women and children as they banked up the fires for roasting the meat that the satiated men could not eat. That night a funny thing happened.

I had slept indifferently until about midnight, when I fell into a nice slumber. The heat was almost unbearable, and I had been obliged to sit outside for a while to get cool. I had not been asleep very long before there was a most terrific noise in camp made by the men; yell after yell on all sides pierced the still night air; a cow dashed up against my tent in headlong flight, very nearly upsetting the whole affair; porters scattered in all directions and ran for their lives, yelling as they went; one or two made for my tent, and clung to the fly-sheet. I was in a great state and

could get no answer to my question, only renewed yells. When at last I got outside, the utmost confusion reigned; camp fires which were burning very low were scattered about by the fleeing porters; the other two cows that were with me looked wild and restless; the four sheep were straining at their leading ropes, and my dog was barking furiously. However, I could find no cause for the noise; no one knew what was the matter, or what had started the tumult.

The only solution of the mystery that I can give is that some one had been having rather a bad night in consequence of having partaken too freely of raw hippo meat, and evidently thought that the place was alive with lions and other wild animals, and he himself was being torn to pieces. I at last managed to restore order and get all back to camp, but the awakening had been too thorough, for the men sat by their fires for the rest of the night waiting to see what the sequel might be. However, nothing further happened to disturb our peace.

There are many chimpanzees in the forests of Bunyoro, but they are seldom seen: some, however, have been caught and sent to the Zoological Gardens, where they delight the thousands who visit there. Only once have I seen them in their wild state. We were

camped on the edge of a large forest in the Bugoma district, and soon after our tents were fixed up I heard the strange unmistakable cry of these creatures some distance away. I went after them with the idea of catching a glimpse of them in their perfectly wild state. It was hard work following them, for they soon shifted their quarters; at last we were rewarded with a good view of them at fifty yards' distance. Two old ones and a young one were the most conspicuous, others were among the trees further into the forest.

They looked strangely human as they sat on the branch of a very high tree, the mother clasping her little one in her arms, while the old man looked out for danger a few feet away. I did not wish to disturb them, and indeed it would be hard to fire at these most human-looking of all the animal tribe, barring man. They soon discovered me, however, and like a flash were gone into the thicker and denser shades of the forest.

The harnessed antelope is quite the prettiest of all the Bunyoro fauna. It is very plentiful, but seldom seen. It takes its walks at night-time and has a most curious bark, almost like a big dog, when it realises that danger is near. There are a good many to be found on the hills bordering the Albert Lake, and once I was most fortunate

in procuring a very good specimen. I was not thinking of antelope just at the moment, for I hardly expected to find them, it being too near midday when most animals lie down for a rest in the forest's shade.

However, as I walked I saw something move at the foot of a tree about fifty yards ahead, and was immediately on my guard. I crept along to a friendly ant-hill and then from the top of this I was able to procure a good view of this beautiful buck.

He stood broadside to me looking out over the plain in front, and I saw at once that he carried a good pair of horns and that his coat was beautifully marked. A dark chestnut was the prevailing colour, and his flanks were striped with white marks and spots about the shoulders, white tips to the ears, and a black nose.

His horns were about one foot in length, and a graceful spiral shape with amber tips, altogether a most attractive little creature.

The same afternoon I saw two others of that particular species, one a female, which carries no horns.

In July 1903 I had a most interesting journey through Western Bunyoro. In referring to my diary for that date I found the following entry: "I left Hoima on 15th and the same day camped at Kajura, and at this place I had my first

adventure, a sweet foretaste of the many I expect. Sitting in my little tent, giving home and loved ones the foremost place in my mind, I suddenly saw on the opposite hill something moving about in the grass; it was too much covered by the thick growth to be clearly distinguished, but I knew it must be an antelope of some sort. Wrenching my thoughts away from 'home' and fixing my mind upon the animal in the grass a quarter of a mile away, I started off. Daki was the man chosen to accompany me as gun-bearer, and very soon we were ploughing our furrows through the thickest of thick jungle. Daki got left behind, and the sportsman in his excitement pushed ahead on the track of the unknown animal, now not more than a hundred yards away, but still invisible.

"My nose in the air and my ears set to catch the slightest sound, while I strained every muscle to push myself forward through the thicket when—there was a sudden 'airy' feeling underneath, and the next moment I found myself jammed hard and fast in a regular death-trap set for antelope. It was a pit about two feet wide at the top, but narrowing down at the bottom to a few inches, the total depth being over ten feet.

"I struggled hard to free myself, but my feet were held tight and all my struggling was in vain. So I set to work to yell for Daki who had

entirely disappeared and had followed another track, and might be a mile away for all I knew. When I was nearly hoarse, and very vexed at my plight, I suddenly heard the twigs breaking overhead, and I wondered if it were a lion coming to pick me out of the hole bit by bit, for we had seen a lot of fresh lion tracks only just before. But my fears were soon over, for presently I saw Daki on the edge of the pit looking down upon me in speechless compassion. I soon woke him up from his dreams or inactivity by telling him to look sharp and pull me out, which he finally did, partly by the scuff of the neck and partly by very nearly dislocating my shoulder-blade, for I was a very tight fit for that hole. However, out I came at last, feeling as though I had been on the rack of the Inquisition, and said to Daki, 'Now show me the nearest way to camp.' I had quite satisfied my desire for sport that day and did not want any more."

These holes are dug by the natives in all the game country, and the mouth of the pit is usually very skilfully covered over with a layer of thin twigs and grass. Sometimes there will be half a dozen of them in a row, and so well covered that it is almost impossible to see them unless one is on the lookout. They dig them for buffalo, hippo and antelope, and I have seen them specially made for elephant.

The natives tell me that they are most successful, and I quite believe it, for more than once I have found the remains of some unfortunate beast at the bottom, that had fallen into some forgotten hole and never been discovered. Vigorous steps have been taken by the Government, I am glad to say, to put a stop to this indiscriminate slaughter, for many females and young ones meet their death in these traps.

The Kafu plains are a common resort of many of the larger antelope. I have shot here hartbeests, water-buck, and Uganda cob. Lions, however, are so numerous that these former are gradually disappearing, and the lions are turning their attention to the people in the village.

At one place six people were killed in a day, and a hunt was organised, but without result.

A couple of lions got amongst my cows, which were being herded on the Kafu plains on account of the richness of the pasturage, and one was killed outright and another so severely mauled that it died soon afterwards. There is a famous old hill situated near the Kafu that was once the scene of a desperate fight. The hill is about 400 feet above the level of the surrounding country, and is called Musaja Mukulu (the full-grown man). On the summit Kabarega and his hosts once collected a large force and defied the invading army from Uganda which had a British

captain at its head. At first it was proposed to storm the hill by a general assault, but when half-way up the hill, the natives at the top sent down such a tornado of rocks and stones that the storming party were greatly embarrassed, and had to retire, but a few rounds from the Maxim gun as it was played on to the top of the hill soon dispelled the wild shrieking savages who, after bearing the terrible fusillade for a few moments, fled precipitately down the far side of the hill, and the attacking party soon reached the top.

The reason why the Banyoro had chosen this hill as a stronghold was because there lived on the top an old witch-doctor, to whom was ascribed supernatural powers. Seeing the invading army coming, scattering all their armies before it, they fled to the one in whom they placed implicit confidence. It was soon found that his help was vain, and his little temple built at the summit of this hill was destroyed, and so his power over the Banyoro was shaken for ever, and to-day there is no high priest of Musaja Mukulu; but—the district is infested with lions, and I have heard it said that the “evil spirits” being driven from their tiny temple, have taken up their abode in the wild beasts, and are thus bringing destruction to the people who have given up their old faith.

## CHAPTER VII.

## A TRAMP TO TORO.

It is 5 a.m. and we are aroused from refreshing sleep and pleasant dreams by the loud beating of a drum just outside the bedroom, and it means that the time has come to tie up the loads of beds and bedding and start off on a long ninety-mile tramp to Toro. Once more we bundle the whole of our kit into boxes and bags, making up loads of about sixty pounds' weight, and long before we have finished the porters are at the door clamouring for their burdens, and most anxious to get off before the severe heat of the sun is felt. Boys tear about the house, seizing chairs and boxes and pulling beds to pieces, and there is a continuous babel of sound that soon makes one fully awake to the surroundings.

We very hurriedly snatch a little breakfast—terribly hard work at this time in the morning—mule, hammock and bicycle are brought round, and almost before we are aware of it we are pushing our way through the wet dew-bespangled grass.

The very idea of it makes us shudder, everything is so cold and cheerless, and we are wet

through in the first five minutes. The porters are yelling at the top of their voices. "We are off to Toro, we say good-bye to Bunyoro," etc., is their cry. Excitement runs high as one of the men, more energetic than the rest, with a sixty-pound load on his head, actually commences running and shouting at the same time: "Look at me, look at me! I am a man, I am a man," and then formed up at the head of the caravan, and so the journey commences.

The first day we did not travel far; about six miles was sufficient both for the porters and for ourselves. The former were much quieter at the end of the march than at the commencement, for after a mile or two their loads began to "get very heavy" they said, and they wanted to rest and had no energy left for the terrific yells with which they started. We too were very glad to get into the shade of the tent, for the heat of the sun seemed dreadful, in spite of the helmets and umbrellas we used. There was very little of interest this first day; the path led through very thick bush, making a view almost impossible. The swamps also were bad, and only five minutes after the start we encountered an overgrown river called Wambabya, one mass of papyrus and tangled jungle; the water too was deep, with very much soft mud at the bottom. The men were up to their waists, and we were

carried over shoulder high by great stalwart fellows specially selected for this purpose. The mule, of course, got stuck in the mud. I thought she was done for, as she went up to her ears, eyes, nose and everything under the thickest of thick black mud.

I was at first afraid to go in after her lest I should be submerged also, but when I saw that if something were not done the poor creature would surely die, I plunged in up to my waist in this most awful stuff, and tugging away at the bridle I finally got her feet on to firmer foundations.

All this, so early in the morning while the damp mists seemed to cling around one, was most unpleasant, and we were all greatly relieved when at last the sun came up and shed its warming rays upon us, but, as I have said above, the fierceness of his rays soon became anything but pleasant. Our camp was pitched under an enormous tree, and it formed a beautiful shade over us in the great heat of the day.

Very soon the hief of the tiny village close to, came with his people, bringing us a good supply of food, sufficient for the whole caravan, and he was greatly delighted with the gift of two yards of calico in payment. I then told him that if he had any sick in his village I would gladly give

them medicine, and this pleased him mightily ; indeed much more than the calico did.

I hardly knew what I was bargaining for ; nearly one hundred people turned up for treatment, some with great and serious ailments, others with nothing but a little cough. However, all received medicine of some kind just as we were able, and this caused great satisfaction. Old and young alike lavished their thanks upon us, and one old lady brought to us as an offering of sincere thanks for help given in the form of a lotion for her eyes—a great white cock, which, although too tough for food, made capital soup.

About 3 p.m. a travelling minstrel came along and gave us an impromptu entertainment. He had a native harp of four strings, and really produced a marvellous combination of sounds from it.

He also sang a song, the words of which were evidently composed for the occasion, and consisted largely of praise to the wonderful white man who had come to the black man's country to help and relieve the suffering, mingling a few lavish hints that a little present would not be refused if the white man would so condescend to honour him. He passed on his way and presently up came a prince of the royal blood of Bunyoro, son of the great Kabarega. He



Church Building, Hoima.



Rev. Nuwa Nakiwafu.

was accompanied by another little prince and they were on their way to visit Kasagama, king of Toro, as special envoys of the king of Bunyoro. They asked if they might travel with us on our journey and were of course allowed to do so.

Then darkness came on and the mosquitoes commenced their nightly ravages, and the owls in the great tree above us began to hoot. The porters had built themselves tiny huts all around our tent, and the fires were soon crackling all about us.

Our evening meal being over, we early sought our little beds, and long before ten o'clock there was absolute quiet, the whole camp was asleep.

Lions and hyenas might prowl around, we were all far too tired to mind them, and they were far too much afraid of our camp fires to approach very near. The alarm-clock rang out at 5 a.m. the next morning, and the cocks of the neighbourhood all seemed, trying to out-do each other with their crowing.

One long-legged "comber" seemed to be within a few feet of my bed—indeed as I found out afterwards he was just outside the tent on my side. It was no use trying to persuade oneself that there was no necessity to get up just then, not a bit, I could not do it, much as I wanted to, for the night was all too short. So I turned

over once or twice, pronounced a morning benediction upon cocks in general and alarm-clocks in particular, and finally sat up and found the occupant of the other bed doing likewise. It did not take long to dress, and by 5.30 we were both trying in vain to look pleased with ourselves and thoroughly enjoying breakfast. Fancy at that unearthly hour enjoying anything at all, unless it be blankets!

But it was little use being miserable and casting yearning glances towards the tent and beds which were fast disappearing into sacks.

But what a change comes with the daylight! The glorious sun suddenly bursts upon the scene, shedding its golden beams around, changing all dull thoughts into smiles. The song of the birds begins in earnest, the whole earth seems full of gladness, all blending in one great *Te Deum* of praise. That is how the march commenced, how did it finish? I think I may safely say with quite as much pleasure as it started, for I have not yet met the mortal who would be sorry to rest after a fifteen-mile walk in the hot tropical sun, and we certainly were glad to get to the end.

The fifteen miles took us six hours, and it was real toil most of the way, with very little of interest to relieve the monotony.

In the afternoon, as we were sitting outside

our tent, we were quickly surrounded by a motley crowd of natives ; six or eight of them were old gray-headed men, three women and all the rest men.

My wife sat in front of the medicine-chest and just before her was a poor fellow lying down with a most dreadful ulcer on his leg ; a woman with a tiny suffering baby by her side, and many others patiently waiting for medicine. It was a most pathetic sight, and one over which angels might weep—dark sinful souls, children of heathenism, with their poor suffering bodies looking up into the face of their white sister with earnest pleading eyes for the relief they so much needed.

They told us that my wife was the first white lady they had ever seen, and their astonishment was great that they should first become acquainted with their white sister as a real friend in their distress. The next night it poured with rain until morning ; it was therefore very cold when we at last had to leave the tent and sit on camp chairs waiting for the sun to rise. We were on the road that day for ten and a half hours, my wife in the hammock and I on my bicycle.

A good deal of the way led through forest-covered country and was extremely interesting.

In one of the thick woods we saw a large

number of colobus monkeys that did not seem in the least disturbed by our presence. They looked very striking in their long coats of black and white fur. These monkeys are very strictly preserved in the Uganda Protectorate, and we are thankful it is so, as they are not very numerous.

After passing through one of these thickets I was bounding away on the bike at about ten miles an hour on a good road with a splendid stretch of country before me, when unfortunately I did not notice a large tree by the side of the road. "Ignorance is bliss" sometimes; it was not on this occasion, for with a terrific crash I went right into the tree, the branch struck me full in the shoulder, and sent me spinning like a top, while my bike kept time to the yell I gave with a whizz of the pedals, a fine graceful leap into the air, and sweet repose a few yards away. I sat still a bit, and tried to find out what had happened. My bike and I had most evidently been very roughly separated, and a slight sensation of pain in my left shoulder seemed to cry aloud for vengeance on something or other. An upward glance put an end to my cogitations, and I meekly said, "I won't do *that* again." There were no bones broken and no spokes, and so with much praiseworthy fortitude I again mounted, but this time did not

go quite so quickly, and above all kept a good look-out for trees or any other impediments. We at last got to the end of this day's journey, and were no sooner comfortably settled in our tent, when down came the rain, a terrific storm. The improvised kitchen, a tiny hut, was soon swamped, and the cooks hurriedly departed into the village near at hand to seek shelter, carrying with them a boiled chicken and bananas, our frugal meal. We waited as patiently as hunger would allow us until the rain stopped, and then made up for lost time.

Next day we had a twenty-mile march and were just about used up, when to our joy we arrived at what seemed to be a very nice camp in the midst of which was a little house, a haven of rest and hope to weary travellers. Into this we bundled all our goods, and as it was quite clean as far as we could tell, we had our beds made in what looked like a snug little corner. We soon finished our food and tucked in for the night, tired out, thankful to have a roof above our heads once more. Alas! alas! what a change came over everything before another hour was passed. A storm came rolling up from the west, the thunder rumbled, and the lightning flashed, and more than ever we felt thankful to be in a house. But hark! what was that? A sound like the rushing of water

from the roof broke the stillness. It began to dawn upon us slowly that the roof was not such an unmixed blessing as we had vainly thought, for as the storm increased in violence the roof became more and more porous. In a surprisingly short time, from all quarters of the hut we heard the splash, splash, splash, drip, drip, drip of the rain, until at last we fully realised that something must be done, and that at once. We seized the bundle in the corner of the hut that contained the tent and began stretching it out over the beds to keep these most necessary articles dry; we tied the tent ropes to the walls of the hut on either side, and this made a sort of awning in the house, then we crept under and rolled ourselves into our beds hoping for sleep. I was just uttering my first snore of intense satisfaction when I heard my wife shout out—"Oh dear, it is dropping on my face," and sure enough a little stream of dirty water was filtering through and dropping into the sleeper's eye. We once more got up and this time hung mackintoshes under the tent sheet, and finally shivering with cold we wrapped ourselves up in our somewhat damp blankets, and most thoroughly tired out, slept until morning.

For two days it rained, and the discomfort of the travellers can best be imagined; clothes

were never dry, and camp was a misery, black mud and dirty water were everywhere.

We passed through some very fine country, covered with great rolling hills, and deep gullies choked up with rich tropical vegetation.

We had to cross one deep river at the bottom of a great rift in the hills; there used to be a bridge across it, but it had been washed away, and it was only by climbing over the fallen débris that we were able to get across with dry feet.

Most of the porters crossed in the water, which came up to their armpits. One old chappie, however, tried the broken bridge and nearly broke his neck as he stumbled and slipped through with a heavy load on his head, and somehow got tangled up, with his poor old head across a beam of wood, and his feet hanging in space above the water, the load keeping him a prisoner. We eventually got him out, but he was greatly shaken though no bones were broken.

After the river was a hill to climb at an angle of about  $65^{\circ}$  for nearly a quarter of a mile. We camped on the summit, overlooking a magnificent stretch of country that separates Uganda from Bunyoro, and is called Bugaya, with a sharp dip down to the west into the Albert Lake only five miles away. On these hills we saw several herds of water-buck quietly

feeding, and two huge elephants were not 500 yards from the road, but we left them undisturbed. Another march brought us to the beautiful Muzizi River, the boundary between the Uganda province and Toro. The bridge was broken and washed right away, but the water was not too deep for us to cross.

Landing on the other side we commenced catching some of the brilliantly coloured butterflies that seemed to delight in the muddy pools near to the river. The boys I think thoroughly believed we had gone mad, but after a while joined in the sport just to please us, no doubt feeling sorry for us.

That night we could hear the elephants trumpeting not far away, and could easily distinguish the crash of splitting timbers as they broke off the boughs of the trees. It was not altogether a surprise to us therefore, when we started off the next morning, to come in sight of a very large herd quite near to our camp.

At first they stood about 250 yards away on the left of our path quietly basking in the early morning sun. There were at least fifty of them and they seemed quite unconcerned by our presence.

However, a rifle shot over their backs soon set them in motion, and it will be long before



Chap. 5.

Industrial Work, Hoima.



Dog-faced Ape.

Chap. 6.

we forget the sight. The whole herd, trumpeting loudly, dashed right across our path a few hundred yards ahead of us, great bulls with massive ivories, which appeared out of all proportion to the size, even of the elephant. All had their trunks thrown into the air and their heads erect. They could not fail to see our caravan, but still dashed on in wild excitement. There were several females with their young ones at their side, and these poor little things screamed lustily as they fled past us. When the herd had at last disappeared, our caravan moved on, while I remained behind to blow up my bicycle tyres. I was thus busily engaged when, quite unexpectedly, to my utmost amazement, half a dozen more elephants rushed out of the thicket at the side of the road a few yards ahead and stopped dead for a moment to look at me. In an instant I had my gun ready in case of a charge, and waited, fervently hoping that they would move on. This they did quite suddenly, for they apparently realised that all was not quite safe, and with a shriek that seemed to rend the air, they bounded into the jungle on the opposite side of the path and were soon lost to sight.

The next day we entered Toro, and a right royal reception we had. The king, Daudi

Kasagama, the Katikiro (prime minister), the queen, the queen-mother, and the queen-sister, all met us some distance from the capital, and greeted us in true native style. The Katikiro was the first to arrive, riding on his Indian pony; he was dressed in long flowing robes of white fastened up at the waist so as to enable him to sit astride his horse. He is the right-hand man of King Kasagama, and is an official who most thoroughly enjoys the confidence of the natives. He is a very intelligent man, and takes a keen delight in things English, and his desire is to be well in advance of the ordinary native of his country. This enlightened native—who at one time was a great drunkard—since his conversion to Christianity has done noble service for the British flag. At the time of the Nubian rebellion in Uganda, when Mwanga and Kabarega, the kings of Uganda and Bunyoro, joined forces with the Nubians against the British, and for so long a time kept the Protectorate in a ferment, he scored heavily for the Government forces, and made for himself a name which has long been remembered.

When leading the native troops of Toro against the rebels, information was brought to him that the enemy was near at hand, and by a fine piece of strategy he arranged his little army along either side of a narrow ravine through

which the foe was certain to pass, with strict orders to keep out of sight.

Dead silence reigned as they breathlessly awaited the arrival of the raiders. In a short time the enemy appeared, all unconscious of the invisible Toro troops so close at hand. As the rebel vanguard neared the bed of the ravine, a bugle rang out shrill and sharp, blown by the Katikiro himself. The enemy, fearing they were in the hands of the British troops, commenced a precipitate retreat, but escape was impossible, as the Katikiro's followers, at a signal from their leader, had already sprung from their hiding-places and surrounded the foe, with the result that in a few minutes the whole of the rebel army was annihilated by a force not one-third its own strength.

This was the man who was the first to meet us after our long weary tramp into Toro. He offered me his horse to complete the journey into the capital, but after one look into the eyes of the restless beast, which seemed greatly alarmed at the presence of a white man, I decided to stick to my bicycle as a much safer means of progress.

Kasagama met us at the foot of the hill upon which stands his beautiful brick house. It was a time of meeting with old friends; many years before I had lived in Toro, often the only

European in the then wild country, and Kasagama had made himself a real friend to me in my lonely times. Of those days I shall not write, it will be sufficient for me to add that Kasagama seemed to have lost none of his charm of manner, and he is also steadfast in the faith that one tried to teach him in those past lonely years when the first seeds were sown in great weakness and much imperfection.

Many improvements were visible in the country ; the years of steady hard work, both by government and mission servants have told, and to-day there are many in Toro who have followed the lead of their Christian king.

There is to-day a fine hospital in charge of Dr. Aston Bond (C.M.S.); it was opened in 1904. The building contains two wards, one for men and the other for women and children, each capable of accommodating seventeen people. At first the timidity of the Batoro was so great that they had to be asked to become in-patients, but as the year wore on many came requesting admission, while some made gifts of money, and others of kind, as expressions of thankfulness for the attention which they received. Some of the patients, however, are still very distrustful, and it will be years before the common people really understand the benefits to be derived from this great work.

One woman was in the hospital about three weeks, at the end of which time her friends suddenly took her away. She was very ignorant and absolutely indifferent when she first entered the hospital. She said: "I shall only die, and they will bury me in the ground; I do not fear to die, I shall not go anywhere." After she was taken away by her friends, she was at last found, after much searching, in a pitiable condition. She had grown so thin that it was difficult to recognise her, and all over her body were large cuts and gashes, where her relations had lacerated her in the hope of effecting a cure.

She was surrounded by men, one of whom was cupping her with a small horn used by the natives for that purpose. The poor creature had little enough blood as it was, and every drop drawn shortened her life. When they were remonstrated with for this cruel treatment of the poor girl, they answered: "She is only a heathen, she is not baptized. Why should we not do it?" They had been pouring cold water over her several times daily, but they said her "disease baffled them, they could not conquer it." She had hardly strength to speak, and very soon afterwards died.

Such cases might be multiplied, no doubt, but sufficient has been said to show how hard it is to get the natives to believe that our efforts

for their welfare are sincere, and even should the patient believe in one's skill, the relatives have also to be reckoned with.

Scholastic work and definite Christian teaching are flourishing in this country of Toro. It is not my intention in this book to give any details; suffice it to say that the many agencies that are at work all tend to the uplifting of the people, and from the broadest possible point of view deserve all the help and encouragement that unbiassed Englishmen can give. As I have said before, the spread of Christianity and the British Government officials' work should always be most closely allied, and the result will be gratifying to both.

Our return journey to Hoima was better than the outward one; we found the road had been cultivated all the way, since we passed, and all the swamps bridged.

At one camp the natives told us that a week previously four lions had broken into a house and carried off a woman and three children, and a man had also been killed and eaten by these beasts.

We had one encounter on the way home which caused us some alarm, and made us very careful. Leaving the main road with my wife and one of the missionary ladies from Toro in pursuit of some of the gorgeous butter-

flies that flitted among the trees, we entered a thick forest, and were soon pushing our way along a tiny track, lost in admiration of the many beauties there are always to be found in these African forests. Suddenly, just in front of me, a lion sprang up, and dashed into the thicket not four yards from us, and then it stood and growled at us ; we were utterly powerless, and we knew that at any moment the great beast might spring upon us. We moved away towards the road very slowly, keeping close together, and as we did so we heard it following us only a few yards to our right, but invisible on account of the thick undergrowth. On and on we went, ever keeping a sharp look-out, and for some time we could hear the crackling of the dead twigs and an occasional snarl from the terrible creature. Never has 100 yards seemed so long, for it was only that distance to the main road and to safety, and when at last we got there, leaving the lion behind, as he had given up the chase, we made off to camp as quickly as we could, feeling what a narrow escape we had had, and deeply thankful to the watchful Providence over us. Eight days' journey landed us safely back in Hoima.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A VISIT TO NORTHERN BUNYORO.

BUSINDI is the old capital of Bunyoro and in earlier days the abode of the great King Kabarega. From Hoima it is about thirty-five miles distant, and a good road has been made connecting the two places. The chiefs all have their headquarters at Hoima, but most of them have also small estates in Busindi. The latter district is a hilly one, and Busindi is built in the middle, with high hills commanding it on three sides, intersected by several unpleasant and foul-smelling swamps, from which the water supply is obtained. For this reason alone it is unhealthy, as compared with Hoima, and clouds of mosquitoes rise from these fever beds as soon as the sun goes down.

Owing to the very wise decision of Mr. George Wilson, the Deputy-Commissioner and Acting Sub-Commissioner of the Western Provinces, the capital was moved to the more healthy, open country to the south-west, on the main road from Uganda to Lake Albert. This road in the future will undoubtedly be a most important trade route to the north.

Busindi is also a great centre for the ivory trade of Central Africa; many large herds of elephants exist in the thickly-wooded country around, and at one time there was a great store of ivory hidden away by the chiefs and people in the district.

Again, Busindi is an important place on account of its being on the main road to the Chopi and Bukidi districts, along which large powder-running caravans used to pass to these northern provinces. This trade had to be stopped, and it was therefore most important to keep a strong garrison ever ready for action at Busindi. The natives of course became wily, and resorted to all kinds of subterfuges in order to be able to carry on the traffic in spite of the British occupation at Busindi.

It was noticed on one occasion by an official at Busindi that there were many caravans passing towards the north, presumably carrying bark-cloths and trade goods of a harmless description. Certain of these loads were always brought for inspection to the Fort, and seemed right enough, but others were kept in the background and passed through without notice. One day, however, the officer in charge became suspicious, and a more thorough examination was made, not only of the loads of trade goods brought, but also of the camp of the would-be

traders. The result was that a large number of small kegs of trade powder and old muzzle-loading guns were found cleverly concealed amongst other harmless articles. This led to the discovery of the existence of a regular traffic that had been going on for some time, and although the responsible Uganda chiefs were never found out, the culprits caught red-handed were severely punished.

The mission house at Busindi was the first ever built in Bunyoro. It was commenced by the well-known Uganda missionary, Mr. A. B. Fisher, and finished later by his successor. It is situated on the banks of a horrible fetid swamp, and is, I believe, a very unhealthy spot, but was evidently the only available place at the time. A large church has also been built of wattle and daub close to the mission house. The Fort is on the summit of a high hill, and is a strongly fortified position, but the water supply is not of the best, although it is superior to that obtainable for the mission.

There are a number of traders—German, Indian and Waganda—whose livelihood must be a precarious one, now that the population of Busindi is so much reduced and the ivory trade is restricted.

While I was at Busindi an interesting function took place, namely, the distribution of medals

for the Soudanese rebellion that took place in 1897 and 1898, through which I passed in the capacity of interpreter. All the troops available were drawn up on the fine parade ground in front of the Fort, including Soudanese and Waganda, and two maxim-gun squads. All the resident natives were summoned to attend, and the king and his under chiefs came dressed out in their best. In front was a small table covered with the Union Jack, on which were placed the medals, and beside them a silver bowl of flowers. The assembly was graced by the presence of two English ladies—my wife and Mrs. George Wilson—who had seats arranged for them near the table.

Captain Owen performed the ceremony, and pinning on the medals, offered his warm congratulations to the two recipients at that time resident in Bunyoro, Mr. George Wilson and myself. The first to receive the medal was the Deputy Commissioner (Mr. George Wilson), which was pinned on amid a flourish of bugles and kettledrums. It will be long before the country forgets the prominent and eminently satisfactory efforts of this faithful servant of the Government during that most trying time of the rebellion, for the successful termination of which he was largely responsible. The author then received his, Captain Owen saying as he pinned

it on : "I see you have two clasps, I hope you will get some more." I trust, however, it will be long before my services will be required to help in the suppression of so serious a rebellion as that of 1897-8.

A few weeks later I made an interesting journey to the north of Bunyoro, into the Chopi country, which lies along the banks of the Victoria Nile. Leaving Busindi, we climbed the Government hill and took the main road to the north. The first bad effects of the Busindi climate soon began to show themselves, and I laboured on under a hot sun with a touch of malarial fever, not severe, but enough to make one miserable ; and so with a buzzing in the ears (a symptom of quinine poisoning), and a failing at the knees, to say nothing of a parching thirst, I was glad enough to come to anchor at the first tiny rest house on the top of a high hill.

In the morning the outlook was gloomy ; several of the porters complained of fever, the mule showed signs of lameness, and rain threatened. However, we faced the difficulties, and as the warm sun began to dry the wet grass on the path, it also engendered in us the hopeful feeling that we had done with Busindi for a time. We first made for the capital of a well-known Uganda chief, who had been appointed to a position of responsibility in Bunyoro

in order to help the more ignorant local chiefs to maintain order in their country. We were met by the chief's wife (he himself being away), a big, fat, jolly woman, all smiles, and possessing a great influence over the Banyoro peasants. She escorted us to her husband's headquarters, and here we saw three huge houses in course of construction, and were informed by the playful chief's wife that they had been long building, and would never be finished, as the people had all rebelled, refusing to work for her husband.

However, there was one building that caused us great cheer, as it had been entirely finished by the poor people, and was used by them as a church.

The chief's wife most kindly brought me a large present of food, forty-three bundles of bananas, six chickens, thirty eggs, and a goat, and in addition to these, she told me she would cook a feast for us each day we stayed there. Three days' rest at this place was most beneficial to us all, porters and white man alike; the good food, healthy climate and kind friends, all added to our pleasure.

Our next camp was to be at a place on the river called Kilwala. Here the chief's wife was supreme, as the village had been made over to her by her husband. We had heard that the people all loved and obeyed her readily, and we

found it to be quite true. They are not Banyoro, but call themselves Baruli, and they talk a mixture of Lunyoro and Lusoga. As soon as I got into the village, crowds of men and women came to see me, not in the least afraid, although so far as I can make out, no European had visited them before.

The men for the most part wore skins and bark-cloths, the women a queer-looking garment made from grass, or strips of bark-cloth attached to a sort of waist-belt, the upper part of the body being adorned by various trinkets made of beads, etc. They were modest and well-behaved, and it was a pleasure to see how anxious all were to please their chieftainess.

When it was dark I gave them a magic-lantern show, that was greatly appreciated by all.

Early the next morning we set off again, and reached another large village on the banks of the Nile, occupied by the Chopi people, another tribe evidently a branch from the Nilotic peoples of further north. Away across the river was a large Bukidi village, and I was told that living in that district there were three big Bukidi chiefs, who owned a very large tract of country on the Nile banks.

Being very anxious to get into touch with this most interesting race of people, I arranged

with some of the natives at the village in which I was staying the night, to go over to those chiefs with kind messages from myself, and invite them to come to see me. I admit I hardly expected they would do so, but to my great pleasure in about two hours' time, a little company emerged from the thicket on the far side of the river, and getting into a crazy craft of "prehistoric" appearance, soon crossed the river and landed quite close to my tent.

They walked up to me with every appearance of confidence, and no sign of fear; one of them indeed greeted me by name, and said he had heard of me, and was glad to come and see me. There were two chiefs among them, both tall, thin men, all muscle and sinew, and their dress consisted of skins thrown loosely across the shoulders. They said many nice things to me, showing that they knew a good deal of my movements in Bunyoro, and they finished up by giving me a most hearty invitation to go across the river and visit them. I promised them I would do so at some future time, but at present I could not spare the time, and then I laughingly said: "But you Bakidi fight with white men: how am I to know that you would not want to kill me if I come to your village?" The reply was (as I jotted it down at the time): "It is not the likes of you that

we fight with, we have heard about you, and if you visit us you will see we shall give you great joy. I, myself," said the chief, "will take you about the country, and no one will dare to interfere with you."

We talked on for a long time, and I then asked them if they were returning that night. "No," said the chief, "we are going to sleep by your tent, and you will find us here by the fire to-morrow morning." And sure enough there they were in the morning when I got up. They had their spears and knives by their sides, and looked very formidable strangers, but I think we sealed a friendship between us.

I gave them each a piece of cloth as a present when I said good-bye, and they said at parting: "When you get back to Hoima, send a messenger to us and we will come to see you and your lady and little child, and prove to you that we are your friends."

This promise was actually fulfilled, and a few months afterwards, when I was back again in Hoima, we one day received a big deputation from these Bukidi chiefs. Wild men as they are, they came to us in the most friendly spirit, and allowed me to photograph them with our little child sitting among them. They knew a fair amount of Lunyoro as spoken in Hoima, although when excited they drifted off into



F. A. Knowles, Esq., and his Hunting Trophies.

*Chap. 6.*



"After the Hippo Hunt."

their own unknown tongue. The chief told me that many of his people could understand Lunyoro quite well, and his delight was very great when he found he was able to converse with me directly without the aid of an interpreter.

We bade them an affectionate farewell, and they paddled back across the river, waving the newly-acquired cloth to their friends who awaited them on the other side.

Our next place was Paweri, a very long march through most terrible country of thick bush and acacia scrub, calculated to tear to ribbons the stoutest pair of nether garments ever invented. The path was obliterated most of the way, and we at one time quite lost ourselves in the scrub, and could not find a way through it was so thick. Great herds of elephants had, however, passed through a few days before us, and by following in their tracks we were eventually able to get into more open country. Tired, hungry and bad-tempered, we dragged ourselves into Paweri, more dead than alive, about three o'clock in the afternoon. After a rest and a much-needed meal, I went off to inspect the old Nile fort built many years ago for temporary occupation, while Kabarega was at large in the northern province of Uganda. It was now all in ruins,

and the houses were tumbling down; the big ditch on three sides of the fort was choked quite full with weeds and rank grass, while the wall facing the river was quite obliterated by a dense mass of vegetation. The old chief of Paweri was away, but his headman was kind in sending plenty of food for the tired porters. We rested here for two days, and then following the bend of the river struck due west. The country is too terrible for words! Lying low to the river, it is swampy, and covered with rank vegetation. There are comparatively few people, and the majority live on the river banks, and subsist upon the fish and the hippo they are able to trap.

The day after leaving Paweri, we reached the first really large village I had yet seen in Chopi; it was occupied entirely by the Chopi people, and there was no one among them who could speak in the Lunyoro language. However, I fortunately had a man in my caravan who could speak both languages, and was therefore able to interpret for us.

At this point on the Nile, are the rapids which are marked on the map as the Kidopo falls; they are hardly falls, however, but rapids, pure and simple. The natives here seemed to spend most of their time hunting and fishing, and the district provides abundance

of both ; the river appeared to be alive with hippo, and along its banks I found innumerable traps, usually deep holes tapering to the bottom, covered over loosely with twigs and grass, and some had spears stuck in at the bottom, upon which the entrapped animal would be impaled. At another village through which we passed, called Gobo, we found quite a little colony of Bakidi. As soon as I arrived, one old fellow came up to me and said : " I am Bongonyingi and I am a great friend of the well-known white man Langalanga (Colonel Delmé Radcliffe) and it was I myself and no other that led Langalanga into the camp of the Nubians who deserted from the British and went over into Bukidi about two and a half years ago."

He told me the following story : " At the dead of night I led the white soldier close to the enclosure where Nubians were living. They had made friends with some of our people, and received their protection, but I am Bongonyingi, and I could not allow the rebels of the white man to remain in my country and never to acquaint the white man of their presence. At break of day the white man attacked, and having placed his men on all sides of the village there was no escape, and the rebels were utterly routed. Then the spoil

was distributed, and I received many cattle as my share and I settled down as a rich man in my own country. Alas! my joy only lasted a short time. Langalanga went back to Uganda, and I was left, and it was not long before my fellow-countrymen became jealous of me, and finally raided my cattle, carried off my wives, and I was obliged to decamp, leaving all behind as a prey for the spoilers, and here I am now, a friend of the great Langalanga, but a very poor man. Look at this skin, it is my only covering, this whistle is my only possession, and I have now built this tiny hut in which to live. Perhaps you know Langalanga? Tell him I am poor and destitute, could he not help me?" Poor old fellow, it was quite pathetic to hear him talk of his better days, and I promised if I could help him in the future I would do so. Incidentally I may mention here that a year afterwards he visited me in Acholi, and I was able to obtain for him a reception into one of the large villages, where he settled down, married fresh wives, and is to-day a happy man for all I know.

Leaving Gobo and still making our way along the banks of the Nile, I was at last told by a Chopi guide that there was no path further on, and that the best thing we could do was to

strike inland to a large village from which a path led to the next village, that is, walk two sides of a triangle, a distance of thirty miles at least, instead of ten in a straight line. I told the guide that I would rather go straight ahead, path or no path, and so we had a terrible time in the long grass and thick bush, just pushing through as best we could along the river bank. The previous day there had been a terrific storm that had soaked everything, and we were hoping to reach a camp where we could once more get our kit dry.

In places it was very hilly, and all along the river bank there was a succession of low steep ridges, running at right angles to the river. There was very thick bush to add to our discomfort, and it was not until 4 p.m. that we reached a tiny fishing village built close to the river, and here we camped for the night. The people nearly all spoke a language quite unknown to any of us, so we could scarcely make our wants understood. One thing we did understand, and that was that there was great hunger, and by signs the chief urged me to shoot a hippo for them. This I did soon after I arrived. There were scores of these huge creatures about, and with a little patience I could have shot a dozen had I wished. One only delighted the inhabitants.

The people here are much more primitive in their habits; their houses are decidedly poorer, and the women wear a few beads instead of being cumbered about with clothing. Some had large pieces of glass stuck through the bottom lip, and protruding in front for a few inches like an icicle, and as they talk it wags up and down, and looks most comical. I found out afterwards that this is a custom, copied no doubt from the people living in the more northern district of the Nile.

I took a photo of one of these ladies with her little child. She had, however, rather more clothing on than the majority. The little girl who was with this woman was very shy, I could not for a long time get her to come to me. At last I offered her a little print dress, and very shyly she then came to me, and finally we became great friends, and she sat upon my knee and chattered away in her unknown tongue.

Dear little soul, if only these tiny ones had a chance while yet young and tender, how different might be their lot; but here they are growing up in darkness and gross ignorance, given in marriage before they can talk in some cases; bought and sold like sheep and oxen; what wonder then that when they do hear of the great love of God that they do not understand what one is talking about. To these poor

women love is almost unknown; they know lust and passion, but how little do they understand love, and yet there was a kind of love shown by the very woman whose photo I took, to the little child I have just mentioned. My big dog Sammy rushed into the little group in a friendly and fussy sort of way, not meaning to do damage to any one, but to these natives who had never seen such a creature, he was indeed a terror. The men all dashed away in utter confusion and fright, but this woman braved the awful beast (which to her might have been an evil spirit for aught she knew), and rushed towards her little one and seizing her in her arms carried her away into safety. Natural love is not altogether absent from these degraded savages, as some would have us suppose.

In the morning we left about 6 a.m. A big following, including the chief, came with us to see us safely on our way. The march was almost identical with that of the previous day; if anything wilder and more difficult, and it was certainly longer.

Pajao was reached late in the day. Here there is another old disused fort, built at the top of a charming little hill, overlooking the Nile, and in the distance about three miles to the east were the magnificent Murchison Falls.

It is a most enchanting place; looking down from the top of the hill right into the Nile one could count hundreds of crocodiles' snouts jutting out of the water, and on a sand-bank just across the river there were thirty or forty of these monstrous reptiles asleep, some with their huge jaws wide open and others looking more like logs of wood stretched out in the heat of the sun. It was a strange sight: they were so motionless and still one could almost imagine them to be a lot of hideous toys or at least only stuffed crocodiles in a glass case.

To the west, not more than 200 yards away, I counted twenty-odd hippos, some of them right out of the water, others with just their noses showing; every now and then they grunted as only hippos can. The little ones were frolicking and splashing about, thoroughly enjoying themselves. Farther off still, could be seen another large herd, and odd ones kept poking up their heads not fifty yards from the place where I stood. I never saw anything like it before, it was a sight worth going to see, and never to be forgotten.

I had my tent pitched overlooking the river, and the next day made up my mind to visit the great Murchison Falls. A good path had been cut all the way, although the road lay over steep and difficult hills, and in an hour's time



*Chap. 7.*

**Katikiro of Toro, in his Office.**



A Dangerous Crossing.

Chap. 7.

I found myself within 100 yards of the mighty Falls.

It was a wonderful sight indeed! The only outlet to the great Victoria Lake, narrowed down to about fifty feet, and millions of tons of water rushing through this tiny gorge over a precipice about eighty feet deep into a huge pit of seething waters. The roar of the water was deafening and awe-inspiring, and for quite a long time I stood and gazed before I realised that I was standing knee-deep in water. Then I took some photos under very great difficulty, for the heat and the spray made a mist on the lens. I then prepared for a little picnic all by my solitary self. I gathered sticks and made a fire under the shadow of a great overhanging rock, and here boiled a kettle and made some tea, fried some meat, and roasted some native potatoes. This I thoroughly enjoyed and in spite of the roar of the waterfall and the wildness of the place, when I had finished my lunch, I rolled over and had a good sleep. When I awoke I found the boys had come for me, and were anxious to get me back to the Fort. On the way back I shot a couple of immense crocodiles, which floated off down stream with feet in the air for a moment and then sank.

When I reached camp I was quite ready for some more tea, and after another rest, walked

down to the river bank to fish. I got a native to go with me in his canoe, a very big dug-out. For half an hour I cast, played and spun, and could do nothing to induce the hundreds of fish that were jumping out of the water all around me to have anything to do with my bait.

Suddenly the man in the boat said: "Look at that hippo," and there sure enough within a few yards of us was a monster looking at us, nose and head well out of water. "Shoot it," said my boy, who was also with me, so I did, but the bullet only struck it at the side of the head and did not kill it outright, for it plunged away down stream at a great pace. It seemed a shame to let it go off like this, only to suffer and die, so I told the man to paddle away after it, and I would try and kill it. We reached it at last, on a sand-bank; there was sufficient water to float the boat, but not for the hippo to drown in. When he saw us he made a wild dash in our direction and as he came I gave him another bullet in the neck. Even this did not finish him as we found afterwards. However, the man in the boat said it was dead. I declared it was not, he said he knew it was, and immediately commenced paddling towards the great creature. I shouted at him, telling him to stop, as I was sure it

would upset the boat. Not he—he paddled on until there was a bump, and we were right into the hippo! The boat heaved over to one side and I was expecting to be thrown out when round came the hippo with jaws fully extended, and it would soon have had the canoe in two had I not just in time turned the head of the boat with a pole, and then, grasping my gun, fired point blank at the animal's head; fortunately for us, the bullet pierced the brain and laid him low. Almost in less time than it takes to write it, there was a tremendous shout from the shore, and the wild beating of drums, and I wondered greatly what was going to happen, when the boatman told me that the shouting and the drums were to call the people together to collect the meat, and very soon little canoes put off from all quarters to come out and cut up and devour the hippo. Long after dark I could hear the people chattering and fighting for the flesh, and I could see from my tent, boat-loads of women and children going across the river with blazing torches of dry reeds to help carry the meat home. Among the crowd that went to cut up and fight over the carcass was a man who was smothered from head to foot with smallpox rash, pushing in among the rest and snatching his share of the spoil. This shows how utterly ignorant or else extremely

foolish these poor fellows are of the simplest precautions against such a terrible disease.

The following morning I commenced my homeward journey, feeling loth to tear myself away from this spot of enchantment. The next few days were most uninteresting, for the country through which we passed was almost entirely unpopulated. We spent two nights in tiny villages *en route* and then arrived at the head chief's place, but even here the place seemed deserted. I found out subsequently that the reason was that the people had most of them gone off into the wilderness away from the main road in order to escape the necessary work on the road, clearing, etc., and also to get away from the chief who was collecting the hut-tax.

Three more days' tramp brought us back to Busindi, and glad we were to once more reach European quarters, and to be able to perform sundry little repairs to garments, etc., that were by this time badly needing one's attention.

While here I had the pleasure of receiving a deputation of the soldiers from the Government Fort, forty strong. Many of these men knew me, having gone through the mutiny in 1898, and said they felt they would like to greet me after so many years. They were a fine lot of fellows, and looked uncommonly smart

in their Uganda Rifles' uniform. The next day by a forced march, I reached Hoima, but not until 8.30 p.m. It was very dark and I was dead beat.

An attack of fever came on after my return, no doubt contracted in the unhealthy Chopi district. Fortunately it did not last long, and I was soon as well as usual.

## CHAPTER IX.

## EXCITING TIMES BY LAKE ALBERT.

LAKE ALBERT is distant from Hoima seventeen miles only, and there being a fairly good road all the way, it was a very easy run on the bicycle, and during my stay at Hoima I often rode over for a day's fishing and found it an excellent antidote for fever and other ills that were wont to trouble one in Hoima. I find the following entry in my diary, dated 19th February 1902: "The last few days I have been away, I was a little bit seedy and needed a change, so went off to Kibiro on the Albert Lake for three or four days' real rest and recreation. I left at 6.30 a.m. on my splendid old bicycle, and with a good road, a cool morning, and a distance of seventeen miles before me, I thoroughly entered into the joy of existence. My brave little wife kissed me good-bye and stood in the porch of the house until I was out of sight, and then I put my nose to the wheel and sped along at a fine pace. In three hours I was at Kibiro, which is situated on a small strip of land that borders the lake at the foot of a steep escarpment. It

is entirely shut out from the breezes that come from the east and is consequently very hot. All looked so very, very beautiful as I got to the top of the great hill and looked down on the lake with the white fringe of breakers on the sandy beach; across the water to the west were the blue mountains of Bulega, hazy and indistinct at the base, but crowned with the golden light of the morning sun.

“Right below me were the huts of the Kibiro natives, a collection of little beehive-shaped dwellings all built close together with a rough sort of fence round each. Hundreds of goats and sheep were scattered amongst the buildings, nibbling the very scanty herbage, but seeming to thrive uncommonly well upon it. To the south of the village were a large number of cattle apparently herding themselves. All this told of the wealth of the Kibiro folk, and the reason is not far to seek. Right at the foot of the escarpment is a salt spring bubbling out from cracks in the solid rock, and dividing its waters into a dozen little streams, it flows across a flat-bottomed pit which is cunningly separated into allotments by ridges of loose stones which form a boundary.

“Each household in Kibiro possesses a claim in this salt depôt, and by a little hard work during the dry season—hard work which by the

way is done entirely by women—the owner can make an ample allowance for the rest of the year. The process is as follows: The little streams of salt-laden water, which is very hot as it comes from the earth, are so arranged as to allow a certain proportion of the water to ooze over the prepared and levelled surface of the plot; the surface soil becomes saturated, and with the heat of the sun constantly playing upon it the salt becomes crystallised on to the soil, and after a day or two it will be seen that there has formed on the top a layer of salt, which is then collected up, together with the surface soil, and put into earthenware filters, and water poured upon it. As the water percolates through the salt is again taken up into solution and a strong brine is the result; this is boiled away and the pure salt again crystallises at the bottom of the pan and is ready for the market. It is packed into bundles of banana fibre, each containing about ten pounds of salt, and sent off into the markets of Hoima and Busindi and Mengo, and sold for about half a rupee a pound. Thus it will be seen that a man owning a salt claim can very soon find his Rs.3 a year for hut-tax, and yet have a good income, which he will usually spend on goats or native beer. This native beer is the curse of Kibiro. The people being so wealthy are

able to indulge to any extent, and I have counted between twenty and thirty huge jars of strong drink being carried down for one household alone in Kibiro. Two or three days' drunkenness is then the result. The people are dirty in the extreme; the women are only partly clothed, and the children quite nude; the man is utterly lazy, he eats, drinks, and sleeps, but does little else excepting haggle and bargain for beer.

“I had my tent pitched under a lovely tree about twenty yards from the water—the porters with my things having come on before—and well away from the terrible odours that rise partly from the salt springs and partly from the dirty huts of the people. After a hasty lunch I obtained a boat from the chief, and taking my fishing-tackle went off to fish, and I did not fish in vain, for after some fine sport I managed to pull up four large fish, each weighing about three and a half pounds to four pounds.

“There is a splendid fighting-fish in this lake that is called the ‘tiger-fish,’ and a two-pound tiger is as good a fighter as a ten-pound salmon. One of these took me a good twenty minutes to land.

“There is another species commonly known as the cow-fish, which runs to an enormous size,

but not half the sport is derived from it, as it quickly gives in, and is easily lifted into the boat.

“Looking back across the water to the land I saw several antelopes feeding peacefully on the shore, and I resolved upon another expedition the next day. I got back to camp at 6 p.m. and found the chief had sent me a present of a fat sheep and a good supply of food for the porters. The heat during the night at Kibiro is proverbial. The thermometer rises to 95 degrees in the tent with both ends open, and there is a strong scorching breeze from the land that stirs up the hot, dry dust, and makes it almost unbearable. It was not until 4 a.m., when it got a little cooler, that I was able to sleep at all, and then at six was glad enough to get up and dress. I had breakfast of fried fish of the previous day's catch, and again set off on the boat with fishing-tackle, a camera, my two guns, some food tied up in a cloth, a kettle, a teapot, and a couple of boys. I had come out for a holiday, and meant to enjoy myself to the full. We rowed along by the shore, going north. All the time I was spinning for what I could catch. I got many bites, but only two catches; however, one was a big one, and it fought hard for some time, and when we at last landed it turned the scale at five pounds.

“After two hours in the boat we made for the shore, and I looked about for a nice sheltered place where I left my cook to get me a meal ready, and started off myself with a couple of men to hunt the antelopes that seemed to abound in the near vicinity.

“We had several adventures, one of a rather startling nature. I had been walking along the bank of the lake looking out for a noisy hippopotamus that we had heard close by, when I came upon a fresh track leading through the dense undergrowth from the lake inland. I decided after some hesitation to follow this for a little time, hoping to meet our friend the hippo. The two men were just behind me, one carrying my camera and the other my second gun, while I shouldered my rifle. It was hard work to get along as the bush was so thick, and it was impossible to stand upright. Suddenly I heard a rustling noise in front of me, and realised that some creature was approaching—but what? It could not be the hippo, because there was no thunderous tread, but I had no time to think, for the creature, whatever it might be, was upon me in a second. At two yards I discovered what it was—an immense crocodile—more than twelve feet long. I was right in its path and there was no possible escape on either side, so I simply

stood still with my rifle at shoulder and waited. The 'crock' did not wait, however, and soon made an impression upon me. In some remarkable way it hustled me on to one side, almost knocking me over, the thick bush alone being responsible for my upright position, and with his wicked little eyes looking up at me he endeavoured to make his way to the water. To dispute his right of road would have been folly, so I simply put a bullet in his eye and let him decide for himself. I only realised a horrible soft, wriggling mass pressing against my legs in a most sickening way. Why he did not bite me I do not know. At first I thought he had done so as he brushed against my leg, but I found it was only his horny scales that scraped my shin, and he was more taken by surprise than I was, and forgot all about his huge jaw and the lasting impression he might have made upon my legs. After he had passed—how he did, I do not know—I turned round to see how the two men would fare. One had got back to the shore, and so cleared out of sight. Of course he had the second gun and would have been eminently useful if anything had gone wrong (unfortunately this is often the way, and a good gun-bearer is an absolute necessity, but very seldom found). The other man with the camera was

the funniest sight; his head was stuck fast in the thick brambles and his legs were in the air, the camera, of course, in the mud beside him. I don't think the 'crock' could have seen him, for he had literally taken a header into the bush, and his legs were far above the crocodile's jaws. It was all over in a few seconds, and we all got right way up again, and made for the shore. The crocodile had managed to get into the water, and immediately went to the bottom.

"We then pressed on our way, and soon came out on to a delightful plain covered with occasional bushed and euphorbia trees, but it was too hot to hunt, and the animals were all resting in the heat of the day and well out of sight. So we returned to our sheltered spot and had a good lunch of fried fish, potatoes, and tea.

"At 3 p.m. I started in search of the antelope, whose tracks were everywhere; a bush buck was all that I could bag, and it was late in the evening before we got back to camp. The next morning I was off again, and was fortunate in getting a fine cobus cob, with horns nineteen and a half inches long, and thoroughly enjoyed a free and easy life all day, alone in the wilds, far away from the crowds of inquisitive natives. I sat for hours in utter solitude,

listening to the birds and to the bark of the dog-faced apes in the adjoining forest. All else was still, and it was refreshing to be thus utterly undisturbed."

At the mission station one is always surrounded by a noisy throng, and there seems no really private life there for the missionary. From early morning till late in the evening there is the constant noise and chatter of the black people coming and going, asking ridiculous questions, bothering one with the most childish nonsense, until sometimes it becomes almost unbearable. How much therefore did I enjoy the absolute quiet of the beautiful hillside by the Albert Lake!

The next day I had to return to my duties at Hoima, but I felt refreshed and fit, and ready for my work once more.

My next visit to the lake was made in May of the same year. I then went to Butyabwa, the new Government Station on the Albert Lake, the starting-place for the boats that steam for about 150 miles down the Nile to Nimule.

The following is another extract from my diary: "Kajura. This is the first camp from Hoima. It was frightfully hot, and I was right glad to have a mule to ride and an umbrella to cover me.

"We arrived here at 12.15 p.m. The place

is most uninteresting, being chiefly noted for its tall grass and millions of mosquitoes, with very little view of the surrounding country.

“We camped inside a huge caravan shed, and the outlook from my tent is rather curious. In the far distance, that is, at the extreme end of the shed, stands ‘February,’ the mule, haltered to a pole, and quietly taking her evening meal from a large stock of fresh grass, cut for her particular use. Then dimly through the camp fires of the porters and boys can be seen my three cows apparently much enjoying the cool of the evening after the terrible heat of the day.

“Just outside my tent is a great camp fire, my particular delight and joy in a ‘mosquito-ey’ camp, although—smoke as it will—it cannot suffocate the numerous little pests that are so busy upon my fingers, face, and legs while I write. The frogs croak outside and the crickets chirp, but all else is still in this wild and desolate country, excepting of course my porters, consisting of Christians, Papists, Mohammedans, and heathen, who sit all huddled together over their fires, roasting sweet potatoes and jabbering away in an undertone, to the accompaniment of various slaps on their naked shoulders or back to drive off some bloodthirsty mosquito who, after a few buzzes round, has settled down

for a good meal. But the chattering will not last long, for even as I write I see one after another curl himself up before his little fire, and deep sonorous grunts soon proclaim him to be asleep.

“I too begin to gape and to cast wistful glances towards my little camp bed, and I sigh for the security from the ravages of the pestilent little gnats that the mosquito net affords.

“At last I extinguish my candle and roll myself in my blankets, and with a delightful sense of drowsiness, fall asleep.

“The next day’s march was uninteresting ; the country being covered with scrub and slightly undulating had no attractions. Elephants had been on the road before us, and in places the long grass was levelled with the ground where these animals had passed. They seemed to have taken a particular delight in pulling up the trees by the roots, and on both sides of the path were strewn great forest trees that had been literally taken up like radishes and thrown on one side. We passed a party of dog-faced apes fifty yards away, and they sat watching us in sullen silence.

“At noon we reached the transport station of Butyabwa, which is pleasantly situated on the escarpment overlooking the lake. From here I got a guide to take us to the tiny village by the lake shore ; he went well for half an hour and

then began meandering round a tree stump, and when asked what he was after, he said he had lost the path and was looking for it.

“We wandered on and on in the long grass and burning heat for no less than two hours before we found a track that led to the village by the water. No wonder we were tired out, and the porters just flung down their loads and themselves beside them and it was hard work to get them up to erect my tent. In the cool of the evening I went out for an hour with my gun, and was able to provide the poor, tired and hungry porters with a good-sized Uganda cob, which cheered their drooping spirits and made them forget the troubles of the way.

“The people were very friendly, but their houses were filthily dirty, and full of charms against evil beasts and calamities of every sort. They were terribly ignorant, and seemed quite satisfied with their degraded condition. There was a hopelessness about them that was most touching. They told me that food was very scarce, and indeed some of them they said were starving; they had had no luck fishing, and their resources for the rapidly approaching dry season were almost done already. An old witch-doctor sitting by the lake shore in front of his tiny temple, looking most dejected and sad, formed a most pathetic picture. The little temple or

'spirit hut,' very roughly made of reeds and grass, was just behind him, and he had been making an offering to the Great Spirit, who he vainly thought needed propitiating, for food was so scarce. He was the only hope of the village, for he was supposed to be able to bring success to the people when fishing and hunting, and now he was dejected, and hopelessness was again the chief characteristic.

"Poor old man, I spoke to him and tried to cheer him up, but he had little to say.

"Famine was staring them all in the face; fish had been scarce, the hunters returned empty-handed day after day, and he, the one hope of all, was hopeless himself. He was evidently thinking that the blame was his, and the people, being of the same opinion, had left him to himself.

"His only clothing was a little bit of antelope skin about his loins, a small ivory armlet and a bead necklace. His whole demeanour was listless and dejected in the extreme. Evidently 'witch-doctoring' was under a cloud in that locality.

"Going northwards from Butyabwa we had to scramble through a lot of thorny scrub and long grass, until we struck a road about a mile from the escarpment. In less than two hours we arrived at the River Waiga. It was flood-time

here evidently, for the river was almost a mile wide ; the water was up to one's middle, and a plentiful deposit of mud at the bottom was very treacherous, and one after the other went down head and all into the water.

“Inevitably the example set by the man who had fallen under would be too much for the one next him, and he too would go under, and when at last the caravan emerged it was in a sorry plight and we were glad enough to get camp fixed up a few miles beyond. There was a deserted village close to the lake, and so we took advantage of the huts for the accommodation of the porters, who were glad enough to be spared the trouble of building. I then sent a couple of the men to try and find the whereabouts of the inhabitants. They came back in two hours' time with the old chief, an intelligent old fellow, who was greatly delighted when he found I could speak his language, and he told me that he had never before seen a European with whom he could converse. He had much to say, telling me of the scarcity of food all along the lake, for although there was plenty of fish in the water he said ‘The evil spirits keep them away from our traps and we are all very hungry.’ I asked him why all his people had moved inland and left the village by which I was encamped, and in the huts of which my men were resting.

'Oh,' said he, 'we got so much smallpox there that we thought it better to move further away.' 'What? smallpox?' and all my porters were sheltering in these dens of disease! The chief, however, said he thought there would be no danger, as it was quite six weeks since the last man died, and 'it was in that hut over there,' he added, pointing to a tiny hovel in which my headman was sitting. This was too much, so I ordered all of the men out, and told them to build shelters away from the village and nearer to my tent. They of course said they would, but to my knowledge not more than one of them thought it worth the trouble. Fortunately, no smallpox attacked them in spite of the terrible risk many of them ran.

"Soon after we had got settled into camp one of the men came to tell me that the sheep had run away and could not be found. This was serious, as we had no fresh meat beside, and the small flock was taken about with us on purpose to provide this most necessary article of food. For the next two hours the whole camp was out searching for these wandering sheep, which were eventually found far up the hill side, quietly grazing upon the fresh grass beside a little stream. At 6 p.m. the mule-boy was bringing his charge along to the temporary stable to tie it up for the night

when something took possession of it, and it lashed out viciously, knocked the boy head over heels, and tore off for all it was worth along the road we had travelled in the morning. Six or eight men at once followed it at full speed. The animal went like the wind, and the light was fading fast. The men ran on and on as hard as they could, and managed to keep it in view, although it appeared far away on the plain. It kept up this headlong flight until it actually got back to the great River Waiga, and plunged into the waters. When the men reached the river they found it dabbling in the cooling water, eating the tender blades of swamp grass that grew on the banks. One man went boldly in after it and made a grab at the rope that was still round its neck. The vicious little beast rounded on him, however, and knocked him full length into the river; fortunately he was unharmed. Then the other men got round it, and after several wild dashes for freedom, it was at last secured and brought triumphantly back to camp, landing there about 9.15 p.m.

“Arriving at the next camp I found my good friend Fowler, Sub-Commissioner in Uganda, then acting as Superintendent of Marine. He had come to the Albert Lake to inspect the Government craft at that time plying

on the blue waters of the Nile between the lake and Nimule. He had heard of my coming, and was waiting lunch for me.

“He had many sporting yarns to tell me, including the story of a great fight he had had with an enormous fish, a forty-seven pounder. After some refreshment together we decided to spend the rest of the day fishing, and with the forty-seven pounder very vivid in our thoughts, we embarked in a leaky dug-out canoe, and quietly and seriously settled down to angling.

“I presently saw Fowler’s rod go up and down and knew that he had got a bite, and by the way he set himself in the boat I guessed he had a big fish on his line.

“He played it superbly for about ten minutes and then brought it up to the canoe, and I netted him and we found it to be a twenty-pound bagara. This put us both in very good form, and again we set to work.

“My line was hardly out of the boat when whirrrr — went my reel, and in a very few seconds I realised that I had hooked a monster. Almost at the same instant Fowler also hooked another, and by some misfortune or bad angling on my part, our lines fouled and he lost it again. Mine, however, was firmly fixed, and for three-quarters of an hour I had the

hardest work in playing my first big fish. What excitement there was! His sudden rushes and fishy subterfuges nearly upset me several times, and my arms ached with the tremendous strain. He was too big to haul into the canoe, so we pulled slowly to shore as the monster gradually lost his strength. When we at last banked him, we found he turned the scale at fifty-five pounds. He was a noble fish, and I felt proud to have accomplished the feat of successfully bringing him to land. Just at the close of the afternoon's sport Fowler landed another small eight-pounder, and then we made for camp. Eighty-three pounds of fish was a good catch for one afternoon!

“Next morning I visited the beautiful Waki Falls, which come tumbling over the escarpment and dash down into the lake. It was a glorious sight but pitifully spoiled by the dead body of a poor fellow who, no doubt, had fallen over from above; so many of earth's most lovely spots are marred by the presence of man. ‘Where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.’

“On the far bank of the river I saw a small herd of hartbeest refreshing themselves upon the green herbage in the park-like country, and a little farther off several Uganda cob, while monkeys of varied colours gambolled in the

branches of the trees overhead, and tiny love-birds screeched their unmusical notes around.

“At night we were joined by a young Scotsman whose business it was to look after the Government boats, and for several hours we sat by the camp fire alternately spinning yarns and listening to the sweet music of the violin, as the Scotsman entertained us with ‘The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond,’ ‘Annie Laurie,’ and many other strangely sweet airs, that sounded so beautiful by the side of this glorious lake.

“At daybreak everything was packed into the fine steel sailing-boat *The James Martin*, and we sailed merrily over the rippling waters. It soon got fearfully hot, and at eleven o'clock we were glad enough to pitch camp on the shore close to the place called Masege. The people quickly came to see us, and told us that there were elephants near at hand; this news decided us to stay the night and try our luck in the morning.

“At early dawn trackers were sent off to locate the nearest herd and to bring particulars, as we did not feel inclined to take a long tramp in vain.

“At nine o'clock they were back. ‘Yes,’ they said, ‘there are a few elephants an hour and a half away, and amongst them one big bull.’

“We started off with our guns and gun-bearers, luncheon baskets, kettles, etc., and in less than one and a half hours the chief tracker stopped, lifted his hands, and pointed straight before him into a dense bush and said: ‘They are here.’ However, this did not look very hopeful, as the thicket was full of thorn bushes, and there seemed no path or possibility of getting through, but after a long walk in the heat one is not disposed to give up hope at once, and we decided to push our way in. The first shot fell to me, and I led the way almost on hands and knees to try and unearth the colossal monster that we could hear flapping his huge ears and sucking up water with his trunk and squibbing it over his body. When at last I caught sight of his massive sides as I emerged, torn and bleeding, from the bush, he was up to his knees in mud and water, and utterly oblivious to our presence. I crept on a yard or two nearer, with .450 at full cock, without his seeing me, and then the crucial moment had come, and I let off my right barrel, aiming at the head for the brain shot. Unfortunately the aim was not correct, and with a shake of his head that sent muddy water flying into my face, he decided to move on and find out from whence came the irritating interruption to his bath; but before he could

get his hind legs out of the water, the second shot found its billet and rendered him oblivious to all the passing events of the day, and so he settled down to rest.

“It was a sad and somewhat depressing sight, and as Fowler said, I wish we could pull out his tusks and then tell him to get up and run off to his mother (for he could not have been more than a hundred years old), but it was no use, and so, after making sure he was quite dead, we walked up and took a closer inspection. He was a mighty beast, and had beautiful ivories, not immense, but they turned the scale at seventy-six and seventy-four pounds respectively.

“After the inevitable snap-shot had been taken, we sat down by the carcass and had some lunch, finally reaching camp about sundown.”

The next day we parted company, Fowler returning to Butyabwa and I struck inland for Busindi. With one more exciting elephant hunt I must close this chapter.

Up to this moment I had shot ten elephants during my stay in Africa and only once had been badly charged, and then I was able to drop the great beast before he did me any injury. But the following adventure was the most thrilling I have ever experienced, and once in a lifetime is sufficient for any man.

About midday, while I was resting during the great heat, some men came to say that there were elephants near by, would I hunt them? Having one more due to me on my licence, of course I said "Yes," and we started. We walked for two hours through tangled jungle, across swamps up to the waist in mud and slush, through rushing rivers, the swift current of one of these making crossing a most risky business. Then the guide turned round to me and said: "Alas, sir, they have gone!" This was rather discouraging, after having waded through the swamp and battled with the thorny thicket; but it was true—the elephants had moved off, and might now be miles away. But our drooping spirits were suddenly roused to fresh enthusiasm, for one of the men who had gone off a little to the right to look down into a broad valley came racing back to me and said that he had seen three elephants in the midst of the open valley standing up to their knees in water. I crept forward and inspected the position, and sure enough the report was true, and there stood the three great bulls, quite unconscious of our near approach. There was one little tree not more than thirty yards from them, and then for 100 yards all round it was open country.

I left my men under cover of the trees, and

crept forward, sometimes on hands and knees, with my faithful gun-bearer just behind me, until we reached the little tree into which I climbed to get a better view, although it was scarcely strong enough to bear my weight. Now I could see them splendidly, and as I believed they had not caught sight of me, I thought I might first take a snap-shot with my camera that I had with me. Just as I was getting ready the largest bull became uneasy, and commenced sniffing and snorting and lashing himself into a rage, for he had evidently got wind of us. He was far too near for me to allow this to continue, so I quietly put down the camera and levelled my .450 at his head. He was facing me, and under the best conditions this is a hazardous shot, but no other presented itself, and something must be done. I fired, and the bullet struck the great frontal bone and only dazed him for a moment, doing no real damage, so I quickly gave him the second barrel a little lower down. Alas for me, this made matters worse, for he saw me, and being but slightly hurt, with a fearful trumpeting, he came dashing full speed straight at me.

To record the next few seconds needs considerable time, for whereas the acute crisis was past in a moment, it seemed a lifetime to me.

As the huge monster came along, the second elephant, also a very large bull, joined him, catching sight of me as I sat perched upon my tiny sapling. The awful noise alone was almost enough to drive one mad or to at least upset my calculations made with a view to stopping the onward course of the two great beasts. At the same moment that the two started their headlong rush for me, the third elephant caught sight of the porters at forty yards to the left, they having left their shelter to find out the result of the two shots fired, and immediately gave chase, but what happened there I did not know until afterwards, nor did I much care for the moment, as my own predicament was quite enough to demand my entire attention.

Immediately I had fired the second shot which had such disastrous results, I commenced reloading, and by the time I had rammed in the second cartridge and closed up the breech, the big bull was less than ten paces from me, still coming right at me with trunk extended to its utmost limit. In a twinkling I had fired, hardly waiting to get the gun to my shoulder. There was an awful crash, and I hardly knew what had happened, for mud and water were showered over me—but yes, No. 1 was down, the bullet had gone true, and a large black mass lay almost at my feet. But what about

No. 2?—he still came on. He had been a little behind the big one in starting, but now he too was quite close. When he saw the big bull fall all of a heap he stopped short, stretched out his trunk over his fallen companion, as if to find out what was wrong, and then with a most blood-curdling scream dashed forward right at me. I had hoped, and vainly hoped, that the shot at the big one would have driven him off, but again I was mistaken, and he was bent upon mischief. I had one shot ready in my gun, and even waited, hoping to the last that he would change his mind and alter his course, until he was about to seize me with his outstretched trunk. Then I fired point blank full in his face with my second barrel, and jumped for my life from the tree that so hardly bore my weight. There was a crash close to where I had fallen, and I half fancied I had missed and that the beast was standing over me, and that in a moment all would be over. But all was perfectly still, and in a second or two I sat up and commenced rapidly reloading my gun, which I still held in my hand, and then peeped round me. A huge black mass appeared like a rock a few feet away, and I knew at once that this was the elephant. But was it dead or not?—that was the question. If alive, it needed but one movement from myself

to betray my whereabouts and he would be after me, and then—well, I would rather not think of the consequences. Very slowly and with utmost caution I rose to my feet, keeping my gun in readiness. There seemed no movement from the mountain of flesh beside me, and I saw at any rate he was stretched out in the attitude of death, he was so still. I walked up to him as quietly as possible, gun quite ready to shoulder—when—up went his trunk, and swinging round his great head he faced me! Fortunately, he was on his knees and had to get to his feet before he could do me any harm, and the moment that it took him to do this was his last, for a bullet from the faithful .450 laid him low. His trunk when stretched out actually reached to the foot of the little tree up which I had been perched. All on a tremble with the excitement of the moment I climbed on to my fallen foe's head and shouted for my gun-bearer, and presently, as it seemed from my very feet, he wriggled forth, for there, but a few feet from the fallen monster, he had concealed himself in the soft mud, and lay completely buried in the grass. He stood before me a mass of mud from head to foot, with a weird scared look, unspeakably funny, on his face. We sat down and looked at each other, wondering how in the name of all that is

wonderful we two little pigmies should be safe and well, while two colossal beasts with a thousand times our strength, lay within a few feet of each other—stone dead. We could not talk for a long time, and then my gun-bearer just said "Kulika" (congratulations), and this broke the spell, and we both burst into one long fit of laughter.

Now what about the porters. I asked the gun-bearer if he knew, and he said, "Oh, they have gone, and the third elephant after them." I knew that, for I saw them go, but we felt we must not waste time as evening was coming on apace, so we called loudly for them, and after a little while one by one they came up, all from different quarters, they having spread out most wisely when the elephant gave chase. Two of them had been knocked over by it I found, but only a few bruises were the result, for finding there were so many of them the elephant had made off, and left them in security. The tusks of the big one measured over 6 feet long, and weighed more than 90 pounds each, while the second had fine tusks of 63 and 64 pounds respectively. This finished my elephant hunting by the Albert Lake, and the next day we commenced our journey back to Busindi, which place we reached after a few days' tramp through mud and rain, the wet season being upon us.



Murchison Falls, Bunyoro.



Salt Filters of Kibiro.

## CHAPTER X.

## ACHOLI.

DUE north of Bunyoro, across the beautiful Victoria Nile, is the Acholi country, called by the Baganda, Ganyi, and by the people themselves, Gang. I often looked across the broad waters of that magnificent river towards this land with longing eyes, and wondered when it would be possible for me to visit the strange tribe of people who lived there, and of whom I had heard a great deal from the Banyoro.

One day, to my great astonishment, I received a deputation of five stalwart natives of the Gang tribe, which had been sent by none other than the king of the Gang people himself. As I watched them approach our house with one of King Andereya's men leading them, I wondered who they were, and what brought them to me. Then I read the letter written by King Andereya, which was to introduce to me these strange fellows. It read something like this :

“SIR,—These men have come from far away, from the great country called Ganyi, to the north of Bunyoro, across the Nile. They are

sent by their King Awich, and they come to see you.

“They are a warlike people, but their message is one of peace, they want to be taught about God. They say they have heard how we in our country have received teachers and helpers, and why should they not have the same help. See these men then, my friend, and decide what you will do.”

It was indeed a “call,” and one to which I was bound to give heed.

Strangely enough, a few weeks before, my faithful native helper, Nuwa Nakiwafu, had said to me: “Why should we not send help to the Ganyi people across the Nile to the north? They are a fine people and they surely need our help.” Being unable to go myself at the time I had said to him: “I cannot leave Bunyoro just now, but *you* go, and see what possibilities there are, and find out if the Ganyi people will receive you as a friend.” He went, but met with so many serious difficulties before he got to the Nile—famine and sickness being the chief—that he was obliged to return, and his mission had failed. What therefore was to be done? I visited the King of Bunyoro and several of the big chiefs, seeking their advice. The king said: “Go to these people, you will find friends.

Years ago I was taken to this country by my father Kabarega, and there I was left with many of my brothers and sisters, and the Ganyi people were kind to me, for I was a prince."

Therefore, after much careful thought and many preparations, I decided to start off for a two months' journey into this land, and I propose giving an account of this, my first journey into Acholi, in this chapter.

At the outset let me say that Acholi was not an utterly unknown country ; several fully armed caravans had passed through, and Government officials with large escorts of troops, starting from the Nile, had cut right through Acholiland into the country of the wild Bakidi to the east ; but up to this time none but strongly armed caravans had ever passed through the country, and, as I learned afterwards, it was considered a most dangerous enterprise upon which I now set out. However, I expected much from the help of the king, Awich, who had sent these men to me, and it was undoubtedly due to his influence that I gained so peaceful an entrance into that very dark land.

I decided to cross the Nile half-way between Pajao and Paweri on 11th August 1903, at a place called Miyeri. I was told by the natives that here I should find some boats suitable for the stormy passage across the river which

at this place was about 200 yards from bank to bank, and above and below in a state of ferment caused by the rapids.

Here at Miyeri the current was not so boisterous but strong enough, and the people told me that it was the regular crossing. But when I saw the tiny craft that was brought out of the reeds on the river banks, and told that this was the cockle-shell that would carry us across, I laughed at the idea. The thing was about eighteen feet long, two-foot beam with several large pieces smashed out at the side, bringing up the water to within an inch or two of the gunnel; at the bottom were innumerable holes filled up with grass and fibre; it was round-bottomed, and generally water-logged. I told the chief who had produced this craft that my life was worth far more than what seemed to be his estimate of it, if this were the only thing to be between me and drowning! But he seemed quite hurt, and told me without a blush that the boat was perfectly safe, and that I need not fear, and to finish up with he said: "Indeed, there is no bigger one between this and Pajao; now will you believe that we can get you across?" "Yes," I said, "of course you *must*, we are not going back now for anybody." So I accepted the inevitable. The

current seemed frightfully strong even at the sides, what would it be in the middle?

Before starting in the boat the old chief came to me and said: "May I practise divination before we commence the journey?" I said "Certainly"—what else could I say? He then collected some herbs, like clover, and sprinkled them over the bottom of the boat, then he stood over the boat and babbled away in an unknown tongue for a few moments, and finally spat twice into it, and all was finished. This poor dark heathen man in *his* way had committed his white brother to the protecting care of the Great Spirit, praying that no harm might come to him, and that the tiny craft might convey him safely to the other side. This is the first time, so far as I know, that I have been prayed for by a dark heathen brother. I wonder, are such prayers heard and answered? Is it not likely that the Great Father hears with pity, even such prayers as these, and vouchsafes an answer? Truly I was *greatly* moved by this strange experience and shall never forget it.

Two loads and two men got into the boat for the first perilous trip, and I stood by the bank in mortal dread lest all should go to the bottom.

The old boatman seemed to know his business, and at first most carefully steered up

stream, keeping close to the banks ; for thirty yards he kept his course, and then turned the boat's head for midstream. In a moment it was into the fierce current and swept along at ten miles an hour. The two porters prostrated themselves at the bottom, not daring to cast their eyes upon the water, and they looked as if they were facing the last throes of mortal agony. But the solitary paddler knew his work, and by a most skilful turn of his paddle the boat was again facing up stream, and fast making progress towards the opposite bank. Once more it was swept past us, when but a few yards from the shore, and again was brought up fifty yards down-stream into the quieter waters of the far side, and at last made the landing amongst the reeds almost opposite the starting-place, and the two porters sprang out into the shallow water, and literally danced a jig to celebrate their safe passage across the Nile. After this experience, I certainly felt that out of a big caravan like ours it was hardly likely that all would get safely across, but while I was still debating in my mind as to whether I would allow others to follow, another canoe was brought, which, although not so large, certainly seemed more seaworthy and had fewer holes in the bottom. This greatly helped matters. January, the mule, gave trouble, as I feared

he would. What he objected to was the fact that he was treated differently from the men ; he did not see why, for instance, he should not be allowed to sit in the boat. Each time it came to the shore for the boy who looked after the mule to get in, the beast made a jump for it too, and once actually succeeded in getting both his fore feet in, of course capsizing the canoe and submerging the boatman and mule-boy. It was a laughable sight ! and as there were only a few feet of water, there was no danger ; but to see men and mule gracefully topple over into the water, splutter and splash and finally make for the shore, was quite too funny to take seriously. Next time we were more successful, for January had at last discovered that resistance was useless, so when the canoe was once more afloat, and January was being urged forward, he made a good jump, right into deep water, and all trouble was then over, for the men pulled his head above water, and the canoe men paddled away for all they were worth. First up stream, keeping well to the side, and then cutting right across the main stream. As soon as the canoe touched this rushing torrent it was caught by the swirl, and hurled down-stream at a tremendous pace, and, to make matters worse, when about the middle, January renewed his efforts to get into the

canoe and there was nearly a smash. The canoe men however played up grandly, and with the greatest skill shot the rapids and ran the boat into smooth water and finally paddled away to the opposite shore, safely landing poor January, none the worse for the ducking. Thus all ended well, not a life lost, and not even a saucepan lid missing. Cows, mule, porters, boys, and white man at last stood in Acholi-land.

The work of crossing had taken from 8 a.m. till 3.30 p.m. without a break, and now the plucky boatmen came for their promised present.

Ten of them had taken part in the work, and each man received Rs. 1 worth of beads, and the headman a good present of cloth, and all were most grateful. They bade us good-bye, and we were very soon utter strangers in an utterly strange land. Our first business was to find the path to the nearest village. The men had had no food all day, and had only a small reserve store with them, which I advised them to keep as long as possible, for we did not know when a fresh supply would be forthcoming. We hunted about for a path, but could find none; a track of a wild animal here and there, and that was all. We climbed trees to get a view of the surrounding country, but



Urup. 9.

“An Old Witch-Doctor.”



Through Rivers and Thick Jungle.

all to no purpose, for dense bush seemed to envelop us on every hand. In despair I set a course due north, according to my little compass, and we tore our way through the brambles and thick grass for two mortal hours, and then—we came to a dead stop. A river sixty feet wide was right in our course, and so deep, that a few feet from the bank it was far over the head of the tallest man in the caravan.

Night was coming on apace, and I knew that in a very short time darkness would overtake us, so I gave the order to pitch camp. Even this was a difficulty, as there was scarcely room anywhere to place the tent, so thick was the jungle, and it was only by dint of hard work, chopping down the trees and clearing away the long grass, that at last we were able to prop the tent up sufficiently to form a covering for the night. This was hardly done when there was a downpour of rain so terrible that every fire was immediately extinguished, and the only light obtainable came from a tiny candle lantern that I had. The poor porters were drenched and miserable, and crowded round the fly-sheet of my tent to get a little shelter from the fierce blasts of wind and rain. Food was almost out of the question, and a few biscuits and jam were quite as much as I could get hold of, and

this after a day of real fatigue and short rations. Sleep came to us after a time, well on towards morning however, for what with the wind and the roar of the fast-rising river before us, its soothing influences were long kept in abeyance. Morning broke and everything was wet and clammy, a very heavy dew ladened the trees with moisture, and even the bed-clothes seemed damp, and I shivered with the cold as I pulled on my wet garments. One look at the river convinced me that a passage was impossible; it was a roaring torrent, carrying with it great masses of vegetation and huge branches of trees and other débris! The sun came out at about eight o'clock, all was changed, the damp river mist had disappeared and the sparkling dew-drops were fast being absorbed by its warming rays. Parties of men were sent off both up and down stream, to try and find a crossing, while the few remaining in camp turned our surroundings into a laundry field, by hanging up their wet garments on the branches of the trees to dry.

By and by the men returned, all with the same story to tell. "There is no crossing anywhere; lower down the river has overflowed its banks. We had better return to the Nile."

To this and to all similar suggestions, I utterly refused to listen. "Let it be at once

understood," I said, "*we cross this river*, and there is to be no turning back."

I next called my interpreter, and asked him if he could swim, and if so, was he willing to try and get across the river and find the first Acholi village, and call the chief and people to our assistance?

Yes, he could swim, and was quite willing to undertake the mission, and set off at once, negotiating the swift running stream in quite a professional manner. In the meantime, it was not for us to be idle, and providing half a dozen men with axes, I selected a great tree that overhung the river that was big enough, if felled, to span the stream, and set them to work to chop it down. For two hours they worked with might and main, and then ominous cracks and creaks told of the speedy fall of the mighty tree. A few more well-directed blows, and down it came with a tremendous crash, and for a moment it seemed as if a substantial bridge had been formed, upon which porters and men could scramble across. But alas, alas! it was only for a moment, and the great tree trunk was carried off before our eyes and tossed and broken by the terrific force of the water, and all our work was in vain. We had just decided to attack another forest giant when we heard a cry coming from the far bank, and

looking across we saw the interpreter with fifty or sixty stalwart Acholi warriors, who had come to our assistance, accompanied by their chief. As soon as they saw our difficulty they said: "Why do you not make a rope?" Well, we had hardly given this a thought, and besides, where was the material to come from? But these Acholi fellows knew what they were talking about, and in a very few minutes they had scattered all along the banks, and were collecting the barks from a certain tree and plaiting it into a rope of about an inch in diameter. In an hour, the rope was long enough to reach to our side of the river, and then one of the Acholi men plunged in with the rope round his waist to bring it across. But even he, good swimmer that he was, could not battle with the rushing torrent, and in a moment he was swept down the stream and was only brought to land by his fellows pulling at the rope from the bank. He was much exhausted, and had to sit quiet for the rest of the day. Another great fellow stepped forward, and taking the rope he wound it round his arm, and plunged in fifty yards up stream, leaving the other end in the hands of a companion. He struck out boldly for the opposite bank, and it seemed as if he at least would reach us, but again the current proved too strong, and he

too was carried far out of our sight, and hauled back in a similar way to his friend. But he determined to try again, and after a rest he went up to the river, and plunging in, struck out with all his power, and this time he reached our bank of the river, but not before he had been swept a great distance down the stream. This seemed to me a good beginning, for where there is indomitable pluck of this kind, surely other good qualities are to be found, and so it subsequently proved. The Acholi have got lots of courage.

Having once got the rope across the river, the rest was comparatively easy. The rope was firmly tied to a stump on either bank. Acholi men entered the water and hung on to the rope at distances of a few feet from each other, so that right across the river there was a chain of men. The loads were then brought one by one and very slowly, and not without many a ducking under water, were passed from man to man resting on their heads, until at last everything but the cows and the white man had crossed the flood. There were three cows and each had a calf. The calf therefore first had its legs tied together, and was passed over the stream in the same way as the loads, and from the opposite bank commenced calling for its mother, who, cow-like, would face anything for its offspring,

jumped into the river, and quickly swam across.

I then went about fifty yards up stream, undressed, and gave my garments to an Acholi man to carry across high and dry on his head, and plunged in, and in spite of the strong current which took me some distance down the river past the landing-place, I managed to swim across. And now we were all safely over, and night was fast approaching, the nearest village was two hours' walk from the river, and we had no time to spare. Mounting my mule, I followed the Acholi guide, who at once led off through the bush to the nearest path ; this we struck after an hour's walk, and very soon found ourselves surrounded by villages. At first the people seemed shy, and kept out of our way, but when they saw my tent pitched in one of their own villages, close to their chief, they came in great numbers to greet me, and quite got over their shyness. I soon found that their language was utterly strange to me, and indeed that it was not a Bantu language at all, but closely allied to the Kinubi, as spoken by the Nubian soldiers in Uganda, which is a bastard form of Arabic. Fortunately, as I have said, I had with me a man who understood the language, and was able to make my wishes known. I told the chief at once that my first aim was to visit the

great Awich, his king, and that it was he who had sent urgent messages to me to visit his country, that he and his people might be taught, and therefore I had undertaken this long journey.

This young chief, whose name is Ojigi, then turned to me and said: "I too have longed for teachers to be sent to my country. Your messengers have been living amongst the people in Chopi and helping them, why have they never crossed the Nile to come to us? We heard long ago that the Banyoro and the Baganda had learned to worship the white man's God, but we too want to be taught to do the same. Do you fear that we should ill-use the teachers you might send to us, that we might become wise? Does the starving man turn away from the food that is brought to him? The wild beasts of the wilderness are glad when the fierce fires burn up the coarse and tangled grass that the new shoots may come up and provide them with good pasturage, and do you think we should mind the destruction of our old and worn-out customs of religion, if you provide us with good food that shall strengthen our souls?"

With such words as these I was greatly encouraged and for seven days I stayed at this young chief's place, and every day great crowds of naked savages came to visit me, many from

very long distances, and the universal cry from all was: "Teach us, and help us, we are in great need." From early dawn till late at night they sat around my tent, men, women, and children, perfectly friendly and in real earnest. It made one feel ashamed that for all these centuries they had been neglected and left to the mercy of their own idle superstitions and heathenism, while there evidently existed the dormant longing for something better, something that would uplift. And I knew that I held the secret, and I determined, by God's help, to unfold it to them.

Before I write more I must endeavour to describe a few of the customs, etc., of the Gang people as they appeared to me in these early days of my acquaintance with them, and it will then be better understood how great and pressing their need is.

*Dress.*—The old men and chiefs adorn themselves with iron or ivory rings round ankles and arms with a tiny skin-apron worn in front. The lower lip is pierced, and through the hole is pushed a rod of pointed glass, usually a piece of a broken bottle rubbed smooth, about four inches long, or else a piece of polished wood or iron. This gives a most curious effect, especially when the wearer is angry, for he will draw it up and thrust it outwards, like the sting of a hornet.

The ears are also pierced at the top and brass-wire rings inserted. The young men, the "bucks" of society, are much more elaborately ornamented, they too wear a small skin-apron round the waist, and the glass spike from the lower lip, but the head-dress is their distinguishing feature. This consists of a curiously worked cone of matted hair, with beads neatly stitched in a pattern round it, and an empty cartridge case stuck in at the top. Old gun caps are also fastened into the base of the cone, and are polished bright, giving quite a gaudy appearance. The hair cone is held on to the head by a string of cut shells, round the back of the head, and a long iron pin pushed right through the cone into a matted mass of hair underneath. Ostrich and parrot feathers are often stuck into the hair at the back, and give a very wild appearance to the wearer. Right on the crown of the head just behind the cone a curved spike of ivory is fastened on to the hair, the point bent towards the front. This spike varies in length; some I saw were probably six inches long, while others were not more than two inches. Brass and iron rings are wound tightly above the biceps of the arms, and also round the wrists and ankles; thick brass and copper rings are worn on the fingers and thumbs. They always go about with their

spears and arrows and look far more ferocious than they really are. Many of the young men wear the horrible wrist-knife so well known amongst the tribes of the North-East, but never seen further south than Acholi. This knife is really a circular blade fastened on to the wrist over a leather padding; in time of peace, a leather shield is placed over the cutting edge. One can quite understand most ghastly wounds being given with this horrible instrument, the edge of which is always kept very sharp. A peculiar "knob-kerry" is often carried; it is a long stick with a thick ring of iron fastened on by shrinkage to the end, weighing possibly two pounds, and the indentations made on the craniums of the people with this weapon are quite common in every village. The little boys wear a very becoming waist-band made of woven strings of grass, reaching to the hips. They have no other ornamentation unless they happen to be chiefs' sons, and then they wear big iron rings on the ankles.

The chiefs and the well-to-do men who constantly visit the European settlement all aspire to left-off soldiers' coats, and in a short time one becomes acquainted with most of the regimental uniforms of the British army, and however torn and discoloured they may be, they form the state dress of the "upper ten" in Acholiland.

The women's dress consists of a series of ornaments, for no cloth or covering is worn by them. A mass of beads round the neck artistically arranged, so as to form a high collar at the back like that of the Elizabethan period ; ears pierced with brass and copper wire, pins inserted all round the outer lobe, looking rather like a string of hooks and eyes ; arms and wrists and ankles encased in spiral wire ; a string of beads round the waist from which hangs in front a tiny fringe of grass-made string with a similar but much larger fringe hanging down at the back like a tail.

A few of the old women wear a long leathern apron at the back, reaching to about the knees ; the hair is allowed to grow long and is matted and twisted much in the same way as that of Nubian women.

Red paint mixed with fat and smeared all over the body gives a most grim appearance.

The little girls are similarly adorned, but not quite so profusely. So much for the dress of the people.

On the whole, one would call them a fine race physically, but not warlike. Probably if they had a leader, they would make a fighting race, but owing to the fact that there is no one chief who successfully governs the whole country—and each small district has its king or head chief—all their warlike instincts have been displayed in incursions amongst themselves ; one chief raiding

another who lives at the next village, or crossing the border into Bukidi country to steal the cattle.

*Houses.*—They build very fine houses on the same principle as those built by the Nubian soldiers. A circular wall is made of strong stakes covered with mud about four feet high, and from the wall is built up a beehive-shaped roof with grass thatch put on in long circular ridges. They are kept very clean inside and no grass is used on the floor. Morning and evening the lady of the house can be seen sweeping out the whole establishment with a grass-made brush, and as no fire is kept in the house, the place is beautifully clean and healthy. Being a corn-consuming race, the Acholi people have their grain stores, tiny wattle and daub huts, set up on piles about two feet from the ground and covered with a grass-thatched roof, form most excellent granaries.

Millet seed is the staple food, potatoes very scarce, but there are plenty of ground nuts. Bulo (very small millet) is also largely used in some districts.

*Cultivation.*—As cultivators, the Ganyi people are most diligent; all the young men and women set out early in the morning with their spades, cooking pots and food for the day to the distant gardens. All cultivation is done far away from the villages, and there they spend the whole day.

Towards sundown they return home, playing on their pipes and singing, thus forming one of the most pleasant sights to be seen in Ganyi. It is quite unusual in Africa to see men and women at work in the gardens at the same time. It is one to be thankful for, however, for it surely indicates something better than the idea of slavery for the women.

The villages are usually built within a stockade, the houses all being very close together, with an open courtyard in the middle.

*Religion.*—Before each house are erected little devil huts—so common amongst the African races—and generally one big hut, set apart to the favoured spirit of the tribe. This latter is neatly built, with fine dried grass on the floor, in the centre of which is sometimes to be seen a curious iron spear stuck in the ground, blade uppermost. The blade is about two inches long, with two or three barbs from one to two inches in length.

Into this hut no stranger is permitted to enter—even I was not allowed to do so. In the other smaller huts pots of honey or grain and other propitiatory offerings are placed; a dead stick is planted by the side, having many branches, and on to this are hung trophies of the chase, such as antelope skulls and horns, heads of lions and leopards, giraffe skulls and skins, horns, etc. These are all regarded as sacred.

*Sociability.*—In the centre of the big courtyard already mentioned is a large wooden erection of rough seats, raised one above the other, at the bottom of which is a space for a fire. On these seats, in the early morning and late in the evening, all the warriors of the village collect with their chief to discuss the affairs of the day.

To one side of the courtyard innumerable stakes are driven into the ground, and to these the cattle are tethered for the night. Although the country is admirably adapted for the grazing of large herds, and most of the chiefs have many head of cattle, they cannot be called a cattle-loving people. They have obtained them by constant raids on the Bakidi, and retain them merely as a source of wealth, seldom using the milk, keeping them specially for bartering for wives, one wife costing five head of cattle, often more.

*Country.*—Very briefly to describe the country: short grass, undulating stretches of fine open plains with here and there a majestic peak breaking the monotony. In parts are magnificent tropical forests. Along the banks of the Nile the land lies low, and the heat is intense, but away inland to the east, on the uplands, the climate seems to be all that one could desire.

*Game.*—Game is plentiful, Uganda cob, water-buck, reed-buck, bush-buck, orobi elephant, rhino, giraffe, and a few buffalo. Lions and

leopards are very plentiful, and other animals of the cat tribe.

*Coinage.*—The coinage of the country is brass wire and beads; blue beads are preferred on the west, and white on the east, but fashions constantly change.

*Care of Children.*—With reference to village life, one thing that I particularly noticed was the great care the women took of their children, especially with regard to cleanliness. In the early morning the child is washed from head to foot with warm water, so unlike the custom of the Baganda and Banyoro, who subject their little ones to a cold douche straight from their little beds. The tiny children are carried about on their mothers' backs, perched on a kind of trapeze suspended from the woman's neck, and a stout leather covering protecting their little backs from the fierce rays of the sun, and over the little one's head is placed half a gourd to act as a sunshade. The effect of this care is that the child grows up sturdy and well-favoured, and the horrible disease of scabs, so common in other parts of Africa, is seldom seen here.

Jiggers too are conspicuous by their entire absence.

*Morality.*—Another striking feature is the effort made by the householders against immorality among the young men and women.

The young women are kept in their houses soon after dark, and the young unmarried men have to live in curiously constructed houses erected on piles many feet above the ground. The entrance to these places consists of a circular hole, not more than a foot in diameter, to reach which they have to climb a rough wooden ladder. On the ground below the hut fine dust is sometimes sprinkled after the occupants have retired to rest, the object of the dust being to detect the slightest footprint of any who at night might attempt to ascend or descend the ladder. This custom has probably been gathered from the Bakidi, as it gradually disappears towards the west of the country.

So much for the customs and habits of the people of Acholiland.

I must now return to particulars of my doings during the seven days I spent at Alokolumu. I very soon found that there was a great opportunity of winning the people's confidence by giving out to them medicines for their various ills, so I told the chief Ojigi that if he would make it known to his people that the white man would distribute medicines to the sick, I would do my best to relieve as many suffering ones as possible. The first day 130 poor afflicted ones came to me with all kinds of ills. Some had bullet wounds and spear thrusts that they had



“Jumbo Down” after the Hunt.



Acholi Village.

received while quarrelling. One man had six distinct spear wounds, any one of which seemed to me to have been sufficient to have killed an ordinary white man. Another had a broken leg; he had fallen into a pit while out hunting.

Several women displayed most terrible ulcers that through long neglect had penetrated to the very bone; little children were brought with their bodies covered with putrefying sores. It was a sad sight, and taxed all my powers of endurance, to say nothing of my medical skill. But the gratitude of the people, although seldom expressed by word, seemed very genuine, and from morning until evening I gladly accepted my self-imposed task. Several evenings, when it was dark, I gave a display with the magic lantern, and almost the whole place turned out to the show.

Picture the scene—a crowd of between four and five hundred naked savages, many of them carrying their spears and knives, sitting in dead silence before the strange white sheet with the circular disc of light in the centre; all around us, black darkness. The first picture is flashed on the sheet; it is the picture of an elephant and many start off into the long grass, and then come shyly back again and peep round the other side of the sheet—like monkeys do with a looking-glass—to see if the rest of him is there! Then a shriek or laughter, that does one good to hear,

breaks the stillness of the night, as the people gradually learn that it is the wonderful wisdom of the white man, and not a living beast at all. And so right on into the night the show is kept up until, tired out, I ask the still eager crowds to retire, and let me get some rest.

Another day I visited several large villages close by, and everywhere was greeted in the most cordial manner, finding that I had been raised to the rank of "Kwelobo," the "Bringer of Peace," which henceforth became my native name and was soon known throughout the land.

I shall not soon forget a visit I paid to a grand old savage living a few miles away from the camp. His village was perched on a hill overlooking a beautiful fertile valley. It consisted of about thirty large and well-built houses, each with its three or four little granaries, and several of the curiously-built bachelors' huts already mentioned. As I walked towards his house the old chief came out to meet me, a tall, powerfully-built man, with a magnificent profile, looking every inch a man. He greeted me by seizing both my hands in his mighty grasp, and for a moment looked into my face without a word, then he spat on the ground and said "Larema," which means "friend," and I simply replied "Larema." Still holding my hand, he led me towards the

curious wooden structure which is a meeting-place for all the men, and asked me to sit with him there while he talked with me. A leathern girdle, from which was suspended a short skin-apron, was all the clothing he wore, but he was plentifully adorned with ornaments of all kinds. His hair had been allowed to grow long, and was collected at the back under a coarse kind of hair-net, made of plaited grass bedecked with coloured beads. Around his neck was a necklace made of teeth from the lions and leopards that he and his men had killed, and in addition to this was a curious iron collar, an inch and a half deep, of polished iron wire, fastened cunningly at the back with a metal clasp. From this was suspended a charm that hung half-way down his broad bare chest; merely a crooked piece of stick covered with beads, but meaning much to him.

On his arms at the biceps muscle was a spiral of iron wire polished quite bright, and around each wrist were solid iron bracelets, each weighing half a pound at least. His ankles had similar rings of heavy iron, which I noticed were suspended by thin string from above the knee, in order to take the great weight off the ankle itself. His body was smeared all over with grease and red ochre, a very plentiful supply being put upon the hair.

With this old man I sat and chatted, while his people gathered round us, intensely interested in all I had to say. The old chief said that he had never before seen a white man face to face but once, the great "Langalanga" (Colonel Delmé Radcliffe) had passed that way, but he had viewed him at a great distance, being afraid to approach near. "You see," he said, "you are not men like us; you come from some far-off land, you have great wisdom, you clothe yourselves and have strange food that we cannot eat, but," he said, eyeing me with evident satisfaction, "*you* are my friend from this hour, I have looked upon you, and taken your hand in mine." He was a dear, simple old soul, and quite took my fancy. I then tried to explain to him what had brought me to his country, and he listened with increasing interest, and finally said: "Will you indeed stay with us in our country and be our friend always and teach us every day?" and I replied that I hoped to be able to do this, but first had a long journey before me, as I wished to visit his king, Awich. Then he called one of his attendants and ordered him to bring me a pot of honey, and with this as a parting gift I left him, with the sincere hope of meeting this interesting old fellow again.

## CHAPTER XI.

ACHOLI—(*continued*).

IN the previous chapter I have briefly described my journey to, and a short stay at, Ojigi's place, and as I have said, we stayed seven days there, each day being fully occupied with talking to the people, giving out medicine to the sick, and occasional lantern shows at night, all of which helped to gain the confidence of these wild yet simple folk.

On the eighth day we left Alokolumu, and tramped for many hours over the beautiful hills covered with short green grass, passing through innumerable villages out of which came crowds of excited natives to see me; across many deep rivers, all of which were flooded by constant rain. At last we reached another big village, in which we camped, belonging to a nice old fellow called Lugwete. We had one unfortunate mishap; the man who was carrying the load containing the food and all the culinary necessaries for the day, while crossing one of the tiny streams, slipped on a rock and fell, to the total destruction of all the contents.

The poor fellow fell right on to his nose, and was badly hurt and for some time could not continue his journey.

Lugwete, a fine-looking old patriarch, came out to meet me, apologising for his people, many of whom had run away, fearing the white man had come to make war in the village.

I thanked him for his kind welcome, and requested him to send out at once to the runaways, beg them to return, and assure them there was no danger, and that I had no soldiers. I told him also that I would buy all food needed for my porters at a fair market price.

To this he objected strongly, stating it was not their custom to sell food to one who had come to visit them. I thanked him, and asked where I might put my tent. He said: "My hut is there, will you build your tent close to it?" To this I consented.

He next busied himself in collecting a great quantity of flour, and brought it to me, with the additional present of a fine fat tailed sheep. I returned the compliment by presenting him with a quantity of cloth, more than the value of the food, as I did not wish him to think that I was unwilling to pay for what I had. He was greatly delighted.

When the formalities of my reception were

over, he came and sat in my tent with several of his under chiefs, and all his people having now returned, I told him plainly what my mission was to their country.

I said: "It is peace that brings me here, not war. Other Europeans have been in this country with soldiers and guns, having other work to do; I come without these, and I am your guest. I desire to help you and to teach you how you may become a great and useful chief." He listened attentively, and then assured me he was my friend, and would willingly be taught the wisdom of the white man.

His village was a large and prosperous one; a great herd of cows, several flocks of sheep and goats, bespoke wealth.

His young men all clustered round him and he seemed to possess a great influence over them. In his village I found several Banyoro who had been brought over the border by Kabarega and sold as slaves to the Acholi, but all of these young men with whom I conversed said how happy they were, and that they had no desire to return to Bunyoro.

They had married Acholi girls, and had homes of their own, and the chief was good to them, what more could they wish for? When the chief left my tent at night, I felt sure that I had secured another true friend amongst these

Acholi people, and I longed for the time when I should be able to settle down amongst them.

At daybreak I found that a very large number had gathered round my tent for medical treatment, and although I wanted to make a long journey that day, I was considerably delayed, as I could not pass on without rendering what aid I could to these sufferers. When the last pill had been given, and the last patient had gone away satisfied that he had been attended to, it was past nine o'clock in the morning, and terribly hot. We were told we had a long way to go, and so it proved to be a most exhausting journey, taking us more than eight hours to walk, and must have been close upon twenty miles. One great river, the Aswa, had to be crossed twice, and as the water was up to our necks and there was a swiftly flowing current, it was no easy matter to get across. More than one porter was swept away off his feet while crossing, and was submerged together with his load, causing a long delay.

Provisions were spoiled, and porters exhausted, to make no mention of the great anxiety one felt, not only for one's own health, but also for the real danger we were often in, as there were deep holes and pools into which, if once carried, it would be no easy matter to get out again. One poor fellow had a fit just as he had stepped

on to the bank, and was in great danger of losing his life as he fell back into the water. Fortunately his companion seized him in the nick of time, but it was a long while before he was able to proceed on his journey.

The consequences were, that when at last we all arrived on the opposite shore, we were wet and thoroughly down-hearted and miserable, and as if to show their sympathy with our dripping condition, the heavens poured forth a deluge of rain. And so on we went for a few days, through swamp and river and rain, and a host of other discomforts, calculated to damp the ardour of the most energetic.

We had hitherto been going through more or less open country, very few trees and, for miles as far as the eye could reach, great green, undulating plains, studded here and there with the majestic fan-palms, and occasionally a cluster of mimosa and acacia trees along the banks of some rushing river.

But now there came a change; we entered a thickly wooded country of stunted and dwarfed trees, with a mass of tangled undergrowth, that greatly impeded our progress. Again the path seemed obliterated, and had it not been for the timely assistance of a native guide, obtained at the previous village, we should have got on very badly indeed.

We saw many antelope which seemed wild and unapproachable, also great tracks made

by elephants and a few rhinoceros, but hunting was far away from our thoughts as we fought our way along through thicket and swamp. After two days of this, when we were really beginning to feel we had had more than enough, we sighted a fine green hill away to the east, and our guide immediately turned our course in that direction.

The same afternoon we ascended this hill, and at the top of it we found to our great pleasure a very large village with two or three others near, and the old chief, Obona, at once came out to greet us and expressed his great delight at my arrival. It appears he had long ago heard of my coming, and had made every preparation for my reception, the first thing being to present me with a bull with which to make a feast of rejoicing. I at first told him that I did not wish to receive his offering, but would gladly buy it from him, but this greatly offended him, and without more ado I had the beast killed, presenting half of the body to the chief's men, and giving the rest to my porters. With this arrangement he seemed highly pleased. As soon as ever my tent was pitched (by the chief's wish it was next to his hut) we were surrounded by crowds of people, eager and inquisitive to examine all my possessions, and it was not until curiosity was satisfied that I had the least chance to explain why I had come, and then with the

setting sun as a background, the chief and several hundreds of the people sitting before my tent, once more I was able to tell the "Old Old Story" to those to whom it was so *new*.

It was dark before I had finished, and then the old chief began to tell *his* story. It ran something like this :

"I am an old man, I have seen many Europeans in the Gang country, but the greatest of them all was the man who called himself Baker Pasha.<sup>1</sup> He had with him his wife, and he built a house on the hill over yonder, and there he lived for many months. I went to him as a young man and became his personal servant. He had to tell us many things, and we loved him because he talked to us; he was kind to us and helped us in our sorrows, and fought against our enemies. He tried to teach us, and then was taken from us, but not before he had become a veritable father. We loved him and his wife, and we love their memory still, because they were kind to us. And now you have come. You tell us you are a teacher; you have allowed us into your tent, and shown to us all your things, and have spoken to us with loving words. Will you stay with us and be our teacher always? We will listen to your words, we will eagerly seek to be taught by you. I

<sup>1</sup> Sir Samuel Baker.

am old, but I look to my son—he was born when Baker Pasha was with us—he is strong, and will quickly learn wisdom. When I am dead he will be chief; for his sake, stay and teach us. I have said my words.”

The old man's pleading was touching in the extreme, and it was difficult to know how to answer this stirring appeal. But I had yet far to go, and I told the old man that I wanted first to visit the King Awich, and would then return by his village and see what arrangements could be made.

He was very grateful for this promise, and said that his son Ali should accompany me to insure my return to him. The next morning, therefore, after a hearty farewell, we set off for our next camp.

We pitched the tent in another thickly populated district, close to the stockade of a large village, under a clump of magnificent fan-palm trees. The village is called Ogwenyi, and is situated at the foot of the range of hills upon which Sir Samuel Baker's old station was built. It is a lovely country, thickly covered with groves of the fan-palms. The river Unyama flows between this village and Baker's Camp, and is at this time of the year in full flood (being the wet season), and uncrossable.

The old houses built more than forty years ago I was told were still visible; the walls

having been built of stone, they have resisted the ravages of the African climate. The place seemed to be held sacred by the natives, and all speak of its former occupants with reverence and affection.

The village by which we camped was governed by an under chief, the chief of the district, Owin, being at the time at Nimule. His second-in-command provided me with plenty of food, and was very kind. I was so exhausted after my long march, however, that I had soon to seek my bed, and had but little opportunity of speaking to the natives. It was here that I heard of serious raids that had been made upon the natives by the Bakidi, whose territory adjoins this on the east.

These stealthy enemies come over in the darkness of the night, and while the Acholi man is fast asleep they set loose his cattle that are tied to stakes driven into the ground by the side of the village, and before any knowledge of their presence has reached the people, they are off again, driving the herd before them. Once this occurred in the very village in which I was camped. At dead of night when all was still I lay sleepless upon my camp bed, when I thought I heard a movement amongst the cattle that were tethered close to where my tent was erected. The noise was so slight that I did not trouble to get up and see what was going on, and it

is well for me that I did not, for there were thirty or forty wild Bakidi men fully armed, bent upon robbing the Acholi of their goods. The noise continued, and presently the lowing of one of the big bulls seemed to be an alarm, for there was a stampede amongst the cattle, and then all was still again. No native seemed to have moved, and at last I slept, never dreaming how near I was to danger.

In the very early dawn, however, there was great excitement among the villagers, when they found that ten of their best head of cattle had gone, and the tell-tale footprints bore witness to the fact that raiders had been busy. The chief came to me in great grief, asking my advice, for this, he said, was the second time that the Bakidi had made a midnight raid upon his beasts. I said his best plan was to go to the Government official at Wadelai, and report the case to him.

"What will he do?" said my friend, and I was nonplussed, for I knew that the Collector had not force enough to attack these very powerful enemies.

However, I tried to persuade the chief that this was his only course. He said no more to me, but went away with an angry look that meant mischief. What he did, I heard afterwards.

Calling together his most trustworthy warriors and putting his own son at their head, he

commissioned them to follow the raiders, and kill and destroy as many as possible and to collect the stolen cattle.

The party was about one hundred strong, and for two days followed up the trail, and then came upon a large body of the Bakidi—and a fight ensued. Both sides fought bravely, the Acholi men trusting chiefly to their old gaspipe guns and throwing spears, while the Bakidi used short lances and bows and arrows. It did not last long, however, for the Acholi were speedily overwhelmed by a far superior force, and only about twenty of them got back to their village. Their leader was killed, but not before he had speared the Bakidi chief and, according to his own followers, had fought most desperately and valiantly. The twenty, however, came back, and strangely enough I was present in the village again, soon after their return, and bound up the wounds of the vanquished. Poor fellows, I was very sorry for them, as at that time they were quite at the mercy of these raiders, and although they were paying tribute to the British Government they were not receiving the protection from their enemies that they could claim.

A few more days' heavy tramping brought us to a great Bari village belonging to a chief of much distinction, as a few years ago he had been taken to the coast with one of the military officers.

This chief is a prince, a tall handsome man with an intelligent and bright face. He welcomed me in a kind but stately manner, being dressed in a bright red uniform.

He asked me to put my tent in the big open courtyard before his house; then after a little while he came in great state to visit me, accompanied by many of his under chiefs and people. He proceeded to ask me innumerable questions—Where had I come from? Where was I going? What was my mission? Had I any soldiers with me? etc. So there and then I explained to him why I had come, and what I wished to do.

Having ascertained that I was a teacher from Uganda, he told me of his visit to Entebbe, when he had accompanied Major (now Colonel) Delmé Radcliffe on his way home. He said that Delmé Radcliffe had shown to him all the wonders of Entebbe, and he had been intensely interested in noting the great wisdom of the Waganda. He also went to Kampala (Mengo), and was told by the Katikiro about the missionary work going on there, reading, writing and religious worship in the churches. All these had made a great impression upon his mind. Before his return to his own country, Major Delmé Radcliffe told him that he too should have the opportunities of education and religion, for teachers should soon be sent. "And now," said he, turning to me, "we have waited many

years and hitherto no teacher has been sent, but at last you have come, and you tell us that *you* are a teacher, and we beg of you to stay with us." I replied that my desire was to start a mission in that country as soon as ever arrangements could be made—but first I must return to Uganda and obtain permission from those in authority. "Yes," said he, "you will go away and leave us and forget all about us, and we shall still remain in our ignorance."

I assured him it was not so, and that in a little time he would hear of my coming again.

The next day I had a great many patients come to me for medicine, and long interesting chats with Olia and many of his people. In the afternoon I visited several of the adjoining villages, and got quite friendly with a large number of women and children. At night I arranged for a big lantern show—in the midst of the great courtyard we erected the screen—and then, when all the people were quietly seated, the first picture was flashed on to the sheet—it was again that famous picture of an elephant. The wildest excitement immediately prevailed, many of the people jumping up and shouting, evidently fearing the beast must be alive. Those nearest the screen sprang up and fled, while the chief crept stealthily forward and peeped behind the screen to see if the animal had a body. When he discovered that the elephant's body was only the thickness of the

sheet, a great roar of laughter broke the stillness of the night.

The show continued until nearly nine o'clock, and then Olia told me he wanted a further talk with me.

So we entered the tent together, and right on till past midnight we sat and talked of the "way of life." Then a terrific storm came on, making all further conversation hopeless.

While here, we witnessed all the ceremonies of a heathen funeral. A man who was cultivating in the fields was struck by lightning, and was immediately killed. His grave was dug by the side of his house, a small round hole, broadening out towards the bottom. Into this the body was put, and wicker framework placed over the top of the open grave. Over this were spread various clothes and ornaments he had been in the habit of wearing, surmounted by an old umbrella. Round the grave sat all his wives, crying and shrieking, throwing themselves upon the ground, sometimes shouting their husband's name into the pit. His old mother with a rough rope tied round her waist, knotted at the back with two ends streaming behind, and grasping in her hands a bundle of the deceased's arrows, walked round and round the circle of women, occasionally slapping them on the back and urging them to display their grief. Surrounding the women were the warriors in all their war-paint, with spears and bows and

arrows in their hands, dancing and chanting the merits of the dead. The chant being interpreted to me ran as follows:—

Oh! Ali, thou wast rich in cows and women,  
Thou hadst many slaves to serve thee;  
But now thou art poor, very poor,  
Your possessions are given to another.

After each chant the old mother would approach to the grave and beat the earth for a second, and shout three times while leaning over the grave, "Ali, Ali, Ali." Every now and then the women would spring up and race across the courtyard, turning somersaults, and flinging themselves violently to the ground. Others would climb on to the roofs of the houses and from thence throw themselves to earth.

It was an awful sight, and the poor creatures worked themselves up into a frenzy of hysterical weeping. This went on for three days and nights.

From Prince Olia's place to Nimule (the Government Post on the Nile) is a distance of close upon thirty miles, following the round-about roads of the natives in order to miss the big rivers and swamps.

Although we started our terrible tramp about 8 o'clock a.m., the last man did not reach Nimule until 8 p.m.

The country we passed through was infested with many herds of elephants, and about two hours' tramp from Olia's we came upon a sad

sight—the dead body of a Uganda man just covered over with a few green branches; he had been killed by an infuriated cow elephant; the story was as follows:—

Three men were returning from Nimule with loads of cloth with which they wished to barter amongst the Acholi people. One of these men was walking a little in advance of his fellows, and suddenly discovered that there was a large herd of elephants close at hand, feeding amongst the trees.

He called out in the Uganda fashion for his friends to come along quickly, that they might keep together, when a great female, that had a small calf by her side, made a dash for him, evidently fearing that he had come to molest them and injure her calf. The poor fellow dropped his load and fled, but was quickly overtaken, and seized round the body with the huge creature's trunk, and thrown violently to the ground; and then finding him still alive the beast proceeded to trample him to death. His two friends rushed up, shouting and screaming, and eventually succeeded in driving the infuriated creature away, but alas! their companion was dead, and his body was crushed out of all recognition, and so they covered him with a few branches and leaves, and passed on their way.

Arriving at Nimule, tired out with the tremendous march, I was directed to pitch my

tent in the market-place, and by the kind thoughtfulness of the Indian trader was given shelter under the eaves of his hut. The mosquitoes were awful, and sitting thus on the Indian's doorstep from five o'clock till eight, waiting for the last porter to arrive, devoured by these little pests, and shivering with cold, it was not to be wondered at that I spent a sleepless night.

In the early morning visitors began to arrive. First came a deputation from the king of the country, who happened to be at Nimule at that time, on a visit to the Government official; he sent two young fellows to greet me, saying that he himself was following.

In another hour he came—a short, thick-set fellow with a childish but rather prepossessing appearance, dressed in a species of soldier's coat, long white linen trousers, and a red fez cap on his head. As I have already stated, my journey had originated from a request made by him for me to visit his country, and the welcome he gave me was therefore hearty in the extreme. After a long interesting talk he asked me if I would accompany him back to his own village and spend some little time with him there, so that he might get to know me. To this request I readily agreed, and we decided to start off the following day. This arrangement made, he returned to his encampment, while I invaded the Indian's store, in order

to replenish my much reduced stock of provisions for the journey.

To my astonishment, in the early morning I received the information that Awich had been imprisoned by the officer in charge, and when I inquired his offence, I was told that it was "an old standing charge," and I went away, wondering why "an old standing charge" should have been left unpunished until late at night the evening before he was to set out with me.

However, it was useless to make a fuss, and knowing that no good could come of it, I packed up my baggage once more and started on my return journey, feeling quite sure that my short talk with the chief Awich had been eminently satisfactory, and that I should always get a warm welcome to his village, away in the interior, whenever I was able to visit him.

Three days' journey from Nimule I had another experience, which was of a very alarming nature, and gives some further idea of the character of the Acholi natives. I had pitched my tent half-way between two large villages, belonging to two distinct families. The chief from each village visited me in the evening and brought me presents of food and milk, but I noticed that there seemed to be little friendship between the two representatives; no word was spoken by one to the other, and

they sat before my tent in dumb silence, only answering questions that I put to them. At sundown they left my tent, and after a few hours' reading and writing by my camp fire, I turned in for the night. I had just extinguished the candle when I heard outside my tent an angry shout proceeding from one of the villages, followed immediately by a great stampede past my tent, and the sound of hasty argument. I quickly jumped out of bed, and put on my boots, and then went outside to see what was wrong. This is the sight that met my gaze. It was a bright moonlight night, not a cloud in the sky, and not a breath of wind, and from the village behind me I saw a number of dark forms gathering together carrying spears, the great iron heads of which reflected the moon's rays; there was now dead silence, and I began to wonder whatever I was in for. Then from the other village in front of me I saw a similar crowd collecting with spears and shields, and even as I watched, wondering what it all meant, there was the twang of a bow, and an arrow flew past my tent into the dusky crowd beyond; it was answered by a dozen others, and then an excited yell from the warriors of both sides, as they crashed into each other, using their spears and lances with deadly effect.

A desperate fight was being waged, and from the subdued cries and groans I knew that serious damage was already being done. My

porters all came thronging round me in dumb silence, stricken with fear, many of them actually creeping into my tent, and lying full length upon the ground; the wisdom of this was apparent, as the arrows soon began to fall around us. What was I to do? I felt that any action I might take would draw the combatants upon me. I shouted aloud the chief's name, but my voice could never be heard above the din. Then taking one of my boys with me I went off towards the village—not without considerable risk, for throwing-spears and arrows fell around us—and finally got into the place from the back and called for the chief. The houses all seemed to be barricaded, and not a soul was visible. I knew which was the chief's house, and made for it, shouting out his name as I went.

For a long time there was no reply, and his house was fast shut up; then I espied a man crouching by one of the huts in the darkness. I went up to him and found he was fully armed with spears, bows and arrows, and knives at his girdle. It was the chief himself!

“What is the meaning of all this?” I said. “Is this the sort of welcome you give to a white man in your village?”

He seemed shamefaced, and began making all sorts of accusations against the people of the other village. “It is the young men,” he said, “who are drunk, and are quarrelling

amongst themselves." "Well," I said, "the fight must stop immediately; you are the chief, and therefore responsible, and if the Government soldiers hear of it, it will be you yourself who will be taken prisoner." He was wildly excited, and said it was impossible to stop them; their blood was up, and they must fight; perhaps I could stop them, but as for himself, he was helpless. "Go and try," I said; "tell them, you, their chief, forbid them to fight." With this he went and shouted at them, but the fighting only grew fiercer, and there was no sign of abatement. He came back to me and said: "I knew it would be no good, we must let them fight." "Go again," I said, "and warn them of the trouble that may come to their village from the Government soldiers if the fighting does not cease."

Again he crept off into the darkness, and presently I saw him mount a great ant-hill, and shouting at the top of his voice, he made a long speech, in which—I was told afterwards—he said: "The white man has many soldiers hidden away in the wood over yonder; he is calling them up, and they are coming with their guns to fight us all; get back to your houses at once, before trouble comes to us all." Almost immediately there was a cessation in the fight, and we saw the opposing forces withdrawing in the moonlight, dragging their wounded with them to their respective villages, and absolute

silence reigned, broken only by the groans and cries of the injured ones. I told the chief that the next morning all the ringleaders of the fight were to be brought to me and I would hear the case. Then after waiting about a little longer to see that there was no recurrence of the fight, I returned to my tent and slept soundly until dawn. Many of my porters were too frightened to return to their huts, and so slept under the fly-sheet of my tent, saying that they felt safer there from the wild savages than in their own little encampment.

At daybreak I dressed quickly and went out of my tent, sending off my interpreter to the chief, saying that I was now ready to hear their case.

Then there tramped to my tent several hundred naked savages, all armed and ready to recommence the fight if necessary. I at once told every one to throw aside his spear and other weapons, and to come without them into my presence. This they did with but little hesitation; and then squatted round me to hear what I had to say.

I commenced by telling them that I wished the ringleaders to be first brought before me. Four men then stepped forward, quite prepared to take the responsibility of the fight. One of them was badly wounded with a spear thrust, and one had a broken skull, while the other two looked crestfallen and sad. Then I said to

the chief: "This is to be *your* case; *you* must try it, for you are the chief. I shall simply stand by and hear what you decide." He readily accepted the position, and so the case was tried.

With my imperfect knowledge of the language, I could not fully understand all the ins and outs of the proceedings, but in a short time I had learned that a man in one village had enticed a girl from the other, and thus committed a serious breach in the moral code of the Acholi tribe, and it was not difficult to see that he was the guilty person. The chief decided against him, and said that he should fine the offender six goats. I said: "All right, I agree; let the debt be paid at once and the judgment finished while I am here." Four goats only were brought, and the chief was asked if this fine would satisfy him, to which he replied: "Yes, it is finished," and the whole crowd arose in the most friendly way possible; and these children of Nature were once more the best of friends, and showed their indebtedness to me by joining forces and accompanying me on my journey, carrying many of my loads, just to prove their appreciation of my services. Before leaving, however, I had an hour or two's medical work, binding up the wounded, some of the warriors being in a most critical condition.

This episode gave me some further insight

into the nature of the Acholi that I had not seen before, and made me the more determined if ever I were able to return to their country to settle down amongst them and try to teach them the "better Way."

Another few days of hurried travel brought us back to the crossing of the Nile at Pajao, where we found a very large canoe that was capable of transporting my goods over to the Bunyoro side of the river in a very short time. I was accompanied by no less than sixteen representatives from Acholi, sent by their chiefs to visit me at my house in Hoima, with the idea of again bringing me back to them, to live amongst them and to teach and help them.

## CHAPTER XII.

## LIFE AND WORK IN ACHOLI.

HAVING satisfied myself that the time had come for definite mission work to commence in Acholi, my next move was to see the head of our mission, Bishop Tucker, and ask his consent for the permanent establishment of a station in the country. I knew that he, above all others, was desirous that "extension" should be the watch-word of our mission, and such a call as this from Acholiland, he at any rate would do his best to answer promptly.

Upon my arrival in Hoima, therefore, I quickly made arrangements to run in to Uganda on my bicycle, seek the Bishop's consent, and finally return to Acholi, there to stay and erect a mission station.

Just before starting I heard that his lordship was expected at Kikoma, on the North-west of Uganda, in a day or two; a place not more than eighty miles distant by the very round-about road then available.

Camping once on the way I reached Kikoma on the second day about 11 a.m., and was most kindly welcomed by my old friend, Mr. H. B. Lewin, who in 1894 braved the terrors of the old caravan route with me,

through German East Africa from Zanzibar to the South of the Victoria Lake.

I found that the Bishop had not yet arrived, but was expected very soon. It was no hardship to wait a couple of days in this beautiful station of Kikoma, and it was an unspeakable pleasure to look back and compare notes upon the adventurous journey that Lewin and I, in company with two others of our mission, had taken in those dark days. How wonderfully changed were the conditions of travel in East Africa since those days; the three months' journey was now easily completed in four days by the Uganda railway.

Kikoma itself had great attractions; built amongst the rocky hills, it is picturesque in the extreme, and the bracing air of the uplands was to me what a whiff of the pure sea-breeze is to one who has spent his life in the stifling slums of a great city.

Upon the arrival of Bishop Tucker, plans were immediately matured for a second great journey to Acholiland, and a permanent occupation of the country.

Alas! one thing troubled me much. Hitherto, my wife had nobly stood by my side in all my work, and had ever helped and encouraged me in the many difficulties encountered; but now, if Acholiland were to be definitely occupied as a mission centre, a time of separation was necessary, in order that a station should be

built and proper accommodation secured, before a lady could take up her abode there. This was indeed a sore trial, but it had to be faced, and we sorrowfully packed our goods, some for home, and some for Acholiland, and said "good-bye" on the shores of the Victoria Lake. We comforted ourselves that it was only for a year, but the bitter tears would flow, and it was with an aching heart that I turned back from the lake shore and faced a year of loneliness in the wilds of Central Africa.

It was with satisfaction that I heard from Bishop Tucker of his intention to visit Acholi himself, together with Dr. and Mrs. Albert Cook, and he proposed that I should accompany them. The following is an extract from Dr. Cook's journal of this journey, taken from the *Uganda Notes* of August 1904:—

"The story that Mr. Lloyd had to tell on his return from Acholi last year, made the Bishop anxious to investigate for himself the openings presented, with the object of choosing a site for the first of our mission stations among the Nilotic tribes. With this in view, he left Mengo on March the 8th, accompanied by my wife and myself, as it was felt that medical help would be very valuable in gaining the confidence of the natives. Mr. Lloyd joined us at Hoima, and we reached Busindi on 19th March. From this point the journey was new

to us. Owing to the necessity of taking trade goods—beads, cloth and brass-wire to pay for food—our united caravan was a large one, numbering, with our personal boys and Bahima,<sup>1</sup> over a hundred.

“North Bunyoro is very sparsely inhabited by a non-Bantu-speaking race, the Chope, who live in small villages scattered widely apart. The inconvenience of this is seen when the caravan is detained for any cause at one of these tiny villages, for it is very difficult to procure food, even by handsome presents, to feed a large number of men.

“For the first three days the path was narrow but straight, though its rocky nature made my wife exchange her cycle for a mule. From Paniatoli onwards the path degenerated into a mere track, twisting and turning hither and thither, so that we seemed at times to be doubling back on our own tracks, and many miles thus added to the length of the journey. We crossed the Nile about half-way between Fajao and Foweira. By way of digression it may be mentioned that the earlier travellers in Alcholiland seemed to have mistaken the initial ‘p’ of the particle ‘PA’ (of) for an F. Fajao is universally known to the natives as Pajao, Foweira as Poweiri, Fatiko, for Patigo, etc. etc. Probably the disguised names are too well known now to bear alteration. The

<sup>1</sup> Cowmen.

scenery on the Unyoro bank of the Nile at this point is charming; the path leads over the shoulder of a hill from the top of which a superb view is obtained, and immediately below the river, which runs here almost due west, broadens out into a little lake, perhaps half a mile wide, with several wooded islets, the mirror-like surface of which is only disturbed by the clumsy gambols of a school of hippos. Turning to the east, the river flows in a succession of cascades and rapids between densely wooded banks, until it empties itself into the little lake above mentioned. As there were only three small dug-out canoes, the work of transporting our larger caravan was a long one, and occupied the whole day. We crossed about midday, and found great difficulty in getting to the first village, which, as it happened, was a very good example of its kind, and soon showed us that we were in a country very different from Uganda or Unyoro. We were conducted to the 'seat of the elders,' a kind of gigantic trefoil, the blades of the latter being represented by sloping seats formed out of logs of wood, the whole being roofed with thatch. The first point that struck us was the extreme cleanliness of the whole village, the ground being carefully swept and no refuse heaps being about. The huts, thickly clustered together, were thatched in 'flounces,' and the very small doorways closed by doors sliding

in grooves. Inside, the houses though dark were clean.

“The Acholi are practically unclothed, but heavily laden with ornaments; the men often wear short aprons of skin; the women usually nothing, except the massive coils of brass-wire and strings of beads with which their persons are lavishly decorated. The head-gear of the men is often very elaborate, the hair being worked up into a pyramid, crowned by a cone of percussion caps or cowry shells, with a brass cartridge case to act as a flag-staff on the top, or a small horn made from the tooth of a hippo.

“The strangeness of their attire is, however, completely atoned for by the cordiality of their greeting.

“Men, women, and children pressed round us wherever we stopped in Acholiland, and it must be remembered that most of our journey was made off the beaten track. The people were most friendly everywhere; we saw no hostile manifestations exhibited anywhere. A special proof of this was the confidence with which they accepted medicine on our bare offer, and the way in which the women brought their babies to my wife to be admired and lifted up. One very noticeable feature was the peculiar lip pendant of glass, looking exactly like an icicle hanging from the lower lip. These white pieces of glass varied from

four to six and even eight inches in length. The fashionable high hand-shake seems the common method of salutation in Acholi, and certain of the young men, whose time seemed to be mostly given up to walking round in the midst of admiring crowds, constricted their waists most uncomfortably by corsets of coils of strings, covered with copper wire, drawn so tightly as to give quite a wasp-like waist.

“Real care was taken of the babies, who sat upon a kind of trapeze suspended by leather thongs from their mothers’ backs, with their head and shoulders protected from the sun by a large calabash, which also served as the baby’s bath, for wonderful to relate to those who know the customs of the Baganda women, these Acholi mothers wash their children daily in warm water. The effect is somewhat nullified, however, by a liberal coating of red ochre and oil, which is plastered over their bodies.

“The villages are on the family or clan system, the descendants of one family living together. As the family increases, more huts are intercalated between the existing ones, until in old villages the roofs almost touch, and if one were fired, the whole village to leeward would be destroyed.

“The cultivation is usually at some distance from the villages. They have an elaborate system of Nature worship, and the elucidation of the meaning of the little stone altars and

votive offerings, and the numberless other customs connected with their religion, would offer a rich field for an ardent anthropologist.

“From this first village we travelled on to a larger one under the rule of a young man called Ojigi, a bright, intelligent young fellow, who ought to be capable of being educated. Our camp was pitched a little way off the village, and as the grass is quite short in this part of Acholiland, we had a glorious view.

“At Ojigi’s we stayed a week, and saw hundreds of sick people, who thronged round for medicine. The principal illnesses were syphilis, bronchial troubles, rheumatism, eye and skin diseases. Malaria was conspicuous by its absence; indeed during a period of four or five weeks I only saw two doubtful cases among the Acholi, a significant testimony to the healthiness of the climate. This remark unfortunately does not apply to the narrow strip of the Nile Valley, where whole districts teem with anopheles, and it is the rule and not the exception to contract fever. Another little pest that was absent was the jigger, but over much of the southern part of the country the small embwa flies were annoyingly frequent.

“From Ojigi’s we travelled leisurely on till we reached Bon Acholis, the site selected by the Bishop for the new mission station. The central high plateau of the country here terminates to the north and west, the chief’s

village being built on a spur, ending in a rocky peak. All round are thickly scattered little villages, and it is the centre of a large population; it is, moreover, in a very central position for the whole of Acholi. We stayed there a week, the only disadvantage from which we suffered being the extremely violent storms that regularly swept down on us every afternoon, threatening to level our tents with the ground.

“The views of the surrounding country were superb. To the south-west we could see the whole chain of the Bulega mountains, those furthest off being more than 100 miles away.

“Due south lay the Paniatoli hills in North Unyoro; to the west the country fell away towards the Nile, while to the north the hills round Nimule and even towards Gondokoro were visible.

“We were camped nearly 4000 feet above sea level, and owing to its being the rainy season, the air was delightfully cool and invigorating; there were no mosquitoes, and—no considerable asset in the list of attractions—a little stream, clear as crystal, babbled past the north end of the village. The people here as elsewhere were most friendly.

“From here we travelled on to the village of another large chief, called Owin.

“The characteristic of this part of the country was the enormous groves of *Borassus*

palms, whose broad fan-like leaves made a refreshing rustling in the wind. The natives eat the fruit. Sir Samuel Baker and his wife were well remembered here, his chief station, Fatiko (Patigo), being only six miles off. We paid it a visit. The walls, strongly built of stones, are still breast-high, and the marks of the smearers' fingers on the plaster inside plainly visible. Being built on the top of the solid rock it must have been very hot, but commanded the most wonderful panorama of the surrounding country. The remains of the principal house and of two outhouses are well preserved, and much of the stone wall that surrounded the fort. The lofty rocks on either side, festooned with dense tropical vegetation, added to the picturesqueness of the scene.

“From Owin's we retraced our steps to Bon Acholi, and then struck across country to Wadelai, where we were kindly entertained by the Government officers, Dr. Strathairne putting his mosquito-proof house at my wife's disposal. They described Wadelai as being the most mosquito-ridden place in the Protectorate, and I doubt if they were wrong; for after sunset they swarmed in myriads, nearly all being the malaria-bearing species, anopheles.

“It is most unfortunate that administrative exigencies compel Government officials to live in this unhealthy Nile Valley, for only a few miles inland the ground rises rapidly, and

mosquitoes and malaria are left behind. My wife, who was suffering severely from fever, greatly appreciated the cool of the house and its freedom from mosquitoes.

“The view from the Government station is very charming, the fresh green of the bananas, which are seldom cultivated in Acholi, refreshes the eye; and less than a mile from the station the Nile broadens out into a lake-like expanse of water, on the other side of which rise the grand outlines of the Bulega Hills, in Belgian territory. We had the greatest pleasure of meeting here Mr. George Wilson, the Deputy-Commissioner, who, with Mrs. Wilson, was on a tour through the Nile provinces.

“On our journey to Wadelai we had to cross several very swollen rivers, one of which was out of the men’s depth when we arrived, but went down sufficiently to enable us to cross the next day by dint of fixing a stout rope across.

“Even then the water was up to the men’s necks, and we saw some funny scenes, as for instance when a porter, carrying tent-poles with an empty bucket swung on to each end, tilted the front bucket up, to escape the water, thus immersing the hind bucket, which, becoming filled with water, dragged him back in attempting to climb the steep bank.

“The road or rather path from Wadelai to Pajao presents a great contrast to the breezy

and densely populated country inland. But few villages are seen, and the moist, steamy atmosphere near the Nile makes walking in the heat of the day very laborious; by night mosquitoes and by day embwa flies do not tend to sweeten the temper of the traveller. All is forgotten, however, on reaching Fajao (Pajao). The last half mile is through a densely wooded country, and one approached the river through a grove of trees like some vast cathedral nave, while at intervals, hundreds of feet overhead, a crag of the high cliffs bordering the river gleams redly in the sunlight.

“A sudden turn round the base of a great rock, and the Nile comes into view at one’s very feet, its shining waterway pursuing its course to the Albert Lake, while huge wreaths of foam, white as snow, slide smoothly by in endless succession, bearing eloquent witness to the seething turmoil higher up. Opposite, the escarpment, with all the luxuriance of tropical foliage, rises almost sheer up for 500 feet.

“In the afternoon we made our way to the famous Murchison Falls. A hot scramble of three-quarters of an hour, now burrowing our way through chokingly dense vegetation, now nearly jumping on the backs of huge ungainly crocodiles basking on spits of sand along the river bank, now making our way through woods



U. K.

The Cook's Acholi Visitor.

Chap. 12

I



Guru Guru, Hill Tribe Village.

and bushes, brought us to a ridge of rock jutting out into the river. We scrambled to the top and stood almost spell-bound by the glory of the scene.

“Right in front of us, at a distance of only a few hundred yards was the waterfall. Through a narrow cleft in the escarpment the whole river, narrowed in its course to a width of only fifty or sixty yards, hurled itself down in a leap of nearly two hundred feet. From top to bottom not a fleck of black stained the white, while great columns of spray continually flew out one hundred feet from one side to the other, as if impelled by some gigantic force. From the foot of the falls, the water swirled and eddied away to our very feet. A deep solemn tone, the voice of many waters, filled the air, and seemed to shake the solid rock on which we were standing. Words give a very poor idea of the flash and dazzle of the water, the play of light and shade on the mighty cliffs, that stand as sentinels over the falls, and the confused medley of sounds—from the deep-pitched roar of the water to the sibilant hiss of the spray. Reluctantly we retraced our steps, and reached the camp just before sunset. From Pajao to Busindi we were constantly ascending, at one point getting a distant view of the north end of the Albert Lake.

We left Busindi on 9th May and arrived in Mengo on the 19th.”

I was now left alone in Acholi with instructions to push forward the construction of a station upon the site selected by the Bishop at Patiko a few miles from Sir Samuel Baker's old fort. Alas, my health was bad, and severe fever and dysentery soon brought me very low. During this time of sickness I stayed at a large village belonging to a chief called Okelo, built on the high land overlooking the Valley of the Nile. The chief was most kind and sympathetic, each day visiting me, and inquiring what he might do to help me. I asked him to send me a few men to build a temporary hut over my tent to keep out the intense heat. This he kindly consented to do, and very soon one hundred men were busily engaged erecting a large hut that would give room for my tent and all my belongings inside.

I next sent off the Uganda men that I had with me to Patiko, to collect material for the building of a permanent house at that place, and to erect another temporary shed in which I could live while the large mission house was being built.

These men had now gone, and I was left alone with a few faithful boys in this strange land, surrounded by a people whose language was to me unknown, and whose customs were strange. Time seemed to hang a bit heavily on my hands, and sickness increased, until I was at last obliged to keep my bed. At such times

as these, how one longs for the simple comforts of home!

The cook does his best to produce dainty dishes, but how revolting they are to the sensibilities of a sick man. Coarse minced meat brought in on an enamelled plate, none too clean, with a watery fluid poured over it in lieu of gravy, and a great native potato roasted in the ashes, sweet and nauseous to the taste. One naturally turns from these things in disgust, and each refusal of food makes weakness the greater, until at last one realises that it must inevitably be—eat or die. And so—it is gulped down. Outside is a crowd of shouting natives. “We want to see the white man! Why doesn’t he come out and talk to us?” is their cry, and after hearing the noise for a little while, I wrap a blanket round me and go to the front of the hut. “We want you to come and see us dance!” is the request, and with head swimming and back aching, I feebly tell them I will come another day, and totter back to my camp bed, exhausted with the effort. At last it is evening, and once more the boy comes into the hut. “I have brought some food,” says he, and again one casts one’s eyes upon a coarse lump of boiled goat, and one has just strength sufficient left to tell him to “get out,” and then roll over on the bed and try to sleep.

As the night goes on the hungry hyenas prowl round the hut, and you restlessly listen

to their horrid bark, until your attention is drawn to the presence of a great rat on the bed, and you make a feeble effort to dislodge it, thereby upsetting the mosquito net and allowing a whole colony of these "terrors" free access to your body.

A desperate struggle ensues, and then once more all is quiet, and you try to settle down again for sleep. But over the plain there rolls the awful roar of a lion, seeming to be but a few hundred yards away, but actually a mile or more. You sit up in bed and think of the very slight security there is in this tiny hut against so powerful a beast as the lion, and the perspiration pours from your brow as you get out of bed, and feebly grope about for a gun. You seem to know how little use this is, and after bumping your bare toes against sundry boxes, and banging your aching head against the rafters of the low roof of the hut, you again seek the shelter of the mosquito net, and try to believe there is no danger. Presently there is a yell outside, which pierces the stillness, and once more the fever-stricken one is out of bed trying to pull on a pair of boots, and in the darkness getting the right one where the left should be. Then out into the blackness of the night with gun at full cock, ready for anything. The shrieking has now stopped, and in response to a call the boys are out of their tiny hut and inform one that some beast had tried

to get at them and succeeded in pulling some of the thatch off the roof. They are laughing and talking now and making great fun of one of the boys who had been asleep at the side of the hut where the beast had made its efforts to get in. He declared that he had *seen* an animal *as big as an elephant* through the rent in the roof, and that it was just about to seize him when he yelled and thus drove it away. A few soothing words from me and they banked up their fire, and with merry laughter produced a few sweet potatoes and put them in the glowing ashes, and decided that if it were not safe to sleep in the hut they would sit by the fire and pass the time by filling their stomachs! Jolly black boys! it takes a lot to make them miserable, and with good health and plenty to eat there are no happier people under the sun. I struggle back to my bed, and as the early dawn breaks in the east, and the birds begin their song, I get my first sound sleep for that night. And so on for many days until at last health is restored once more, and I again emerge from the inside of that dark dirty hut to take a walk into the large village close at hand. This place is built right down in a hollow, and is invisible until one is close upon it.

Upon inquiry I was told that this was done purposely, in order to be out of sight of the wily Bakidi and others who made frequent raids throughout the district. The houses were

packed very close together, being of the usual type and exceptionally well-built.

There were considerably over 100 huts, and as each hut accommodated on an average five or six people, it was a village of considerable importance. The chief, I found, was a man of very boyish spirit, short and thick-set, with fine features, and exceedingly pleasant. He invariably wore a species of uniform, embracing the features of most of the well-known regiments of the line; buttons from the Connaught Rangers, braid from the Life Guards or Royal Artillery, badges and adornments gathered from the Royal Engineers and others.

He now told me he was on very important business, having been sent for by the "Mondo" (white man) at Wadelai, and told to take in hut-tax. This he was going to do. In the meantime, during his absence, he commended me to the tender mercies of his second-in-command, who proved to be an excellent fellow, with none of the embellishments of civilisation. He was presented to me in an absolutely nude condition, and I was told that I should find him all that could be desired. I quickly gave him a fine pair of trousers, thereby sealing a friendship, and in addition to that, giving him a distinct advantage over his fellows. This man was a sportsman, and very soon commenced telling me tall stories of his adventures with elephants, buffalo, lions, etc. He had

hunted single-handed the lions that prowled about the district, and I procured the skull of a very fine specimen that he had slain in single combat.

His story was as follows:—

“Night after night a lion prowled round our village; at first its attention was given to our cattle, and three times it succeeded in slaying; twice in the village itself, and once on the plain, and we all despaired at the loss of our wealth. One night it was heard by a young fellow in the village breaking down the great fence we had made in which to enclose our herds; this young man crept out single-handed to the attack, but while going forward in the darkness with his spear poised, he was seized from behind, and carried off.

“The lion had now become a man-eater, and our cattle were comparatively safe—not so our women and children. Four of the former were taken one after the other, and upon every search we made, we could find no trace of the beast. But one night I watched, and it was bright moonlight, and after a few hours’ weary waiting, I descried him creeping stealthily towards our village. I waited motionless, and saw him prowl from one hut to another, to try and find an entrance, but all in vain, then morning began to break, and I saw the great creature steal off on to the hillside, and I followed it with my spear. For miles it went, and I

still kept it in view, when at last it entered a tiny thicket, and there it remained. I waited for some time to give him a chance to settle down, and then with great caution approached with spear poised above my head ready for instant attack.

“Soon I saw the great beast quietly sleeping, almost covered by the thick undergrowth. In a moment I had cast my spear, which pierced its shoulder as it lay. With a roar it leapt into the air, only to fall again quite dead.”

This same gentleman took me out hunting on several occasions, and I always found him to be a most reliable tracker and a thorough sportsman.

By his help I procured several good specimens of water-buck and kongoni, reed-buck and Uganda cob.

I was now fast gaining strength once more, able to enjoy the free and open life of wild Africa. News reached me that Bishop Tucker had arrived safely back again in Uganda, and had sent off Rev. A. L. Kitching to be my companion in the work amongst the Acholi.

I met him with great pleasure at a large village belonging to a chief called Ali, and then after seven days' tramp together we arrived at Patigo, where the new station was to be built.

To my great pleasure I found that the men I had sent on in advance had not wasted their time, but had built quite a nice roomy hut in

which we could live, and had, in addition, brought in a considerable quantity of material ready for the large mission house. In addition to this, our good friend Bona (at one time the right-hand man of Sir Samuel Baker) declared his willingness to help us in any way possible to erect a permanent building. He sent for his man Sululu, a fine strapping fellow of six feet, into whose hands he gave the responsibility of attending to all our needs, and providing us with whatever labour we needed.

This man Sululu greatly amused us with an old battered bugle he possessed, which he told us at one time belonged to Baker Pasha, and with which he called the people to work. He would mount an ant-hill and blow a few piercing blasts, and then, looking most serious, would sit down and wait. Sure enough the summons was heard and answered from the surrounding villages, and the headmen collected their followers and brought them to Sululu to receive instructions. Each chief was given so much to do, so many poles to bring, and a measured-out portion of the walls to erect. The women also and girls were brought up to the scratch and given the work of water-carrying. This they did with great grace, poising the huge earthenware pots full of water on their heads and walking in the most stately fashion.

Often, however, their mischievousness would bubble up, and instead of emptying the contents

of the pot on to the dry clay, which had been shovelled into a pit for mixing, they would splash it all over the body of some fine young warrior who might be busily engaged in ornamenting himself with coloured earth or wood ashes; then there was a chase until the culprit was caught, amid much laughter and goodwill, only to be allowed to go again with nothing worse than a laughing admonition. Never have I seen such happy workers; everybody set to with a will, and it seemed a real pleasure to them. When the poles were well and truly set, and the wattles tied on, then the soft mud was brought in handfuls by the Acholi, and pressed in, making a wall about one foot thick. In a few months therefore a very fine house was built, with plenty of room and air and space, and the missionary able once more to unpack his belongings and stretch his legs, with no fear of bumping his head against the roof, or losing his valuables in the grass on the floor.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## HERE AND THERE IN ACHOLI.

WE soon settled down to hard work in Acholi. There was much to be done, and we felt real anxiety to do it in such a way as to create a good impression, and be a lasting benefit to the people. There are many ways of doing a thing, and it was to choose the *right* way that seemed so important to us in this still savage country, so that from the beginning there should be a proper understanding as to what we had come for.

At first many seemed to think that our intention was to take possession of the country in the name of some Government, and that we had come to set up an opposition power against the existing rule. Some even went so far as to say to me that they would throw in their lot with me, and drive out every other opposing force; that they would fight for me and follow me even to Bukidi if I wished them to go there. All these ideas had to be strongly discountenanced, and we told the chiefs that being Englishmen ourselves, we were under the rule of the British Government. What we desired above all else, and what had brought us to their country was simply this—to teach them

how to live pure and honourable lives, with the knowledge of a great and loving God as Father, and Jesus Christ as Saviour and Friend.

We wished to enter into all their difficulties with them, giving them whatever help we could, and bearing as far as possible their burdens.

We explained to them that it was not for us to fight against their enemies, for our mission to them was one of peace, and we desired them to live amicably together. It was quite astonishing how soon they began to understand us, and we were often consulted in matters of the deepest interest to them, showing us that at least we were gaining their confidence. There is no shyness about an Acholi man: he will stand up before one as an equal, and discuss topics of mutual interest without the least embarrassment. This in itself is a characteristic of great value, and one to be developed; one would always much rather have to deal with a black man who had some self-respect than the poor degraded savage cowering beneath one, with no will of his own. This spirit manifested itself in many ways.

Once I remember a very amusing incident that took place in the yard adjoining our house. My cook, an officious young gentleman of four feet six inches, who always held absolute sway over the kitchen department, making everything and everybody subservient to himself, was one day busy bread-making, when into his sacred

presence, uninvited, there came a tall, stately Acholi warrior, smothered with war-paint and decked out with ostrich feathers, carrying his long lance and shield. He stood at his ease, surveying my diminutive cook, as he pursued his daily calling; but the cook when he became aware of the presence of a heathen Acholi man in his special domain, turned upon him with a sharp tongue, and with bitter words ordered him from his presence. How dare *he* come unbidden into the Muzungu's kitchen, without even asking permission? The Acholi man looked him up and down with stolid indifference. "The very idea of this tiny little Uganda cook ordering *me*, a full-blooded Acholi warrior, to get out!" Not an inch did he budge and not a muscle did he move. Stirred beyond control at this audacious intrusion, the little cook could bear it no longer, and hurled himself upon the warrior, with the idea of throwing him out or perishing in the attempt. The latter he certainly would have done if I had not appeared upon the scene just in the nick of time. The Acholi man, with spear well poised and blood well up, was ready to deal destruction upon one who had insulted him in this fashion.

With some difficulty I quieted the matter down, and pointed out to the Acholi man that the cook was only doing what he thought to be right, and that it was not our custom to allow visitors into the kitchen. I think this was a

lesson to all our boys, and I am sure it was to the cook, for if ever a black man *turned pale* he did, when he saw that fearful spear uplifted. We soon found this characteristic develop in most things the Acholi did.

My companion and I both being fond of football, conceived the idea of introducing the game to the notice of the Acholi, and suggesting to them that they should join in a friendly game. We neither of us knew much of the language, and it was impossible to state what the rules of the game were, but hoped that by seeing the game played they would soon pick it up and enjoy it.

They very soon *did* pick it up, but there was not very much enjoyment about it at first—at any rate for *us*. We selected sides and ranged ourselves on opposite ends of the field. The Acholi looked at each other in an inquiring sort of way, as much as to say: “Is it fight or fun that we are after?” Then the ball was kicked off, and such a struggle commenced that I shall not soon forget, nor will others who joined in.

The first idea was to get the ball, and if anybody else had it, to seize the man and carry him off, or shake him until he had dropped it. The goal posts were forgotten, and sides all mixed up—the *ball*—that was the object, and whatever was in the way had to go down. Bumps and bruises were rained upon us, and I think for the first half-hour we spent much more time on our backs than on our legs.

After a while things quieted down a little, and it gradually dawned upon them that the idea was not to run off with the ball in their arms, but to kick it through the goals; and also that it was quite a *friendly* contest, and not a pitched battle "cup-tie" sort of game. Some of the men were beautiful runners and with their long legs and long wind they could accomplish much more than we civilised folk, with all our clothing and heavy boots, could hope to do.

Football then became an established event every afternoon at 4.30, when the great heat of the day was over, and I shall long look back with pleasure upon the really splendid games we had, after the Acholi boys had learned that no bloodshed was necessary.

Sometimes the drums in the village adjoining our football field would beat for a drinking dance, and football was then "off," for the young bucks would come out to play full of drink, and in no fit state to take their exercise quietly. I went one day into the village while one of the "drinks" was in progress. Twenty or more men were dancing, evidently with the idea of working up a thirst—while the women went in and out amongst them with large gourds filled with beer, holding them to the lips of the dancers. Men, women and children all joined in, and it was sad indeed to see the debauched state of some of the little boys, to say nothing of the older men and women. The

Acholi man is not at all ashamed of these drinking parties, and, unlike the Waganda, does not wait until darkness has come before he indulges. He drinks in the daytime while it is hot, and when a good thirst can be maintained by dancing in the heat of the sun. Spears and bows and arrows are also the usual accompaniments to a dance, and the Acholi seldom dance without these weapons in their hands. Beginning at seven or eight in the morning when the sun begins to get hot, they dance right through the day until evening, and then worn out and disgustingly drunk, they fling themselves down to sleep off the evil effects. It is a sad sight, for one knows what harm it must do, at least to their bodies; many of them get pneumonia and consumption, and thus shorten their lives.

As I have said, they are not at all ashamed of these debauches, and I well remember one chief who said to me when I asked him to come and attend a service on the following day: "I cannot come, I shall be drunk to-morrow." He was quite surprised when I showed my displeasure; it had not occurred to him that there was any harm in such a practice.

While busily engaged one day in building a second house, I received a visit from a little chief who lived about eight miles away among the hills called Guruguru. He came with about ten followers, each man carrying three bamboos, and one leading a goat.

He told us he had come to pay his respects and to present us with a few bamboos with which to build, and also the goat. I thanked him most heartily for his kindness, but said I had heard many things against his people, who seemed to be living in seclusion among the hills. I said I had been told that they had ill-treated many of the people of the surrounding villages, and that they were in open rebellion against the Government, etc., etc. All this, he said, was untrue; the real facts being that the people around were all most hostile to him and to his people; that they were willing and anxious to be friendly, but the other Acholi would not let them. To prove this, he urged me to visit his village and see his people for myself. We decided we would do so upon the first opportunity, and told him so.

He went away quite pleased, and in a little while came back with more bamboos and more professions of friendship.

I consulted some of our best friends amongst the Acholi who lived nearer to us, and they all said that although there was no danger for us in going there, at the same time the Guruguru people were bad to the core. There was evidently a good deal of suppressed excitement when we said we would pay them a visit, and the little chief at once set off to make it known to the people that he had at last persuaded the Europeans to come. As I have said, it was only a matter of eight miles to the hills, and

would be much nearer had the path been direct so we could easily reckon to reach there in one day's march. It was a burning hot day as we set out with a small caravan over the scrubby country that lay between our station and the Guruguru hills. We passed through a few tiny villages, the inhabitants of which came out to greet us heartily, and amongst whom we recognised many friends. At one village all the young fellows were collected together on a great rock, sunning themselves, also a few of the smaller boys, highly coloured with yellow ochre and covered from head to foot with grease. After two hours, we came to the first village of the Guruguru: it was an interesting place, and it was built on a small island surrounded by swamp. Our path led right through this swamp and it was no easy matter to discover the shallows and avoid the deep pits. There is little doubt that this place was built on the island with the object of isolation from the surrounding people, for, as we had often been told, the Guruguru folk had little in common with the rest of the world, and no desire for intercourse with it. In case of attack, the swamp would form a very strong natural protection.

The path was not very easy to detect, and the water was deep enough in places to make it quite impossible to cross. We were carried across into the village by one who knew the way, and then had a few moments to look

round. Most of the people were away, and the whole place seemed desolate, with its swampy surroundings, and although it was well on towards 11 o'clock in the morning, mosquitoes were plentiful. We did not stay long, but again crossing the swamp on the far side made for the more healthy hill village, which could now be seen above us. The path was most precipitous, and the porters had no light task to carry up our tents and camp furniture, but when at last we stood on the top and looked down on to the chief village, which was built in a hollow at the very top of the hill, we felt we were well repaid for the trouble. It was like a fairies' dell: great trees enclosed the place, and filled it with beauty, while huge rocks were piled about in such a way as to give the impression of being hurled about by some stupendous power. Among these rocks were dotted about the huts of the people. We pitched our tent at the bottom of the glen, and very soon had a number of the natives round us, who, contrary to our expectation, were by no means shy, but if anything a little *too* free. However we were glad enough to have their company, and to chat with them.

We had been told that many of the Guruguru people lived in caves among the hills, and we were therefore desirous of finding out if this were so. When asked about it, they all laughed and said it was mere fiction; they

had a few caves, into which they ventured, they were quite ready to admit, but as to living in them, they had no such custom. After a time they took us to one of these so-called caves; it was most disappointing, and merely consisted of a great boulder covering in what might be a deep crack in the rocks; it was of no great extent and it was not possible to stand upright in it. That some of the people occasionally slept in these was apparent by the fact that a few sleeping skins and household implements were to be seen there. Apart from the beauty of the place itself, there was nothing to interest, and we only stayed a couple of days and then made our way back again to the plains. One thing accomplished at any rate, a friendship was made.

About this time we were annoyed by certain nocturnal visitors that were making short work of the small herd of sheep and goats that we had brought with us from Bunyoro, and which were so essential to us for food; for the Acholi people, although possessed of large numbers of sheep and cattle, had no desire whatever to part with either, and the fresh-meat question was a distinctly difficult one for us—hence this small herd in a fenced enclosure a hundred yards from our house.

Day after day the herdsmen had to report deaths among the flock. True, a number died from natural causes, but a great many were killed by wild beasts. One night we were

roused by the shouting of our workmen who were living in huts not far from the goat kraal. It appeared that some beast or other had made its way into the fence and had succeeded in securing one of the goats by the neck, and was making off with it, when the alarm was given, and twenty or more Uganda workmen hearing the noise, gave chase. Through the pitch-dark night they raced, many of them armed with nothing more than a stick or even a lump of firewood snatched from their camp fires as they ran. The Uganda man has plenty of pluck and dash about him, he is seldom afraid, and I have often known him to follow most dangerous beasts armed only with a stick; indeed, during their famous leopard hunts, I think the majority take nothing but a stout stick with them, and it is usually a very deadly weapon in their hands. Over the hills these fellows went in mad career; how they were able to follow the tracks made by the beast as it dragged away the goat I never knew—one thing is certain, they caught it up, whatever it was—for opinions seemed to differ in the darkness—some declaring it was a hyena, others a lion—and succeeded in making it drop its prey. They then carried the dying goat back to the house in great triumph and deposited it before us. We gave them the poor creature as a reward for their pluck, and determined that the next night we would make

some other arrangement in order to stop the depredation of our flocks. In the evening of the next day I fixed up a gun trap with a nice juicy piece of meat from the dead goat as an attraction to the raider, placing thorns around on either side of the muzzle to make sure of a straight pull being given to the bait.

The first few nights there was no response, and we began to wonder whether after all the goat-stealer were not a "human," when about five o'clock in the morning a few days afterwards, the gun went off and there was a stampede made to the trap to see what the catch was. To our utter surprise there was nothing shot, and when we carefully examined the gun we found that the ropes binding the gun to the tree had been severed by a knife! and other marks went to prove conclusively that some one had tried to steal the gun, and in their hurry to get it free from the binding ropes, it had gone off and frightened the thief away. It was quite clear to us now that it was far too expensive a job, if it meant losing a good gun over the business, and the trap was altered to one of poison instead of gunpowder.

Strangely enough this was soon successful, and a day or two afterwards we found a dead jackal, and then a little farther away, a large spotted hyena, that had eaten too well, not too wisely, of the poisoned meat. He was a fine full-grown specimen, but when found was already

partly decomposed, and the photograph was secured with great suffering to the olfactory nerves. Indeed the carcass was only discovered by its disturbing influences upon those who lived in the near vicinity.

Shortly afterwards we were told that a cave had been discovered, in which several of these spotted monsters were found dead, having made too free with the poisoned body of their companion. Thus the nightly raids upon our flock were for a time put a stop to.

Fresh trouble awaited us, however, for the cows, lately brought over from Uganda and from which we secured our supply of fresh milk, began to sicken and die. A strange disease broke out amongst them that we could not understand. They seemed simply to refuse all kinds of food, and one after another died from sheer lack of nourishment. The Baima, that wonderful cattle-loving people (several of whom we had brought with us from Uganda to attend to the cows), gave as their opinion that it was not a disease, but simply that the cows were broken-hearted and refused to take kindly to the change of pasturage. This latter seemed to us to be far superior to that found in Uganda, to which they had been accustomed, and the cattle of the Acholi, although often mixing with ours, were quite unaffected.

We separated the sickly ones from the rest, and fed them with luxuries, but all to no purpose,

and the older cows just lay down and died. It was very sad to see these fine beasts sicken and die in this way, and it was not until the rains came on again and the young tender shoots of grass appeared that an improvement became visible, and we, being unable to discover any other cause, were obliged to accept the theory of the cow-loving people, that it was "broken-heartedness" that was the trouble.

About this time a curious case of witchery was brought to our notice. One of our best friends, a chief named Owin, who lived about two days' journey from us, sent us an urgent appeal to visit him. He said that he was very ill and about to die, and that he had been bewitched by an enemy. My companion immediately set off to see him, and found the man to all appearances suffering from an acute accumulation of bile, which he attributed to too free an indulgence in a great feast. He stayed with him a few days, administering certain drugs that he deemed suitable, and then finding him decidedly better, returned to the station. He had been back but one day when further urgent messages were sent to me, begging me to go, the messengers stating that Owin was worse and about dying. A great storm prevented my setting out at once, but early the following day I saddled my mule and started. I reached a small village about half-way and then camped, and there I received the distressing news that

Owin was dead. The next morning I got to his village, and found all the people in a great state of sorrow; their chief was dead, and they were all quite sure that foul play had been the cause. I shall not soon forget the sight of genuine grief I beheld in that dark heathen village.

There was no question about the sorrow displayed amongst the people, especially the bereaved wives of the late chief. Their weeping was heart-breaking as they performed the customary funeral dance before the house in which their late master lay.

There was not the callous indifference so often seen amongst Africans when bemoaning the loss of a chief, here was real sorrow, and as one looked upon those sad faces and heard their piteous cry, it was quite as much as a tender-hearted white man could bear. The body was in the hut, shrouded with blankets that had belonged to the chief in life, and scattered about the place were his other possessions. Outside a great crowd had collected, the men adorned with all their ornaments of ostrich feathers and coloured beads, and carrying in their hands great spears and shields. The majority were dancing, chanting meanwhile various heathen hymns, while a few were seated under the eaves of the houses weeping silently. The chief's old mother was present, with nothing on but a piece of rope tied round her waist, which trailed along behind like a tail, tears were streaming down her

face, and a few younger women kept running up to her, offering condolence.

Upon inquiry I heard certain interesting facts from some of the young men concerning the last few hours of the chief. When it was seen that the sickness was severe and that hope of recovery was at an end, the old witch-doctor of the place took control over the proceedings. He ordered a new hut to be built away in the fields, far removed from the villages, and there the dying man was taken and laid upon a cow-skin stretched upon the ground. He was then decked out in all sorts of charms and fetishes, and smeared over with native medicines, supposed to be efficacious in keeping off the evil spirits and destroying their power. For hours he lay thus surrounded by the many witches and wizards, who chanted strange songs and made passes over him, all to no effect. At last a young Munyoro, who had been sent up as a teacher to the people in this district, heard that the chief had been taken off to this hut and was in the hands of these witch-doctors, and he immediately set out to try and find him. Directed towards the hut by a young Acholi boy, he at last got into the presence of the dying man; without a word this stripling, not more than seventeen years of age, took upon himself to order out witches and wizards, and removed the charms at the chief's request from his body, and then talked to him as only black man can to a black man.

We need not trouble ourselves with what was said, excepting this, that the chief turning with great affection to this young minister, almost with his dying breath said: "I forgive freely the man who has caused my death. I do not trust in these charms to save me—I know they cannot do so—my trust is in Him of whom you have often spoken to me, Jesus, the Son of God. Into His keeping I commit myself." Much more followed that we shall never know, but of this I am certain, this partly savage chief was taken up into the all-tender arms of God. He had learned the priceless lesson of forgiveness, and almost with his dying breath forgave the man who he firmly believed had caused his death. The teacher afterwards told me the following story:—

A big chief named Okelo was bitterly opposed to Owin on the ground that he was his superior, and that Owin was unwilling to pay tribute to him. Several times he threatened to murder him, and said that it was only the presence of Europeans in the country that made him withhold from fighting against him. This man Okelo one day paid a mysterious visit to a village a few miles from Owin's place, and while there sent a woman to him with a present of a fowl. Owin received the fowl, not knowing from whom it had come, and had it cooked, partaking of it himself, and very soon afterwards was seized with violent

sickness and overpowering weakness. The teacher also, who was present at the meal, received some of the fowl himself to eat, and as he said afterwards "I also felt ill, but I recovered." In a little time the chief became worse and sent for my friend Kitching, and after his treatment seemed to be better, only to have a relapse soon after, which ended fatally. This was the story, and it was so thoroughly believed that the case was taken to the Sub-Commissioner of the district, who after hearing the evidence felt he could not bring in a case of murder, but said that the evidence was so certainly against the chief Okelo that he must be fined a number of cattle. And so the matter ended.

About this time we were much cheered by a visit from Mr. George Wilson, the Deputy-Commissioner of Uganda, together with his wife. His object was to travel through the land of Acholi, see its prospects, and if possible arrange for a definite and more comprehensive administration amongst the people and hearing the hundred and one cases brought to his notice by the various chiefs.

Such a visit could not fail to have lasting results, and from that time is to be dated the onward movement, which I trust will bring to these most interesting peoples the blessings of peace and prosperity.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## JOURNEY NORTHWARDS TO GONDOKORO.

THE journey I am about to describe was commenced in January 1905. Starting from our station at Patigo in Acholi, passing north through the capitals of Awich and Ogowok, the great chiefs of Acholiland, and on through the Bari district to Gondokoro, this last name being the frontier post of the Soudan, and from it there is a clear run down the Nile to Khartoum without rapids, and a monthly service of steamboats ply these waters. I would first explain that the use of the word Uganda is often misleading, and has a distinctly double meaning. The kingdom of Uganda is but a small portion of the whole Protectorate, and the Uganda chiefs have no jurisdiction in Toro, Ankoli or Bunyoro, these being separate kingdoms governed by native kings and chiefs of their own. Of course Uganda proper is the prominent kingdom, and it is an open question as to whether it would not be better for the smaller countries if they also were included under the direct Government of Uganda; but at present they are not, and as a matter of fact Uganda is only about one-sixth of the Protectorate.

In arranging this journey, there were two courses open to us: First was the more direct route to the Government post on the Nile called Nimule, about fifty miles from Patigo, and then to follow the Nile as it runs in a northerly direction to Gondokoro; or secondly to pass northward, leaving Nimule on the west, and strike right through the centre of the Acholi country, finally turning due west to Gondokoro. The latter being by far the more interesting journey was decided upon, and I shall now proceed to describe the country, etc., through which we passed.

We were very fortunate to have already working for us a number of Uganda men who had come all the way from their own country to seek work in order to procure their hut-tax. These fellows did not take much persuasion to enlist as porters for this journey to Gondokoro. I have never had better men than the Waganda to act in this capacity. When I first reached Africa and took my first journey through its wilds, Wanyamwezi, and Wasukuma were our porters, and I thought them the best possible burden-bearers; I have since altered my opinion, for after trying Uganda, Swahili, Bunyoro, Toro and Bahuku porters, most unhesitatingly I give the palm to the Uganda man. With a fifty-six pound load and his own mat and food, he will carry cheerfully for sixteen to twenty miles a day, and if only his language be understood by

the European of the caravan, and his little ailments looked after, he will do this willingly for a month, provided of course that he gets plenty to eat.

Our caravan was not a large one, and I think I am right in saying that the majority of the men were Waganda, the rest Banyoro. My companion, the Rev. A. L. Kitching, was to accompany me as far as Gondokoro, and there we were to part company, he to return to Acholi and I to make my way to Egypt and thence home. The day previous to our start, we reviewed our men and appointed to each his load; there was the usual scramble for what appeared to be the lightest loads; many, however, choosing the more compact packages, even although they were a little heavier. Everybody fought shy of the load consisting of two chairs and a camp table, the whole only weighing about forty-five pounds, but it was of course bulky and awkward in the long grass and scrub, or in passing through thick forests. We did not get a start the following morning until long after the sun was up and the heat was terrific; the dry season was now well upon us, and the sky was lurid, while a dull haze hung over the whole country, making it impossible to view the landscape. Four hours was considered quite long enough both for porters and white men in this awful heat, and we were very glad after a most uninteresting march to pitch our camp in a small village prettily

situated in a fine open space of green grass on the edge of a dense jungle.

We soon sought repose in our tents to avoid as much as possible the intense heat, but had only just settled ourselves down when we heard a great row outside, and we were told that Awich the king was arriving. Of course we tumbled out to meet him. What a cut he was! It was indeed hard work to keep a straight countenance as this Central African monarch came prancing into camp, mounted upon a ragged-looking mule, whose accoutrements were patched up with string, cotton cloth and rough hide. He had not even the proverbial bearing of a king, and sat "all of a heap" on his poor beast, dressed in selections from ill-fitting soldiers' uniforms, in combination with a dilapidated pair of cord riding-breeches, worn out at the knee, that had at some earlier period of earth history belonged to a white man of some distinction. On his head he wore a white felt helmet with the strap drawn down tightly under his chin, and in his mouth an ugly European pipe, which he seemed to use more as a child's comforter than as a medium for my lady nicotine!

Behind him rode a retainer on a tiny Masai donkey, his bare feet reaching to within a few inches of the ground and his nose carried well in the air; his garments hung in rags upon him, but for all this he cared little, and rode behind



The Spotted Hyena.



Awich, the Henpecked Husband.

his liege lord with full consciousness of his own great importance. I have never seen a more brilliant representation of Don Quixote and his man than King Awich and his henchman. Greetings being concluded, we once more escaped to our beds, in order to complete the midday siesta, but this was not to be, for no sooner had we cast ourselves down than a fresh disturbance occurred—this time it was the chief of the village, who brought at the end of a rope a small goat, and a quantity of food, borne upon the heads of sundry naked women and children. The goat of course according to its kind made frantic dashes for freedom, completely upsetting one young gentleman whose legs became entangled in the rope. After the food was distributed to the porters, and a suitable present made to the chief, it was well on towards six o'clock, and only time left for a short stroll through the village and a chat with the people. We were interested to find that the village belonged to the old chief previously mentioned as a friend of the late Sir Samuel Baker. The second day's tramp was again marred by the great heat; all the country round was burnt up by forest fires; it was terribly hard to get along. The porters, however, did not seem to feel the inconvenience of these things so much as we did, and one man said to me: "Omuka mulungi gugoba nswera" ("the smoke is good, it drives away the flies"). This perhaps *was* an advantage, but we did long

for the purer oxygen. I have already stated in a former chapter that the Acholi are a hunting race by instinct, but their hunt is more for food than for the enjoyment of mere sport, so that they are not above using most unsportsman-like methods of entrapping the game. At this camp I saw for the first time the cruel practice of burning out the antelope and other animals, thus slaughtering male and female, old and young alike. When the jungle is dried up with the great heat of the dry season, a patch of country is chosen by the people as a likely one to contain species of fauna, and the whole village population surrounds the spot—men, women and children taking part. Then at many places the grass is ignited, until a fierce fire barrier is made, effectually enclosing any animals that may be in it, and rendered escape impossible, for even should the poor frightened beast break through the flames, a solid phalanx of armed Acholi is beyond, ready to deal destruction with unerring aim with their spears. Here a small herd of kongoni were entrapped and several were killed, one or two escaping, owing to a break in the ranks of the hunters, but these got away frightfully burned, some to die a lingering death elsewhere. The Sub-Commissioner of this district once told me of a young female elephant that he found in a terribly burned condition, having passed through one

of these awful infernos ; great strips of charred hide hung from its flanks and its whole body was a mass of sores caused by the burning ; he most wisely and mercifully put an end to the poor creature's sufferings ; but it will be long before this custom is stamped out in the interior district of Acholi. The natives of Africa cannot be persuaded that a thing is wrong because it is cruel ; his chief concern is with getting meat for food, and he will tell you that his life is of far more value than a few wild animals ! You say to him : " You have your sheep and goats and cattle ; why not kill and eat them, use them for food, and do not cause these poor wild animals to suffer." He will laugh and say : " Why, you *are* dense. I use my sheep and goats and cows to buy wives with, and besides, they are bought with money, while the wild animals are anybody's property." So you smile and pass on ; argument is useless.

It was no surprise to us to find that the whole village was permeated with the smell of meat, for this burning had been going on for several days, and very many skulls and bones of all sorts littered about the village, told the tale of slaughter.

After a few days we reached the great Aswa River, and found that here we got into a distinctly different and finer country. The river seems to rise in the Pajuli hills to the east,

and rushing through a rocky gorge among the high lands, finally enters the Nile a little north of Nimule. All along, the banks are clothed in rich tropical verdure, and hundreds of huge hippopotami sport about in its waters. In the height of the rainy season the river is uncrossable; at this point, more than one hundred yards wide, it becomes of great depth, although we were able to be carried across on men's shoulders, the deepest water being but a few feet. A school of eight or ten hippo were confined within a few hundred feet, rocky barriers preventing their exit either up or down the stream. King Awich begged us to shoot some of the hippo for his people, and we spent the afternoon on the banks of this beautiful river, concealed amongst the thick foliage, and managed to hand over to him four great creatures after an afternoon's sport. The excitement this caused through the whole district was quite extraordinary. From near and far the natives came—men, women and children—carrying great baskets in which to take away the meat. All through the night the whole village was thrilled with suppressed exuberance of spirit, and it was almost impossible to sleep; how thankful we were for the dawn. Passing on from the Aswa, we struck a well-cultivated road that led us all the way to Awich's village. The country was thickly wooded, and most depressing heat made us long for a camp in

an open space. We were not much impressed by the king's private village; it was about the dirtiest and worst-kept place we had yet been in. His own houses and cattle kraal were surrounded by a high reed fence, and his immediate followers had their quarters close at hand in a very dirty village, close to which we were obliged to pitch our camp for want of more open space. It was decidedly amusing to find that this great king was completely under the thumb of his many wives, more especially one, called his *chief* mistress. She seemed to rule him with a rod of iron, and even the smaller matters of daily life had to be referred to her. For instance, in the matter of food—he, poor chap, was quite dependent upon this Amazon for his daily bread, and if she were in a bad temper, he had to go to bed supperless—even for us, his guests, he was obliged to request this lady most politely to supply us with a certain quantity of food, and then did not seem at all sure that she would consent. Henpecked husbands are a decided rarity in Africa, and the troubles of this poor man gave us much enjoyment and merriment. In the evening as it was getting dark we gave our entertainment on the phonograph, introducing several Gang songs that we quite expected would, as it were, bring the house down; but a more strangely apathetic audience we never had. Whether it was that the people

were afraid to give any sign of their merriment and pleasure before this very overbearing female, I cannot say; true it is, however, that she had a very prominent place close to the trumpet, with several others of the harem decked out in iron wire and beads; hardly a laugh was raised, and we decided that for once the phonograph had utterly failed. In and around the village there stalked a tame ostrich, attended by a little boy with a very long stick; it appeared to be perfectly gentle, and allowed our very inquisitive porters and boys, most of whom had never before seen such a creature, to approach quite close to it; they on their part however took good care to keep a clear road behind them in case trouble should come and make it necessary to fly. The bird was much more afraid when confronted with our cameras, and it was difficult to get near enough to make a picture. The little boy who herded it we found was a little slave lad, who had been captured away in Bunyoro while quite a tiny child, and so like the ostrich was in captivity; he, however, seemed happy and contented, never having known the blessing of freedom, and was evidently kindly treated by his master. We were quite glad to get away from this place.

What with the great heat—the place being cut off from all the breezes by the thick belt of trees—and the disgustingly dirty state of the village, it was a relief once more to be on the move.

The country now became more and more open, and game was plentiful: elephants and giraffe, rhino and buffalo and a great number of antelope of various species.

We were very unfortunate, however, in not catching sight of either giraffe or rhino, these two being the animals we most wanted to see, as they are unknown in the southern portion of the Uganda Protectorate from which we came. We had no time to spare, however, as our objective was Gondokoro, and we were still very hazy in our minds as to the actual number of marches necessary to reach this place. On the third day beyond Awich's place we passed a hill which has a most curious legend attaching to it. The story goes that many years ago a large village stood on the site now occupied by the hill. One day there appeared in the village a strange dog, and this poor beast seemed to be parched with thirst, and went from house to house seeking a drink of water. All the people drove it away and denied it the boon so easy to give, until at last a woman living in a small hut in the centre of the village offered the dog a drink, which, immediately after partaking of the water, disappeared. Soon after its disappearance there came a woman, an utter stranger to all in the village, none knowing from whence she came, and she too went from house to house asking for a drink. Again all refused the simple gift,

some being afraid, and others, it is said, were too drunk to understand her request. At last she came to the hut occupied by the woman who had taken compassion upon the dog, who, being urged by her husband, fetched a gourd and filled it with the precious fluid, and gave it to the stranger who drank and then said: "This village is evil, and will be destroyed because of its sin. You and your husband must flee if you wish to be saved; move your hut to the far end of the village away from the other huts, and all will be well with you." The woman told her husband what the stranger had said, and urged that he should at once prepare to move their dwelling to the place indicated. The man agreed to do this, and the hut was moved, and the whole family went to occupy it.

Then came a dreadful sign in the heavens. There appeared a black speck which gradually became bigger until darkness came over the earth, and then with a tremendous crash a great rock fell from the heavens, blotting out the entire village, and destroying the inhabitants who had denied the simple boon of a drink of cold water to a thirsty soul. The little household, however, that had obeyed the instructions of the visitor, were saved. Furthermore it is stated that from a great crevice in the rock as it stands to-day, there spurts out from time to time blood and hair, said to belong to those

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The Man with Fifty Wives and Sixty Children.

Chap. 15.



Great Bari Village

who were entombed beneath the rocky mass, and to this spring we were told the wizard of the district goes regularly to sacrifice a goat to the Great Spirit that was offended in the days gone by, that he may be appeased and never more wreak vengeance upon the people.

The next day or two we passed through delightful country: high rocky hills beautifully covered with trees and patches of bamboos, with small streams meandering here and there in the valleys, making a pleasant change to the monotonous stretch of jungle-covered country through which we had passed. Once more we tasted sweet water from the little springs in the valleys, after the muddy stagnant stuff that we had turned into tea in the thick-wooded district we had passed through.

On the tops of the hills the people build their villages, possibly with an idea of safeguarding themselves against their truculent neighbours, the Bakidi. Climbing to the top of one of these beautiful hills we obtained a magnificent view stretching for miles on all sides, and it is evident that the people used some of the great rocks at the top as posts of vantage from which to keep a good look-out against their enemies. The villages themselves were small, but each house had ample accommodation for six or eight people: granaries and chicken-houses were numerous. It astonished me to see how agile the little children were on the rocks at

this dizzy height ; they jumped from one to the other with wonderful skill, and seemed greatly amused at the awkward way in which the poor be-booted white man floundered about, fighting shy of the precipitous edges.

The men were all most friendly, and with great excitement took us about their hill, showing us all its resources.

We next visited a very big village in the country called Madi, which was surrounded by a bamboo fence, beautifully situated at the foot of a rocky hill. Here there was not so much cordiality as at other places, and I fancy this may largely be accounted for by the fact that the majority of the people were not Acholi at all, but Bari.

We spent a most interesting time, however, investigating the village, and saw many things that were new to us. Here were two men busily engaged in making iron rings as arm-lets for the young bucks of the place, with the most primitive tools ; they appeared to be wonderfully skilful.

Time being no object, they would tap and hammer one single strip of iron wire for hours together to get it into the desired shape. These iron rings, twenty or thirty being worn on each arm by the bicep muscle, are carefully made in different sizes so as to fit the arm, and each ring is put on separately, apparently polished after it is put in place. I often saw the young

men polishing up their "brasses" with a kind of soft sandstone and fat until the iron shone like silver and gave quite a dressy appearance. These old men were so engrossed in their work that we could not get a word from them, hardly a look even, and when I set up the camera to photograph them, they were quite undisturbed, and slowly went on with their work. A little bit of skin was all the clothing they possessed, and, unlike the majority of the people, they had no adornments excepting a tiny tin tally stuck into the ear. Their hair was allowed to grow long and was a tangled mass on the top of the head. We found that the war-paint and ornaments were only used by the younger men, especially the unmarried amongst them; these latter were always decked out in the most approved Acholi fashion, evidently with the idea of making an impression upon the young damsels of the village.

Another interesting group of women and children sat apart from the men, intent upon observing the movements of the white strangers.

These ladies were quite nude, and only the more important chiefs' wives seemed to wear ornaments of any kind.

Hunting and fishing in the swamps are the chief delights of the men, and we saw many trophies of the chase in the shape of skulls and other bones of the animals killed. In the dry season hunting is performed in the way

I have already described, by means of the fires, but in the wet weather traps of various sorts are set. A favourite one was a spiked anklet made with the long sharp thorns of the acacia trees. These thorns are fastened on to a ring of cane, with the points turned inwards, and the ring is placed in the track of the antelope, with a stout cord fastening it to an adjoining tree, then as the antelope comes along it plants its foot in the centre of the hoop, the thorns bending and allowing the hoof to pass through but straightening out again into the thinner part of the ankle. The beast then by trying to free itself, forces the sharp thorns into the flesh of the ankle, and finding that the pain is increased by struggling, it finally keeps still, awaiting developments, which come in a short time, by the advent of the hunter, who with a well-directed thrust of the spear ends the poor creature's career.

The fish baskets are of the eel-trap kind. A bottle-shaped wicker basket with a very narrow mouth, the bait being placed inside the mud-fish is induced to enter through the narrow opening, but once through there can be no return. The traps are visited once a day, and are of course secured to a tree in order that they be not washed away by the water after a heavy shower of rain.

The little boys and girls were very merry in this village, and we watched them playing

about on the rocks like young wild sheep. They, however, seemed very shy of us white folk, and it was with great difficulty that we could approach them.

The following morning we arrived at the great chief Ogwok's village, and of our stay there and subsequent travels I shall write in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XV.

## LAST STAGES OF A LONG TRAMP.

OUR arrival at Ogwok's during a heavy thunderstorm was not noted for its cordiality. For half an hour we had ploughed our way through terrific rain, the path being several inches under water, and arrived in a drenched and miserable condition, soaked to the skin and shivering with cold.

Ogwok was on the lookout for us, as we had sent word ahead that we were coming. He extended to us a most hearty welcome, ushering us into his hut with all the natural polish of a born gentleman. I was greatly struck with this man—tall and impressive in stature, he combined with it the unusual tact of extreme politeness; nor did one feel that there was any *side*, or that his welcome was merely political; we soon discovered that he was a *man* in the true sense, and one of considerable ability.

The hut into which we were shown was remarkable—more than thirty feet in height in the middle, and it had a diameter of at least twenty-five feet. It was a circular construction and devoid of any poles for the support of the roof, a mud wall about four feet high,

well plastered over with a chalky substance, and the roof cone-shaped and made entirely of bamboos. The floor was well beaten to form an excellent substitute for a plaster pavement; and a strong bamboo door sliding in a groove shut out the light of day—for if there is anything a black man really *dislikes* it is daylight in his hut; of course there were no windows and it was comparatively dark.

The house was partitioned off into two compartments, the sleeping and the living rooms of its occupant; this was done by bark-cloth and skins hung upon cords stretched across the hut. The house stands in the midst of a very big village and is kept separate from the rest of the dwellings by a high bamboo fence. The cows belonging to the chief had a separate courtyard in the centre of the village close to the house.

As the rain continued to fall and it was impossible to find a suitable place for our tent, Ogwok most kindly invited us to take up our abode for the night in his hut. We gladly accepted this hearty invitation and soon had our camp beds cosily arranged in the inner room, while our other furniture found space in the second compartment. For a long while we sat and chatted with our host who seemed most friendly; he assured us that we were responsible for the rain, as for weeks there had been a drought and the whole country needed the

refreshing showers ; this alone would have insured us a kind welcome. Towards evening the chief made this strange request that we should "make the man talk who was shut up in a box." For a moment or two we were puzzled to know what this meant, and then it suddenly dawned upon us that he must be referring to the phonograph, the fame of which had preceded us here. So the "man in the box" was produced, and Ogwok asked our permission to call into the hut a few of his wives, so that they could enjoy the fun too!

Of course we consented, but were not quite prepared for the crowd that flocked in (we were afterwards told that Ogwok had over fifty ladies in his harem and considerably over sixty children). All were solemnly silent as the wonderful box was produced, wound up and started, and then there went up an awed gasp from the fifty throats as the "man in the box" commenced to sing one of their own songs, a record of which had been taken before we left Patigo. At first the strangeness of it all seemed too much for them, and they stood gaping in bewilderment at the wonderful instrument; very gradually they relaxed, then their hilarity was beyond all control. Presently they were asked to sing into the phonograph themselves. They seemed shy and hung fire for a moment or two, and then began, in thorough Acholi style, dancing at the same time. Their

song was reproduced, and this was the climax. They shrieked with laughter and flung themselves upon each other's shoulders, hiding their faces as their voices were heard proceeding from this wonderful machine. It was now late at night and we were tired out, so we asked the chief to bid us good-night and allow us to rest; he did so at once, quietly telling all the women to depart. Long into the night we could hear them discussing the events of the evening, and an occasional burst of laughter told us what a tremendous impression the phonograph had made.

Next morning we told Ogwok that we should like to choose a site somewhere near his village, where we could eventually build a station.

He was greatly pleased, and pointed out to us a beautiful hill about half a mile north of his village, which he said he had selected for us. Another hill to the south, he said, had been selected by the Government for a proposed new station.

He accompanied us as far as the river Ogada, and then bidding us a hearty farewell, and urging us to visit him again before long, he returned. Inquiries of the chief had convinced us that we had no time to visit the Lutuka country, still six days away to the east.

The steamer which was to carry me to Khartoum was to arrive at Gondokoro about the 29th of the month, and we were therefore

pressed for time. We now took a most circuitous route to the village belonging to a young chief called Okot, first going almost due east and then due west. Thick bush characterised the country and there was but little of interest. The high hills on the east looked most inviting, and we were told that there was a fine game country beyond, but few inhabitants; the names of the hills were Agu and Lalak, and further away still a fine peak called Akwero. Bamboos seemed most abundant, and for miles after leaving Ogwok's place we passed through huge forests of them.

At Okot's place there were quite a number of traders, several of them being Uganda Mohammedans. These enterprising individuals had erected small sheds near to the chief's house and by day displayed their goods to the people, which chiefly consisted of semi-European clothing and a few Indian coloured clothes.

Being within three days' tramp of Nimule, a large Government post on the Nile, the people were more civilised and wore some clothing. Especially was this the case with the chief, who came out in quite a swell suit of kharki clothes, an old helmet and a pair of unwieldy boots. He took us into his house to display his various possessions, and assured us that he was "all for the Government." This we generally found was said by the particularly obstreperous individuals, as a blind no doubt. Still I have

nothing against the young man, unless it was his harsh treatment of a poor wretched fellow he had got as a prisoner; this man was brought out to me and I was asked to pass judgment upon him.

Accused of theft and other misconduct, he had been caught and tied up to await the sentence of the white man. I refused to have anything to do with the case, and directed the chief to take his prisoner to the Government at Nimule, who would punish him if necessary. I am afraid I knew perfectly well that this would not be done, for there was in those days not much inclination on the part of these people to put themselves in touch with the officials at that place, but it was all I could do under the circumstances.

More bamboo forests had to be penetrated, and the utter weariness of the next few marches will not soon be forgotten; the hot dry weather was almost beyond endurance, and I often sat down, tired out and dried up with thirst.

But a change awaited us, and after a few monotonous marches we reached the Atepi River, and turning due west once more we passed along this beautiful valley, touching the stream itself at intervals.

This valley was the line of demarcation between the Gang and Bari tribes, neither crossing right over into the other's country except on very rare occasions. Fortunately for

us, we secured the help of a Bari man as guide, one who had crossed the border into the Gang district, being sent on a special errand by his chief.

The Atepi valley was full of interest, for at this season of the year, when the open country was for the most part burned up with forest fires or dried by the fierce sun, it was a pleasure to find along the banks of this pretty stream rich vegetation, green and beautiful. Then again the whole valley is alive with game of all descriptions, and the many tracks of elephant and buffalo and the skeleton of a giraffe not yet clean, testified to the fact that it was a country in which to expect the larger beast of the African fauna. A week in this valley would have afforded us intense pleasure, and the one day we stayed there, there were seen close to camp hartbeest, water-buck, dinker, harnessed antelope, reed-buck and pig, while the roaring of the lions in the early morning as we ate our breakfast, told of the presence of the king of beasts. The trees along the banks of the Atepi were alive with monkeys of many kinds, the colobus being most conspicuous of them all.

We now got into the sort of country beloved by the rhino—thick scrub and sandy soil, rocky in places and innumerable dry water-courses—however, we saw nothing of these beasts, although there were many tracks. The want of water

was again our difficulty; every stream was dry, and for hours we passed along through the thorny jungle with parched lips. Here and there we found a pool of dirty green water, smelling strongly of elephant, and quite impossible to drink.

The Baris are great hunters like their neighbours, the Acholi, and one morning we quite suddenly came upon a large party of them engaged in this pursuit, who seeing the Acholi men who were with us, and recognising in them their old enemies, they fled into the jungle, and it was with considerable difficulty we persuaded them to return. At first they were very shy and we could not get much out of them, but after a little time they seemed to understand that we were to be trusted, and they became more communicative. The most important man amongst them was a son of the chief Mila, for whose village we were making, and it did not require much persuasion to get him to accompany us and show us the way. Late in the afternoon we reached Mila's place, a stockaded village at the foot of a rocky hill, overlooking what seemed to be a fertile valley. The old man came out to greet us, and it was soon very apparent to us that he was a typical specimen of the old savage chief who in times past caused travellers so much difficulty in passing through the country.

He wore a skin to cover his loins, and apart

from that nothing but a few iron rings on arms and ankles. We asked him to supply us with food for our porters for which we would give him the equivalent in cloth. He however suggested that a more suitable present for us to bestow upon him would be one of our cows we had with us, for giving milk.

Needless to say we managed to get out of this bargain, being far more dependent upon the milk of our cows than on the good offices of this savage old chief.

However, he moderated a little in his demands, and was eventually satisfied upon receiving a few articles of ordinary wearing apparel, such as a shirt, vest, and old coat, etc. He then brought plenty of food, which we distributed amongst our porters, and a sheep, which we were glad enough of for ourselves. In addition to this he procured for us a number of porters to relieve in a measure the men who so far had carried so nobly. Some of them were beginning to feel the stress of the march. The heat now became more and more intense, and a hot wave of wind from the north, right into our faces, made us gasp for breath, as it rose from the ground before us, like the blast of a furnace.

We struggled on against it with great discomfort, often longing for a cooling drink and as often denied that boon. Then we began to descend to a lower level, and, strange as it may seem, it got cooler.

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We still had four days' tramp to Gondokoro, and matters did not improve as we proceeded.

The country became wilder and more sparsely populated, and the heat again was very overpowering; what people there were seemed to be mostly of the Bari tribe; a few of the most prominent characteristics of the tribe may be here mentioned. In language they are closely allied to the Acholi and the Latuka, who live to the east beyond the hills, and both are linguistically similar to the Masai of the East African Protectorate.

There is hardly any room to doubt that these tribes were at one time closely allied and possibly came from one common stock, for in physique, language and customs there is a distinct similarity. They are generally tall, thin men, whose features are by no means negro in type, and their language also is distinctly distinguishable from Bantu.

In customs also there is a general agreement, although these people differ very much in modes of life. The Bari are, generally speaking, a lower type, and far from being the fine race the Acholi undoubtedly are: for the most part they are absolutely naked, and none but the chief and perhaps a few of their most immediate followers have any clothing at all, and even the ornaments, so common a feature of the Acholi, are comparatively few. The strange habit of standing, like the water-bird, on one

leg with the other foot resting on its knee, is a common sight amongst Bari and Acholi alike, while among the Masai people of East Africa the same custom is also observed.

I have seen this practice amongst many of the Congo natives, who for hours would stand in this way with the help of a stick, looking out on the waters of the great river. We were told that at one time the Bari had numerous herds of cattle and, like the Masai, almost lived upon the milk, but owing to the constant raids of the Dervishes, which caused the population to retire for about ten miles from the river, they lost all, and now it seems that only the chiefs possess cattle at all, and they only in very small numbers.

These Nilotic races are a great contrast to the people of Uganda and Bunyoro, and are often referred to by them as "the naked people," alluding to their most remarkable characteristic, namely, the absolute nudity of the male sex. Here amongst the Bari the prices paid for food or sheep and cattle are very high indeed ; a good cow would be valued at Rs. 120, while in Uganda the same could be purchased for Rs. 60.

Like the Acholi, the Bari show a good deal of respect to their wives, and I had an interesting proof of this at one of the Bari villages at which we stopped. I had with me a young bull that I was taking to Gondokoro to sell. The chief came to me, asking that I would allow him to



Mongalla.



Camel Market, Omdurman.

purchase some of the cattle I had with me. I told him that the bull was the only one I would sell, but that he should buy that if he desired to do so. He was greatly delighted, and a price was soon fixed, to which he readily agreed, and set off at once to fetch the rupees. In less than ten minutes he was back again, quite crestfallen, and when I asked him what was the matter he said: "My wife refuses to allow me to purchase a bull; she wants a cow with milk, and nothing but that will satisfy her." So the bargain was off, but it was the first time I had ever known a black man to be prevented from making a purchase that he had decided upon by his dusky partner. At the same time I could not help feeling a certain amount of respect for the man who so readily gave way to his wife, for it shows that the Bari woman is not quite the slave one had always deemed her.

As we neared Gondokoro the path began to improve, while the country became more and more monotonous, and the heat intensified; we were not disappointed therefore when at last we found ourselves nearing the goal, and a welcome bugle sound bursting upon our ears told us that the journey was ended.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## SIX DAYS' IMPRISONMENT IN THE SUDD.

GONDOKORO, nearly 3000 miles from the sea, and almost as many above it, was reached in good time for the boat, which was more than two days late.

We were quite surprised to find what a beautiful station can be erected in a dull, uninteresting flat stretch of country, devoid of trees of any size, and no clay or other useful material for building purposes. The whole place had been rebuilt by the Collector, Mr. Spires, and the grounds were laid out in a most picturesque style; the designer and architect of the place is therefore to be warmly congratulated upon his undoubted success. One can quite imagine what a hopeless task it would appear amid such surroundings, to erect dwelling-houses that would in any sense be comfortable, and yet, in my opinion, the station is second to none in the whole Protectorate, in the matter of good-looking houses and general arrangement; while as regards comfort, there are but few stations to equal it in Uganda.

The houses are built of brick—not the muddy sunburnt things that so soon crumble away under the power of the tropical rains, but really burnt bricks, which are thoroughly substantial.

The dwelling-houses are raised on arches that run right through the foundations; thus ventilation is obtained, and a current of air passing beneath the houses tends to make them much cooler.

The thatch is very neatly laid, being fastened to the roof, in order to prevent its being blown away by the strong north winds.

Each house has a mosquito-proof room, in which the inhabitant can sit in comfort after dark has set in and these terrible pests have made their appearance. There was a fine new office in which the official work of the station was performed, and a more recently built market-house, both of which were of burnt brick, and in keeping with the rest of the place. An ammunition store and a guest-house completed the building of the Civil department.

We were most kindly shown into the guest-house and told that we might make use of it during our stay at Gondokoro, but that we should be expected to take all our meals with the Collector. Need I say that this latter kindness was most gladly accepted; a well-cooked meal, nicely placed upon the table, was indeed a luxury, after the rough-and-ready methods of camp life, when a "chop box" often does duty for a table and army rations for the meal.

We were most cordially welcomed by Mr. Spires and the military officers, who showed

us every hospitality. We spent three most enjoyable days at this place; for myself, there was plenty to do: the few loads required for the rest of the journey had to be packed and those to return to Patigo made secure. I had several pleasant walks through the village of Gondokoro, and was surprised to find so large a settlement of Soudanese and others, most of whom in all probability had at one time been in Government employ.

Some of these were Mohammedans, and they have erected a tiny mosque in the main street, a very insignificant building to look at, but undoubtedly representing a force that will cause a certain amount of difficulty in the further opening up of this district to missionary efforts. A large date-palm tree was pointed out to me as being planted there by Sir Samuel Baker, nearly forty years ago, and it is now called "Baker Pasha's Tree."

There are a number of Baris living at Gondokoro, many having come from the Belgian side of the Nile, owing, as they say, to the ill-treatment they receive at the hands of the officers. The western bank of the Nile forms the so-called Lado Enclave, which was leased to the Congo Free State during the life of the present king of the Belgians. They have several important stations, among them being Mahagi, which overlooks the Albert Lake, Dufile, Lado and Kiro on the Nile, and here in these places,

as in other parts, the Belgian administration does not bear a good name, and has not the reputation of dealing at all kindly with the natives under its control.

I have heard it said that officers of the British Government are always able to reduce natives to obedience if they hold out the threat to deport them to the Belgian side of the river, so intensely do the natives hate the Belgian rule.

For many miles around most of these Belgian posts there is an absence of natives. There are the soldiers' villages, many of the soldiers coming from hundreds of miles away, and are Bangala natives or even Banyema, and every soldier has a certain following of wives and women from various parts, but the Bari and the Madi are noticeable by their absence, the majority of them I believe having come over on to the British side of the Nile. Some day I hope the Lado Enclave will come back under British rule, then the whole of the river-bed, from Uganda to Cairo, will be in our hands—a most desirable end.

There was quite a wave of excitement amongst the inhabitants of Gondokoro when in the distance was seen the white upper deck of the Nile Post boat, and the flutter of ladies' dresses told of approaching visitors of the fair sex. For three months in the year (January, February and March) this post boat

is fully equipped to carry passengers from Khartoum to this outpost of the Uganda Protectorate, and the excitement caused by the visit of ladies to this out-of-the-world place was intense. As the steamer hove in sight the binoculars of all the white population of Gondokoro were brought to bear upon it. It is the event of the year, and the white man who for many months has worn nothing but kharki, quickly dons his best garments and hastens to the landing-stage to bid a hearty welcome to the visitors.

As the gunwale of the steamer rubs along the low bank of the river, the tow-line is made fast to a fan-palm tree by the river-side, three smart gentlemen in kharki, members of the Uganda Rifles, stand at the salute, and give the first welcome. The only convict of the place, in prison garb of blue, with a pattern of white arrow-heads covering it, is ready to do what he can, and is soon made busy carrying off various loads, etc., brought by the steamer for the Uganda Government. Then the visitors daintily step ashore and commence a hurried inspection of the place. They soon find the great heat a decided inconvenience, and gladly make for the Collector's office in order to buy up what stamps of the Uganda Protectorate there may be for sale as souvenirs of their visit to the country. If they think that by seeing Gondokoro they

have obtained a good idea of the Protectorate as a whole they are vastly mistaken, for Gondokoro, built as it is upon the hard-baked plain, choked up with rank vegetation all around, is by no means a representative place of Uganda proper.

From the post-office they go to the soldiers' lines and take a "cup of friendship"—in the form of tea—with the officers, and then make their way back to the boat, having seen all there is to see, and apparently very glad to get under the shade of the upper deck.

My kit is soon carried down by my trusty boys and safely stowed away in the little cabin that is reserved for me in the forward part of the boat. The whistle is blown for the third time; all passengers are on board; the *Dal* casts off her moorings, swings round, and Gondokoro is soon a speck in the distance, for the flowing tide is with us and the stern wheeler soon makes considerable headway.

We have a distance of 1150 miles to travel on this wonderful river before we get to Khartoum, and a vast stretch of sudd<sup>1</sup> clogged water to pass through. The *Dal*, which was to take us over this weary tract of country, demands a little description.

She is a stern-wheeler, flat-bottomed boat, with two decks for the convenience of passengers. The cabins, though small, are nicely fitted up

<sup>1</sup> "Sudd," an Arabic word meaning "barrier."

and kept tolerably clean by the staff of black boys under the direct supervision of an intelligent Egyptian steward. The one I occupied was right forward, and at least had the advantage of being cooler than the others, although considerable inconvenience was experienced, owing to the fact that the steering wheel was just overhead, and the rudder chains rattled at the bunkhead; still to be cool was a great matter, in the terrible heat of the sudd district.

Meals were arranged on the under deck, and in a small saloon leading therefrom, and were generally well cooked, and there was plenty of variety of food. Some of course complained, as they would in the best London hotel, that the food all had a sameness about it that made eating a real trouble. I can only say that after camp fare to me it was luxurious, and I recommend a two months' tramp in Africa with a Swahili cook, in order to work up an appetite that fully appreciates civilised meals.

On the lower deck, or rather in the hold of the boat, was a motley crew of boatmen and native passengers, all huddled together in such a fashion as to make one wonder how they moved about at all.

But the *Dal* had other passengers to carry, many more than could be found room for on our decks, and it was necessary therefore to lash on to her sides two great "lighters" crowded from stem to stern with a mixed company of black

folks. Soldiers and soldiers' wives seemed to predominate, but there was also a large number of civilians. The Soudanese soldiers had their wives and families with them and Arab servants, men and women, the last mentioned being usually accompanied by the children. There were also not a few pet parrots and monkeys. Their cooking was done indiscriminately about the decks of the lighters, and it was a wonder to me how they all managed to live in this crowded fashion. On the upper deck of each barge were numerous native beds that belonged to the more fortunate, and upon these they retired at night, while the rest were stretched about in all sorts of attitudes among the cooking-pots and baggage. Thus it will be understood when I say that what with the company beneath and the two burdened lighters on either side, crowded with all sorts and conditions of people—the white passengers in the middle were very much shut in and suffered considerably from the foul smells of the cooking-pots and the noisy clatter that came from their surroundings. This is the one black mark I have against this service of tourist boats on this upper reach of the Nile.

The cost of the journey from Gondokoro to Khartoum being great (nearly £60), a little more consideration for the white passengers should be shown.

We were greatly honoured by the company of three ladies on board, one elderly and two quite

young. To them, it must be admitted, was largely due the sociability of the company.

Two Frenchmen, an Italian doctor, a Russian Swede, an American journalist and three Englishmen made up the passenger list. All were on good terms with one another, and in spite of the different nationalities, there was an evident desire on the part of all to make the journey as pleasant as possible. As evening closed in upon us, we approached the great pyramid-shaped mountains of Lado, rising sheer from the level plains to some 3000 feet, and here, after the first twenty miles of the journey, we came to anchor.

Lado on the river front is the capital of the Nile province of the Belgian Congo, and presents a pleasing spectacle, for the houses are prettily built amongst the trees. A great company of native soldiers and their wives live along the bank, while a few Belgian officials who are waiting in readiness for the arrival of the *Dal*, step on board, and seem quite at home with everybody. They tell us that a dance has been arranged by the natives in honour of the visitors, and invite the ladies and the rest of the passengers to step ashore and witness it.

To me such dances have no charm, and I contented myself with remaining on board and retiring early to my bunk, but sleep was impossible while the noise of the dance continued. Again the *Dal* moves onward, and after a couple of hours' steaming pulls up at Mongalla, the

first Soudan post, and one which is to become prominent in the future history of the Upper Nile. There is nothing particularly striking about Mongalla: a number of low-built sheds on the river front, a soldiers' village, and one or two houses for the accommodation of the British officers. But there is a business air about the place, and something makes one feel sure that in a few years' time Mongalla will be an important station.

Along the bank were strewn numerous bags of cement, window and door frames, and other accessories for the buildings of a permanent station.

To this place the C.M.S. has lately sent out six men—three clergymen, a doctor, and two laymen—in order to commence mission work amongst the Baris and other surrounding tribes. Thus the challenge sent forth by Lord Cromer to the Christian Church has been taken up, and it will be a great surprise to me if Mongalla does not become a great missionary centre for this Upper Soudan, as well as an important Government post.<sup>1</sup>

The country around Mongalla is not particularly interesting, but from the rapid observations I made, I should deem it tolerably healthy; at anyrate as compared with other stations on the Nile.

<sup>1</sup> The missionary party has since moved its headquarters to Bor, a more thickly-populated district, some miles to the north.

The ban of the place is the mosquito, and while the great swamp, a few hundred yards from the main buildings of Mongalla, remains as it is, this little pest will not diminish.

There are a few Bari natives living at Mongalla, but the bulk of the population is inland, on the higher country towards the hills, very dimly seen in the distance from a point a little south of the village.

At the present time Mongalla is occupied by a couple of European officers and a large number of Soudanese troops with their wives and families.

We spent the day wandering about this very uninteresting place, trying in vain to talk with the natives, all of whom seemed listless and undemonstrative, making us glad to get back to the narrow confines of the *Dal*. At this point I had a companion in my cabin, a British officer who was temporarily in the Egyptian service, and then on his way home for a short furlough in England. He quite confirmed my own belief about Mongalla. Dull enough place in itself, it was at the same time a good centre from which to reach the many native tribes living inland from the river, and he assured me that the Egyptian officers were delighted to know that missionaries were soon to be sent, as it would mean that a better understanding between the Government and the natives would be established.

And now we approach the most desolate spot on earth—the great swamp district of the Upper Nile—where the river is choked up with sudd, and where, as far as the eye could reach, nothing can be seen but the waving tops of the papyrus grass—a vast lake hidden under a mass of vegetation. A great deal has been written about these swamps and the sudd, which for so many centuries have blocked all navigation on the upper reaches of the Nile, but to fully understand the horrors, it must be witnessed.

Suddenly the steamer enters a narrow lane, scarcely twenty feet wide, lined on both sides with the tall papyrus ; the water seems stagnant and fully charged with decaying vegetation. One instinctively climbs on to the upper deck of the *Dal* to get a better view, and if possible to penetrate to the confines of this horrible swamp—but nothing but a weary waste of green papyrus can be seen as far as the eye can reach ; in every direction stretches a boundless level expanse of green, dense and solid, and hardly moved by the occasional hot fetid breezes. Not a tree is visible, and no dry land, or anything to break the monotony, not even a friendly palm tree, it is a dead sea of green.

The *Dal* forges ahead, zigzagging along its narrow channel, and we stand on the upper deck looking out for something alive, but all signs of life, birds or beasts, seem left behind. Papyrus, weak as it is in itself in the single

reed, is an irresistible strength when it invades and covers up everything. No amount of cutting down is any good; where one reed is destroyed, a hundred more shoot up, and millions and millions more remain. A single stalk with its waving tuft of green is a thing of beauty, but when clustered thick, and covering acres and acres of ground, it becomes merely a dull uninteresting stretch of green, with little or no tone of colour—a weariness indeed, only enjoyed by the crocodiles and clouds of mosquitoes.

Then it must be borne in mind that all this vegetation is growing on the surface of the water, and is therefore constantly shifting; a good channel may be cut through one day, but the next, the whole is blocked up again; little islands of it become detached, and are carried by the wind, more than by the current, hither and thither, and finally brought again to a stand, and are speedily amalgamated with a hundred other tufts and a substantial barrier is made.

The great wonder to us all on board was that the man at the helm should know which channel to take, for often there would be as many as three or four before us that to the untrained eye looked exactly similar, and yet perhaps only one was at all navigable. Sometimes we were going due south in order to circumnavigate some uncut accumulation, while east and west were directions we became quite

familiar with. One day we descried just ahead of us the funnel of another steamer apparently within a mile of us. This was at ten o'clock in the morning, and although we steamed right onward, and were assured that the boat in front of us was stationary, it was fully four hours before we came up with it. The fact was the channel in which we were was circuitous, and we approached it as in a huge maze, and yet we were told it was the straightest possible course we took, and only the fixed landmark showed how difficult it was for us to move forward at all. Altogether these winding channels through the great swamps added at least 300 miles to our journey from Gondokoro to Khartoum.

The Soudan Government has several large steamers constantly at work keeping these channels open and cutting away huge blocks of rank vegetation in order to communicate with its stations on the upper reaches. We were told that the true channel was still being cut, and it was hoped in a few months' time to complete it from end to end.

One day we came up with one of these great sudd-cutting boats, and were all deeply interested to see the methods used for clearing the course. Our pilot, evidently believing that he could now steam right into the new channel, took a short cut through, which was supposed to lead into it; all went well until we were within a hundred yards of the sudd-cutter, and then—we stuck

fast, charging into an immovable mass of papyrus. The open channel was just ahead of us, but to get there, we were obliged to pass this barrier, and after a few futile attempts to rush it, we gave up the game, and signalled to the captain of the relief boat our desire for assistance.

The steel hawser was brought to us and securely fastened to our prow, and then the relief boat, with full steam ahead, tried to haul us over the obstruction. As soon as ever we moved the great masses of floating vegetation was forced in astern and alongside by the current and effectually blocked us in at the back. Then the steel hawser broke, and we were jammed tight, and it appeared as though we should never be able to move again, so thick was the papyrus around us. Again the steel hawser is fixed, and again the sudd-cutter plunges forward, but disappointment awaits us, for the steel wire is not sufficient, and snaps like a piece of cotton.

Night comes on, and all further efforts are abandoned until the morning, and the mosquitoes speedily drive the poor stranded passengers into safer quarters.

As morning breaks, new methods are adopted ; a number of black boys are to be seen swarming over the side of the relief boat with long hatchets and hand-saws. Great strong fellows they look, stripped to the waist, plunging into the water apparently without fear of crocodiles or deep

water. Then once more the steel hawser is brought, and passed in a great loop over a mass of the sudd and is pressed down into the submerged roots by the black boys. Hacking and hewing then goes on cheerfully for a time, until it is seen that the great bulk enclosed in the noose is detached from the surrounding vegetation and the relief boat again steams ahead, this time with eminent success, for a great island is slowly towed away and cast up on one side where the channel is broader. It was soon found that the *Dal*, in her frantic efforts of the previous day to push through, had simply forced herself on to a tangled mass of weeds and rubbish, and it was now necessary to cut away under the keel of the boat before she was free to move. The natives kept at it, apparently no cohesion amongst them, and no one to "boss" them, but they knew their job, and in a few hours a little clear water began to show itself around the boat. Then the funniest part of the whole performance came on. The whole company of cutters went off to the port quarters, and every man putting his shoulder to the hull, with a weird chant that kept them strangely together, they pushed with all their might. At the same time the relief boat commenced straining at the steel hawser attached to our bow, and very slowly the *Dal* slid onward into the clear water beyond, and we were extracted from our queer prison-house and went merrily on our way. For the best part of six

days (450 miles) we were in this horrible marsh, and although we were only stuck fast once, we were many times into the side of the narrow channel, and suffered the inconveniences of marshy odours and clouds of mosquitoes. It has sometimes been thought that this enormous collection of vegetable matter is due to the gradual massing together of floating water-plants from the upper reaches of the Nile. I think this is not entirely the case, but is due to the natural growth and rapid development of the papyrus, the roots of which plant form a compact heap eight or ten feet thick. Occasionally great lumps are torn off from the main body and carried down stream, roots and all, and unite with other floating islets, which become piled up together and thus block up the stream. Thus the whole river is covered with a layer of vegetable matter in a surprisingly short space of time. At one time this enormous growth entirely prevented any navigation between Gondokoro and Khartoum, and a way had to be cut through in 1900 in order to again establish river communication.

Bad as this sudd-covered district is on the Bahr-el-Gebel (the mountain river), as this part of the Nile is called, we were told that there is a region far surpassing it in real discomfort—the district through which the Bahr-el-Ghazal passes. It has been described as “steaming marshes, where what appears to be solid ground generally proves to be nothing but fetid water

overgrown with plants, and where the mosquitoes are so numerous and venomous, that at evening when they are most active, the whole native population adjourns to the lagoons, and remains for some time with only their heads above water."

It has been clearly demonstrated by recent investigation that a vast amount of the precious water of the Upper Nile, so essential to the life of Egypt and the Soudan, is lost in these great marshes by evaporation. Spread out as the water is over this great area, it is readily understood that evaporation is enormous under the tropical sun, and in all probability not one-third of the water ever reaches Egypt that otherwise would do so had it not to pass through this low-lying district. I understand a great scheme is now contemplated whereby the Soudan may become a veritable garden of the world, for the soil is said to be of the highest quality, and lack of water is the only detriment to its cultivation. The scheme is to move the whole of the Nile bed fifty or sixty miles to the east, to an entirely new channel, more than 200 miles long, from Bor to the north of the Sobat, completely avoiding the great swamps of the sudd, so that instead of passing through this low-lying district, where the sudd is, which terminates at Lake No, a new channel should be cut for the river through a district well studded with hills. The scheme is gigantic in its conception, but has the highest support of many of the great men of

the Soudan, who see at once what enormous advantages would be reaped by thus increasing the water supply of this most fertile area.

The originator of the scheme is Sir William Garstin, Under-Secretary of State for Public Works of Egypt, who has in person made an exhaustive inquiry into the possibilities of the enterprise, taking a journey from Mombasa on the east coast, crossing the Victoria Lake, then still further inland to the Albert Lake, coming down the course of the rivers, making careful and exact measurements of the quantity of water, and so on down the Nile to Egypt.

He has conclusively proved that a great proportion of the water leaving these Central African Lakes is entirely lost in the great sudd district.

His estimate is that only one quarter of the water which comes from the Victoria Lake reaches the junction of the Nile and Sobat; if this can be saved and utilised in the Soudan, what magic changes will take place! The "desert" shall indeed blossom like the rose, and the millions of now fruitless barren acres, the waste places of the great interior provinces of Africa, shall be able to support a large population. The line of the proposed new channel has only lately been surveyed; a company of expert engineers with camels, donkeys, barges, etc., started off from Fashoda to spend several months in definitely ascertaining whether the new project were feasible from an

engineering point of view, and a final decision has yet to be made. Twice I have had the pleasure of meeting the great man who is the originator of this scheme; the first time was in Hoima, when Sir William Garstin, with his party of experts, was on his way from the Victoria Nile to Khartoum. Dining with him in the evening I was greatly struck by his keen insight into all things African; by no means is he a one-sided man to whom all projects outside his particular course are uninteresting; on the contrary, he took the greatest interest in native affairs in Uganda, and many of his plain common-sense proposals—such as Government farms, in order to find definite employment for the hundreds of workless Uganda natives—were well worth earnest attention.

The second time I met him was on the great Soudan Railway. I chanced to find myself placed opposite to him in the dining-saloon, and once more found that a few moments' conversation with him was full of the deepest interest. Hardly did I expect that he would remember the incident of our meeting in Hoima so many months previously, but I was surprised to find that not only did he recollect the fact, but the theme of our conversation was quite fresh in his memory.

This then is the type of man who makes England what she is, the leader of the world in all great civilising enterprises, as well as in the commercial projects of our own land and her dependencies.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## OMDURMAN TO KHARTOUM.

THE six days' imprisonment in the sudd came to an end at last, and we thankfully enter the shallow lagoon of Shambe, on the banks of which is built a very poor apology for a town. Here we stopped for a few hours, but the aspect of the place had no attraction, and we decided to remain on board, rather than face the scorching heat of sun on this hard-baked plain.

We have now entered the country of the Shillooks, a tall, lithe race, usually wearing nothing but a string of beads, and whose great delight seems to be that which is so common amongst so many natives of Central Africa—smearing the body with a light kind of mud. The Masai and the Bahuma of the Uganda Protectorate are also addicted to this habit, and I have been told by the latter that it is done when leading the cows out in search of the salty water, so much beloved by all the cattle of Central Africa. The Shillook is a true child of Nature, and does not take at all kindly to the innovations of civilisation; he considers that his string of beads is quite sufficient, so long as his head is plastered with reddish mud and his body ornamented by painted designs in wood

ashes. He usually carries one or two murderous-looking spears, and struts about with every appearance of entire satisfaction. His chief occupation is herding cattle, and although otherwise lazy he will spend much trouble upon his cows, which he never kills by any chance, but he will eat those that die a natural death. The general use of the cow is to procure wives; each woman is reckoned to be worth six or eight cows.

The king of the Shillooks has his headquarters at Fashoda (but the tribe reaches many miles up the Nile), and here at Shambe we first became acquainted with them. Again I noticed the bird-like attitude of standing on one leg, thereby further enhancing his dignity, already mentioned as a characteristic of the Nile tribes. Resting thus on his spear he will sometimes stand for hours together, watching the movements of the visitors or listlessly looking out over the plain. Along the Sobat River large settlements of these people are to be met with, and a few days after leaving the sudd-covered area we entered the river on the way to the American Presbyterian Mission, which has a prosperous station a few miles from the mouth; here we saw more of these people.

As we turned into this fine tributary of the Nile, we were interested to see the remains of an old fort built in Gordon's time, but now disused, upon the high mud walls of which several lanky Shillooks were watching our approach. This

beautiful Sobat River has, no doubt, a future of some importance; it passes through a very fertile stretch of country and is navigable with but ordinary difficulties for hundreds of miles. Less than two hours' steam up the Sobat brought us to the mission station of the American Presbyterians. A number of tall Shillooks, actually dressed in a few yards of cheap cotton cloth slung over the shoulder, stood waiting on the bank, and watched with interest while the *Dal* was made fast. This was the first mission I came to after leaving my own Acholi station, now getting on for 600 miles away in a straight line. It was therefore with great pleasure that I shook hands with the Rev. Hugh T. M'Laughlin (since returned to America) and Mr. W. Carson, members of the Sobat Mission, who are working among the Shillooks. The station is prettily situated in a palm grove about twenty feet above the level of the water, and it is now nearly five years since it was established. The houses are small, but nicely built, and each one has a garden in which bananas, palms and cotton are growing. The station is in the heart of the Shillook country, and affords every opportunity for reaching this interesting tribe, and although up to the present there is not a great deal of success to show for these years of earnest toil, it may well be believed that a lot of silent foundation work has been accomplished that will one day show itself to advantage. Turk and Dervish

have both in times past invaded this country : the former robbed and oppressed the people, and finally ran off with their cattle ; the latter killed the men and stole the women, and burned their houses. "Now," says the Shillook, "you missionaries have come, and you say you want to tell us about God ; well, we will wait a bit and see," and to-day they are still waiting, and let us hope are beginning at anyrate to see that the Christian missionary can at least do without the poor man's cattle and women, and that his desire to help them is a sincere one.

Perhaps the brighter days have dawned, and we shall now hear of many of this interesting tribe turning from their heathenism to the worship of the true God. We had just time to step ashore and hurriedly inspect the few buildings occupied by the missionaries and to join in a friendly cup of tea, and that was all, for very soon the *Dal's* whistle is heard, and we hurry back to the confined space of her upper deck to wave a long farewell to our friends.

We are soon on the main river again, and Fashoda is the next place of interest, at anyrate it deserves this distinction historically, although its physical features by no means justify the fact. It was at this place that Emin Pasha bid farewell to civilisation, when he commenced his journeys to the heart of Africa, which have been so much fraught with mystery, even to the present day. Here also in recent years Marchand made his

headquarters, expecting by so doing to permanently check the advance of the British up the Nile ; but who was obliged by order of a gallant British officer to haul down the French flag and decamp.

I landed on this notable spot for a few minutes, and was soon convinced that in spite of its history it was a place to be avoided as much as possible. It lies low to the Nile, which at this point divides into three distinct streams, and we had to go ashore on the middle island, crossing it along a very muddy path, and then pack ourselves into an overcrowded boat, and were finally punted across to the mainland. When we arrived there was little to see ; a few low buildings on the sandy bank, and the appearance of a garden, which was pointed out as the one that Marchand took an interest in, and in which he spent some of the spare moments, which one would think would be many in such a place, until Kitchener came upon the scene and asked him to retire. This was Fashoda, the strategic point, the capture of which by a foreign power would have greatly hindered the opening up of the Upper Nile reaches to British enterprise, but which to-day is scarcely anything but a name in history.

There are doubtless many other places of interest between Fashoda and Khartoum, but the *Dal* gave us little opportunity of inspecting them —nor did we wish it. Omdurman and Khartoum were the only two places left which had any sort of attraction for us.

The former, though visited second, shall receive the first word, and it will be long before I forget the day I spent in that old-world city.

Just below the junction of the Blue and White Nile, on the left bank, is the late capital of the Mahdi and Khalifa, stretching for eight miles along the river front. From the right bank it presents itself as a long weary stretch of low mud buildings, as far as the eye can reach, with little variation in shape and no architectural beauty. A steam ferry carries us across the river, and we have pointed out to us the two distinct currents of water from the Blue and the White Nile, and are immediately struck by the strange fact that for many miles these two streams refuse to unite, a phenomenon which has many explanations.

The dark blue waters of the Abyssinian Nile seemed to hug the eastern bank, and take up about one-third the width of the stream, while the mud-laden waters of the White Nile, which have come for two thousand miles from the south, and are dull and light-coloured, go placidly on their way, refusing to mingle waters with its newly-arrived neighbour. The simplest explanation is that the current of the White Nile, before uniting with its twin sister, is stronger, and therefore the mud and chalk held in suspension have not been allowed to sink, while the blue waters of the Abyssinian Nile have quieted down, and all sediment has

been disposed of before the junction is made. We pass through these disunited streams, and very soon are at the landing-stage on the other side. For some reason or other this landing is a long way up the river from the town, and we at once look round for some mode of conveyance. A dozen or more donkeys are forcibly brought to our notice by the shouts and gesticulations of the Arab boys, and by the importunity of these youngsters we soon found ourselves astride and well on the way to the main part of the city.

The road runs along the river front, or rather I should say the sandy track, for there is but little road about it. We pass beneath the walls of disused forts, and by the grim prison—the scene of untold cruelties in the Khalifa's days—and presently find ourselves in the great gum-market of the world, for here one sees tons and tons of gum, which have been brought hundreds of miles on camels' backs, from the great desert of Kordofan. Spread out on mats which extend over several acres of ground, it is sorted and classified by swarms of Arab women, and a constant chatter goes on in every language of the dark continent.

The great treasure-house, Beil-el-amana, is passed by, as no permit has been obtained, without which no admission can be had at any price, and time was too short to wait for it. We then passed by the Khalifa's old house,

which is strongly fortified on all sides; it overlooks the whole of Omdurman, and we can well understand how thoroughly protected it was from surprise on all sides. The barbarism and cruelty that has taken place in this great city will never be fully known; and the Khalifa's house stands to-day just with its bare walls guarded carefully by Egyptian troops, as a warning to the Dervishes and to all perpetrators of cruelty of the swift destruction that will come upon those who by oppression make themselves rich. The Mahdi's tomb is close to the Khalifa's house, and, although half demolished, enough remains to give some idea of its shape and structure. It was built of brick, and would be about twenty feet square with a dome of very ordinary design; it is a ruin to-day, just as it was left after the great fight at Omdurman, which for ever put an end to Mahdism. The camel and oil markets were both places of interest, and we visited them, but there seemed to be but little doing. In the first, twenty or thirty patient beasts awaited inspection, while in the far distance could be seen a large caravan of one hundred camels laden with gum and other produce from the Kordofan desert. Oil seemed to be the monopoly of the women, and they sat with the kerosin tins and measures before them, retailing it to the passers-by. The shoemaker sat in the public street, and with primitive tools turned out boots and shoes of

all sizes, working quite happily, oblivious of the crowd that surrounds him. We were now glad to make our way to the cool shade of the mission-house, where a good wholesome meal was partaken of and quiet rest enjoyed. Another short walk in the cool of the day to the Omdurman polo ground, where we watched for a while the British officers from the Khartoum garrison enter into the game with all the buoyant spirit of youth, and then as evening closed in upon us the donkeys were once more saddled, and, accompanied by polo ponies, we again made our way back to the ferry and recrossed the river to Khartoum.

We now seem to be within the pale of civilisation once more; as I walk along the beautiful river with its fine buildings and well-kept gardens, the wilds of Central Africa seem far enough away and are almost forgotten. Instinctively I made for the man in praise of whom I had heard so much—Rev. Llewellyn Gwynne (now Archdeacon), the head of the Church Missionary Society's work in the Soudan, and after the first five minutes with him I felt that I had met a man in a thousand—the right man in the right place. No amount of mere training would ever fit a man for the position held by Archdeacon Gwynne—it requires something more than that to be able to carry on the work of a simple missionary and yet to wield an immense influence for good over the many English officers

of the Soudan. You feel at once that Gwynne is a man with fellow-feelings and like passions with the rest of mankind, and yet one who has risen above human weakness and knows the strength of the Divine. In a few minutes I was at home with him, and there was no mistaking the heartiness of the welcome he extended to his fellow-worker from afar. We had much to talk about and many plans to discuss: he, for his part, had been asked by the Government to become their senior chaplain for the Soudan, with the position of Archdeacon of Khartoum, which would, of course, mean a wider sphere of influence and open up to him opportunities for extending his work; while I had the new scheme for the extension of our Society's work in the Upper Soudan much upon my mind, and mutual conversation and exchange of ideas on those topics made the time pass very pleasantly.

Khartoum has so often been described that I shall say little about it. The plan of the city was the first point of interest to me, laid out as it is in the long diagonals, with two principal avenues running from end to end of the town, and called Sirdar and Kedive. The whole is after the style of the Union Jack, and we are told by the military authorities that the idea was in order that a small force of artillery could command the whole city; no doubt this is true.

Saturday afternoon, the day after my arrival in Khartoum, was given up to cricket, from

fifteen to twenty of the British officers turning out. The pitch was a good one, at the back of the palace, and cocoanut matting rendered the wicket fast and true.

Again the popular parson was to the fore, and as much at home with his bat as his Bible, and it was easy to see how much he was respected and beloved by the men. On Sunday morning a service was held in the large ballroom of the palace; and as I entered that spacious room, filled from end to end with British Tommies, and saw Gwynne take his place at the front, I felt that here again the "right man was in the right place." To hear Tommy Atkins sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," is a thing to live for; he sang it that day at the palace in Khartoum, and the sound of those manly voices blending in one mighty unison is in my ears to-day. Then after a short, bright Church of England service, came the sermon. It was on the same broad, manly lines that characterise all of the Archdeacon's utterances; as a man to men he appealed to them for uprightness and purity of purpose based upon a simple faith in God through Christ. Of this I shall say no more, excepting that I heard the muttered prayers of some of those brave fellows kneeling by my side as they asked that these blessed truths might be stamped upon their hearts and reproduced in their lives.

In the afternoon I was privileged to speak with

Lady Wingate, who most kindly invited me to tea. I then felt the charm of this English lady's presence, and I don't wonder that Khartoum society is free from the foolish barriers of hypocrisy so often met with elsewhere.

The Sirdar had unfortunately left Khartoum a few days previously for a trip up the Nile to one of the outposts, and I had not the pleasure of seeing him.

As I went back to the mission house I tarried for a moment at the foot of the great memorial to the noble General Gordon, whose fame will ever be connected with this place. The General is seated on his favourite camel, gazing over the desert from whence his salvation was expected, but too long delayed. A beautiful emblem of the attitude of many in Dark Africa, looking out over the wastes for the light and help too long in coming, but slowly and surely advancing to the redemption and salvation of this great continent.

The strings of camels come in single file,

Bearing their burdens o'er the desert sand ;

Swiftly the boats go plying on the Nile,

The needs of men are met on every hand.

But still I wait

For the Messenger of God who cometh late.

I see the cloud of dust rise in the plain,

The measured tread of troops fall on the ear ;

The soldier comes the Empire to maintain,

Bringing the pomp of war, the reign of fear.

But still I wait,

The Messenger of Peace he cometh late.

They set me looking o'er the desert drear,  
 Where broodeth darkness as the deepest night,  
 From many a mosque there comes the call to prayer.  
 I hear no voice that calls on Christ for light.  
 But still I wait  
 For the Messenger of Christ who cometh late.

Yet dawn is near : for all the hearts of men  
 Look for the Prophet who has been foretold.  
 After the Mahdi comes another One,  
 The Prophet Jesus, so their moulvies hold.  
 But still I wait,  
 The Messenger of Jesus cometh late,

We call him saint and hero ; here he fell  
 That England might possess that land for God.  
 Died the heroic spirit on that day,  
 When with his blood he soaked the thirsty sod ?  
 Must he for ever o'er the desert watch and wait  
 For the Soldier of the Cross who cometh late.

ANON.

The next day I was asked by Lady Wingate to lunch at the palace, at the conclusion of which meal the Sirdar's steam-launch put in at the landing-stage and conveyed me across the river, away from the Phœnix City to the railway terminus on the opposite bank of the river. And thus in comfort and even luxury my weary journeyings in Africa for a time terminated.

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