

# THE SOUL OF CENTRAL AFRICA



JOHN ROSCOE

**THE SOUL OF CENTRAL AFRICA**



**ANKOLE: MEDICINE-MEN READY FOR WORK**

The Soul of Central  
Africa *A General Account of  
The Mackie Ethnological Expedi-  
tion* ❀ By the Rev. John Roscoe,  
Hon. M.A. (Camb.), Leader of the Expedition

With 56 Plates and Map

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To

**SIR PETER J. MACKIE, BART..**

**whose munificence made the Expedition possible;  
these pages are gratefully dedicated.**

## PREFACE

**I**N this book I have aimed at giving a general account of the journeyings of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition in Central Africa and of the lives and ways of the peoples visited, leaving such information as is more of a purely scientific character and not so much of popular interest to be published later. Some of the customs of these tribes are, indeed, of such a nature that they cannot well be described in a book which is intended for the general reader. I have, however, mentioned in passing a few of these customs, without entering into details, in order to let people at home know that there still exist, in this age of enlightenment, human beings whose lives are spent in such terrible darkness.

When I ceased to be a missionary in Africa I was several times asked whether it would not be possible for me to return to the country and complete some of the investigations which I began during my twenty-five years of work there. It was thought that as I had been resident in those parts for so many years, and not only knew the country and the peoples, but had also some knowledge of their languages, their characteristics, and their modes of thought, I was more suited for conducting an ethnological expedition than a younger man, who would take months to acquire the preliminary knowledge that would be necessary before he could start the real work of investigation.

For some time, funds for such a purpose were not

available, but Sir James G. Frazer, who first aroused in me an interest in anthropology, was unceasing in his attempts to find some means of financing the work. At length, owing to his efforts, Sir Peter Mackie, of Glen-readell, became interested in the project, and most generously came forward and shouldered the whole financial burden, handing over to the Royal Society ample sums for the purpose. The Royal Society undertook the supervision of the expedition and exerted its great influence to remove obstacles and difficulties in the way of travelling arrangements in Africa, and in many other matters.

When, however, we had found so generous a patron, other difficulties arose, for the war made the expedition impossible, and, when peace came, travelling difficulties were so great that it was June of 1919 before I finally started. That I got a passage even then was due to the interest of Sir Peter Mackie, who made arrangements with the Clan Line of steamers to carry me and my goods to Africa. I wish here to express my thanks to this firm for the assistance which they rendered to the expedition.

During all the preparations and throughout the whole course of the expedition Sir Peter Mackie's interest and kindness never flagged, and he was indefatigable in his endeavours to help me in every possible way. Personally I owe him a great debt of gratitude, and words of thanks are quite inadequate to express the service to Science, to the Government, to Christianity, and, last but not least, to the native of Central Africa, that his generosity made possible. I can but hope that the results of the expedition, incomplete as they are, may make a fitting return for his munificence.

The objects of the expedition were both scientific



*Photograph: Nimmo*

*Peter J. Mackie 1921.*

and philanthropic. In the first place, science requires information with regard to the tribes of Central Africa, whose old habits and customs are fast disappearing under the rising flood of civilization. For the collection of such information the time is now or never, for the only records are in the memories of the people, and a very short time will suffice to sweep them into oblivion. Secondly, it was hoped that the information thus acquired might be of some help to those who rule this part of our Empire and, through them, to the native tribes who inhabit it. The peoples of such a land are so entirely different from us in their habits of life and thought that, in order to secure just and peaceable government, their rulers should know enough of their laws and customs to avoid those flagrant errors and injustices which must of necessity lead to discontent, bitterness, and strife. Such a study may also show what ideas and tendencies already present in the native mind may, with advantage, be strengthened and developed in order to accelerate the growth of these peoples in civilization, so that they may take their place in the forward march of the nations of the world. Then, too, for the missionary a right understanding of primitive beliefs is essential, for he should be able to distinguish between customs which must be ruthlessly destroyed and those which contain a germ of truth capable of development. He must also be able to present the Christian belief in a manner acceptable to the native mind.

I have here and there set down criticisms which my special knowledge of the native and of his language has enabled me to make. These, I hope, may be of some help in calling attention to abuses which may have been overlooked or of which the serious character has not been realized.

## Preface

One important purpose of the expedition remains unfulfilled, for native risings and the unsettled state of the country made it impossible to go through Karamojo to the borders of Abyssinia in order to visit the Galla tribes. This was just the part of the country in which I had hoped to do the most valuable work of the expedition, but it has had to be left for some future time, it may be for some other worker, who, I trust, will be more fortunate and more successful than I was.

Mr. Wellcome, of the well-known firm of Messrs. Burroughs, Wellcome & Company, very generously provided me with a medicine-chest and the drugs necessary for the expedition. These were invaluable, and saved the lives of my boys on more than one occasion, besides enabling me to gain an influence among some of the peoples by my ability to supply remedies for diseases from which they were suffering. My sincere thanks are due to Mr. Wellcome for this, and also for a donation to enable me to collect objects of pharmaceutical interest for investigation and exhibition purposes.

I desire here to record my grateful thanks to the Rev. W. A. Cox for his kind help in reading over the MS. and making suggestions; to my assistant, Miss Bisset, for unceasing work which has relieved me of much of the burden of producing this book; to Sir James G. Frazer, who has kindly read the proofs; and, finally, to Mr. Filleul, of the Uganda Protectorate, and one or two others, who have supplied me with some of the photographs.

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## GLOSSARY OF NATIVE WORDS

**Bagesu**, the people living on the south and west slopes of Mount Elgon.

**Bahera**, *sing.* Muhera. Serfs or slaves of Ankole and Bunyoro.

**Bahuma**, *sing.* Muhuma. Pastoral people. Used in this book more especially of the pastoral people of Ankole.

**Bakama**, "the people of the King," a tribe on Mount Elgon.

**Bamalaki**, the heretical sect in Uganda who are followers of a man named Malaki.

**Bamuroga**, the most important chief in Bunyoro.

**Bantu**, the people living in Central Africa, extending from the Nile and far to south and west, who are allied by language and customs and differ from the pure negro of the West Coast.

**Basabei**, the people living on the upper part of Mount Elgon to the north and east.

**Buganda**, the country; this word is now confined to Buganda proper. Baganda—*sing.* Muganda—people of Buganda. Luganda, the language of Buganda.

**Bunyoro**, the country next Buganda, extending to Lake Albert. Banyoro—*sing.* Munyoro—the people of Bunyoro. *N.B.* Munyoro means a freed man and was applied in scorn to the Banyoro by the Baganda. Lunyoro, the language of Bunyoro.

**Busoga**, the country on the north end of Lake Victoria. Basoga, the people of Busoga.

**Kabaka**, the title of the King of Buganda.

**Katara**, the true and original name of Bunyoro. Bakatara, the people of Katara or Bunyoro.

**Katikiro**, the principal chief in Buganda.

**Lewali**, title of the Arab Governor of Mombasa.

**Mbuga**, the name of the capital or residence of the King of Buganda.

**Muchwa**, the reception room of the Queen of Bunyoro.

**Mugabe**, the title of the King of Ankole.

**Mugole wa Muchwa**, the title of the Queen of Bunyoro.

**Mukama**, the title of the King of Bunyoro.

**Munyawa**, title of the chief of the royal clan of Bunyoro.

**Nyina Mukama**, title of the mother of the King of Bunyoro.

**Uganda**, the coast name for Buganda. This name is now given to the Protectorate and not to the part Buganda.

# THE SOUL OF CENTRAL AFRICA

## CHAPTER I

### THE START OF THE EXPEDITION

Africa, a New Country—The Mackie Ethnological Expedition—Delays and Difficulties—Life on a Cargo Ship—Cape Verde Islands—Cape St. Vincent—A Storm—War Experiences at Sea—Natal—Durban—Unloading Cattle and Cargo—Delagoa Bay—Loading Coal—A Change of Ship—Mombasa.

IT was but a few years ago when, with those of us who disliked geography, the map of Africa was the favourite in our atlas. It called for least knowledge and effort when we had to reproduce it from memory; few mistakes were possible in the accuracy of our reproduction, because scarcely any rivers, towns, or villages were known. The map contained just a scattering of names along the coastline, with here and there a name, based more on fancy than on fact, marked in the interior, while a chain of mountains in the centre, bearing the singular name, "Mountains of the Moon," completed the design. To-day this schoolboys' paradise is a thing of the past; explorers have trodden this hallowed ground; men such as Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Stanley and others have crossed this great continent, marking on the map, as they travelled, rivers, lakes and mountains, and dividing it up into countries with actual

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and unpronounceable names, and thus making it almost as difficult to study as any other.

This paradise may have been lost, its bubbles of deserts and trackless wastes may have burst, and the map with its ease of reproduction from memory have been snatched from the hands of the youth with a distaste for geography, but these pioneers have given us something of a more romantic and fascinating character which will interest the dullest intellect. They tell us of lands abounding in wonders, of peoples of extraordinary characteristics and manners; some whose homes are hidden away in rocks and caves or buried in remote forests; others, whose homes are built upon vegetation floating on the surface of the lakes; while others, like birds, build temporary habitations to be used for a short time and then abandoned. There are beasts and birds of the strangest habits, reptiles at once beautiful and repellent, unfamiliar fishes gleaming in the sunny waters, and the most beautiful plants and flowers the mind can picture. These wonders may well fire the imagination of youth and set the blood racing through the veins with a longing to sally forth to explore this fairyland or to engage in the pursuit or study of its wild animals.

At this period of the world's history there are people who tell us that Africa is completely explored, and some young folk are apt to think that the glory of African adventure is gone, that the age of the discovery of new lands or peoples is past, and that there remains only the prosaic drudgery of sifting out the dregs which others have left. Such people might, with as good reason, tell us that England is perfectly known to the man who visits it and passes by a straight road from north to south without turning aside to see those towns which are

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off his route or even to visit objects and sights of interest in the towns through which he passes. Africa, though much better known than it was even ten years ago, still retains by-paths along which no civilized man has passed, and there are many parts into which the white man has not penetrated. Its flora and fauna are little known to science and its mysteries of rock and earth are still unsolved.

It was to find out a little more about some of its peoples that the present writer ventured to go forth, at the invitation of the Royal Society, upon an expedition rendered possible by the munificence of Sir Peter Mackie, the object of which was, briefly, to throw more light upon the social life of one or two tribes living in that part of the interior of Africa which is known as the Lake region, and to add, by a more careful investigation, to our actual knowledge of these strange groups.

Owing to the Great War the expedition was held up for some time, the Government considering that the presence of an Englishman wandering about in Central Africa during that time was not desirable; there was also further delay due to the difficulty in fitting out such an expedition, when most of the goods necessary for it were required for the troops. Not only was this the case, but there were tribes to be visited who were considered to be in an unsettled state, while in other parts Germans were going about inciting the natives to rise against the English. For these reasons matters were delayed until the Armistice, when the prohibitions were withdrawn.

Difficulties of another nature, however, now appeared. There were few passenger ships sailing to Africa, and

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those going were unable to grant any requests for accommodation, as every available berth was already taken and there were long waiting lists. The procuring of passports, without which no one could leave England, was also a lengthy business. All this seemed to involve further months of waiting. A more speedy way of reaching my destination, however, at length appeared, for the suggestion was made to me that I might go out in a cargo ship as a member of the crew. It was a new idea, and at first seemed a somewhat doubtful solution of the difficulty; but the assurance that there would be no call upon me to undertake impossible duties or disagreeable work changed my attitude. Moreover, there was always the chance that the experience thus gained would be useful in some way or other. I therefore readily consented to go in this way, and was duly shipped as a supernumerary to the crew.

Even then some weeks elapsed before the ship could sail; there was first one and then another cause to detain us. The ships available for the voyage were frequently taken over by the Shipping Controller for other duties which were considered more pressing, and when we did at last sail it was with a large quantity of coal for one of the coal depots which had been depleted during the war. These delays were useful in some respects, as they enabled me to get the necessary outfit, which war conditions had made it difficult to procure, and also to find a substitute to carry on my parochial duties during an absence which might extend to eighteen months or even longer. The ship to which I was finally assigned was the *Clan MacArthur*, carrying a general cargo to South Africa. She was one of the regular Australian ships fitted with special machinery for carrying cold-storage

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meat, and now had to ship a large quantity of coal for the Cape Verde Islands.

The ship was said to be lying at Cardiff, but upon my arrival there I found she was taking in coal at Barry. Here further delay occurred in getting the coal on board. During the few days spent at Cardiff there was an outburst of bitter racial feeling between the white and the coloured sailors. This rose to such a height that the men lost all self-control, and fighting took place. Two or three of them lost their lives in affrays during the three or four days these animosities continued.

It was therefore with feelings of relief that I went to join the ship at Barry on Saturday, June 14, 1919, and was taken to the shipping office to sign the ship's articles, a strange formality, but essential before I could sail in a cargo vessel. Though the ship was due to sail when I arrived, there still appeared to be much to be done before we could leave the dock. The chief officer pointed out a number of wooden stalls containing cattle which had yet to be shipped, and which were all, as he told me, valuable animals for South Africa. The task of shipping these animals took some hours, as many of them would not walk on board, but had to be put into stalls, which were slung by cranes and secured on the deck. There were in all two bulls and fourteen cows, with two or three calves. The difficulty of getting them into their places on board terrified them, and for two or three days they were timid and unfriendly, but the gentleness of the sailors and the frequent little attentions shown them made them at last perfectly quiet and really fond of being noticed and talked to by those who passed.

At about four o'clock the ship began to move out from the docks, and soon, as we were passing down the



channel, we saw the last of the English shores as the sun was sinking. My cabin was the office of the chief engineer; it had a table under the berth, so that, when I got my things unpacked, it formed a comfortable room. I found there were some twelve other supernumerary sailors who, like myself, had secured a passage in this way in order to get abroad earlier than they could otherwise have done. Among these passengers I soon found two or three who became firm friends.

The master of our ship was Captain Stirling, whose seniority in the service had given him the opportunity of important and varied work in the mercantile marine during the war. He had run many risks from German submarines and from mines, but his ships had escaped being sunk, though the grave responsibility and constant strain of such work, with the loss of countless hours of sleep, had told considerably upon his nervous system. He proved to be one of the considerate, thoughtful men we occasionally meet with in life, and he became a most helpful friend to me during the voyage. Each day, after we got out to sea, I spent many hours on the captain's deck, where I had a chair and could read in comfort. At first the sun was not too warm to sit exposed to its rays, but we speedily passed into a region where the awning was acceptable. The decks of cargo ships are of iron and made for rough work, but the captain has a deck for his own use, and this was boarded and comfortable for a passenger.

Life on board ship is so familiar that there is no occasion to go into details about it; still, as this was a cargo ship, it may be interesting to some readers to know how things are done. The number of the crew is limited to the bare requirements for working the vessel,

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so that cleaning of paint and deck-washing have to be reduced to a minimum, though a chief officer who takes a pride in his ship and its appearance will not allow it to get dirty, and will find means to have the decks washed down frequently, if not daily. There is, as a rule, good accommodation for the members of the crew in the way of bath-rooms and other conveniences, and there is an air of comfort when the ship gets under weigh and all have settled down.

The duties of officers engaged in working the ship are the same as on passenger boats. The chief officer seldom keeps his watch alone; he has one of the apprentices to help him, for, as the general oversight of the crew falls on him, he is often called away from the bridge to other duties. His watch is from four to eight in the morning, and at the same hours in the afternoon, thus allowing him reasonable time for rest at night so that he may be available at any time during the day if required. The officers have a nice saloon for their mess, and can sit there on wet days or during cold weather if they wish to enjoy each other's company.

There are usually two or three apprentices who assist the officers in navigating the ship. One of them is generally on the bridge, but they have also other duties to perform, and studies to carry on in their cabins when they leave the bridge at the end of their watch. Their studies and preparation for examination in seamanship proceed daily under the supervision of the chief officer. In like manner the engineers have duties to perform when they leave their watch in the engine-room; the machinery must be kept in order, and those of them who have higher examinations to pass have to study for them. Thus ships' officers have a busy life, which keeps them

from being dull or finding time hang heavy on their hands.

We supernumeraries were quite numerous enough to be able to form sides for games, and soon deck quoits were in fashion for those who favoured that recreation. It has always been my rule to take regular exercise in the form of walking for a certain length of time each day in the morning and again in the evening, and to spend the rest of the day reading and writing. I found sufficient room on one of the decks to promenade, sometimes alone, at others with an officer or occasionally one of the passengers. I had brought with me certain books which had reference to the work I had to do, and these occupied me for the whole voyage. On board ship the novice soon settles down to the routine of life; indeed, in a few hours he feels quite at home, and after two or three days he does not seem to have had any other existence. We had a good wireless installation and two operators, one being on duty at all times, and each day we thus had bits of information from home until we were nearing Cape Verde Islands. This information was passed from one to another, and formed a pleasant variation to the small talk we had to make at meals.

At the close of a week we were drawing near our first port of call; we had seen little of the unpleasant part of the seafarer's life during that time, as we had been favoured with good weather. The Bay of Biscay did not cause us any inconvenience, for we were too far out at sea to feel the usual effects of the troubled waters. The first place of call was to be the Cape Verde Islands, and we approached them at the end of a week on the Sunday evening. The islands are desolate and poor—at least, from what we could see of them as we

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approached Cape St. Vincent, which was our particular port. Bare rock jutting up from the sea was all that met the eye until we drew near to our anchorage, in a bay shut in from rough winds by the islands between which we passed. As we neared we descried a few houses on the shore, with here and there what looked like a tree, but there was no grass or any green for the eye to rest upon. Though it was dusk when we anchored, we could see that two ships, with their masts above water, were submerged near the shore. We learnt later that these vessels had been sunk by a German submarine which entered the bay in the early hours one morning, torpedoed them, and escaped before anyone realized that it was about or the fort guns could be turned upon it.

The Cape Verde Islands belong to the Portuguese, and there is a small fort on Cape Vincent, which is the base station of the Western cable, and therefore of importance; it is also a coaling station for shipping passing to Cape Town and America. It is difficult to know why the British cable should be on such a very desolate island when, we were told, there are other more productive places near. We had on board a quantity of coal for this station, and one young man who came as a passenger with us was to reside there for a period of five years. As we had to discharge some five hundred tons of coal, we were interested to see what appliances there were for the purpose, and were surprised to learn that the work had to be done by natives. These shovel the coal into large baskets, which are hoisted to the deck, and the coal emptied into iron chutes which convey it to barges fastened to the ship's side. We could readily understand that this was going to be a formidable and dusty task, lasting about a week. The captain kindly

put up screens to shut out as much dust as possible from the upper deck, but what device can shut out coal dust when coal is being discharged or loaded? The heat now began to tell upon us after the cool weather we had experienced, so that the screens made it almost impossible to sit on the enclosed deck and read.

The day after our arrival we noticed an American ship of the new wooden type, and made some inquiries concerning such vessels. The reply we received was that neither the ships nor their engines were of great value, and would only last about a year, when they would become unseaworthy.

We daily betook ourselves to the island for the pleasure of a walk and also to see what the place was like. We were rowed to the shore, which took about an hour, and when we landed beggars besieged us and clung to us like the pestilential flies which were also abundant. Each day there was a crowd of natives on the sea front, some of them dressed in the bright prints commonly worn in West Africa. The people were all of them either West African from the mainland or else drawn from the islands near, and they live at this place because of the coaling industry, which is evidently lucrative. Many of them are fishermen, who not only find a ready sale for their fish when ships call, but do a good trade among the people themselves.

We found one main road, along which we took our walks; it was in all some eight miles long, and led to the opposite side of the island. The road had been built by someone with a knowledge of engineering; he had taken his levels so as to negotiate the hills and make it possible for wheeled traffic to pass that way. There was no good earth to be seen; all we could trace appeared

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to be pulverized stone which had been washed down from the upper parts of the rocks into the valleys. Yet there were small plots of land or gardens under cultivation, with feeble plantains, coco-nut palms struggling for life, and here and there acacia trees for fences. A few of the more energetic inhabitants cultivate a little maize and a few vegetables, chiefly cabbages. This cultivation is the more remarkable since everything requires constant irrigation, which has to be effected by small pumps erected on the plot of land. The pumps are worked by little windmills, and keep a constant stream of brackish water, drawn from wells sunk in the rock, flowing over the gritty surface. It was wonderful to see here and there small herds of goats and sometimes a cow. The goats browse upon the scanty herbage, which has to be sought for carefully or it might be overlooked. There can be no doubt that their meals have to be augmented by grass and fodder brought from the more productive islands.

The town is small, containing a few shops in two short streets, a market square, also with shops round it, and the native quarter, which is the most insanitary place imaginable. The supply of vegetables and fruit comes daily from one or other of the islands, and all the fresh water for drinking is also brought daily by a small vessel which plies to and fro with its tanks. The few European houses and the telegraph station face the sea front. The residents have a bathing place and tennis and football grounds, and thus manage to exist in what seemed to us, as visitors, a most dismal spot.

It was while we were lying at anchor at Cape St. Vincent on Saturday, June 28, at two o'clock in the afternoon, that we learned that peace had been signed

## The Soul of Central Africa

that day. We were made aware of the fact by the fort guns booming forth, and at the same time all the ships in harbour began to sound their sirens together. Then a small steam launch, sent by the Government, came racing round to confirm the news. Soon all work ceased and the ships were covered with bunting, while the sirens went on sounding for some hours longer, expressing the joyous feeling of all in most discordant tones.

While we were discharging coal a large steamer called for coal supplies and water. We learned that she was a German ship which had been taken by our Government and handed over to the Union Castle Line, and this was her maiden voyage. We were further told that she had been built by the Kaiser for his own use. Gossip added to this that she was to have been the ship in which he was to travel round the world visiting his new possessions when he had won the war. The name of this monster ship was *Cappalonia*. She had four decks, and many modern arrangements for pleasure and exercise, a gymnasium, with various up-to-date appliances, and, finally, a promenade on the upper deck for the amusement of the passengers and troops on board, where dancing was a frequent entertainment. Some of our company went on board to inspect her, and returned saying that they preferred the cargo ship, with all that they had before considered to be her inconveniences, to that magnificent vessel. She sailed two or three days before we were ready, but when we reached Natal we heard she had not reached Cape Town.

Before the *Cappalonia* left Cape St. Vincent she had to give an account of herself. One night after sunset a man-of-war came in with her searchlight showing brightly and casting its beams far ahead as it swept the

sea in search of hostile ships. She ran to within hailing distance of the great vessel to inquire about her, and, when she received a satisfactory report, dropped back and anchored. It was interesting to see how a man-of-war does her work and how beautifully the men can handle such ships.

Before we sailed from the Cape Verde Islands the captain called me up one night to settle a question I had asked him some days before—whether he had ever seen the North Star and the Southern Cross at one and the same time. We went to the bridge, and there I saw for myself this wonderful sight; to the north was the Pole Star shining brightly, and then, turning to the south, I beheld the Southern Cross well above the horizon. It was a bright, clear sky, with millions of stars visible, and would have delighted the heart of any astronomer. To me, with my very slight knowledge of the heavens, the sight was inspiring.

The weary stay at St. Vincent came to an end none too soon for us; the coal dust was washed from the decks, and soon the ship began to assume the appearance of never having been degraded to such a task. We were able to sit about on deck again and read without any feeling of suffocation from dust, and we again heard the music of the regular beat of the engines as we made our way towards Africa. It was disappointing to learn that we were not to call at Cape Town, as we had no cargo for that port, but were to go straight to Natal. The day after leaving the Cape Verde Islands the weather became a little cooler, and as we continued our southern course it became decidedly cool, and we realized that it was now winter in South Africa. After we rounded the southern point of the continent, and altered our course



to sail up the east coast, we encountered bad weather, and as we proceeded the sea became rougher, until we were in a severe storm. This was not my first experience of a storm, and did not cause me the least uneasiness, but it was a reminder of what the waves can be. The wind howled and rain swept over us in torrents, while the sea was lashed into mountains of water, rising and falling with roars like angry beasts. My cabin soon became a chaos; boxes and chairs were sliding from side to side, and had to be arranged in such a way that one case secured the next and each prevented the other from moving out of place; everything that could move did so until fixed in some way. That evening I found that lying in my berth was more comfortable than trying to sit in a chair and read. During the night the engines had to be stopped, for the waves were so huge that, as the bows sank into the hollow, the propeller was raised out of the water, and the engines, thus freed, were "racing." After this we went on slowly, moving just enough to keep the ship under control. The cessation of the thud of the engines waked me, but when I heard them go on again I realized that all was well, and did not trouble to rise to ascertain the cause. Next morning I found that the waves had been so high at one time that the captain feared the cattle would be thrown down and their limbs broken or, what was worse, that they would be washed overboard. We escaped any such accident, though the sea was still running high and the weather might still be termed, in nautical phraseology, "dirty."

When passing East London a signal from the shore asked us to look out for a wreck and try to save the crew who were on it. It was with considerable difficulty that

we were able to take the message, as it was a flag code, and we could not easily distinguish the flags through the rain and mist. We sailed past, and had to return to obtain another view before the officers were satisfied that they had read the message aright. We passed on, but though a sharp look-out was kept as we proceeded to Natal, we saw no wreck nor any sign of wreckage floating.

As I became more intimate with the officers and they became more communicative, I learned some of the terrible experiences they had been through during the war. Several had been in ships which had been torpedoed and sunk, some of their companions being drowned. One man had been through such an experience twice. He was an engineer, and when the second ship was struck he was on duty in the engine-room. He remained at his post until the rising of the water warned him that the ship was sinking; he then ran up a ladder through the skylight, and jumped overboard as she went down. After swimming about for some time, he was picked up, with one other man from the ship, these two being the only survivors.

Two other men, who were brothers, were in a ship that was attacked by the German raider on the west coast of Africa. They described the raider as appearing showing signals of distress; the engines were slowed down to enable her to come within range, when she ran up her true flag, lowered her false sides, and displayed her guns. The British captain was not to be daunted, and he determined not to yield without making some attempt at escape. He therefore ordered the ship to go full steam ahead, and at the same time fired upon the raider with considerable accuracy. The raider, however, was too

fast, and gained upon them, firing as she steamed. Having crippled their engines, she then sent armed men to make the officers prisoners and sink the ship, after removing from her everything of value. The members of the crew were ordered into their boats, and after a time were picked up and kept some days as prisoners on the raider. Here they found numbers of other men from British ships which had been sunk, who were, like themselves, prisoners. All these men were, some days later, put on a captured ship and sent, with a special German crew, to a neutral port. The captain, as he had killed some of the German sailors when he fired on them and had done some damage to the ship, was kept prisoner on the raider to be taken to Germany.

One fine afternoon the captain called my attention to a desperate fight going on between a shark and a whale. For an hour we watched these monsters of the deep, the one striving to escape, the other attacking and seeking to kill his prey. Whenever the whale rose to breathe, the shark leapt out some feet clear of the water and tried to come down upon the whale before it had time to dive out of danger. The splash was tremendous, and we waited a little while to see the result. The whale would rise again and spout some distance from the former place, and again the great bulk of the shark would be seen well in the air, followed by the splash of water. It was an exciting race between the two, the one battling for life, the other for his prey. We passed out of sight, leaving the struggle still raging, and never knew its end.

On July 19 we reached Natal, and were piloted into a beautiful port. It was a great change from the last visit I had paid in 1887, when we had to remain at anchor some miles outside, and steam launches carried

passengers between the ship and the shore. Now we went into a fine harbour and tied up to a dock wall. Here some of the supernumerary crew ended their voyage, while others were uncertain whether they would be permitted to go farther by the same ship, as the company had only agreed to their going as far as Natal. Two of us knew we were to go to Mombasa if the ship went there; she might, however, be ordered to Australia for meat. As there were no instructions, the captain thought it right to go on, and made preparations for so doing.

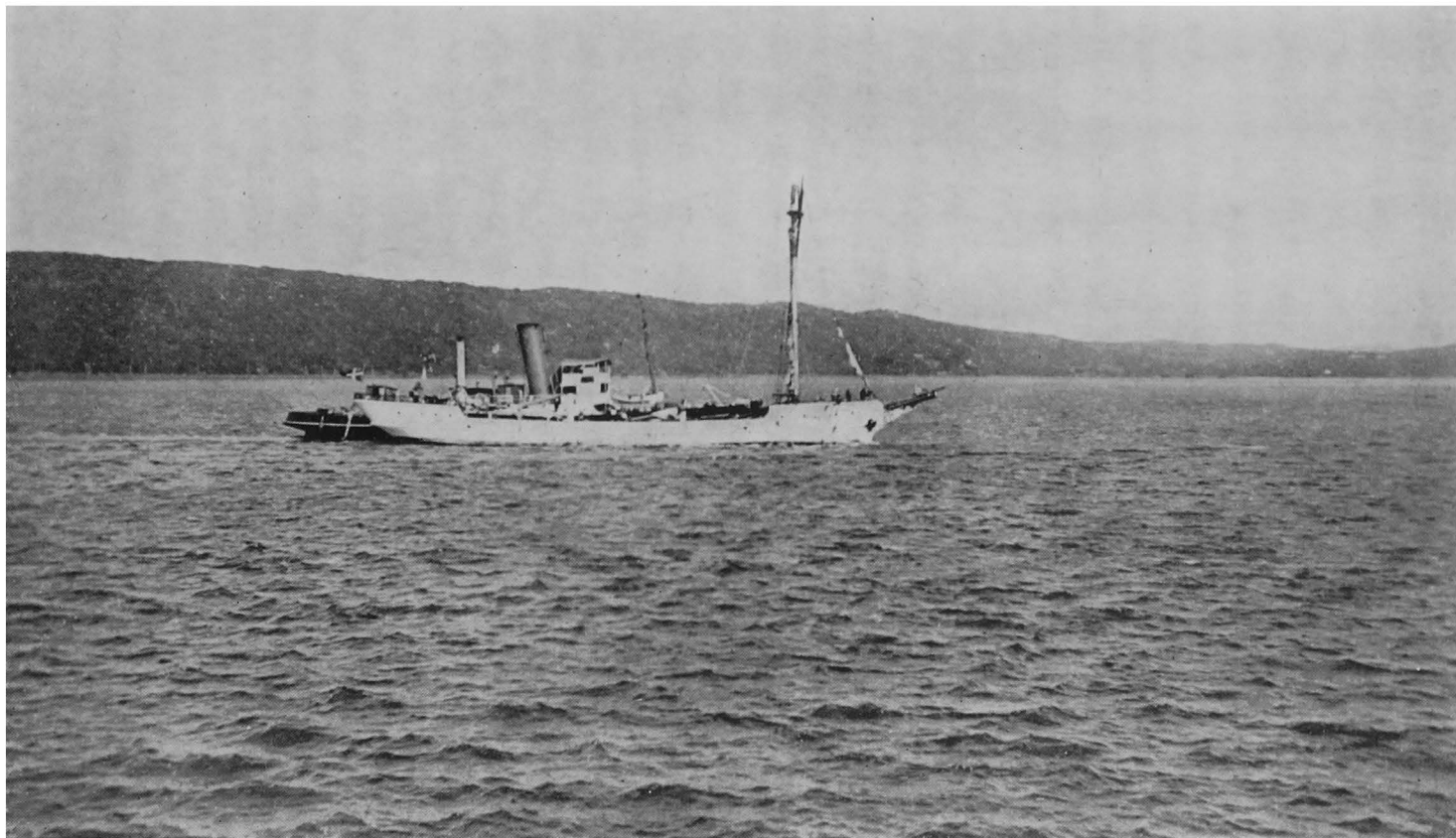
In Durban, in addition to the interest of the town itself, we had much to watch on board, for here the cattle were disembarked and a certain amount of cargo was discharged. The cows had become extremely tame and docile, but the manner of putting them ashore quite unnerved them, for they had to be driven one at a time into a box, and then hoisted over the ship's side on to the quay, where they were taken out and led away to a quarantine camp. All this, with the feeling of firm ground again, made one or two of the cows perfectly mad, so that six or seven men found it difficult to hold them. The bulls, which we expected to prove the more difficult, were quiet and lamb-like. The owners were there to receive these valuable animals, and were responsible for landing them and taking them away. They were greatly admired by the men who had come for them, who pronounced them perfect specimens and their condition all that could be desired.

The ship's officers have their special places in working the holds, each officer being in command over and responsible for the cargo in a hold, while the chief officer is over the entire cargo and has the general control of

discharging it. Men from the shore, trained for such work, come on board to discharge the cargo, and are under the orders of skilled men who understand how to load and unload ships. The cargo has to be so packed that during a gale or in rough seas, when the ship is pitching and tossing, it cannot move and endanger the safety of the vessel, for, should it shift, the displacement of its weight might cause the ship to turn turtle. During the time of discharging cargo the goods for the port are taken out, and as they go are checked by the officer and also by men belonging to the firm of receivers, who certify the condition of the goods on arrival. A good stevedore in charge can save his company a vast amount of expenditure by keeping the cranes constantly working, whereas a poor stevedore allows them to stand still while his men are preparing the goods to be hoisted from the hold.

The engineers generally have some part of the machinery to overhaul during the stay in a port, and have to effect repairs which are impossible while the engines are working. Thus both officers and engineers, when they are in foreign ports, find employment of a different character from the usual routine of watch and navigation duties, though it is no less strenuous.

I was able to go about Durban to see the town and also the museum, where I found some interesting objects belonging to South Africa. While we were detained discharging cargo the wreck of the sailing vessel *Rangkok*, about which we had heard when passing East London, was towed into the harbour by a tug that had been sent to look for her; she had lost her masts and rudder, and was found in a waterlogged condition. Her captain and two or three men, who were lashed to some part of the wreck, were saved. She had sailed from Natal, a



**THE DERELICT RANGKOK BEING TOWED INTO PORT**

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week before she encountered the storm, with a cargo of heavy wood. When her masts were carried away and the steering gear damaged, the captain sent some of his crew in an open boat to try to reach land and obtain help; these men had got to East London and reported the ship's condition, when a tug at once went to her aid.

We sailed from Durban carrying two or three of our former supernumeraries with the addition of two others who had arrived from England on a sister ship. We had seen Durban in the height of the season, when visitors from Johannesburg and other inland towns come to enjoy a holiday at the seaside. Durban was full and every place of amusement was as busy as it could be, so that we had been able to see the town at its best. Our next port of call was Delagoa Bay, or, as the Portuguese call it, Lourenço Marques. From Natal the ship took only one day to steam round here. Again I found great improvements, and, much to my astonishment, the port was quite abreast of the times with its docks and harbours, while its machinery for shipping coal was even in advance of the best at Cardiff. This appears to have been the work of the Germans, who, after visiting English and other coaling stations, improved the methods and appliances in use, bringing the place in this respect up to and even beyond any other port in the world. I had visited here twice before, and we then had to anchor far out at sea and get a rowing boat to carry us ashore. I well remembered the backwardness and dilatoriness with which everything was done, or rather was left undone, at that time. For example, on my first visit a railway had been projected and some carriages had been landed; four years later they lay in

the same place on the shore, and no attempt had been made to remove them or in any way to improve the place. Now all that sloth was gone: a fine town, with good paved roads, and tramcars running, greeted us; well-cared-for paths and good buildings betokened prosperity. Yet this was the place for which England, not many years ago, refused to pay a few pounds; and now it is the coaling port for South Africa, and would be of the utmost value to us for this purpose. We were to discharge most of our cargo here, and were told we should, in all probability, have to stay a week. We were preparing accordingly for this rest when we received news which at first made us anxious as to the completion of our journey. The captain received a cable ordering him to coal and proceed direct to Australia for meat.

While awaiting further news I paid a visit to the large crane working the coal trucks, and found a remarkable time- and labour-saving method in use. A train of loaded trucks is brought, each truck carrying some thirty tons of coal. A rope worked from the crane engine pulls a truck on to a lift, which rises to a large chute and tilts the truck, emptying the coal into the chute, which runs into the ship's hold. The crane then brings down the truck, which follows its original path down a gradient and up an incline till it reaches automatic points, which open for it on its return journey, diverting it to a side line, where an engine takes the empty trucks back to the mine to be refilled, thus working with the minimum of rolling stock. Coal is tipped into the hold at such a speed that men are unable to work and stow, or "trim" it; a second hold in the ship has therefore to be worked at the same time, and there is machinery which quickly moves the ship to and fro,



bringing each hold in turn under the chute of the crane, and so saving time.

The news we had received directing us to leave our ship and the friendly captain and officers was very trying to all of us, as we had greatly enjoyed their companionship and kindness, and we cast about in our minds how we were to reach our destination. A visit to the company's agents was reassuring; from them we learnt that a sister ship, the *Clan MacQuarrie*, was about to sail for Mombasa, and was at present taking on a cargo of coal. We therefore visited the captain of that ship, and from him obtained the promise of the assistance we needed. He told us that he would be sailing in two or, at most, three days' time. Thus reassured, we returned to enjoy the sights of the place and to learn the mysteries of discharging cargo on our own ship.

There was a quantity of cargo to be dealt with, and soon each hatch was opened and the officers were busily engaged checking off the crates and packages of all kinds and shapes. There were ironware and bars of iron, stoves and iron cooking pots, crates of crockery and paint, and, worst of all, barrels of tar, many of which had been damaged, the liquid leaking into the ship's hold. When the sound cases of tar had been discharged, the men at work in the hold had to walk about in some twelve inches of escaped tar; their clothing was soon in a terrible mess, while hands and faces were bedaubed with it, yet it had to be got out somehow. The deck of the ship and the quay near were in a dreadfully slippery state; and the harbour-master made the company's agents responsible for cleaning the mess away.

To me it was interesting to see the care that had to be taken when cases of spirits were discharged. During

the voyage these cases have to be kept in a special hold, which is under the charge of one officer, and is carefully locked. This officer told me how necessary it was to observe every movement of the men working this cargo, because, do what they would, the men found means of obtaining some of the spirit. They would drop a case, and so break some of the bottles in it, and drink the liquor as it ran out, or, if that were prevented, they would drive their hauling-hooks through the wood, pierce a bottle, catch the spirit in tins, and drink it. During the time these cases were being handled the men would strive to divert the attention of the officer and broach a case without being detected.

Before we could leave the one ship and join the other we had to visit the English Consul to have our names transferred to the papers of the new ship. It was late at night when we finally took our leave and moved to our new quarters. I found I had made some warm friends and that the parting was not a mere formal "good-bye," but a severance from real friends. Early the next morning we steamed away from Delagoa Bay, and were soon out of sight of land on the last stage of our voyage. We soon learned that Captain Oliver, of our new ship, was a kind-hearted man, though of a different type from his colleague, especially in the reserve of his nature. I soon, however, became on intimate terms with him, and found he was no other than the captain, of whom the steward of the former ship had told me, who had been a prisoner in Germany for firing upon the German raider and trying to defend his ship. He told me that during his imprisonment he had for some months to lie on the bare floor of his cell, and was treated with great disrespect and cruelty, while he daily expected to be shot. He was then brought



**DURBAN: A NATIVE HUT**



**DURBAN: A RICKSHAW AND DRIVER**

up before a number of officers when Captain Fryatt was being tried, and was asked to state whether he did not consider Captain Fryatt to be in the wrong and the German verdict, that he should be shot, to be just. He realized that his answer, whether for or against Fryatt, would be used against himself; all that Germany wanted was something that could be published as having been said by another English captain. The answer was characteristic of the man. He replied: "I could only decide how I should act if placed in similar circumstances." This incensed the officers, who would have shot him at once, had not the admiral, who was the commander of the raider, saved him. After suffering many hardships, he was released when the Armistice was signed.

A voyage of six days brought us to Mombasa. We passed Zanzibar during the early hours of the morning, keeping well to the north of the island, which I saw in the distance as the dawn broke. As we approached Mombasa the island on which it stands, with its beautiful fringe of trees, came into sight; next we saw numbers of well-built houses, looking cool in the shade of large trees, and as we neared the port other changes became apparent. It is no longer necessary to wait about for the tide to carry the ship over the coral reef, as in old days when the harbour was on the east side of the island; ships now go at once into Kilindini port, where there is always deep water. It is, however, wise to enter when the tide is running out, as otherwise a ship may be carried along by the current so quickly that she cannot answer her helm in time to round the island and follow the channel, and is in danger of running ashore. A small launch came out with a pilot in answer to our signal; but he found it difficult to catch us up, though we were going

slowly, just making enough headway to navigate the ship. The course to the anchorage from the open sea is tortuous, and we were carried from side to side by the current, which was running swiftly.

We dropped anchor opposite the custom-house, which was the most advantageous site at which to discharge cargo and take on board goods for England. There is still no jetty or anything approaching to a wharf, so that cargo has to be transhipped to lighters and taken to the shore to be put on board the train. All this handling of goods adds to the expense and delay in delivering them and also increases the risk of damage. On the other hand, great improvements have been made to facilitate the loading and unloading of the ships.

It is a pretty and interesting view of Mombasa that meets the eye as the ship enters the harbour; the island stands well above the sea, and has steep rugged sides running down to the beach, which is so narrow that the shore is inundated at high water. The slopes of the land can be well seen, with the cleared spaces for the golf links and the park-like grounds surrounding the Government houses. To the north, still on the island, are the old ruins of the Portuguese fort, while farther north the mainland stretches, covered with coco-nut palms. To the south again is the mainland, with its fringe of trees looking green and fresh, and in the farther distance are the Shimba Hills, which now supply Mombasa with good water. The new harbour forms a much better approach than the old one afforded for any person coming to East Africa for the first time. On the north side of the island the Arab and native town was always unpleasant. The harbour could only be entered at high water, and even then careful bearings had to be

## The Start of the Expedition 25

taken, for the coral reef left only a narrow passage by which ships of any size could pass in and out. Upon landing there were the dirt and the evil smells common to Arab and Eastern towns, which not only offended the organs of sense, but also tested the powers of endurance. Now, to the south, at Kilindini, there is a clean landing, where either motor cars or the old trolley of the Imperial British East Africa Company are available to take the visitor to the hotel without carrying him into the native town at all. We had to go through the usual forms of seeing first the doctor and then a passport officer, who gave us the necessary permission to land. Though this takes time, it is a necessary precaution to prevent undesirables from crowding into the new colonies.

## CHAPTER II

### MOMBASA—NAIROBI—KAMPALA

First days in Mombasa—Lewali's Stories—Mombasa and Frere Town—Journey to Nairobi—Nairobi—Journey to Lake Victoria—Crossing the Lake—Entebbe—Kampala—The Cathedral—History of Kampala—Native Habits and Conditions—Religion—Agriculture—Journey to Ankole.—

**A**T Mombasa I spent a busy week trying to find suitable men to accompany me as photographer and typist; but as these were not to be found I determined to go on to Nairobi as soon as possible and make further inquiries for them. I took no English assistants out with me, but trusted to finding natives who were sufficiently trained for my purpose. In this I was not very successful, for the boys I got, with the exception of my excellent cook and his assistant, were not of much use. I felt, however, that the presence of a second white man might, as well as adding greatly to the expenses of the expedition, have the effect of making the natives less communicative.

We passengers who had signed articles as members of the ship's crew had to go to the Consulate and sign the official papers stating that we were leaving the ship; and there were many other things to be done in Mombasa. I found there a few old friends, among them the Provincial Commissioner, from whom I learned many things concerning those of the Galla peoples who are said to live near the coast. He told me that there are

now only a few of these people scattered among some of the more prosperous tribes, among whom they live, two or three together, and work as herdsmen to the tribe.

One afternoon I spent with the Arab Lewali, the native Governor of Mombasa, who told me some amusing stories about the Germans and their treatment of certain natives whom they suspected of being disloyal to themselves and friendly to the Sultan of Zanzibar. When he learned that, at the beginning of the German occupation in 1888, the Germans had refused to hand over our ransom and I had therefore been a prisoner with the Arabs in Bagamoyo, an incident which I have described in "Twenty-five Years in Africa," he was more communicative.

He told an amusing story of a trader who was suspected of having killed a German. One trader was jealous of a neighbour more prosperous than himself, and for a time he sought, but in vain, some means to rid himself of this rival. One day a murder was committed and, though a prolonged search was made, the murderer could not be found. The trader saw his chance of getting rid of his rival and determined to seize it. He went secretly to the German officer, told him that he knew who had committed the murder, and gave the name of his rival as the culprit. The officer immediately sent a guard and arrested the man, who was ignorant of the cause of his arrest until told in prison of the charge against him. When brought before the judge for trial he realized that there was no possibility of escape, that his word would not be taken nor his witnesses accepted. He learned, further, who had accused him of being the murderer, and saw that his case was hopeless. There



was still, however, a means of revenge—to implicate the man who had accused him. When he was again brought up for trial he said to the judge: “That man only knows that I am the murderer because he helped me. He held the feet of the German while I cut his throat.” As a result the informant was also imprisoned, tried, and condemned to death with the accused man—and neither of them had in reality committed the crime.

Another good story he told concerned the first Sultan of Zanzibar and how he came to marry the daughter of the Shah of Persia. It happened at the time when the Sultan had become conqueror of Zanzibar and the coast of East Africa, that he went to his small possessions in Arabia and sent to the Shah requesting the hand of his daughter in marriage. The request being scornfully rejected, the Sultan, who had just returned from some victories in Africa, was highly incensed. Unable for a time to find any means of pressing his claim, he nursed his resentment until at length he heard that the Shah was about to make a pilgrimage to Mecca with his wife and daughter. Here was his chance. Some of his vessels were quickly prepared and armed, and he set out to waylay the Shah. In a few days the Persian vessel came in sight and was attacked by the Sultan’s ships. After a short battle the Shah and his wife and daughter were made prisoners and carried to the Sultan’s port. The Shah was then glad enough to come to terms with his captor, giving him his daughter in marriage as a ransom for himself and his wife. Thus the Sultan at once avenged the insult he had received and gained his desire.

The Lewali has many excellent stories relating to the early history of places along the east coast, and his father holds a letter from the captain of the first British

man-of-war that came to Africa. The father was an important chief at a town north of Mombasa and supplied the man-of-war with fresh water and meat. He was paid in full for the stores, and a letter, thanking him for what he had done, was given to him.

At the end of a week I found that the climate of Mombasa was beginning to try my nervous system. The discovery was not pleasant and made me wonder whether the heat would be too trying for me and thus bring the expedition to an early close. The best plan I could conceive was to hasten to the interior and try whether the higher ground would suit me better.

Before leaving Mombasa, however, a few words about the island may be welcome. The visitor of to-day can hardly realize what a change has taken place since the early days before the British East Africa Company settled there, or even since, at a later date, it became the terminus of the Uganda Railway. Many people spend a few days there before passing into the interior without even being aware that they are on an island.

In the early days visitors went to Mombasa by ferry from Frere Town to see the ruins of the ancient Portuguese fort, which was destroyed in 1631, partially rebuilt a few years later, and is now a prison. Another sight of interest is the old fort on the north-east point of the island which, though not often visited now, has some peculiar features. A staircase cut in the rock, which is invisible to anyone outside the fort, leads down to the shore, or, when the tide is in, to the water. If I remember aright this entrance can only be reached by water, as that part of the shore is cut off by a point of rock. The fort itself, on the peak, is overgrown with grass and many of the stones of its walls have been

removed and used in other buildings. The native town, however, with its dirt and smell, had little attraction, and Frere Town, then the show place, was where the visitors stayed. In Mombasa there were no European houses, and an Arab house is pointed out as the residence of the first missionaries, Krapf and Redman.

Frere Town was then a thriving station of the Church Missionary Society, and, as there was a large settlement of freed slaves, a school was established for training them to work and earn their own living. It was here also that the bishop had his headquarters when the diocese included Uganda. Bishop Hannington, the first Bishop of Central Africa, resided in Frere Town and started from there on his fatal journey to Uganda. The dangerous part of the route he passed through safely, but when his difficulties might have been considered at an end he fell through the enmity of Mwanga, King of Uganda, whom he had every reason to trust as his friend. Farther round the point to the north, on the mainland opposite to Mombasa, is the graveyard where the wives of the pioneer missionaries, Krapf and Redman, are buried. This sacred spot is to-day little known and seldom visited by Europeans. Frere Town has dwindled to an insignificant mission station where now only one or two English people live.

The work of the mission has been transferred to Mombasa, where the Hannington-Parker Memorial Cathedral was built. Here the Bishop of Mombasa had his headquarters after he moved from Frere Town in order to be near the centre of activity. He has now been compelled for the same reason, that is, the movement of the centre of British Government, to follow the flow of Europeans to Nairobi, and the only part of the

mission organization which still flourishes is the Buxton School, which is doing excellent work among the cosmopolitan population of the island.

At Mombasa, too, were the headquarters of the British East Africa Company when it began its operations. For a time the Arab town was the only place in which they could find accommodation, but later on houses were built on the higher parts of the island outside the native town, and there the Europeans speedily congregated. Before the British Government decided to make British East Africa a Protectorate a small railway for light cars or trollies had been laid to carry passengers to and from their offices. When the Protectorate was formed Mombasa became an important port and for some years the white population grew rapidly. The island was soon connected by the Uganda Railway with the mainland, and the number of people engaged on railway work greatly increased the population.

The excessive and usually moist heat of Mombasa, however, makes the place trying to Europeans, though some who have been there many years affirm it to be not unhealthy, and even to be good for white men. These, however, are perhaps only the few who, being more robust, could have been well anywhere. When the railway opened up the country the highlands of Nairobi began to attract the British resident, who decided to make that his headquarters. The site was undoubtedly more attractive. There was room for expansion, it was more healthy and less trying for Europeans, and it was more central for the Protectorate. The removal of the staff and the decision of the railway to make Nairobi their base for working the line to Lake Victoria soon caused a general exodus from Mombasa to the highlands.

## The Soul of Central Africa

The town of Mombasa has now dwindled to the few residents who require to be on the coast for the shipping and railway work, and it is the headquarters of the Administrative Officer for the coast district and province. The European quarters are on the southern side, and extend from the higher part to the port, Kilindini. The island is not more than three miles long and about half as wide, and more than half of this is taken up by the residences of the white population and their recreation grounds. The native town continues to attract multitudes, and the population is very cosmopolitan. There are Arabs and natives from almost every part of Africa; there are Indians of all types and classes, attracted from many parts of India by reports of the possibilities of trading and growing rich in a short time at the expense of the African; of the Western or white races it would be difficult to name the people not represented there.

Though people who have lived on the island for a number of years speak of it as a pleasant place and of the climate as good, I confess I never visit it without longing to get away quickly from the trying heat and pitying the "washed-out" looking people who live there. In the early days of the European residents the only fresh water was rain water, which was caught as it ran from the roofs of the houses, carefully stored in large cisterns built in the ground, and strictly reserved for drinking purposes. Since the British Government brought fresh water from the Shimba Hills there has been a great improvement in the comfort of the community in this respect; but, to anyone who knows the interior, Mombasa remains a place to be tolerated only until he can move on to the uplands.

It was now evident to me that I must get away from

Mombasa if I was to be able to remain in Africa long enough to complete the work of the expedition I had undertaken. It was, therefore, with a sense of relief that I went to join the train at the station and booked for Nairobi, without the long delay of those former days when it was necessary to engage porters before commencing the march to Uganda. When the train had left the town and the mainland began to show itself, with its trees and grass and the usual signs of uncultivated land, a sense of satisfaction stole over me, and the freedom from the moisture of the coast belt soon became perceptible.

The journey by rail is not in the least formidable, though now it behoves the traveller to keep a sharp watch over his goods. Thefts from the carriages are frequent, and it is not only when the carriages are left unguarded during meals and stoppages that these experts manage to pilfer—they will rob you by night while you are in your compartment. The comfort and ease of the carriages is equal to that of any English railway, while the stops at the food-bungalows are so arranged that the train runs into the station just in time for a meal, and kindly waits while you enjoy your dinner or whatever meal you wish to take. The guard informs you when the next stop will be, and until then you can be comfortable in your coach and amuse yourself as you please.

For me there was the attraction of the changed face of the countryside as we journeyed. In former times I knew the long stretches of the country as waste land, but now we were continually passing through the cultivated farmsteads of European settlers, with here and there well-built houses and plantations of trees, in marked con-

trast to the wilder parts. Now and again we passed lorries drawn by oxen, evidently journeying to one of the railway depots, or, as we neared some homestead in the evening, we saw the cattle returning home for the night. This seemed wonderfully strange in those places where I could remember the weariness of long journeys on foot with seldom even a native village to which one might go for water or to purchase some article of food, such as a fowl, a native necessity which, however, when intended for my table, sold at a high price as a luxury. Now at nightfall the rugs were spread, the dust-shutters drawn, the seat turned into a bed, and soon sleep relieved the weary hours as the train journeyed on. In the early morning we stopped for a few minutes at a station where it was possible to procure a cup of tea, and then on we went until breakfast time, when we had a reasonable pause at one of the Indian bungalows.

The country from this point on to Nairobi is full of animal life, the Athi Plain being the part where animals of almost every description peculiar to Africa roam about in the preserves. There are large herds of zebra, antelopes of various kinds, wild pigs, an occasional lion in the distance, on rarer occasions one or two giraffe with their heads well in the air, and ostriches feeding or making off with long strides. A remarkable feature is their fearlessness of the trains; in many instances the animals simply raise their heads to gaze on the train, and then continue grazing, just as a number of cows would do at home. Sometimes there are animals on the permanent way, and the driver has to sound his steam whistle to frighten them off.

I remember this neighbourhood in the past, when it was more noted for lions than nowadays. On one

occasion, when we were camped for the night near the Athi River, lions were prowling about, and the men, getting nervous lest they should spring amongst them, begged me to move farther away. So I had to strike camp at midnight and march some ten miles to another place. Fortunately, it was moonlight, and the walk, when once I had left my comfortable bed and taken some light refreshment, was not really unpleasant.

In due time Nairobi was reached and I was struck by the extraordinary growth of the place with its substantial houses, shops and offices, with their stone walls, and its hotels with all the comforts of civilization, which almost make you forget you are in Africa until the heat of the sun brings the fact back to you. Here are streets of dwelling-houses, banks, shops, and even a theatre standing out with its attractions; then farther on there is the church, while the residences of the Governor and the better class are on the higher ground. There are various open spaces for recreation and games, not least among them being the race-course with its stand. The worst feature of the town is the streets and roads, which are far inferior to the buildings and not only decidedly detract from the appearance of the place, but are quite insanitary. On one side is the native town, separated from the European and thus giving more freedom to the people to live their own lives without annoying the Western races by their Eastern customs. Nairobi is no longer the vast empty plain upon which I first camped; then, in all the wide expanse over which the eye could travel before the view was obstructed by trees, one grass hut was the only dwelling in sight.

It was from this district that I made my first journey by rail to the coast. Starting from the other side of the



Mau Escarpment I went as far as Nairobi in a covered iron truck, a mode of travel that was a luxury in those days. My tent awning was hung as a screen to form a bedroom, while another part of the tent served to shut the boys out of my sitting-room, which was by the open door where, sitting in a deck-chair, I enjoyed the air and could read. The boys cooked my food in their part, and at night I retired to bed in my part of the truck. When I thought of those weary marches day after day, when fifteen miles was a good journey, what a luxury it seemed to sit in a train which could cover that distance easily in a few minutes! Still those old days of slow marching had their pleasures, even their fascinations, with the cheery porters and the excitement of some adventure to be met or some difficulty to be overcome.

The few days spent at Nairobi were full of work, but it was not possible to find the men required for the expedition, so when the next train for the interior arrived I made ready to go on to Lake Victoria. Nairobi, being the headquarters for the railway, has wonderful workshops where every kind of repair to the machinery or rolling stock connected with the railway can be carried out. With its vast system of lines and signal-boxes and its many workmen busy with all kinds of railway repairs, this is the Crewe of the Uganda Railway.

The rise in altitude from the coast is so gradual as to be almost unnoticeable except for the fresh feeling in the air which invigorates the traveller. In Nairobi the height is about 4,500 feet, the nights are cool and the days not oppressive. The heat may register as high as 80° in the shade without causing languor, and in the morning and evening a healthy person feels even brisk. The land continues to rise until the top of Mau Escarp-

ment is reached at some 8,000 feet above sea level, whence it falls again to the lake at 4,000 feet.

There are differences of opinion respecting the suitability of the climate for European settlers and their families. Some maintain that children born there may enjoy as good health as in England, whilst others of the older school are convinced that they need to return to the cool English climate periodically. I learned that there was a growing feeling among the people in general that a change, even to the coast, was good. Schools for the English children have been opened and are flourishing, but the adverse mental and moral influences of the environment are, I think, another reason for their being educated in England. My personal experience leads me to think that it will always be advisable, after a number of years in the tropics, for one to seek a change to a cool climate in order to restore the tone of the nervous system.

The progress in the environs of Nairobi is perhaps even more wonderful than in the town. The farms of the settlers stretch for miles on every side. Time did not permit me to make journeys far out of town, and I had to be content with seeing the extension of these settlements from the train as we passed along to the interior. Seen thus, the constant succession of fields and houses leaves the impression of a large population of planters in the highlands. It was indeed striking to see the fields stretching as far as the eye could reach on either side of the railway as we ascended the escarpment from the town. There appears to be little land left unoccupied all the way from Nairobi till the dip down to Lake Victoria is reached.

On reaching the lake side of the escarpment, however, all travellers with a love for beautiful scenery must feel

regret at the utilitarian destruction of the picturesque country. Once the railway passed through beautiful woods which, with their fine trees, ferns and creepers, were well worth a visit. These have been destroyed to supply fuel for the railway, and bare mountains now meet the gaze where formerly there were glades with waterfalls whose sides were covered with the most beautiful ferns and tropical plants. This side of the escarpment as viewed from the railway has, for any lover of nature and landscape beauty, lost all attractiveness and become an eyesore, when a little care and forethought might have preserved it as one of the beauties of the railway journey.

At Lake Victoria the train runs into the station where a line takes your carriage alongside the steamer which is to convey you over to Uganda. There is no effort or trouble for you beyond stepping from your coach on to the steamer. Porters carry your baggage, and all you have to do is to find your cabin, give your order for the goods you require in it, and then take your place in the saloon, as the train runs you into the station just in time for breakfast. In a short time the passengers with their baggage are on board, the order to cast off from the wharf is given, the engines start, chains and ropes rattle, the ship moves away from her berth, and your voyage on the mighty lake begins.

For some two or three hours as you move along the creek to the open lake the scenery is not impressive. The shore of Kavirondo is low-lying and the mountains in the background are too far distant for you to see more than their general shape. When, however, you pass near some of the islands the tropical beauty of the trees and the grass begins to impress you. The birds on

the trees are of such variety that the most unobservant are at once attracted to the side of the ship to watch them. Then, as you pass along, you come upon small rocky islets with cormorants and various fish-eating birds upon them, and here and there a fish-eagle, which sounds forth its somewhat mournful note. You begin now to feel the fascination of this wild life. The divers seem to be hung out to dry on the trees as they stand motionless with heads erect and outstretched wings, only now and again showing any sign of life. Overhead beautiful kingfishers hover as if suspended by invisible strings, their tiny wings fluttering rapidly. Then you may see a crocodile basking upon some rock; he lets you come quite close to him and then flounders into the water with a great splash, leaving nothing to be seen but ripples, or perhaps the black line which is the ridge of his back. If you are fortunate you may see, far away in the shallow water near an island, one or more hippopotami taking a leisurely bath. You can see them rise up and puff away the water before sinking again out of sight.

At night the ship has to come to an anchorage beside one of the islands, for, as the lake has no lights, the submerged rocks make it unsafe and unwise to go on in the dark. The quiet is pleasant, but it is not always comfortable near an island. The mosquitoes may pay you a visit and irritate you until you find it wise to retire under the protecting net. In the early morning—very early if there is a moon—the sailors are about, and in a short time the ship resumes her course towards the Uganda coast.

On approaching Entebbe station you see first the roofs of the buildings, which are visible an hour or more before you reach the land. It is always a little exciting to see

those places which now wear the garb of civilization and are so different from what they were in those early days when there was nothing but the virgin forest. The shores and islands were well peopled before the sleeping sickness made it necessary to remove the inhabitants, and in those early days the islands showed signs of life and activity. People were frequently to be seen passing to and fro between island and island, or from the islands to the mainland in canoes, trading or doing other business. To-day there is seldom a canoe to be seen, and not until the shore of the mainland is neared is any life perceptible. When in Ankole I was interested to hear that an attempt was being made to re-people two or three islands as an experiment. Investigation having shown the flies (*Glossina palpalis*) to be free from trypanosoma, medical opinion has favoured, in a few cases, this attempt at re-population.

When we were near enough to the coast of Uganda to distinguish the buildings, I could see that great changes had been made during the last ten years. Now there is a wharf, where the ship can tie up and discharge her cargo into the custom-house without the expense and delay of lighters. Travellers also pass direct to the custom-house, and thence to the motor cars or other conveyances which await them. Those who wish to save time can use the large Government van, which takes passengers and luggage to Kampala, instead of waiting for the ship to sail round in the evening. In the general plan of Entebbe no great changes struck me, though there were developments in detail and many new houses had been built. Government House is now on a hill, thus enjoying more air and a better view than the Governor's former house, which was much lower, near the lake shore.

As much of the trade has been diverted to Kampala, the town has dwindled, leaving only a few shops belonging to Indian occupants, and almost all the residents are connected with the Government in one capacity or another. The native town lies to the north, two or more miles distant from the European settlement. After making a few inquiries about the place, I determined to take a motor to Namirembe Kampala to spend a few days with a friend. The drive of twenty-two miles was soon over; my native driver seemed to know both his machine and the road, and we arrived in an hour's time.

I had arranged to stay a month in Kampala with an old friend, Archdeacon G. K. Baskerville, at the C.M.S. Mission, in order to fulfil my first engagement for the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had entrusted me with a letter to the Bishop of Uganda to be read at the opening of the new cathedral. The first church I attended in Kampala, many years ago, was entirely of reed and thatch, and could seat about eight hundred people. It was low and dark, as the roof came far down to keep out the driving rain during the wet season. The windows were holes cut in the reed walls, and the floor was beaten earth, which was extremely dusty. The church was built on the lower slopes of the hill Namirembe, and we missionaries lived in grass houses near by. Every Sunday the congregation, numbering from two to three thousand, crowded into and around this church. When they were packed in, they sat on their rugs of skin, and it was impossible to get out until those near the doorway first got away. After an hour in the church the air was vitiated and stifling, and when, at the close of the service, the people rose to leave, the dust was suffocating. When we got our second church, also of

reed and thatch, but built on the summit of the hill, the pride of the people was great and our joy was likewise intense. We now had a building that would seat comfortably nearly four thousand, and it had often to accommodate five. Inside there was a forest of pillars, but the rows were regular, and from any point of view the alignment was wonderfully good. Then, too, there was more light and air. For some years this building lasted, and then the poles rotted, and a heavy storm blew it down. Archdeacon Walker was in it at the time, with a class of about a hundred, all of whom had wonderful escapes from the falling edifice. Later on a third church, a fine building of sun-dried bricks with a thatched roof, was built. This was a wonderful place, seating upwards of four thousand. The builder was Mr. Borup, the energetic Industrial Mission Superintendent, who has done much for Uganda in teaching brickmaking and carpentering, and who also started cotton- and rubber-growing.

When this third church was consecrated as a cathedral by the Right Reverend A. R. Tucker, the first Bishop of the diocese of Uganda, I was in charge of it, and had to make arrangements for the service. The multitude of natives who attended was extraordinary. Though the service did not begin till 8 A.M., the building was packed by 6.30, and the people remained until nearly 3 P.M. The offertory that day was remarkable; it took fully an hour to collect the alms. There were cows, goats, sheep and fowls, all alive, and we had difficulty in restraining the people from dragging them to the altar over the heads of the congregation seated on the floor. The currency contributed consisted of rupees, cents and cowry-shells. I was in the cathedral from 6.30 A.M. until 3 P.M. without rest or food. When I set two men

to count the collection, it took them a little over a month to do so.

This cathedral was struck by lightning and burned down, and in its place a fourth, the present edifice, was built. This is a stone and brick building, and was erected at so great a cost that the native resources were crippled, and a debt still remains on the building.

I stayed in Kampala for a time, seeking men to go with me on the expedition as photographer, typist and botanist. After some days I found two or three who professed to be able to type and who, further, claimed to know English. These men were carefully tested, but one after another they had to be dismissed as incompetent. The botanist was both idle and conceited, and was altogether useless. The man whom I tried as photographer was said to be the best of all who applied, and he could not even open the camera, because, as he said, it was a different pattern from what he had used.

While these men were being tested I had time to visit a few old friends among the natives and learn from them what changes had taken place in the native capital. I was struck by the pronounced survival of heathen customs. These were of a worse type even than when Lubarism was in full sway, because then there were many inherited beliefs, and a genuine zeal for that faith supported morality. As an effect of civilization, the belief in ghosts and in the old gods, with the intense dread of magic, have gone, while sexual laxity, theft and drunkenness have, since the breakdown of the old social customs which restrained them, grown to an alarming extent. The removal of the theological college to a place in the country has deprived the capital of a strong band of Christian men whose lives and influence had a



good effect on the families of the residents. Again, the increased demand for labour carries away many men beyond the sphere of Christian influence to surroundings where they often get low conceptions of civilization and Christianity. The congregations at the daily services in the cathedral have dwindled down to about twenty persons, of whom the majority are women in training to become Biblewomen. To me the whole life of the Church in the capital was depressing; it had sunk to a low ebb.

Possibly the greatest change in Kampala is the presence of many European settlers and shopkeepers; there is now a regular town, and many of the shops have English staffs, with natives to do the rough work. Some of the shops and the post office have women assistants and clerks, who carry on business in much the same manner as in England. Two banks had been started in my absence, a new post office had been built, and there is also a large new hotel. The streets and roads are not yet very good, but they are being built and metalled so that motor cars and bicycles can run with ease. A neat little church has been built for the English community, and its clergyman is one of the Mission staff. The native town is in a flourishing condition, and there is a railway which connects it with the lake steamers some eight miles distant.

The real Kampala, which was the fort during the first years of the Uganda Protectorate, has now been turned into a museum for native objects of interest. There does not seem to be much enthusiasm connected with this museum and it does not grow rapidly, nor do the best objects for preservation find their way to it. It is this Kampala, and not Nakasero, the hill of the new town, that has the history. Here it was that the British East

Africa Company first settled, and this was for some years the home of the Government. When the British Government took over the country it was at this old Kampala that Sir Gerald Portal made his treaty with the natives. Various native risings had their centre about this place, one party defending it, and the other attacking. Again, when the Sudanese troops mutinied, they sought to take Kampala and to murder the Resident. Now the whole Government has been moved to a bigger and higher hill known as Nakasero, but as the post office was registered in London under its original name, it still retains the old name of Kampala.

The native capital commonly goes by the name of Mengo, and the residence of the king, or *Kabaka*, is known as *Mbuga*, a name which is used to signify not only the regular royal enclosure on the top of the hill Mengo, but any place where the king happens to be in residence. Daudi Chwa, the present Kabaka, is still a boy of some twenty years. He is the son of Mwanga, and grandson of that famous Kabaka, Mutesa, who entertained Stanley and so interested him that he wrote his well-known letter calling upon English Christians to send missionaries. This attracted the attention of the Christian world, and the first Christian missionaries were sent there. It was in those days a fine native town, extending from the Kabaka's enclosure on the top of the hill Mengo fully a mile to the north, east and west, with well-kept roads fenced on each side with elephant-grass and tidy courtyards to each enclosure, but it has now become a somewhat neglected and untidy place. The fences are broken down, the roads need repair, and in many places there are large forlorn-looking houses, with untidy courtyards and walls and doors, which look

the picture of neglect. The Kabaka's own courtyard is another spectacle of untidiness, and his fences and drive need considerable repairs. Such a condition of affairs could not have come into being during the days of Mutesa, or in Mwanga's time, unless the country had been at war. The change is hardly an improvement on the former state or worthy of British rule. There may be, and I do not doubt that there is, much more freedom and greater ease for the poorer class. Still, to an onlooker who had known something of the former days when the old régime prevailed, much was felt to be lacking in the town and in the houses, both in respect of attractiveness and cleanliness.

As for the manners of the people, there can be no question of the superiority of the old days. Now you may pass along the roads and no one gives you a greeting; indeed, natives pass natives without so much as speaking. Again, women stare at you and make impudent remarks, certainly not an admirable habit. In the olden days a woman would never dare to address any man, and, had he spoken to her, she would have knelt down to answer. If she were carrying a burden which prevented her from kneeling, she would have answered: "I am unable to speak; I have a load." There would have been respect, not impertinence. As I was no longer known to many of the inhabitants in Kampala, and was regarded as a foreigner who did not understand the language, I had an opportunity when going about of overhearing remarks which I should not otherwise have heard. These remarks were not always to the credit of the British, but they were much to the discredit of the native. It was sad to hear such things from a people who used to be so polite that they even thanked you

for being well-dressed, or, if two Europeans were walking together, for walking in step. Workmen, on being thanked, in accordance with the old custom, for carrying loads or for doing any work, seemed surprised. While, however, the younger generation has largely fallen into these bad ways, there are exceptions, and it was a pleasure to find a few of the older people who still adhered to the courteous usages of former times.

There are fine instances, too, of Christian fervour to be found in the native Church, men who have not joined in the rush for riches, but are content to go on as before, teaching their heathen brethren for the merest pittance. There are still, too, a few chiefs of the old stamp who hold office in order to do what good they can to their land and people. It is the younger generation who are taking as their pattern foreign settlers and traders and following the example set by their conduct, which is not always worthy of imitation.

While in Kampala I heard a most extraordinary sermon from a preacher belonging to the religious sect known as "Bamalaki," with whom I shall deal more fully later. Their belief seems to be a mixture of Judaism, Christianity, and Christian Science. The preacher spoke against immorality, maintaining as sound the teaching of his sect that a man may have two or even four wives, but that beyond these he must have no dealings with women. He ended by placing Christ crucified before the audience as the only means of salvation. Though their teaching abounds in culpable errors and chronological accuracy is cast to the winds, there are among them some fine characters who might, with patient sympathy, be enlightened and persuaded to abandon these false beliefs.

Kampala has been undergoing considerable change in its system of agriculture. The natives have been clearing the natural waterways and allowing stagnant pools to run dry. As many of the swamps round the district have disappeared, this should be entirely beneficial to the health of the place, but the change will undoubtedly have an unfavourable effect upon the vegetation. Already there is reported to be a disease among the plantains. This is attributed by superstitious natives to the introduction of the locomotive and railway; whenever the whistle sounds, they say, the grubs become active and eat the roots of their trees. It is probable that the disease is due partly to the drainage, which must affect the humidity and thus the vegetable life, and partly to many years of growth on the same ground. In the days of Mwanga, and farther back in times before the memory of living man, the custom was for the king to change his capital every few years. The chiefs had to move with him, and so new land was brought under the spade and the plantains had fresh soil and grew freely.

A month at Kampala passed quickly, and I was faced by the problem of getting porters to carry my loads into Ankole. I found the labour question full of difficulties, and my old friend the Katikiro could not help me. I was thrown upon the experiment of a motor lorry, which I was told would carry all the loads necessary, while I myself could go by car in a day. This sounded promising, but when it came to the point, though I had made a contract with a firm, they failed to carry it out, and there was no lorry available. At length, in despair, I sallied forth with two motor cars, leaving almost everything behind, and hoping to find men in Ankole who might be sent back for my goods. At the last moment



**THE EXPEDITION CAR IN A SWAMP DURING THE JOURNEY TO ANKOLE**



**THE COOK TO THE EXPEDITION**

I was fortunate enough to secure a seat for myself in another car going to Ankole. My own two were filled with the goods and boys, and one morning at ten o'clock we started out.

We were doomed to many trials on the way. First, the roads were only tracks where the grass had been cleared to a sufficient width for a car to run along. These were passable in dry weather, but after a shower of tropical rain became soft and entirely impossible for traffic. We had a rainstorm soon after starting, and our car stopped short in a low-lying part of the road. I was told that the sparking plug was wet, and we should have to sit still until the rain ceased. The storm lasted over an hour, and then the track was so soft and slushy that the wheels slipped round and we made no progress. We had to get out and wade in the slush, pushing the car, until a little solid ground was reached and we could get on again for a few miles. Soon we came to another depression, where again the wheels could not grip, and we had to wade out and push. I had been told that we should reach our destination in one day, though the distance was one hundred and fifty miles. Now, however, it was evident that we would have to stop on the road, so we tried to reach some Government station in order to avoid sitting in the car all night. By a supreme effort and by travelling in the dark until seven o'clock, we reached Masaka, a station about half-way to Ankole, and threw ourselves on the mercy of the Administrative Officer, who not only showed us hospitality, but provided me with all my requirements for the night. We had got separated from the other cars soon after leaving Kampala, and saw nothing more of them that day, so, as one of them carried my camp outfit, I had nothing with me.

However, Mr. Rubie kindly supplied me with all necessaries, and I spent a comfortable night.

Early the next morning the motor driver told me that my two cars had passed in the dawn and gone on. We took leave of our kind host and followed the track of the other cars, which in due time we sighted in the distance. Fortunately I had with me a tin of biscuits, as otherwise I should have had nothing to eat. A little past noon we came upon the cars at a standstill, and found that the driver of one had inadvertently gone a little to one side of the road, and the wheel had sunk to the axle in the swampy ground. We were fortunate enough to secure the help of a number of natives, and dragged the car through the swamp on to hard ground. The road was so churned to slush in getting this and the second car through that our car, coming last, sank, and we had to get help to lift it out and push it over the swampy part to firm ground. This delay took some two and a half hours, and by the time we were ready to go on again the sun showed signs of sinking. We had still a long distance, fully thirty miles, to cover before we reached our destination. We hurried forward, but in a few miles we had a puncture, which took half an hour to mend; then, when it was nearly dark, we ran into a tremendous storm, but, fortunately, it did not stop the engine.

A few miles farther on we again came upon the two cars standing in the roadway, and found that one was in a culvert, which had given way until the car sank up to the axles and rested on its body. Here was another difficulty, and we could find no natives to help. With the boys and drivers we managed to get the car out, and had then to fill up the deep gutter with grass, reeds and plantain



stems to form a road for our car to get over. By the time this was finished it was dark, and we had to run by the light of the lamps, which in Africa, with the uncertain earth-roads and their ugly turnings, is no pleasant undertaking. At length we reached the Government station at Mbarara, the capital of Ankole, and a guard came forward to learn about us and take our numbers. We had still two miles to go along an uncertain road to reach the mission station which I intended to make my working centre. Still, it had to be done, and after missing our turnings twice we came to the station. All now seemed right, but on going to the first house we found it empty. After some search we found a youth who told us that the friend who had offered his hospitality was ill and had gone to the English doctor at the fort. It was an awkward position to be left like this by night on the side of a mountain. What was to be done? I was completely perplexed, and was pondering what the next step should be, when a lamp appeared in the distance, and soon a lady missionary came and told me about my friend's sudden illness. She also gave me hope by saying I could sleep in the empty house. She could give me a meal, and next day it would be possible to make arrangements for future action. So ended my run to Mbarara. The cars were unloaded and vanished in the dark, and I determined not to try them again on such roads, but to rely upon the slower and safer method of porters and my own bicycle, which could be carried when the paths were too bad, while the tent was always near for shelter and the food-boxes for meals.

## CHAPTER III

### ANKOLE—THE PEOPLES

The Country—Preparations for Work—The King and his Chief Minister—The Bahuma—Appearance—Kraals—Herdsmen and the Cows—Divisions of Time—Morality—Polyandry and Polygamy—Fat Women—Clothing—Famine—Agricultural Tribes—Artisans—Baganda Traders—European Inhabitants.

**T**HE district which is now marked on maps as the Western Province of the Uganda Protectorate is formed by the union with Ankole of several small independent pastoral kingdoms. The British Government determined to combine these kingdoms, and after some dissension the tribes agreed to accept Mbarara as their centre and the King of Ankole—called in the language of the land the *Mugabe*—as their nominal overlord. In earlier times the people of Mporora, Muzumba, Buhwezi and the other small states would have refused to acknowledge any suzerainty of Ankole, but when the British officers had selected it for their centre the surrounding chiefs found it advisable to accept the conditions of government imposed on them. According to the Uganda statistics the area of the Province is 6,131 square miles and the population numbers 266,500.

It is unfortunate that there are no translations into the language of the country; those people who have learned to read have been obliged to use either Luganda or a corrupt form of Lunyoro, these languages being used in both the Church Missionary Society and the

Roman Catholic schools. When a few translations have been made and the people have books in their own language, greater progress will doubtless be possible in the elementary schools. Prejudice against a foreign tongue frequently deters pupils from study, and their difficulty in understanding their teachers is a further barrier to success. It requires a strong craving for knowledge to encourage a pupil to persist and surmount the language difficulty in such schools.

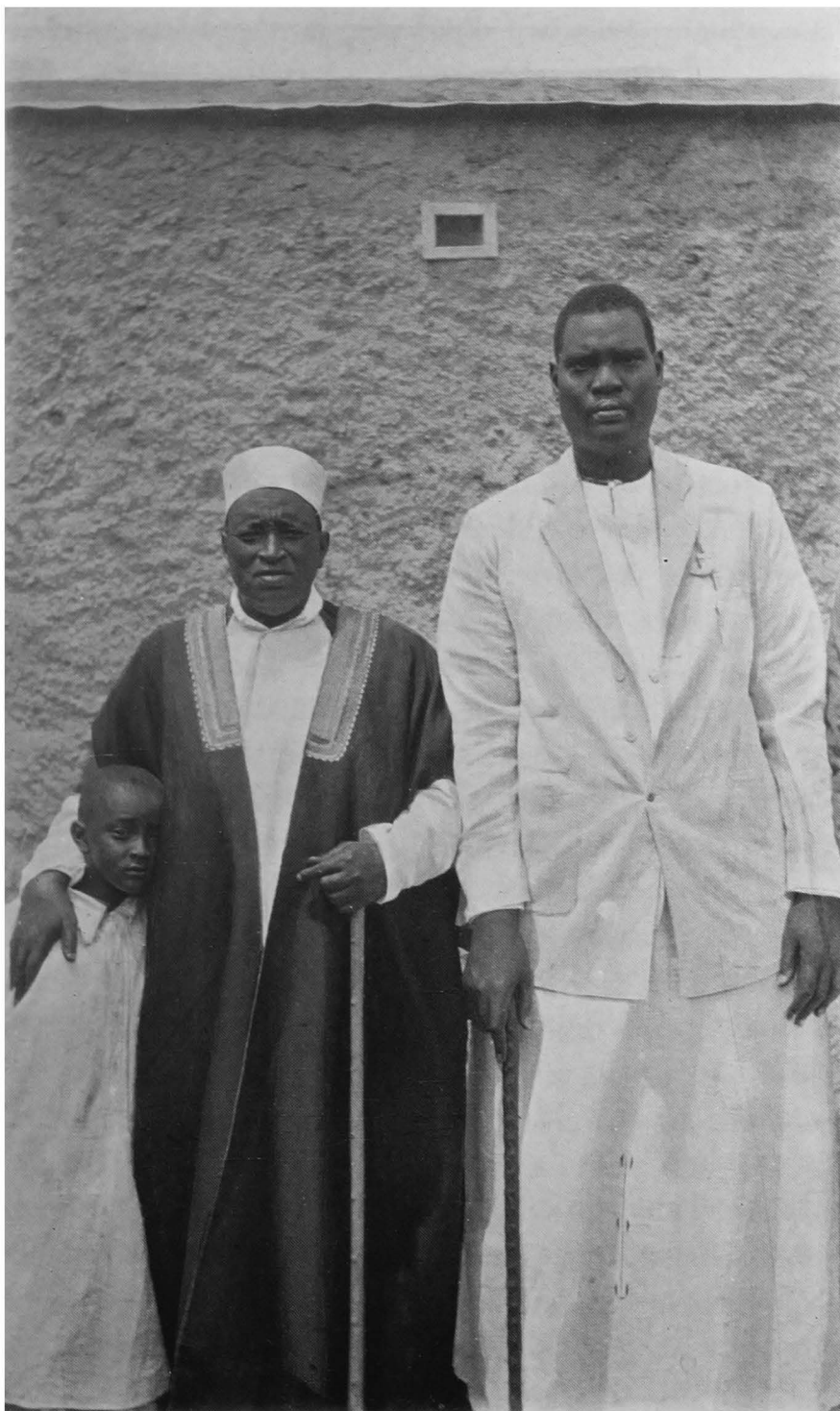
The country is especially suitable for cattle-breeding, and the governing class is composed of a people who are entirely pastoral, and who are known among the neighbouring tribes as *Bahuma* or, in some cases, *Bahima*. These Bahuma must have invaded the country long ago, conquering the aborigines, who were agricultural people, and making them their slaves, or *Bahera*, as they are called. These Bahera are an improvident class who serve the Bahuma, but for themselves keep only a few sheep or goats with which to purchase wives or pay fines. They cultivate fields of millet, but raise only enough for their immediate use, and, in their desire for drink, they often use so much of this for brewing beer that their households are reduced to great straits before the next season's crops are available.

It was my particular wish to study these pastoral people, the Bahuma of Ankole, more carefully. Some twelve years earlier I had visited them and made a few notes about them, and what I had then seen and heard made me anxious to inquire further into their ancient customs and religion.

As my friend Mr. Grace was away ill, I had, after that first night, to make arrangements for some means

of existence until my goods from Kampala could reach me. This seemed a difficulty, as there was no hotel or shop that could supply me with the necessary household equipment; but Miss Baker, the lady missionary, came again to my rescue, assuring me that I need not worry in the least, as she could provide all that I needed until Mr. Grace recovered and came back. She most generously arranged for me to go to her house for meals, and I made one of the spare rooms in Mr. Grace's house into my bedroom and settled down. The problem of getting my goods from Kampala was soon solved by a visit to the Government station at Mbarara, where, with the help of the officials, I was able to find the men required. At the same time I was able to see and reassure Mr. Grace, who was much perturbed because I had found him away on my arrival. It was a pleasure to discover in the Assistant District Commissioner the son of an old friend, and the beginning of my work in the district was made easier by having someone I knew near me.

Such preliminary matters having been settled, my next step was to visit the native king and his chief minister, and through them to get in touch with competent men who could tell me something about their old customs. I had met both the king and his minister several times, but as I had been out of Africa fully ten years and had not seen either of them for some years before leaving the country, I was uncertain as to my reception. Still, I was there to win my way and get information, and I therefore sought to make a favourable impression. I sent my servant in advance to announce my coming to the chief minister, and on my arrival I found him awaiting me in a small house built on the



**ANKOLE: THE KING (right) AND THE PRIME MINISTER**

model of the mission houses, but without any windows, the only light being admitted by the doorway. The reception room contained a table and chairs, and soon after my arrival a boy brought in cups and saucers and a tin of biscuits, and I found myself enjoying afternoon tea. Over the teacups I was able to make known the object of my visit to the country and my desire to secure two or three reliable men who would be willing to give me information about the past. The chief minister was most kind, and, declaring that he owed me a debt of gratitude for past help, promised to forward my work in every possible way. I felt still more encouraged when he stated that he would place the help I required at my disposal in two days' time.

From the chief minister I went on to see the king, who lives quite near, for as the responsibility for his safety lies on the chief minister, this official must never be far away and has ready access to his master at all times. I found the king living in a large house built after the English style, with a corrugated iron roof, doors and glazed windows; inside were tables and chairs, and on the floor was a good carpet. All this marked a considerable advance from the time of my last visit to him, when I was received in a mud hut with a floor of hard earth. In person he was not much altered, but he was somewhat reticent, and even, I thought, lacking in intelligence. He could not be induced to enter into conversation, though now and then he would brighten up and make a few remarks. On the whole, however, the result of the visit was satisfactory, as he gave me promises—though somewhat doubtful ones—of help and asked me to come and see him again. On my next visit I found him very different, full of life, showing a keen interest

in the past customs of his tribe, and evidently anxious that a full record should be made.

These visits enabled me to make definite plans for work, and when the porters had been dispatched for my goods I set about arranging my rooms and preparing, on a veranda, a place where I might interview the men from whom I hoped to get information. These details only occupied me one day, and fortunately I had notebooks with me, so that on the morning of the third day after my arrival I was ready to receive two old men who came to see me, and I promptly set to work to elicit information. From that time onwards for three months these or other men came daily for fully four hours, and I had many other visitors who corroborated or added to the material thus collected. At first my visitors were careful to impart nothing but commonplace information, and some tact was required to persuade them to give fuller details. They were especially cautious with regard to the secrets of their sacred rites, on which the main value and interest of the inquiry depended. In due time, however, they became perfectly frank and gave me the particulars of even their most private ceremonies without any pressure on my part.

These Bahuma are not negroes, as are the peasants of Ankole, but are undoubtedly of Hamitic stock, and they differ from other branches of Bahuma in having kept their race pure by refraining from intermarriage with members of negro tribes. In appearance they are generally tall, averaging about five foot ten; in colour they are of a dark brown; their features are good, and their noses straight or aquiline; their hair is less woolly than that of the lower type of African, and in a few instances it is wavy. The men are in general slightly

built and athletic, and some of them have excellent figures. The women are usually extraordinarily corpulent; fat is looked on as beauty, and the fatter they are the more the men admire them. The fat is not so firm as that made through eating vegetables and meat, but they seem to enjoy perfect health and are always merry, laughing and showing beautifully white teeth. Projecting teeth are also admired; to have upper incisors which protrude is a mark of royalty, and therefore highly becoming and a possession much to be envied. In disposition these people are bright and genial, ever ready to smile, and easily amused.

The pastoral people live on a milk diet, and in this respect also they have been more conservative than other branches of Bahuma, who have generally admitted some vegetables into their meals in the course of the day. These Bahuma drink only milk from morning until night, but, should there be any beef available, they will eat that after sunset, abstaining for a period of twelve hours thereafter from drinking milk. There are numbers of them who hardly ever eat meat and prefer milk, and yet they enjoy the best of health, to all appearance they are quite strong, and they can endure a good deal of fatigue during a day's marching. They have constantly to make long journeys and are herding cattle all day. They are strong of limb and active, with no lack of muscle and no spare flesh. It may interest those who doubt whether a purely milk diet can keep people healthy and strong, to know that some of these cowmen were tested in the Carrier Corps during the war and proved themselves as fit for rough and trying work and as able to carry heavy loads as the members of meat-eating tribes. This was the more remarkable as these men were suddenly put



upon a vegetable diet. In the King's African Rifles, too, many of the young men gained excellent reports of their capacity for endurance as well as of their intelligence and discipline.

Ankole is the home of the noted long-horned cows which are so well known in East Africa. So large are the horns that women use them in some parts as water-vessels because of their capacity and durability. The main herds do not reside in any fixed centre, but roam about as the herdsmen consider best for the health of the animals. The kraals are temporary huts built to screen the herdsmen from night dews and rainstorms. A few thorny bushes fill the spaces between the huts, and with them form a circle to keep the cows together during the night and to prevent wild animals from invading the kraal. Cows always live in the open, calves alone being sheltered in the huts, both to keep them from taking all the milk from their dams and to protect them from wild animals. Wealthier owners and the better class people have more permanent kraals built somewhere near the king, who seeks for his capital a site with good pasturage and a permanent supply of water. When a man is of sufficient importance to have his kraal near the king's residence, a number of cows are brought from his main herd to this place, and are kept near to supply milk for the owner and his family. After one or two months in the capital they are sent back to the main herd, and other cows are brought in.

The better built dwellings are merely conical-shaped huts with their roofs supported by the smallest timbers that can be made to serve the purpose and thatched with grass gathered in the neighbourhood. Though there are some forests with fine trees, timber is not abundant in



**ANKOLE: CATTLE GRAZING**



**ANKOLE: A TYPICAL HUT**

this country, and generally has to be brought from a distance to the place chosen as the capital; hence the men do not select heavy timber, which, besides having to be carried, is more difficult to work. Each house has reed walls inside which divide the place into two or three tiny rooms, one being kept for the girls and one for the parents, while the boys lie about where they like in the main room. The entrance to the girls' room is through the parents' room, so that they are protected from any intrusion.

Each kraal has in it a large fire of dried cowdung, which is guarded by the inmates and must never die out, nor may it be used for cooking purposes, being held too sacred for such use. Cows love these fires, and crowd round them, often struggling for places near them, as the smoke prevents biting flies from settling on their backs.

Some of the larger kraals of the more powerful chiefs are formed of several huts built at short distances from each other so as to enclose a circular space, in which the cows gather by night, and in the centre of which is the fire. The doorways all look towards the centre, and are usually open spaces, a door being rarely found. Between the huts rough posts are planted and tied together with strong ropes of creepers, and the cowdung is daily swept up and heaped on one side. So closely identified are those cowmen with their cows that this heap of dung forms their burial-ground. It is, however, customary to move some months after a burial to a new site somewhere in the vicinity of the old kraal, and a shrine is built near the new gateway for the ghost of the dead man, which has also a shrine inside the hut of the new owner, near his bed. Another reason for leaving an

old kraal is that after some time the daily scraping up of the dung and of the soft earth which the cows have trampled leaves a hard, rough surface on which the cows cannot lie with any comfort.

No cowman calculates his greatness or his wealth by the amount of land he owns, but always by the number of his cows. Land is only of value from the grass it grows for the herd, for the cowman has one love which surpasses all others, and that is for his cows. If a favourite cow falls sick, he will tend it day and night, and, should it die, his grief is extreme, at times even greater than for a wife or child. Men have even been known to become insane and to commit suicide when one of these favourites dies.

The skill with which two or three of these herdsmen can manage a large herd, often numbering four or five hundred, is wonderful; they have the animals entirely under their control, and can direct them by word of mouth as easily as though they were rational beings. Their remarkable power over the animals is seen at its best when the cows are being watered. If the well is shallow, the cows are allowed to pass down and drink from it one or two at a time; but if the well is too deep for this, say ten to fifteen feet, then the water has to be drawn in pails and emptied into earthen troughs. The men who remain about the kraal are responsible for drawing the water; they prepare the trough and draw as much water as it will hold before the cows return from the pasture in the afternoon. When the men arrive with the herd there may be two of them with from one to three hundred cows. One man takes his place near the watering-trough, while the other stands in front of the cows and tells from six to twelve, according to the stand-

ing-room at the trough, to go to the water and drink. He then commands the rest to wait, and should any of them try to get to the water before the previous lot have finished, it is quite sufficient for him to hold out his staff or at most to tap the animal and reprove it for being so impatient. The man at the drinking-place sees that the cows do not step in the troughs or break them, and when one lot have had enough he orders them out of the way to a place where grass fires have been lit. Here they stand patiently near the fires until the whole herd have drunk their fill. While the cows are drinking, two or three other men may be engaged in drawing water. Several different methods are employed for doing this, a common custom being for one man to stand at the bottom, often in the water, where he dips a wooden pail and throws it up full to the man at the top, who catches it, empties it into the trough, and throws it back to be filled again. When all the cows have been watered, they are pastured again, and go slowly homeward for the night. No cows are fed in the kraal; they have to wait until the next day for more grass.

Though men possess large herds of cows and call them their own, still the king can take any he wishes; all the cows in the country are his, and no man can sell a cow out of the tribe. Once a cow enters the tribe it is the king's, and, though it may change masters, it can only go from one cowman of the tribe to another, and not to a man of another tribe. Cows are the highest form of currency, and all prices are regulated by the value of the cow. Women and slaves were bought by the payment of one or more cows, and the value of goats and sheep is fixed by the number a man will pay for a cow. These animals are used for exchange; a man will barter

them for young cows or a bull or sell them to buy weapons or salt.

These cowmen have no idea of weeks; they reckon time by the year, which is subdivided by the rains. These come twice during our twelve months, the heavier rains marking the new year and the lighter rains the completion of the six months of the half-year. The next division is that of months or moons, marked by each appearance of the new moon. To the African in general the new moon is always a time for rejoicing; it is watched for and hailed with songs and festivity. It is the waxing moon that brings luck, and the period between new and full moon is the lucky time for events of importance, such as marriages and births. The month has its twenty-eight days, each subdivided by the position of the sun. In all these divisions of time the first concern is the cattle—what is to be done with the cows, or how the season of year affects them, either for pasturage or breeding purposes. The divisions of the day are marked by the time to take the cattle to pasture, to give them water, to allow them to rest, to bring them home, and to milk them. The cow and its welfare are their be-all and end-all.

In this tribe there is a high code of morality among unmarried girls, and no parent would seek to shield a daughter who had offended against the strict rule of chastity. The offender is condemned to death by her clan, with the full concurrence of her father and mother; she is taken to a great river, her body is weighted with stones, and she is drowned. The gravity of the offence is shown by the fact that no young woman who is being led to death for such a crime is permitted to pass through the main entrance to the kraal. An object of contempt

to all the clan, she is driven out through a hole in the fence. The reason for such relentless severity is that the cattle are believed to suffer when such an offender is shielded, and thus the all-important milk supply is endangered. Parents take the utmost care of their daughters, and their mothers guard them with unceasing watchfulness until they are married and handed over to the care of a husband. Where chastity is so stringently enforced before marriage, it is surprising to find what laxity is permitted afterwards. It is an accepted rule of hospitality that a man must provide his guest with sleeping accommodation, even to the extent of sharing with the visitor his own bed and his own wife.

In connexion with marriage customs another interesting fact is the existence of polyandry. Ankole is the only place in this part of Africa in which I found this custom. It has doubtless come about owing to the stringent observance of the milk diet, with its inevitable effect on the economic conditions of the homes of the poorer class. In order that his cows may flourish and his children be in health, a man must provide his wife with a milk diet, and he often cannot afford to pay the marriage dowry, which commonly amounts to ten cows or more, and still retain enough cows to provide himself and a wife with the amount of milk they require daily for food. He will therefore invite one or two men, either uterine brothers or "clan brothers"—that is, members of the same clan—to join him. These partners will pool their cows and, by paying the customary dowry, purchase one wife. The woman who becomes the wife of the partner brothers does not object to this custom, but seems to live happily with her various husbands, nor does it appear that there is ever any disagreement between them

about her. Any children that are born belong to the oldest brother.

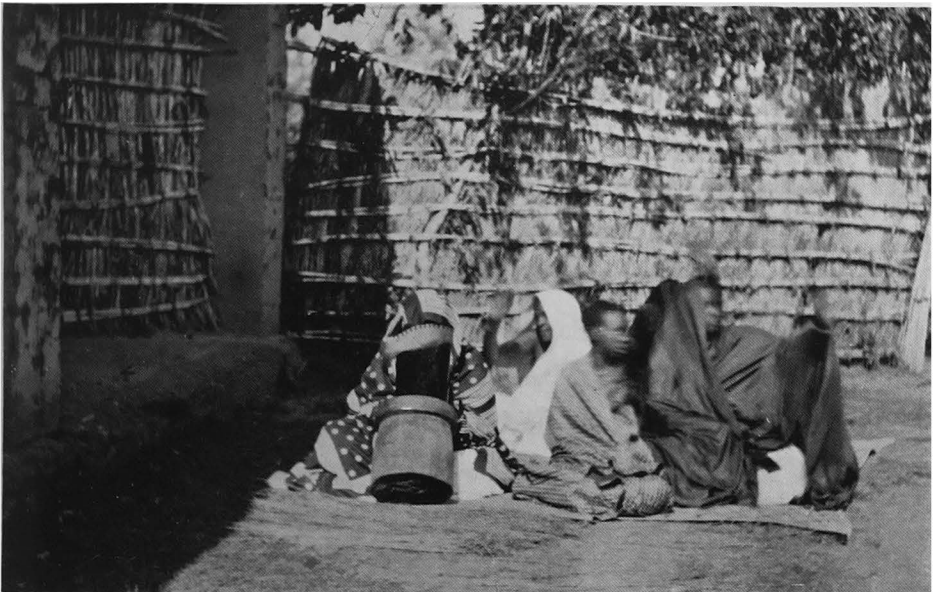
It is usual for a man to have only one wife, though there is no law forbidding him to have more, and there are instances of a man's having two. This is generally due to the first wife, who, being childless, may advise her husband to marry another woman. It is only when a man belongs to the better, that is, the well-to-do, class that a wife can make such a suggestion. Only the wealthy would be able to pay a second marriage fee and still retain enough milk to feed two wives; a poorer man would have to put away the first wife before taking a second. When a man keeps two wives there does not appear to be any jealousy between them; they live in the same kraal, enjoy the same amount of liberty, and have the same interests.

Women have little work to do, their duties being confined to washing and fumigating milk-pots and churning butter. There is no cooking, except on the rare occasions when a cow is killed or dies. No matter what the cause of a cow's death may have been, the meat is always eaten. Then a wife may undertake to cook some of the meat for her husband, but even this is generally delegated to one of the male servants, lest the extra work should be wearisome to her and, by sympathetic magic, injurious to the herd. The result of this indolent life, together with the quantities of milk which they drink, is the abnormal fatness to which I have referred. This obesity is looked on by all classes as a mark of beauty. Girls, before marriage, are not allowed to walk about, and are encouraged to drink as much milk as they can, in order that they may become as fat as possible before their affianced husbands come to claim them. After marriage women practically lose the power of walking;





**ANKOLE: FAT WOMAN BEING CARRIED ON A LITTER**



**ANKOLE: FAT WOMEN DANCING**

half a mile will take them two or three hours to accomplish, for a rest is necessary after every few yards. In their dances these fat women remain seated and go through a performance which consists in waving their hands and arms gracefully and swaying their bodies to and fro, making meanwhile a buzzing sound with their lips, to the rhythm of which the men caper and jump about, full of admiration for the women who are too fat to stand.

The wants of these cowmen and their wives are small, and can be supplied almost entirely by the produce of their cows. Thus a woman, who is more carefully dressed than a man, wears only two cowskin robes, one around her body and the other thrown over her head and descending to her feet. The strangeness of their attire is seen when they move out of the house; a woman cannot walk far without resting, and she does not walk upright, but stoops from the hips forward. As her clothing is over her head, leaving only a small opening through which to see, she resembles some ungainly animal. After walking ten or twelve yards she stops to rest, placing her hands one on each knee, and from a distance looking ridiculously like a camel. Until Western influence began to be felt men seldom wore anything beyond a small cape over the shoulders, and even now they wear only the merest apology for a loin-cloth in addition to the old shoulder covering.

Unfortunately, my visit to the country took place at a time when rinderpest was carrying off the cattle by the thousand, and people were reduced to the last stages of famine through loss of milk; many of them were dying from starvation, while others were wandering about into remote parts of their country looking for friends who had

not lost their cows and could help them with food. In some parts of the country men and women tried to live on a vegetable diet, which in many instances led to digestive troubles and contagious diseases which caused numerous deaths. What struck me most forcibly was the rapid change among the women. Their flesh fell away so quickly that their skin hung in folds, making quite young girls look like old women. One or two such women I met struggling along to seek help from distant friends, and their cases were indeed pitiable. There were no bearers to carry them, and they limped along with pain and difficulty.

This tribe of pastoral people are most careful not to intermarry with any of the agricultural tribes around them. They consider these people their inferiors, and use them to do their rough work and to supply them with grain for their slaves and plantains for brewing beer. They will not take any of the agricultural women as wives nor allow any of their own daughters to be given to these men in marriage. There are a few instances where a girl who has gone wrong has fled to some agricultural home for shelter, to escape being put to death. When such a woman has weaned her baby, it is usual for her to become the wife of the man with whom she has taken refuge. Such cases are extremely rare, for the woman is for ever an outcast from her tribe and has to adopt the customs and become a member of one of the clans of the agricultural people.

These agricultural people are the Bahera, or serfs, whom I have already mentioned, and who keep the goats and sheep of their pastoral lords and receive a percentage of the young in compensation for their services. These domestic animals are not tended by the pastoral people

themselves, but are required by them for purposes of barter or for furnishing the medicine-man with his fee for giving an oracle and, in some cases, with the means of taking the oracle, which is often read over the body of some animal. The Bahera may possess goats and sheep of their own, but seldom keep cows; indeed, until the advent of the British, after which their economic condition improved, they were, in most cases, too poor to accomplish their great aim and desire, which was to possess a second wife, a custom permitted by their law.

These Bahera claim to be descended from the aborigines whom the Bahuma found in the land and forced into a state of bondage, and the pastoral people agree with this account, which is probably a true one; at any rate, the Bahera are now the servants of the pastoral people, undertaking for them many kinds of work which, by the regulations of their milk customs, are forbidden to the cowmen. In the places where they settle they dig plots of land and sow a kind of small millet for food. They grow other vegetables, but seldom trouble to sow more than just enough to last them through the dry season, when nothing can grow and nothing can be done to the earth until the rains come again. They also grow plantains, but only in small quantities, and, as they do not understand their cultivation and possibly do not consider them worth much trouble, the fruit seldom comes to perfection. The people do not know how to cook plantains as the Baganda do; the women merely peel and boil them like sweet potatoes, which destroys the flavour and gives the food a most unappetizing appearance.

In many of their customs the agricultural people imitate their masters, the pastoral people, though there

are differences in detail. They are not taxed for their land, but their chief, who is their landlord, can, when he requires it, demand a little corn for his household or plantains for brewing beer, and they herd his goats and sheep for him. No agreement is ever made between the landlord and his tenants; they can leave and change their masters as they please. They settle as near to the master's kraal as they can find suitable land, and there they dig their fields and reap their crops, with no desire to move unless there is some serious difference or some other chief bribes them to come to him.

Their clothing is scant, that of the men being only girdles of hide, while the women wear one skin tied over the left shoulder and passing under the right arm, leaving one side uncovered. They do not live in communities, but each man settles and builds his hut on the ground which he has chosen for cultivation. Their homes are merely conical huts, larger and better built than those of the herdsmen, but still very miserable for permanent use. Their food is chiefly porridge of a flour made by rubbing the millet between two stones until it is ground fine. To vary this diet and to eke out the scanty grain they sometimes use sweet potatoes. Meat is a great luxury, and they will eat the flesh of almost any kind of animal, whether wild or tame, but they rarely, if ever, kill any domestic animal for food. Goats and sheep are reared more particularly for the purpose of buying wives, and a man will pay from twenty to forty goats for a bride. The relatives may demand a number of goats or sheep, and in addition the equivalent of so many more to be paid in bark-cloths, hoes, knives and possibly food. This fee is taken by the parents of the girl and divided among the members of the clan.

These clans are totemic, each family adopting the totem of the father and wives accepting their husbands' totems for their offspring. Marriage between persons having the same totem is forbidden, and a man must seek his wife from a clan with another totem—that is to say, clan exogamy is enforced.

There was, before British rule altered matters, little organized government, though each clan recognized a man who was pronounced to be the "father" of the clan. To this man the members came when in trouble, especially when theft or cases relating to marriage required arbitration. Where more important matters—injury, violence, murder or any question respecting land—were concerned, there was in each district a chief who had to settle the question.

Both for Bahuma and Bahera the king's was the supreme court, but in the old days he had no court-house, and the meetings were held in the open, the king sitting in the shade of a euphorbia tree while the members of the court from the different parts of the country took their places in front of him and the people sat behind them. There were no seats nor did even the chiefs bring rugs or mats to sit upon, but simply squatted with their knees drawn up under their chins in the manner of cowmen. The more important chiefs had their places near the king, and formed a guard to protect him should any man threaten to injure him. The king sat on a skin, and behind him stood one of his wives to support him if he wished to lean back. Another wife held his spear and shield and any other weapon he chose to have with him. The king's wives were his special guard of honour, and had on all such occasions to be near him, to warn him of any threatened attack or sign of aggression among the people.

A guard of personal police also accompanied the king and stood before him.

The assembled people arranged themselves so that a narrow path was left by which to reach the king. As each man arrived he deposited his weapons at a distance, for none might be brought into the assembly, and came up the narrow lane to greet the king and shake hands with him. Should the new-comer be a stranger, unknown to the guards and not a regular attendant at the court, one of the guard of personal police held out his spear a few feet in front of the king, and the man had to greet him and shake his hand without passing this barrier. The special danger in the presence of a stranger was that he might for some reason have been deprived by the king of some cows. A man who had suffered this greatest of losses would certainly seek to revenge himself on the king and was a serious menace to his safety.

The most important and difficult cases which were brought before the king for judgment were those of murder. This was not a common crime, for only some matter connected with the most important thing in a man's life, his cattle, would cause him to commit such a deed. If a man discovered or suspected that another had done injury to his cows, he would promptly attempt to kill the evil-doer. If successful, the murderer might seek safety in flight, but this would mean deserting his cows, which were more to him than life, so that as a rule he was easily found. The relatives of the murdered man would put him to death on the spot unless he succeeded in placing himself under the protection of his chief, saying he was accused of murder and pleading for help. In such circumstances he was given an opportunity of pleading



**ANKOLE: THE KING WITH SACRED STAFF AND SPEARS**



his cause, and, if convicted, of making his peace by paying a fine. The chief of the district in which the crime was committed had to make the necessary arrangements, and the murderer and his friends had to be brought face to face with the victim's friends and relatives in the presence of the king.

An open space was chosen, and the two parties gathered there, leaving room for the king to stand between them. A branch of the sacred tree, *kirikiti* (*Erythrina tomentosa*), was planted in the ground between the opposing parties, and one of the drums which were attendants on the sacred drums was brought out and laid beside it. The murderer had to provide a cow or bull and a sheep, and the sheep was tethered near the king beside the sacred tree.

The king, after hearing the evidence from both parties, asked them if they were willing to come to terms. If they agreed, the aggressor or one of his friends plucked a little wool from the sheep and handed it to one of the injured party, who imitated the action, handing the wool to the first man. The wool thus plucked was placed on the tree. Next the cow or bull was killed, the blood being caught in a vessel, into which the representative of each party dipped a finger and rubbed the blood in the palm of the other's right hand. The king pronounced his decision as to the number of cows the culprit would have to pay as compensation for his crime, and the parties joined in a feast before the sacred tree, eating the meat of the slain animal as a sign of reconciliation. The number of cows for the fine might be from fifty to one hundred, and of these six went to the king for judging the case and making peace.

Other cases were frequently tried at these open courts,

but the murder trials aroused most interest and were attended by larger crowds than any others.

One of the most binding as well as one of the most interesting ceremonies still performed by the people in many parts of Ankole is that of becoming blood-brothers. When two men have formed such a deep and sincere friendship that they wish to proclaim it and cement it for life, they do so in the following way. One man arranges to spend the night at the house of the other. On his arrival he is greeted and entertained as an honoured guest by the host and his sister, who is present as special witness. At daybreak the two men, each accompanied by witnesses, go to some place not far from the house, and there they spread a rug on which they sit a little distance apart, facing each other. The sister of the host and the witnesses watch the proceedings carefully. On the rug between the two men is laid the arrow which is used for bleeding the cows, a coffee berry in its husk, and a twig of the sacred tree, *kirikiti*. The host takes the arrow, scratches his stomach until he draws blood, and passes the arrow to his guest, who does the same, and each catches a few drops of blood in his right hand. The coffee berry is divided, and each takes half and places it in the palm of his right hand, smearing it over with the blood. The host takes hold of the guest's right hand, and with his lips takes the half-berry from the palm and swallows it, the guest repeating the process with the other half-berry. The host then takes the arrow, places it first against the thumbnail of his right hand as though he were about to cut it, raises it to his head as though he meant to shave off some hair, and passes it round his head and down to the nail of his great toe as though he meant to cut it. The guest takes the arrow and goes through the same



**ANKOLE: THE KING WITH SACRED BOW AND SPEAR**

actions, placing it, when he has finished, on the rug between them. They make promises to be faithful and true to each other and to each other's family and relations through life, to serve each other until death, and never to allow anything to sever the friendship. The host's sister then takes a hand of each and tells them they must live together always. Each presents her with some gift for her services as witness, and the ceremony is complete.

Among the Bahera, who are the servants of the Bahuma in Ankole, and are used in all agricultural and building operations, there are artisans who comprise three distinct trades, the smiths and ironworkers in general, the carpenters, and the potters. Upon these people the pastoral clans depend for various necessary weapons—tools, household furniture, milk vessels, and water-pots. The ironworkers I will not deal with here, for the smiths are not so skilful as those of Bunyoro and there are few smelters, the smiths obtaining their metal from Bunyoro and other countries.

All artisans have to observe certain taboos before they can set to work. The carpenters, for example, have to propitiate the tree spirit before they can cut down a tree for boards or for wood to make milk and water vessels or such furniture as they require. The priest of the forest accompanies the man to the tree he has selected, and, after having poured out the blood of the sacrificial animal on its roots, and possibly tied a string of beads or cowry shells round its base, they eat a sacred meal there. Then the carpenter may proceed to fell the tree and cut from it as many boards or, if the wood is to be made into milk-pots, as many large blocks as he requires. In Ankole few boards are ever cut, their chief requirements being milk-pots and water-pots, and the trunk is therefore

chopped into logs of the required length. The pot is roughly shaped with the adze, and is then left for a time to dry before it is hollowed out. The carpenter sits on the ground, holding the wood with his legs or feet, and hollows it out with chisels. The timber dries and seasons slowly while he is doing this, and he has to watch it carefully lest the wood should crack through drying too quickly. Water-pails are also made of wood, and, as they are of a size to hold about two gallons, require larger logs. Smaller vessels for milk and butter and for wash-basins are also made by these men, who become fairly skilful in this craft.

Here, as in many parts of Africa, the women are the chief potters, though the art is not strictly confined to them, and there are men here and there who give their time to it. This may be accounted for by the fact that, with the exception of the king and a few chiefs, it is the lower class for whom the vessels are required, and they cannot afford to purchase them from professional potters, but make for their households what pots they require. The king and a few chiefs have their own men to make milk vessels for them, and in the work they produce there is a higher standard of style and workmanship than in the pots of the humbler class. There can be little doubt that the type of pots, and indeed the art of making them, have filtered into Ankole from the Banyoro, who are much superior in all the arts. All pottery is made by hand, and no attempt has been made to use any kind of wheel for the cylindrical pots. Still, the shapes are wonderfully true and the curves of some of the milk-pots are beautifully formed. As the clay is seldom well worked or prepared and the pots are never thoroughly burned, the vessels are brittle, and, unless frequently re-dried in the sun or over



**ANKOLE: CARPENTERS**



**ANKOLE: SMITHS AT WORK**



**ANKOLE: MILK-POTS**

a fire, they are liable to break when lifted or carried. The tools used are of a very primitive character. A piece of a gourd forms a rest for the base of the pot while the sides are being built up, and another small piece is used as a trowel to smooth both inside and outside. The worker builds up the walls and smooths them with the gourd trowel until the whole is complete. Such pots are kept some days in a hut, and when fairly hard are exposed to the sun until quite dry. They are then heaped together, covered with grass and reeds, which are set on fire, and kept there until they are supposed to be quite hard. The water- and cooking-pots of the peasants are never polished, though they have a rude decoration in a sort of herring-bone style on them. Milk-pots for the king and chiefs are made thinner, and when dry are rubbed with a smooth stone and burned and then polished. This is done by holding them in the thick smoke of burning plantain leaves and fibre, and polishing them with a rag of bark-cloth while they are still hot and have the oily smoke on them. The potter can thus obtain a fine black polish, which he burns on, and which will last the life-time of the pot.

It is the custom to break earthen pots when the owner dies, and, unless a pot is in perfect condition, it will be placed on the grave with a hole broken in it; the least chip on a pot from the house of mourning is sufficient to condemn it when, after the funeral, the pots are examined before the purification ceremony.

Basketry is carried on by both men and women, in some places almost entirely by the women, the men making only the stronger baskets of willow. The finer basket-work is done by women, who prepare certain grasses and the fronds of palm leaves and aloes for their

work. Princesses and ladies from pastoral clans also weave a neat basket from the fronds of the wild palm, and use it to carry coffee berries in when they pay a visit. Other rough, strong baskets are used by peasants in their fields, and hens with chickens are kept in them during the night to protect them from wild animals.

During the past few years quite a colony of Baganda have congregated in the capital of Ankole, Mbarara, where they have cultivated fields of plantains. These men are mostly Mohammedan, and are the scattered remnants of the Baganda Mohammedan party which, some twenty years ago, tried to set up a king of their own in Buganda, but who, after a sharp fight, fled, some towards Koki and others to the north of Buganda into Ankole. The Chief Minister of Ankole is responsible for their entrance into that country. Some years ago he began to feel nervous with regard to the growing power of a certain party of Bahuma who were not friendly to him. He feared that if their power continued to increase they would end by deposing him. In order to avert this calamity he determined to add to the numbers of his own party by inviting these Mohammedan Baganda into the country and placing them on his estates so that they might support him in case of need. They are traders, and keep shops from which can be obtained almost every article the natives require. Their presence in the capital has driven the pastoral people farther away, and only a few cows are now kept by the king and chiefs for the daily needs of themselves and their households. This may have its compensating features now that a permanent capital has come into being, for good pasturage and sanitation are of the utmost importance to cow-keeping. The present primitive conditions in Ankole and the limited resources of the



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country make the provision of good sanitation in and around a permanent settlement a problem for which the Government officials have so far failed to find a satisfactory solution.

The Government stations have greatly improved during the past ten years, but the accommodation for married servants of the Crown needs further consideration, and marriage should be encouraged among them, alike for their own health and comfort and for the general uplifting and education of the natives. Roads for motor transport are rapidly being constructed into the far districts. These are really essential for the abolition of the drudgery of portage and for saving labour, which is becoming an acute problem among settlers.

## CHAPTER IV

### ANKOLE—BELIEFS AND CEREMONIES OF THE BAHUMA

The Gods—Fetishes—Transmigration of Souls—Death and Funeral of the King—Purifying the Country—A Lion Hunt—Illness—Sickness in the Herd—Death and Burial of Ordinary People—Purification Ceremonies—The Ghost—Death of Women—Marriage Ceremonies—Children—Milk Taboos.

**A**MONG the Bahuma of Ankole, beyond the daily rite of offering milk to the ghosts, there is no regular form of worship. They acknowledge the existence of a Creator, but he has no temple or shrine and is not asked for any favour. His work is finished and he has delegated his powers to other gods. There are four gods who are said to be the sons of Ruhanga, the Creator, their names being Isimbwe, Ndohola, Wamala, and Kashoba. These deities were at one time resident upon the earth in the form of men; when they retired from this world, certain servants became their mediums and priests, and there has been a succession of these mediums from that time to this. These gods are only appealed to on special occasions; they are called upon during war, or when there is any trouble among the herds. When the men go out to war, the women gather from the kraals and go into the bush, where they sit under trees and from time to time call upon the war god, Kashoba, to protect their husbands and sons. They take with them pots of milk, and they drink this and talk in the intervals of praying and calling on the god. Earth-

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quakes are attributed to the movements of one of the gods, and thunder and lightning are the manifestations of another. Thus, when any calamity happens, and either men or cattle are struck by lightning, the people call for the priest to come and see the dead before they attempt to remove them, and an offering must be made to the god before the rest of the herd can be taken away from the place where some of the cows have been struck down.

Amulets are worn by men and women at all times, for everyone wears a special charm as protection against any complaint to which he, or she, is particularly subject; but the gods are kept before the minds of the people in the shape of special fetishes, and large sums are paid for a good fetish made by the priest of one of the deities. When men go to war they each carry two fetishes, which are usually short horns of some animal filled with ingredients provided by the clan medicine-man. Each clan has its own vendor of these goods, who makes them and who has to see that they are more powerful than those of rival clans. The warrior carries one fetish on his left shoulder and a second in his shield, and his wife has a third in her house, to which she has to make daily offerings during her husband's absence. Should a wife prove unfaithful to her husband during his absence, or neglect to offer the daily libation to the god through the fetish, the husband will be left to face the risks of the war in his own strength; the god will neglect him, or even cause him to become nervous and sick; it therefore behoves a wife to be careful in her behaviour at such times.

The priests must also tell the owner of cows when he may kill an animal which belongs to a ghost or which is to be given to a god. The bones of such an animal may not be broken; the meat is carved from the bones

and cut up, and the bones are burnt in the open. The supernatural being who exercises the greatest influence in the family and regulates all its morals is the ghost of the father of the kraal.

In many respects the pastoral people of Ankole differ in their beliefs from other tribes of the same Hamitic stock. They believe in the transmigration of royal souls, and the king is therefore not deified after death, as are the kings of Buganda and Bunyoro, but is thought to pass to what we should consider a lower grade and take the form of a lion. The other members of the royal family also take, after death, the forms of animals and reptiles, the king's wives (who are not necessarily of royal blood) becoming leopards, while princes and princesses take the form of pythons. What becomes of the lion, leopard or python into which the soul of a royal person migrates seems to be of no consequence when the animal has played his part; neither the king nor his people feel any concern beyond the immediately preceding generation, and the lion representing the last king is never *known* to die during the reign of his successor. Should such a misfortune occur, the priest will produce another and the reigning king and the people will be none the wiser. I could not ascertain what is supposed to happen at the death of the lion that represented the last king but one, for when a king dies, and the forest priest, announcing him to have become a lion, has shown the cub representing him to the new king's messengers, the greatness of the former lion-king, who was consulted by his successor on any occasion of difficulty, lapses, and the new king follows the counsels of the spirit of his immediate predecessor, as learnt through the medium priest from the new lion-king. Should this priest, how-

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ever, on any occasion be placed in a dilemma by the occurrence of some unforetold event of importance, such as an invasion which was unexpected and perhaps contrary to a given oracle, he will lay it to the charge of a former king, to whom he will appeal through a neglected and forgotten lion, and thus explain any discrepancies in his augury. Such occasions are, however, extremely rare.

The old office of Priest of the Sacred Forest carried with it considerable honour and power, for the priest was in most political matters adviser to the king. He was wealthy, for he had under his control all the cattle which belonged to the lion-kings, and all offerings for the departed were sent to him. The priest was assisted by his sons and other followers, and a son usually succeeded his father in the office. A childless priest might adopt as his son the child of a clan brother.

The King of Ankole never wished to die a natural death, nor would he allow himself to lie ill for any length of time. Should he feel ill, or through age find his strength failing him, it was his duty to end his life by taking a dose of poison. The ingredients for this were always kept at hand by the royal medicine-man, who stored them in the shell of a crocodile's egg. It must have been a strong poison, for it took effect very rapidly, ending the king's life in a few moments. I could not, however, discover the ingredients; the men absolutely refused to divulge this secret. The king thus experienced no lengthened illness, but passed away in a few minutes after swallowing the fatal potion, and his body was at once prepared for the ceremony which the people claimed to be his rebirth in the form of a lion cub.

All work now ceased in the land, every spear was wrapped up, and no sharp instrument might be displayed

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until the new king began his reign. Firewood had to be broken, not chopped, and the fires in the royal kraal were allowed to die out. All goats and dogs found in the neighbourhood of the royal kraal were killed. A bridegroom awaiting his marriage day must go at once in haste to claim his bride, or, if that were impossible, he must send to her a belt made of the strap which he used for tying his cows during milking, and she must wear it. If he neglected this his engagement was at an end and he had to seek another bride.

The body of the king was arranged with the legs bent up so that the knees came under the chin, an attitude favoured by cowmen when they squatted at rest while herding their cows. A white cow which had had only one calf, and whose calf was still living, was brought, and two or three men twisted its head sharply until its neck was broken. A white sheep was also killed and its skin prepared for use in the burial rites. A little milk was taken from the cow before she was killed; some was poured into the mouth of the dead man, and the remainder over some grain which lay in the sheepskin. This was put on the dead king's stomach, and the skin of the cow was secured tightly over all. For two days the body lay in the royal kraal, and it was then taken to a sacred forest, where it underwent a further process of washing with milk. After some days the priest came forward with a lion cub and announced that the king was reborn in this form. The men who brought the body had to remain for a few days to see that the cub was in good health and making fair progress. They then returned to the capital to tell the widows and relatives, and mourning for the loss of the king who had thus left them began and continued all that day and night without ceasing.



**ANKOLE: THE KING'S SISTER, WITH HER HUSBAND  
AND CHILD**



**ANKOLE: THE KING'S DAUGHTER AND THE KATIHIRO'S  
MOTHER**

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The next day the heir to the throne was brought forward, and he appointed a sister to cleanse everyone and everything before he could commence his reign. All the milk vessels which belonged to the late king were brought out and examined by specially appointed men. Any earthen pots which were chipped or had any flaws were broken, while any wooden pots which had decorations upon them or had any defects were also destroyed. The perfectly sound pots were placed on one side and underwent cleansing with the princes, the people, the cattle and the land.

The ceremony of cleansing was carried out with care and solemnity. A boy, whose parents must both be alive and both strong and healthy, was sent to the king's well to bring a pot of water. This was poured into a wooden bowl, and white clay was mixed with it until the mixture looked like whitewash. A bunch of herbs, of a kind regarded as efficacious for cleansing, was handed to the chosen princess, who stood beside her brother, the king elect. Near him also were the princes and princesses, and beyond them as many of the people as cared to come, and the herds of cattle. The princess took the bunch of herbs, dipped it into the bowl of ceremonial water, and touched her brother upon the forehead and upon each knee. She then sprinkled some of it towards each quarter of the land, thus removing any taint of death or sickness, and leaving the country and its inhabitants clean for the new king to commence his reign.

The lion, as the animal into which kings migrated, was held sacred in certain places, and in no part of the country did men care to kill one. Should a lion attack and kill anyone, the relatives resorted to a medicine-man, who consulted the oracle. He might pronounce the lion



to be possessed by the spirit of a king, in which case this outburst of ferocity betokened annoyance; the king had been offended or neglected in some way, and the offence must be atoned for before the attacks would cease. The medicine-man could also tell what offerings would serve to propitiate the irate monarch.

Should the oracle, on the contrary, declare the lion to be merely a savage beast, a hunt was organized, in which from two to five hundred men took part. A few men followed the track of the beast and discovered its haunts so that, when the hunters arrived, they could tell them where it was. The huntsmen made a wide ring and advanced, singing and beating down the grass, ever narrowing their circle until they came upon the lion. As the terrified beast was clubbed to death by a shower of blows from the hunters before it could summon up courage to spring, it was seldom that any man was wounded in such a hunt. It sometimes happened, however, that an animal, wounded but not stunned, had time to spring upon its assailants, clawing and tearing them badly. Such mishaps were regarded as due to magic rather than to the natural ferocity of the scared beast.

It is singular how fearless of wild animals herdsmen become; they will drive away lions from their herds of cattle with no other weapon than a stick, and even by night they seldom resort to the use of a spear to protect the cows. As pythons are also sacred the people never kill one, unless it has become a menace to the lives of children and the priest has condemned it as merely a dangerous reptile and not the possessor of any royal spirit.

The people of this region enjoy good health and are quite as free from serious illnesses as other African tribes. They have many strange ideas as to the cause of illness,

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so that, when they have anything wrong with them, they are subjected to a great amount of doctoring. The medicine-man is called in not only to cure the patient, but also to decide whether the sickness is caused by magic, and, if so, to discover who has been at work and why. As a cure he may order the patient to drink an infusion of herbs; or he may advise blistering, which is done by applying a hot iron to the skin over the painful place; at other times he orders the application of a plaster of herbs.

When a man of the ordinary class is said to be under the influence of magic, it is the duty of the relatives to do what they can to have the curse removed, and they employ a man who professes to have the necessary knowledge and power. Should he pronounce the illness to be the work of a ghost, he has to discover whether it is a ghost belonging to the clan or some hostile ghost from another clan that is at work. A ghost belonging to the family may give trouble and cause epilepsy because the family as a whole has transgressed in some way, or because some member of it has committed an immoral act which the ghost resents. Ghosts are ever watching over the affairs of the clan to keep its members from straying from the right path. On the other hand, ghosts from other clans may come with evil intent, causing illness or possibly death. Those have to be captured and destroyed; but the ghost of a member of the clan has to be persuaded to forgive the offence and come out of the patient, and to accomplish this the relatives will give it large presents of cattle.

Ghosts often become rich in cows, and each day, after the morning and evening milkings, the milk from these cows is placed before the shrine and left for a time so

that the ghost may absorb the essence. Then the owner or head of the family calls his children together, and in the presence of the ghost they drink what remains. For this purpose there is in every home a shrine before which milk is placed for the ghost, and where it comes twice daily to visit the family and to have its meal. It can come and go as it wishes, and, though it cannot be seen, it is looked upon as a member of the family.

More ceremonial importance is attached to sickness in a herd than in a household. When sickness or plague appears among cows the owner of the kraal sends a messenger hastily to the chief medicine-man to come and ascertain and remove the cause and prescribe remedies. This king of the medicine-men is received with honour, a special house is prepared for him, a bull is killed, and he is feasted on the best they can provide. His general procedure is first to inspect the herd and listen to all the men have to say, and then to take the omens. This is usually done over the body of a goat or a sheep, but in more serious cases over that of a bull. The animal is killed, and by watching the flow of blood from the severed arteries and noticing markings on the liver and small intestines he forms his verdict. In the evening another bull is selected to be the bearer of the disease of the herd. The medicine-man takes a bunch of herbs, rubs them over each of the cows, and ties them round the neck of the bull. The animal is then marched round the outside of the kraal several times and returned to the herd for the night. At dawn the medicine-man and his assistants kill the bull in the kraal gateway; the blood is caught in vessels and the inhabitants and cattle are all sprinkled with a brush of herbs dipped in the blood. The next procedure is for the people to pass



**ANKOLE: THE CHIEF MEDICINE-MAN**

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out of the kraal over the dead bull, and the cows are then made to jump over it as they go out. The disease is thus transferred to the bull and the rest of the herd go out free, to be treated later with some herbal remedy for their sickness. The herbs from the neck of the bull are tied over the doorway to keep the disease from re-entering.

When a man who is not of royal blood dies, his body is buried on the same day in the dungheap in the kraal. The grave must not go deeper than the dung; when the earth is reached the men cease to dig. The body is washed and the legs are bent up under the chin in the favourite squatting attitude. It lies on the right side with both hands under the right cheek, and is wrapped in the cowskin on which the man used to lie. The body remains in the house until the cows return from pasture and are in the kraal, after which it is taken for burial. That night none of the cows is milked, nor may the calves be fed, and during the night the cows low continually and the calves call to their dams. The people sit outside by the gate of the kraal, where fires are lit, and not even the small children are allowed to sleep. They weep and mourn when the body is taken to its resting-place, and they continue to mourn till the heir comes. As until that time none of the mourners may enter his house to rest, it is customary for the heir to come early in the morning following the funeral. When he arrives, the chief bull of the dead man's herd is killed and cut up for the food of the mourners; then the cows are milked and brought to stand near the entrance of the kraal. The milk vessels and other utensils are brought out from the house and inspected, those that are faulty being destroyed by the grave, while the rest are placed ready for purifica-

tion. The heir next brings a favourite sister to act as the purifier from the taint of death. She is given a bowl containing a mixture of white clay and water and a bunch of herbs. With these she sprinkles first the heir, then his relatives and friends, then the cattle, and ends by throwing her bunch of herbs towards a few cows, generally the pick of her father's herd, which thereupon become her property. Women, as a rule, cannot possess property, this custom of a sister taking a few cows after purifying the inheritance of her brother being an exception, and apparently a relic of an old law of matrilineal descent, when property went to the son of a man's sister rather than to his own son. Even here the cows can hardly be considered entirely the woman's property, for unless she has a son she may not take them away, and if she has a son they are regarded as belonging to him.

After the purificatory rites are ended the heir usually gives a few cows to the ghost of the deceased, and these cannot be taken away or used for any purpose without the sanction of the ghost, which must be obtained through the priest, who ascertains its wishes by oracle. The milk from the cows is placed daily before a shrine made by the heir near his own bed. After the death of the owner of a kraal new bulls have to be introduced into the herd, as all the fully-grown male animals are offered to the dead during the days of mourning. They are used as food for the mourners, who may drink no milk during this period, nor may they come into the presence of the king until they are purified. The mourning ordinarily lasts two or three days, and the mourners are isolated from other people. In the case of an important chief, however, the mourning may last six months, the relatives



**ANKOLE: MEDICINE-MEN EXORCISING A GHOST**

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living at a distance from the rest of the clan the whole of the time.

Should a man die childless, his widow becomes the wife of one of his brothers; and should she then have children, the eldest boy is called the son of the dead man and inherits his property.

The heir to a property does not remain in the old kraal long after his succession, but chooses a new site, which is not necessarily far from the old one. When he removes he pays no further attention to the grave; but he is careful to build a new shrine in the house near his bed, so that the ghost still retains its home in the family. Besides this shrine in the house, there is a small hut built outside, near the kraal gate, which is also dedicated to the ghost.

A woman is not given so much honour at her death. Her husband sees that she is buried in the cowdung heap, and he probably obtains a new wife from the same family, who is then known as the heir of the first wife. She will care for any children there may be, and will also keep the memory of their mother fresh in their minds. The property of a woman is practically *nil*, probably only a few milk-pots, and she is not expected to have much influence in the next world. A woman is entirely under the rule of her husband, and she seldom desires any other arrangement.

In all marriage ceremonies cows, milk, and the milk-pots play a prominent part in the pledges. A bride shows that she accepts the man as her husband by taking a mouthful of milk and squirting it over him. Up to this time she has very probably never seen the man, so that there is no question of love; expediency and custom alone prompt the desire of the parties to enter their new estate.



When the bridegroom brings his bride home she is accompanied by a number of girl friends, who remain with her two or three days. During the first evening when the bridegroom goes to see his bride, the girl friends contest his entrance; they fight him and his companions, biting and scratching them until they bleed freely. This simulated protest is very probably the remnant of an old custom of marriage by capture. In my former notes in "The Northern Bantu" I have described a custom still more closely resembling marriage by capture: "The bridegroom enters the kraal and is conducted to the hut in which the bride stands waiting, wearing the usual dress of women, which covers her from head to foot. He takes her right hand and leads her forth from the house and out of the kraal to the assembled guests. A strong rope is produced by one of the bride's relatives and tied to the bride's leg. Sides are then chosen by members of the bride's and bridegroom's clans, and a tug-of-war takes place. The bride's clan struggle to retain their sister, and the bridegroom's clan strive to carry her off. During this contest the bride stands weeping because she is being taken from her old home and relatives; it is the correct thing to do. The bridegroom stands by her, holding her hand, and when the final pull is given in his favour he slips the rope from her ankle and hurries her a few yards to a group waiting near with a cowhide spread on the ground. The bride sits upon this, and the young men raise her up and rush off with her in triumph to the bridegroom's parents' house, chased by relatives and friends."

For two or three days before the marriage a few friends of the bridegroom remain at the bride's home completing the final arrangements, and a parting feast

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is held. Then in the evening of the wedding day there is the ceremony of carrying the bride home. This is timed so that she may arrive as the cows are returning from pasture, for the bride who enters with the returning herd will be a mother and a happy wife and bring luck to the kraal. As she enters she scatters a few seeds on the ground, thus sowing plenty and prosperity. She is received into her new home as a daughter and sits first in the lap of her father-in-law and then in that of her mother-in-law. Then she is taken to rest by her mother-in-law for a short time before drinking some of the fresh milk warm from the cows. A young married couple may remain with the bridegroom's parents until their first baby is born before they seek a home of their own, and during this time the bride takes part with her mother-in-law in the duties of the household.

When a child is born the mother is kept in seclusion for a week, and a nurse is appointed to care for the child. This is usually an elderly woman related to the husband, who has complete charge of the child and cares for it until she dies. As a rule a mother will nurse her baby for three years, during which period she is separated from her husband. In some instances, however, babies are taken from their mothers after a few weeks and weaned; they are then fed on cow's milk, while the mother goes back to her husband and her household duties.

If the child is a boy, the father places him at the age of four months on the back of a cow and gives him a name. This cow becomes the property of the child and provides him with milk. A girl is the special care of the mother, who gives her a name, taking her to the door and pointing out the four corners of the globe as the quarters from which her wealth comes. At the age of

four months a girl is usually bespoken in marriage. Some man of another clan presents her parents with one or two cows and she is thereupon betrothed to his son. These cows provide the child with milk in infancy and form part of the marriage dowry. The first four or five years of a child's life are a happy time, though the children, like those of our own country, long to grow up, thinking that to be men and women means to enjoy life. When they are five years old they begin to be responsible for some duties either in the kraal or in the house; and at the age of nine girls are shut up and, to improve their appearance in preparation for marriage, are fattened to such an extent that they find it difficult even to move from room to room. Boys have to learn all about the cows and go to the pastures with them, and have also to take their part in keeping the kraal clean.

The wife has her duties in the kraal. She has to wash and dry the milk vessels and place them on the sacred daïs before the shrine until the evening time, when the cows return to be milked. Then she has to hand the pots to the milkman. Each cow has its own milk-pot, and the milk must not be mixed indiscriminately, as some cows are taboo to the owner. For instance, he may not drink the milk from a cow which has a calf only two or three days old; the milk from such a cow may not be drunk by any married person, but only by a young boy, who has to refrain from drinking any other milk. Should these restrictions be neglected, the cow will cease to give milk and the calf will die. Some cows belong to the ghost of a member of the family, and the milk has to be set aside before the shrine for the ghost's use. Some again may have drunk salt water, according to the custom of the tribe for doctoring animals, and that day their milk

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may not be used by the owner or his family, but is given to the herdsmen. It is the duty of the wife to see that these taboos and restrictions are observed. Then, too, there is milk to be set aside for the herdsmen, and some must be kept for making butter. All this has to be decided and arranged daily before the milk is drunk.

## CHAPTER V

### ANKOLE AND KIGEZI

Ankole—Sacred Drums—Western Ankole and the Pastoral People  
—Kigezi and the Agricultural People—The Bakyiga—Lake  
Edward—The Bakunta—Crossing the Ferry—Toro Salt-works.

**D**URING my stay in Mbarara, the capital of Ankole, I paid frequent visits to the king, and I was able to see and photograph a house in which are the only drums which this king or his people possess. It was a surprise to discover that these people have never been in the habit of using drums in any of their ceremonies or dances. This is most unusual, for the African in general is utterly devoted to his drum; he learns even in babyhood to beat it, and, should it for any reason fail him, he will improvise something to give forth a similar sound. Though the people of Ankole do not use drums, the king has come into possession of two. These are small, some two feet high and eighteen inches in diameter, and the skin on them is white cowhide with a black strip let in across the middle. They are kept in a hut, which is dome-shaped and has no pinnacle. As the hut has only a low doorway to admit both air and light, it is rather dark, and the drums lie side by side on a stand facing the door, thus giving, as you enter, the impression of two great eyes staring at you. On the floor on either side stand several drums, which are of a later date and of less importance than the chief drums, being, as it



**ANKOLE DANCING TO DRUMS MADE FROM WATER-POTS**



**ANKOLE: SACRED DRUMS IN THEIR HOUSE**

were, attendants upon them. Under the stand there is a row of milk-pots belonging to the sacred drums; for these drums are fetishes, and are supposed to have spirits and to be able to bring good or evil to the country. A large herd of cows also belongs to them, and daily the milk from a number of these is brought and placed before them. The drum-spirits drink the essence of the milk, and later the priest and priestess drink what is left as a sacred meal in the presence of the drums.

At one time these drums were kept in a shrine at some distance from the king's residence; they might not be on the same hill as he, and a stream of water must run between them and him. When the king became a Christian he had the drums brought to his own hill, but in the minds of most of the people they retain their old importance; the priest cares for them as of old, and their milk is given to them each day with certain ceremonies. Each new king had the drums restrung at the commencement of his reign, and a rumour, which I could not verify owing to the reticence of the priests, stated that when the drums were repaired there was always a human sacrifice, and the blood of the victim was allowed to run into them.

On the same hill, near the hut of the drums, there is another hut to which princesses go when they marry. In Ankole princesses are allowed to marry, another custom in which the Ankole Bahuma differ from all other pastoral tribes, whose princesses are forbidden to marry anyone except their half-brothers, and, if they break the rule, are punished by death. In this hut there is an attempt at decoration, patterns being painted in red, white and black over the common clay plaster of the walls. This was the only attempt at painting which I

found in the country, and it consisted only of straight lines arranged in geometrical patterns. The king invariably chooses the husband for any princess, and she may not marry without his consent. The husband must come and reside with her for a few nights in this special hut, and by their coming there the marriage is supposed to be blessed and made fruitful, so that the couple live happily together, enjoy good health, and have a large family.

After having spent fully three months in the capital, I thought it time to leave and visit the kraals in the country, in order to obtain a better idea of the homes of the people. During my stay the Government officials were extremely kind and helpful to me, the Provincial Commissioner, Mr. Sullivan, being ever willing to further any project, while his assistant, Mr. Filleul, the son of an old friend, was no less ready. The Government station was only a mile away, so that I could go over and see them whenever I wished, and my stay in the neighbourhood passed very pleasantly.

The western part of Ankole is much more hilly than the capital, and there are a large number of extinct volcanoes, the craters of many of them being now occupied by lakes. In some instances the slope down to these lakes is very precipitous, while in others it can be descended, though the climb down calls for some care. In some of the larger depressions I could see that the agricultural people had made little gardens, and the vegetation on the sloping sides, which led to a comparatively level bottom some four hundred feet below, had, as seen from the summit, quite a picturesque effect.

On the top of one of these hills I had a side-slip and a fall from my bicycle. I was riding on a fairly level place along the ridge of a mountain, and had gone about half





**ANKOLE: CRATER LAKE**



**ANKOLE: CRATER LAKE**

a mile when a boy ran out in front of me. Seeing the bicycle, he shot ahead as though afraid, and I continued at a gentle pace in order to let him get away. He ran on in front and went straight on down the side of the hill into a garden of plantains. I followed, not noticing that he had left the path, which there took a sharp turn. I was too late either to pull up or to turn, and in my attempt to keep the path the machine shot from under me and I fell, to find myself looking over the side of one of these deep craters. Luckily there was no harm done, but it might have been serious, as I might easily have been precipitated either into the crater or down the side of the hill among the plantains. In England such a corner would have been marked "Dangerous for Cyclists," but I had no such warning. I mounted again and went slowly down the hill with both brakes on, keeping the machine as far as possible under control, and holding myself in readiness to jump should I come on a bad place in the road or should the slope become too steep for me to control my speed.

As I journeyed towards Kigezi I left the road usually taken and wandered about a little to see the life of the pastoral people, and the visits I paid to some of the kraals by the way were both pleasant and instructive. Sometimes I found large herds of cows, and saw the little kraals, into which they were crowded by night, surrounded by the men's huts, with a rough fence of thorns between them completing the circle and keeping the animals together. The huts were built with doorways but no doors, so that the men, as they lay on their beds, could see their cows, and could easily come out to protect them should the visit of some wild animal create any disturbance during the night. In one kraal the chief

had built a scaffolding some twelve feet high, with a cover over it and a wall on two sides. From this, he informed me, he intended to watch for a lion which had on several occasions attacked his cows, and was becoming so persistent in its attentions to his herd that he had decided to shoot it.

I wanted to visit a place called Kyagamba, where dwelt a Muganda chief who had been placed there by the British Government to stop the inroads of the Bakyiga in the past, and to try to reduce the country to some kind of order. The road I took to the enclosure of Kasuju, the chief in question, led through a mountain pass which was formerly the route followed by most people when going to Kigezi, but which is no longer used. In some places the way led through passes of the mountains, and the path ran well up the sides of the hills. Beneath, in the valley, flowed a stream of water, and above, the tops of the mountains seemed to reach the sky and penetrate into the blue. In some places the gorge was so narrow that the sun did not reach the valley until it was high in the heavens; the mountains were like walls on either side above and below me. Sometimes these walls were rocky and showed formations which would rejoice the heart of the geologist and repay him well for his investigation, for he would find specimens enough to occupy and interest him for many a day. Here the rock would look like layers of slate laid flat one upon another, while a little farther on the layers would stand on end, rising many feet. In one place traces of what appeared to be iron were abundant, and then there would be a change to what looked like quartz and hard stone. One such pass in particular seemed a very paradise for the geologist, for the outcrops of rock on the hillside were very varied,

and loose stones, with here and there large pieces of talc, lay about in all directions. The fascination of the ever-changing scenery and the interest of these varying rock formations made it a path through an enchanted land.

At times on this journey my bicycle became somewhat of a trial, for I had to push it up many steep places where the task of keeping my own feet was one of difficulty, and the added burden of having to push the machine threatened to prove too much for my strength. It was a relief when a comparatively smooth place would permit me to ride a short distance, resting from my severe exertions and making, at the same time, more satisfactory headway towards my destination.

I visited one kraal, where I found a few people at home, and I managed to obtain two or three photographs of women. It was interesting to find how strictly they observed the custom of keeping themselves veiled before men. The son of one of the women was with me, and his mother refused to unveil until he had gone away, when she allowed her face and shoulders to be exposed for me to photograph. These women were still fairly fat, though they had not nearly so many cows as formerly to supply them with milk, the plague of rinderpest having passed through the district and carried off a great number of their cattle. It was singular to find how some tracts of country had escaped that distressing plague, so that the cows were in good condition and the people comfortably well off, whereas in other places there was not a cow to be found.

At Kyagamba I visited one of the Government inoculation camps, and for some time watched the men at work. The cowmen were very unwilling to have their cows inoculated; they had no faith in preventive measures,

and it was only *force majeure*, the authority of the British officer, that made them comply.

Near this place is a beautiful lake called Mwoka. This is merely a widening out of the River Rufuki, which here reaches a width of fully half a mile over a distance of possibly ten miles, forming this fine lake among the hills. Here I witnessed what might have been a serious accident to one of the natives on the Government inoculation staff. Some of them had gone out on a papyrus raft and dived off it into the water; in a few moments we saw to our horror that one of them was unable to swim and was drowning. It was with difficulty that we succeeded in attracting the attention of his companions, and he had already gone down twice before they went to his assistance, caught him, and towed him into shallow water. It was fortunate that they happened to be Christian lads, for otherwise they would have left him to drown as a victim to the dreaded water-spirits. Most Africans are in terror of these water-spirits, believing that they attack certain people when in the water and drown them. The Baganda are most superstitious in this respect, and will leave a companion who has got into difficulties in deep water to drown, because they fear the water-spirit will resent it if any help be given, and will avenge himself upon the rescuer at some future time. The lake is a fine sheet of water fringed with trees and dotted with islands. Hippopotami were noisy during the night, but we slept in comfort without any fear of them.

At this camp I got one of the two punctures which my bicycle suffered during the hundreds of miles I rode it. On this occasion I was not riding, but had allowed a man to push the machine through some tall grass, where a large thorn pierced the tyre. In all my wanderings,

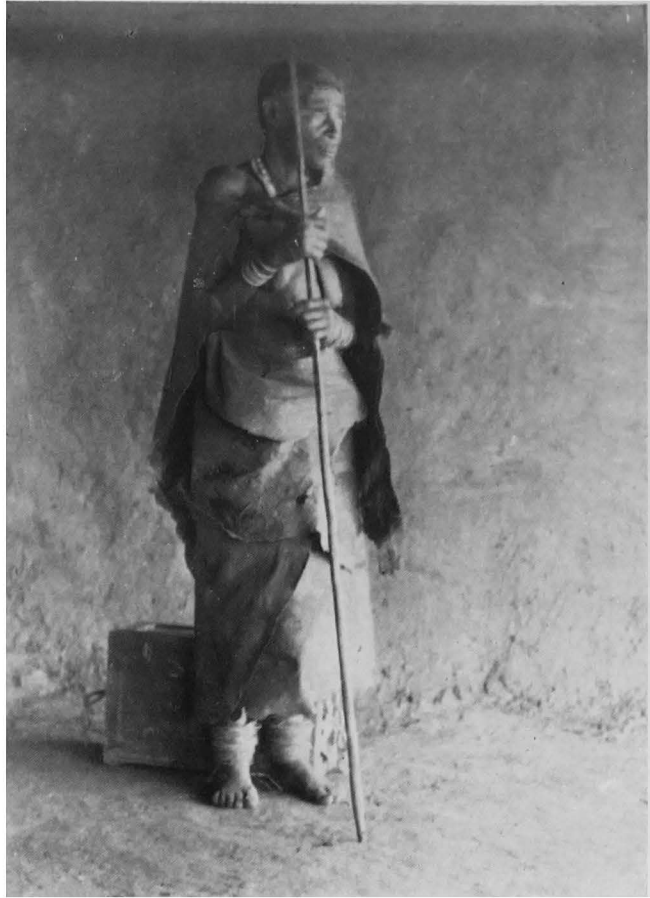
in spite of the rough paths and the steep mountain descents, I never had a breakdown or any serious trouble. This speaks highly for the bicycle and tyres which I used, for it required excellent materials and workmanship to give such complete satisfaction in wilds where delay is tiresome, and at times even dangerous, owing to the risks run from exposure to the tropical sun.

When we crossed the boundary of Ankole into the Kigezi district the country became wilder and fewer cattle people were found, the true inhabitants, who were encountered here and there, being an agricultural tribe. These people of Kigezi are mountaineers, and find the steep hill-sides no difficulty; their fields extend up the slopes of the mountains and are marked off from each other by ridges where the weeds and stones are gathered together. After a few seasons the fields become regular plateaux, for the rains wash the earth from the higher ground against these ridges and form terraces raised above the lower fields. As I wandered along a path on the side of a mountain and looked over to the opposite side of the valley the fields looked as though they were laid out in terraces and fenced. Some were planted with peas, which were in full bloom, with blossoms of three or four colours—a sight quite new to me, as I had never seen edible peas with any but white blossom. Cattle plague had not penetrated into this district, and at each camp there was an abundance of milk to be obtained; indeed, in many places pots of milk were presented in such quantities that I had to refuse some of it.

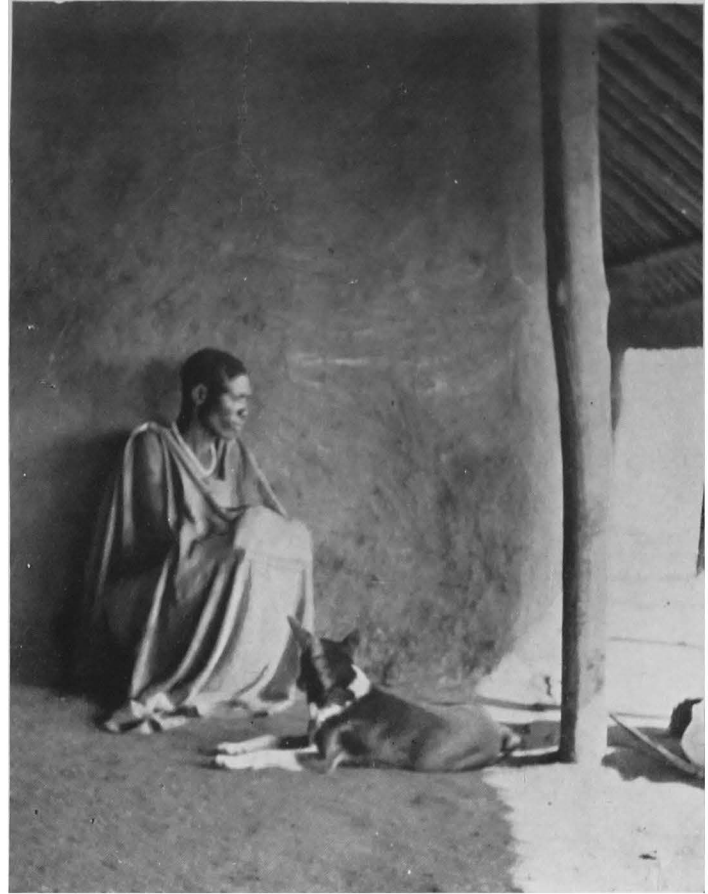
It was my desire to see something of the pygmies in Kigezi, but I found they had left and, having crossed into Belgian territory, were out of reach. I had been told that they had formed a camp in Kigezi, and I had

hoped to spend a few days with them to learn some of their habits by actual observation of their life. It was regrettable to find them gone and not to be able to learn where they had encamped. There were traces of their presence in the shape of large devastated areas, from which the people had fled in fear of the pugnaciousness and rapacity of these pygmies.

Cerebro-spinal meningitis was prevalent in the far part of Kigezi, which made it unwise to go farther west with carriers, who are always liable to contract disease when marching. I therefore spent some days among the Bakyiga, whom I found to be a wild set of people without any cohesion or regard for authority. The more I learned of them the more their customs reminded me of those of the Bagesu on Mount Elgon, but I found no one who could give me any satisfactory account of their early migrations. They themselves could give no account of their forefathers, merely stating that their history only went back two generations, to their great-grandfathers. There are a number of clans, each possessing its own totem and social arrangements. The women are hard workers, each wife being provided with a field from which she obtains enough food to support herself and her children and to help to keep her husband. The husbands are the real owners of the land, and when they marry the wife is given what is considered sufficient to support her and any children she may have. Each husband has his own cultivated plot, the produce from which he uses for his own purposes, for brewing, bartering or for food. If he has more than one wife, each of them sets aside a portion of food for him from her own harvest store. This is kept and cooked for the husband whenever he pays a visit to the wife. Each wife assists the husband



**AN OLD WOMAN OF KIGEZI**



**MAN OF RUANDA**



in cultivating his land, and he in turn helps her to dig hers. In the home there is little order or idea of comfort, and the amount of affection shown by a mother for her child is but small. When the children are well and can run about they lead a happy life, but when one of them falls sick it gets little sympathy or attention. The mother seldom remains at home to nurse her child; she merely places some food, either porridge or potatoes, near it, and then leaves it to eat or not, to live or die.

The men are the most unruly I met with in all my journeyings; they have no respect for old or young, if they come from another village, but will spear down anyone they meet who is not of their locality. It is dangerous for a man to make the shortest of journeys alone; even when he goes to dig his field he is in danger of being killed; he must carry his weapons with him and keep them at hand, as he may be attacked at any moment. Even men of the same village are easily aroused to anger against each other, and will use their spears freely, wounding or killing anyone upon the slightest provocation. Murder was said to be quite common, even though the murderer had to pay the penalty by losing his own life in a manner which one would think was sufficiently terrifying to restrain him, for he was buried alive under the body of the man he had murdered.

In this district, when a man wants to marry he kidnaps the woman he wants, and then, from some place of safety, calls to her relatives and informs them of what he has done. Girls are prepared for this mode of marriage, and, when they are once installed in a home of their own, they seldom attempt to run away. The relatives are asked to come to some particular place to receive the dowry, which is placed ready for them in accordance

with an accustomed scale; they may then demand more than the amount paid, and arbitration may last for some weeks before both parties are satisfied. Little friendship between members of different clans arises from the new relationships; the bride's brothers retain their spirit of enmity against the other clan, and will kill their brother-in-law as readily as they would before he married their sister.

Men may marry more than one wife, and frequently have three and at times four, though two is the most common number. The wives are always taken to live with the husband, who builds each her own house in his compound. A strange feature about these marriages is the complete lack of friendship between the different wives of the same man. Should one wife fall sick and die, the other will take little, if any, notice of the motherless children; and, unless there has been some previous bond of union or friendship between the mothers, the second will not pay the slightest attention even to a helpless child of the dead woman. The father has to care for it as best he can. This spirit of unfriendliness is unusual among African tribes, where, should a mother die, some relative is almost always found to adopt a baby.

I found in Kigezi a capable Government officer of the Civil Service, doing admirable work in reducing these wild people to order. His task requires great tact, because there has been no recognized ruler among them, and any taxation is hotly resented. As I was leaving the country I was informed that one or two native servants of the Government staff had been murdered while trying to help some villagers to preserve their cattle from rinderpest. The people mistook the proffered assistance for interference with intent to rob, and used their spears

before matters could be explained. At one camp a man who was the worse for drink tried to force his way into my tent, and when opposed by some of his companions was about to use his spear. He had to be overpowered and disarmed, whereupon he proceeded to make himself troublesome by hurling great stones at the men who were trying to keep order.

From the capital of Kigezi we journeyed along the eastern side of Lake Edward, seeing many people who do not often have visits from strangers; some of these showed timidity, though curiosity more frequently overcame fear. The mountain tracks proved trying when the bicycle had to be pushed up them in the heat of the day, though it seemed worth the trouble when I reached any fairly level place where I could ride, for not only did I cover more ground than if I had had to walk, but it was a rest to sit on the machine. On this journey it was necessary to employ fresh porters daily, as the men would not go more than one stage carrying loads. The men had to be engaged in the afternoon and evening, and usually came in the early morning soon after five o'clock, carrying off the cases and tent as soon as they could see; if an extra early start had to be made they slept in the camp. I seldom found any man who shirked or did not turn up to carry his load, and I was able to go on ahead to the next camp agreed upon, leaving the men to follow. When they came into camp they assisted in erecting the tent, and then went away perfectly satisfied with a small payment in the Uganda currency.

Soon after I reached each camp I found myself the object of much curiosity, and men came to look at me. As I was well ahead of the porters I had thus an opportunity of chatting with them and gathering information

for some two or three hours before the goods came along. Whenever possible I found one of the Government rest-houses and sat in it. These houses are to be found in most places, because the District Officer makes periodical visits to each part of a district, and the chiefs gather to that centre to meet him. It was only when I heard of some place of interest or of some village specially worth a visit that I left the usual rest-house and made my camp in some out-of-the-way place. As a rule it was preferable to visit these district centres when making the journey, because there men could be got through the native agent who resides in the vicinity, and also because there are well-defined roads from rest-house to rest-house. It was always possible to save time by wandering off from the rest-house, after the porters had arrived, to visit any place of interest or to take photographs. Usually, however, I had plenty of work to do when a camp was reached, for I would generally find some men who would be willing to sit and chat, and from whom I gathered information of value for general survey work. At each camp it was possible to obtain food and, as a rule, milk, and the person who brought it would be amply satisfied with a small present. As I had no escort of police with me, I generally asked the chief of the place to supply two or three men to sleep near my goods and protect them from thieves during the night. These guards often supplied me with useful information concerning their tribe and its customs. When evening came I did not sit up long, for I had to remember the early hour at which it was necessary to rise and prepare for the march; therefore at eight o'clock I shut up the tent and retired to rest.

During the whole expedition there was never any

night disturbance; wild animals might be heard in the distance, but every traveller expects that, and they never disturbed the camp. On one or two occasions there were heavy thunderstorms which threatened to bring down the tent. One storm experienced on this part of the journey was terrific, and I thought the guard had been killed by lightning, which struck some trees quite close. The thunder was deafening, and the rain came down in torrents, flooding the ground all round. Fortunately the tent was pitched on rising ground, so that the water quickly ran away. When the storm was over I found that the guard were safe in a hut near, though they confessed to having been startled by the severity of the storm.

When leaving the Ankole district, which we had had to re-enter on its western boundary before reaching the ferry between Lakes Edward and George, I travelled through some of the most beautiful scenery of the whole tour. The mountains are covered with magnificent forests, with much fine timber, sometimes extending from the valleys to the very summits, and the sight in the early morning, when the rays of the rising sun fell upon the varied green of the foliage, was most striking. The path often skirted the mountains, winding in and out at a height of five to six thousand feet above sea level; in places the gradients were such that it was possible to ride a bicycle for two or three miles without dismounting to push it over the crest of a hill. In some places the cone-shaped hills were found to be extinct volcanoes with the sloping sides of the crater clothed with grass and trees and ending in a pool or small lake, making a pretty picture in the sunshine, for the tropical growth of creepers and often beautiful flowers showed amongst

the variously tinted foliage of the trees. Here and there streams trickling down the side of the mountain had to be crossed, and sometimes we encountered larger streams, over which fallen trees formed the only bridges. In other cases, however, the natives were being trained by Baganda agents of the Government to make better bridges, over which a bicycle could pass. Once or twice we came upon splendid waterfalls dashing down from a height of six or seven hundred feet into the rocky basin below, and flowing off in a fine river. Where these falls occurred the face of the rock was covered with ferns and flowering plants, which, watered by the spray, grew fresh and green.

Where natives had settled, these mountain sides were cultivated in the most primitive manner, but in most places Nature had her own way undisturbed by man. The natives confined their work principally to the cultivation of the smaller kind of millet and potatoes, though here and there were fields of peas, which had blossoms of varied tints from deep red to white; possibly the cooler atmosphere here is more favourable to the growth of peas than in most of this part of Africa. In Kigezi Mr. Phillips, the Commissioner, had a wonderful English garden in which potatoes, turnips, carrots, celery and cauliflowers grew freely. His strawberries were the finest I have seen or tasted in Africa. In addition to this garden he grows wheat and oats, grinds his own flour and makes his own oatmeal. These facts will suffice to show that in such a country almost any kind of European produce could be procured by settlers. I found the nights rather cool, and from six to nine o'clock each morning there was a cool breeze which, with a mist that rose between eight and nine o'clock, made a fire quite acceptable.

As the expedition descended from the upper parts of the mountains we came upon plantains again. On the higher levels they yield no fruit and are not much grown. With plantains are found the various kinds of beans and maize and the larger millet. The cold of the higher mountains prevents these from making sufficient growth to encourage the natives to cultivate them.

As the traveller passes along the mountain range in Kigezi and Western Ankole to Lake Edward he finds the country full of animal life; and where there are many animals there are always lions about. At some of the places we passed they were said to be troublesome, attacking not only cows but men and women as well. At one place two men came to the camp at three o'clock in the afternoon, saying they had just escaped from three lions which stood in the road. Had one of the men been alone the beasts would in all probability have attacked him. The native chiefs asked me not to travel unaccompanied in the early morning, because men were being attacked if they went to their fields alone at day-break. Probably the beasts of prey were suffering from scarcity of food, for many wild pigs and other animals had died from rinderpest. The lions were consequently forced out to hunt for food in the daytime, and attacked men. I often heard lions and other animals, but only once or twice saw them, and was never molested by them.

Near Lake Edward there is a flat stretch of land, six to ten miles wide, lying between the foot of the mountains and the water, which is known as a sleeping sickness area. All the inhabitants have been ordered up the mountains, leaving the country to wild animals. Here we encountered small herds of antelope which were fairly tame and allowed me to pass near them without

fleeing away. I found that the inhabitants had been a people calling themselves Bakunta, who were originally a Baganda tribe, and had had to flee from their country because their chief had killed a prince in battle. In Buganda, in the past, when a prince rebelled and fought, or when the king died and his sons fought for the throne, any chief who succeeded in killing one of the princes was at first highly applauded and given great honour, possibly even enriched by the king, who would give him lands and cattle. Before he had enjoyed these honours and rewards for many months the priests would come to the reigning king and tell him that the ghost of his brother demanded the life of the man who had killed him, for it was forbidden to shed the blood of a prince; if one had to be killed, he must be strangled, burnt to death, or allowed to die from starvation. In the case of the chief of this Bakunta tribe it was the king for whom he had fought and whom he had rescued by killing his brother, who now sought his life. In spite of this obligation, the king's fear of the vengeance of the ghost was so great that he turned against his rescuer and sought to destroy him. When the chief heard he was to be brought before the king for the service which had thus become an offence, he fled into Ankole; then, fearing he might still be captured, he went on to the shores of Lake Edward, where he settled down with a number of his retainers who had followed him. He became an important chief, ruling over many of the local tribes who became incorporated with his original followers. The man has now been dead some years, but his followers and children still live, and just before entering the infected area I saw some of these descendants, who told me how the sleeping sickness had greatly reduced their number. The



remainder have now been removed from their old country to the hills in order to be away from the infected area. I had heard of these people many years ago, and it was interesting to me now to meet some of them.

Passing down into the plain to the ferry at Lake Edward, we entered the infected and deserted fly region, and had therefore to carry food with us for the night we spent before crossing to the lakeside. We found the heat of the plain trying after the cool nights in the mountains, and I knew how important it was to press on lest the men should be depressed and contract fever from mosquito bites, thus leaving me in the difficult position of being porterless in the hot plain. On the shores of the lake live the people who manage the canoes, and there is a Government agent in charge of them. On the Ankole side a chief takes toll from passengers for his king, while on the Toro side there is a chief acting for his master, the king of Toro.

For several days before we reached the lake we found the road constantly traversed by men and women carrying large and heavy loads of salt home from the Katwe salt-works in Toro. These people travel from great distances in Ankole, and even from Buganda, taking animals or food or other kinds of barter goods which they know that the salt-makers require. When they reach the ferry they pay the canoe men a sum for the return journey, and, having gone to the salt-works to barter for their salt, are free to cross again when they return. The task of purchasing the salt may take several days, for the men are never in a hurry to start for home again, and they take some time over the bartering.

We reached the ferry soon after seven o'clock, and as I had cycled in advance to prepare the ferrymen and

secure canoes for the whole of my party, we were soon aboard. These are "dug-out" canoes—that is, trunks of large trees hollowed out, and can carry two or three cows if necessary. My twenty loads and twenty-five men were soon seated in three of the largest, and we paddled over in a little more than an hour. The crossing is a fine expanse of clear water over a mile wide, where the current flowing from Lake George into Lake Edward is quite evident. Our canoe paddlers kept the bows pointing up the stream and worked away merrily. There were numbers of water-birds flying about, most of them fish-eaters, while swallows darted here and there, skimming over the glassy surface and catching the midges. On the Toro side the landing is steeper than that in Ankole, which dips gently down to the water.

When we had crossed I sent off the men by a short road to the camp, while I started for one of the more important salt-works. There are two places where the salt is worked, one giving the coarser kind and one a better grade, and I elected to go to the latter. I had to cycle off the main road and make a detour of some twenty-three or twenty-four miles out of my way to see this place. I had with me a cyclist guide, who showed me the nearest way, a path which was at times rough for the machines. However, we were able to ride most of the way, which was a comfort, for this proved certainly the hottest place I had been in. I was warned that we should find the heat trying for the men, and I found it quite true.

When we reached the salt-works the head-man of the village kindly came to act as guide round the works. The place from which the salt is gathered is a depression like a huge pond on the surface of fairly level



**TORO: THE SALT POOLS, KATWE SALT-WORKS**



**CAMP OF THE EXPEDITION IN KIGEZI**

ground; it is nearly round, and about half a mile wide. At the bottom of this depression there is a stagnant pool, and scattered around are smaller pools. These are converted into holdings by the salt workers, each holding comprising one or two pools varying in width from twenty to forty feet; they are made in the soft mud, and into each water is run by channels from the main pool. When the water in the small pool reaches a depth of about ten inches, the channel is stopped with a piece of clay and the stream diverted into another pool. The water is allowed to stand a day or two until a thick scum rises to its surface and hardens; this is then scraped up, and the men carry it to their villages, where, assisted by their wives and children, they spread it out to dry. When dry, it is made up into packets varying from two to thirty pounds in weight, but in the market it was being sold by measure, not by weight, and the purchasers made up their packages according to the amount they wished to carry. The pools are kept constantly filled, so that the scum is always rising and hardening on them.

The head-man told me that, so far as he knew, there was no spring in the depression; the water was, he thought, surface water which drained in after the rains, and the saline properties were derived from the earth. I am inclined, however, to think that there must be a boiling spring which gives its saline qualities to the water, because there are hot springs on both sides of the Luenzori range at places I have visited on former occasions. On the west side, in the Semliki Valley, there is a large boiling cauldron which overflows, leaving its salt along the banks of the stream, and these deposits are used by the natives themselves and for barter purposes.

In the village where the salt is dried and prepared for barter there are a number of huts in which the salt workers live. They do not trouble about cultivation, but devote their time to salt making, which is more remunerative. There are several guest-houses, which were full of people waiting for salt, and under a large hut were fully a hundred purchasers busily bartering animals, food and other goods for packages of salt. A man will carry as much as one hundred pounds' weight of salt and walk a hundred miles with it to retail it or to deliver it to his master for use in feeding the cattle.

In the depression the sun was terribly hot, and I was glad to reach the higher ground. It was February and therefore the hottest part of the year, and grass fires were raging round, making the air thick with smoke and dust from the burnt grass. This added to the discomfort of travel and shut out the scenery; even the mountain range of Luenzori, which was only a mile or two from me, was invisible, and as I walked along the lower slopes I could not see the mountain-tops. Each day the dust and smoke rose in clouds, obscuring the high, snow-clad peaks of Luenzori, and I never once caught sight of the glacier. In the past I have often seen it, but during this tour I was not thus favoured.

These grass fires burn for days and extend over large tracts of the hillsides, while the crackling of the burning trees can be heard distinctly miles away. By day nothing can be seen but clouds of dense smoke, while flocks of birds hover above, swooping down to attack any unfortunate animal trapped by the spreading fire. By night the hillsides are a mass of flame, and the picture is one of brilliant colour.

## CHAPTER VI

### TORO AND THE JOURNEY TO BUNYORO

Toro—Difficulties on the March—The Intense Heat—Crossing Rivers—Camp Routine—Kabarole and Fort Portal—Kasagama, King of Toro—Salt in the Semliki Valley—Hot Springs—Peoples on Luenzori Mountain—Mission Work in Kabarole—Journey to Lake Albert—Voyage to Butiaba—Arrival at Masindi—Work in Bunyoro.

HAVING seen the salt-works and taken a few photographs, I set out for my camp, and found that the way led over very rough country; where there was a path it was never more than a foot wide, and at times even that disappeared, and I had to make my way over the rough roots of grass tufts where it was usually impossible to ride a bicycle. Fortunately, I had a guide who knew the country, for otherwise I could not have found the way. The grass was burnt off all round, and all paths and tracks were covered with dust and ash, which rose in a cloud and filled the air, while the sun beat down with tremendous power.

I reached the appointed place of meeting at noon; only to find that no porters had yet appeared. We had arranged to meet and camp at a rest-house which had been built for Government officers travelling between Ankole and Toro. I found the place in a very neglected and forlorn condition, even falling to pieces, but it afforded a little shade from the fierce rays of the sun, and I sat down to read from the little store of literature

which I always carried with me for occasions when I could find no natives to question. Here I could not see a living soul, nor did I hear a sound which might indicate the presence of human beings in the neighbourhood. I tried in vain to quench my thirst with the small bottle of coffee which I had on my bicycle, and waited, trusting that the men would soon appear and end my discomfort. After a time, as there was no sign of them, I wandered out to try to find water, but a fine sheet about a mile away proved to be brackish, and I returned convinced that there was nothing to be done but to sit and wait.

When I had parted from my porters at the ferry on Lake Edward to go to the salt-works, I had seen them start off in good style, singing and shouting, and I watched them out of sight before setting out on my road, which ran at right angles to theirs. I learned later that after a mile or two the heat began to tell upon them; it was greater than they were accustomed to walk in, and even the path was unusually hot, so that their feet soon began to swell. They found it necessary to make frequent halts to rest, and at length my cook started on alone, fearing that I should be puzzled and disturbed by their protracted absence. It was he, therefore, who first appeared, to find me in the camp near the salt lake, and to cheer me by the assurance that the men would come, though he feared it might not be until the cool of the day. His estimate of their powers was a just one, for it was nearing four o'clock before the last load was brought. The men as they arrived sat down holding their feet, while some of them even cried with the pain.

In spite of these trying experiences I found, when the tent was pitched, that the thermometer did not

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register any excessive heat, though even now, in the late afternoon, it still felt far from cool; in the shade of the tent the temperature was only a little over  $105^{\circ}$ , but it remained above  $100^{\circ}$  all through the night. The heat was made so excessively trying by the presence of moisture from the lakes and by the absence of any breeze, the place being shut in by mountains.

The next difficulty was to get water and food. I had sent a man in advance from my camp of the previous night to warn the people of my approach and ask them to bring food for sale, but when he turned up at the camp his report was so unsatisfactory that I suggested to my guide that he should go and find out from the chief whether he intended to send food or not. My porters were men from Ankole, who had agreed to carry my goods to Fort Portal, and they could not be expected to know where to find food in this strange land. The usual well that supplied the camp was dry, and some of the men wandered about for two hours before they succeeded in finding water. Even then no one had appeared to supply us with either food or information. I waited until sunset, and as there was still no sign of anyone, I had my last goat killed and cut into small portions for the men, whereupon matters at once looked somewhat brighter, for the smallest bit of meat seems to give new life and vigour to the African.

Fortunately, at seven o'clock some bundles of plantains and sweet potatoes were brought, and the men were soon busy cooking and rapidly regained their usual cheerful frame of mind. The people who brought the food had walked from seven to eight miles, and had to stay the night in the camp; their appearance with food and their chatter and light-hearted child-like gaiety com-



pletely restored good humour among the porters, and I retired to bed feeling that the worst part of the trouble was ended. Matters had at one time looked very black, for the men had affirmed that they could go no farther, but intended to return home, leaving me to get on as best I could. Food and rest were therefore essential that they might recover their bodily strength and their customary cheeriness. Before I went to bed I saw them all comfortable and reconciled to going on, and their only request was that they might make an early start next day, leaving camp at about half-past three in the morning, in order to complete the day's march before the sun was too hot for comfortable walking.

I learned that the people of this district lived on the upper slopes of the mountains and belonged to various cannibal tribes. They are not at all friendly to Europeans, and do not wish to be interfered with or to have any improvements introduced into their country; indeed, they are convinced that the advent of the white man will only add to their burdens and in no wise bring a blessing. The country which I traversed between Lake Edward and Kabarole, the native capital of Toro, was therefore thinly populated, though I did pass one or two small villages. After my experiences in Ankole and Kigezi, where food and cattle were plentiful and the supply of milk abundant, this change to scarcity proved most unpleasant. The paths, too, were in poor condition; in some places I had to walk over long stony stretches, and in others over sand so deep that the bicycle wheels would not go through and the machine had to be carried across.

Every night porters, either going to or returning from the salt-works, passed the camp at all hours. Both men

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and women went to fetch salt, and they travelled in small parties, three, four, or six together. Because of the heat they walked by night, shouting and singing as they went along to scare off wild beasts. We heard from time to time the roaring of lions, while other animals grunted or growled around, but they never came very near our camp. One morning as I left the men in the dim light of a setting moon and the rising sun I almost ran into some animal like a leopard; at another place my boys were anxious about my safety because a lion appeared just after I had passed along the road. I, however, had neither seen nor heard it, and went on happily, unconscious of its presence.

On two marches I found the crossing of rivers a serious difficulty. I came upon the first of these after a run of a few miles in the early morning. It was some twenty yards wide, full of large stones, and two feet deep, rushing down from the mountains in a rapid stream. Fortunately, just as I finished my examination of the obstacle, a man with a load of salt came along, and I got him to carry first my bicycle and then myself over it. He was a sturdy fellow, and managed well, though the stones were slippery and the stream strong enough in places to make him stagger. Having got across, I thought my immediate troubles were over, for I had only heard of one stream on that march; however, I had only gone half a mile farther when I found another, which, though not so wide or so stony as the first, was deeper. In due time the man with his load of salt appeared again, and another "tip" persuaded him to carry me and my machine over that stream also.

From the river I cycled on until the spot for the camp was reached, and there I found a hut where I sat down

to rest and read until the porters arrived. One of them had fallen in the water with a box of papers, but no serious harm was done, and the papers soon dried in the sun. On these marches, in Toro I seldom found people to talk to, though now and then a pedestrian would stop and chat for half an hour, giving some information about the district, and at times I would find someone belonging to the place where I camped who could throw light upon the habits of the people. In Ankole it had always been possible to get into conversation with casual visitors and learn from them a good deal about the locality, their mode of government and their social customs before the porters arrived. When they appeared we saved time by following a regular routine: while the tent was being pitched the cook saw that I had some light refreshment, and if any shed or hut was available I was able to begin writing up my notes of information secured from casual informants on the way and from early visitors to the camping-place. Meanwhile my bath was prepared, and I was able to get a change of clothes before settling down to the real work of investigation.

By this time, if the district were inhabited, as in Ankole, the noise of the arrival of the porters would have attracted the attention of some of the natives, and they would have gathered round the camp. They were curious to see what the traveller was like, and were seldom in any hurry to go away, frequently sitting quite contentedly for three or four hours as we chatted. I was always successful in finding someone who knew a language in which we could converse and who could act as interpreter between me and men who could not talk freely in any of the languages I understood. I was thus able to confirm and extend the information I had already

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collected and to clear up difficulties which had occurred to me in connexion with matters in the notes I had collected at the stations. At camps near the boundaries of districts I would often be able to gather some fresh items of information which were of great use as a basis on which to start work in the new district and among a new set of people.

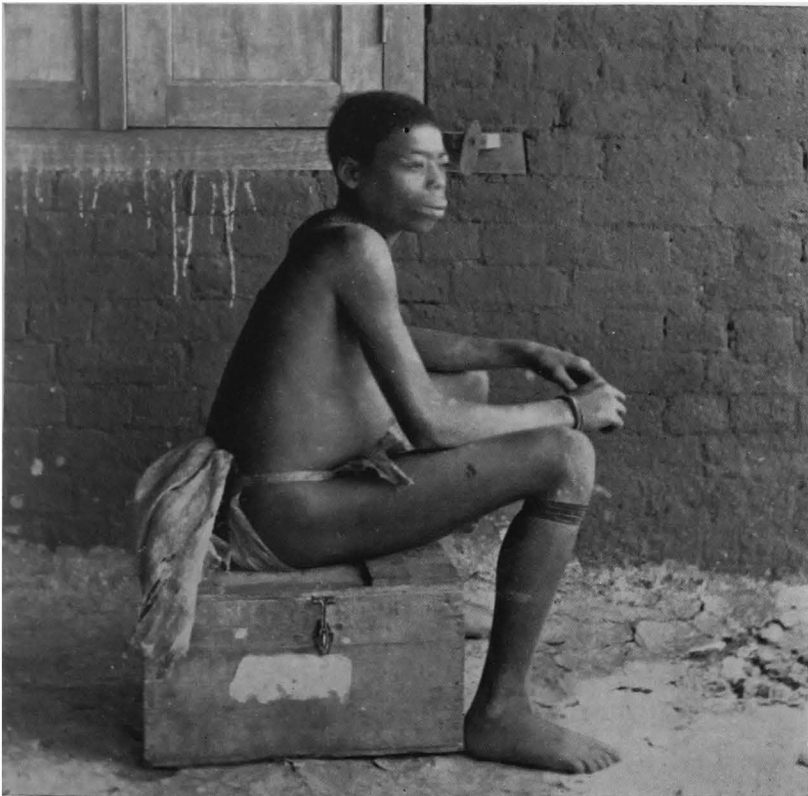
The people would often tell us legends about the places we passed, and my porters were much impressed by some of these. For example, the inhabitants of a village near one of the rivers informed us that if we wished to cross in safety we must do so in perfect silence, for higher up on the mountain there dwelt a water-spirit who must not know of our intention; should he hear us coming, he would send down a flood of water, and either prevent our crossing or carry us away when in mid-stream. The porters firmly believed in the danger, and when they drew near the river all road songs ceased, their voices sank to subdued whispers, and they crossed in anxious silence. I could have wished that the legend had been considered applicable to all cases, for in crossing a second river which was by no means so difficult as the stony stream guarded by the water-spirit, two of my men, both carrying cases of paper, fell, and as a result my envelopes were badly damaged and my notebooks slightly injured. The mishap was wholly due to carelessness in crossing and to the man behind following too closely upon the heels of the man in front; but as a rule the men were most careful in carrying their loads and seldom fell, though it was often a puzzle to me how they managed to keep their feet on the paths down some of the mountain passes, for they were very steep and would sometimes drop suddenly, leaving a long downward step

with nothing but a few small tufts of grass by which a man could steady himself. Only once did a load get damaged by a fall on the path, when a porter, carrying two chairs and a table, slid down a steep place on a mountain side. Even then, though the chairs were broken and the table damaged, none of them was rendered unusable.

When we were nearing Kabarole, in Toro, I found I had lost from my bicycle the nut which held one side of the front wheel fork. It had got loose and dropped off while I was descending a steep path, but, fortunately, the other side of the fork held until I was able to dismount and examine the machine. I went back to look for the missing nut, but failed to find it, and had to secure the fork with string until I reached the Government station, which is at Fort Portal, about a mile from Kabarole, the native capital, and there I managed to get a satisfactory substitute. The road into the Government station was mostly downhill, and I had to ride cautiously, keeping the machine under control so that, if the string securing the front fork broke or was cut through, I should not have a serious fall. As I passed I called at the Church Missionary Society station and saw a former colleague, the Rev. A. B. Lloyd, who was preparing to set out for Kampala. At the Government station I found an old friend, Mr. Browning, with whom I stayed two or three days before starting for Lake Albert to coast along it to Bunyoro. As can easily be imagined, such glimpses of civilization and civilized society were most welcome, both for the rest they afforded and for the opportunity of interchange of ideas, after days spent in practical solitude among primitive peoples and conditions. The Government officers I met were always hospitable and ready to share with me their stores of



**WEAVER-BIRDS' NESTS**



**A CANNIBAL OF LUENZORI**

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knowledge concerning the people of their districts. This helped me greatly, for every scrap of information was of value for my purpose.

Toro is a modern kingdom, dating from the time when Captain Lugard visited the district to remove the Sudanese troops from Lake Albert, where they were causing trouble. These Sudanese troops were men whom Emin Pasha brought with him when he had to retreat south during the Sudan trouble, at the time when Gordon was killed in Khartoum. Stanley took Emin Pasha to Bagamoyo, on the east coast of Africa, and his troops were left for a time to the north of Lake Albert; on his return, Emin was killed by the natives, and his troops were left leaderless and in a state of want. From this difficult position Lugard rescued them and took them to Kampala. He was helped in this expedition by a Munyoro prince named Kasagama, who as a reward for his assistance was made King of Toro.

This Kasagama was descended from a prince of Bunyoro who, on being sent by the king to collect tribute from his subject peoples on Luenzori, rebelled and refused to return to Bunyoro. He baffled the armies sent against him, rejected all efforts to reconcile him to his king, and lived as a rebel in Toro, gaining power over the tribes there. His son, Kasagama's father, declared himself the ruler of Toro and assumed kingly powers over the whole country, which was thus entirely lost to Bunyoro. Kasagama has not proved himself a reliable ruler; sometimes he has worked well with the Government, but on other occasions his behaviour has been most uncertain, and several times he has narrowly escaped being deposed for his actions. His country is not thickly populated, and he has never succeeded in

gaining the confidence of the cannibal tribes on the Luenzori mountain or in the Semliki Valley.

The country of Toro is not so productive as other parts of the Protectorate, but in the crater region, where little cultivation has in the past been attempted, coffee-growing is proving a success. A few settlers have come into the country, and are experimenting in the cultivation of coffee and cotton. The saltpans at Katwe, which I described in the previous chapter, are now in the possession of the King of Toro, but they are not so productive as they used to be. In the Semliki Valley there is a boiling spring whose stream leaves a crust of salt along its banks. The natives near collect the sand from the stream, wash it, and evaporate the water to get the salt, though they do not carry on any systematic trade with it. The people in the neighbourhood are all fishermen, and grow only a little grain for their household needs, seldom more than is absolutely necessary.

On the eastern side of the Luenzori range there are two or three places where boiling springs are to be found. In many of them the natives have for long been accustomed to take vapour baths when suffering from fever or rheumatism. At one place the bubbling of the water under a rock can be both heard and felt; the people will tell you that a rock-spirit dwells there and makes his presence known by this noise. They used to make offerings here whenever there were severe earthquake shocks. These shocks are of frequent occurrence, and are sometimes severe enough to make it difficult even to sit at table.

The mountain people on Luenzori are of a low type, who at times rebel against the restraining influence of civilization and seek to throw off its fetters. In the past



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they were always liable to be attacked by enemy tribes, and they never defended themselves, but simply left their villages and fields and took refuge on the higher slopes of the mountains, hiding in the forests until their pursuers tired and left them. Sometimes, rather than fight, they would pay their assailants a ransom in cattle and slaves in order to be left in peace. They keep generally only a few goats and sheep, and store what little grain they grow in granaries, which are merely pits dug at a distance from their houses or in the forest. With these stores they can manage to exist for some months without coming down to the lower parts of the mountain at all. The British Government is trying to introduce some improvements and bring them into line with the more civilized tribes around, but it is a difficult task.

The Christians in the Congo region over the Semliki River asked me to visit them, but the detour would have taken nearly a month, and though I was anxious to interview the dwarfs who have taken up their residence in that part of the country, I could not spare the time. The rains were threatening, and I wished to reach Bunyoro and settle there for a few weeks of investigation work while the rainy season lasted. Travelling during the rains is not pleasant, and there is always the risk of getting books and papers spoilt, with, in addition, much danger of fever, for mosquitoes are prevalent in every part.

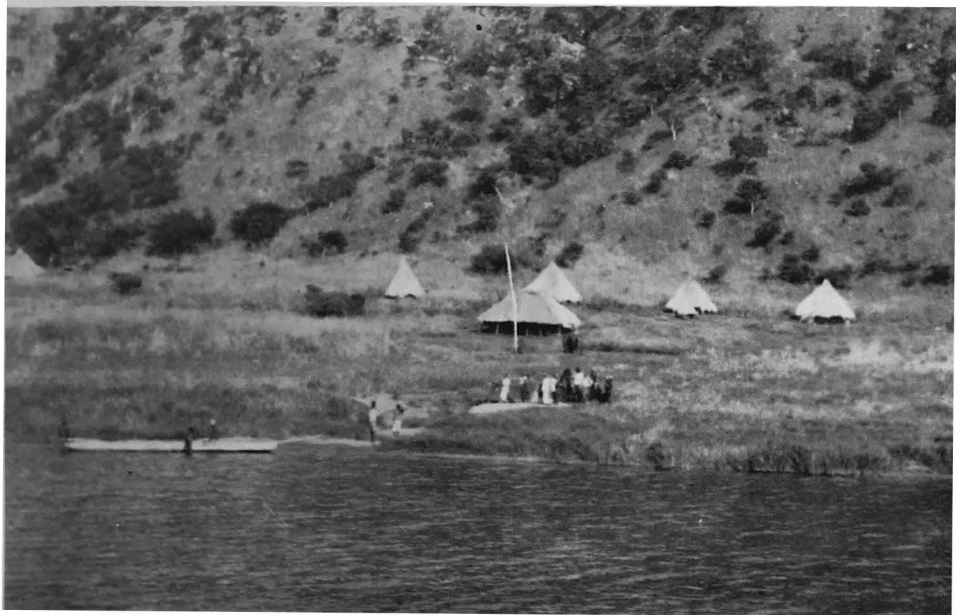
When I heard that there was a boat due to call at the south end of Lake Albert, and that I should be able to get a motor-van on the north-eastern shore to carry me to the Government station at Masindi, the capital of Bunyoro, I decided to save two or three hundred miles of walking by taking the lake route, and therefore set

out to meet the boat. I had only completed one day's journey out from Fort Portal and Kabarole when a messenger came to tell me that the boat was not due for a few days. I summoned my boys, and after a short consultation we decided to turn back to Kabarole and wait there. I secured an empty house at the Church Missionary Society station for use as an office, and Dr. Bond most kindly and generously entertained me while I spent a week examining two or three men from the cannibal tribes of Luenzori who happened to be at the hospital.

I was also able to see something of the activities of the Church Missionary Society there. Dr. Bond has a well-equipped hospital and does good work among the people, but, from the missionary standpoint, he finds the task a very uphill one. He was also practically single-handed, having no trained nurse to help him. A lady came to do what she could, but she was untrained and inexperienced and could not relieve him of any responsibility, while he had always to be at hand in case he might be wanted and had to overlook and direct most minutely all the nursing. There is a girls' school which is deserving of notice, as it is perhaps the most flourishing and well-managed of its kind in Uganda, with a system and organization worthy of imitation. Work among native women is always difficult, and especially so in the case of the pastoral tribes, for any bodily exertion will cause their fatness to diminish, and, as the well-being of a man's herd is closely associated with the stoutness and general condition of his wife, anything detrimental to her will, by sympathetic magic, militate against the good condition of his cows. In this school methods of instruction which attract the pastoral women are followed,



**LAKE ALBERT: GATHERING WATER-WEEDS FOR FUEL**



**LAKE ALBERT: A GOVERNMENT STATION**

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and hand-work, such as they may do without coming into conflict with their milk customs and restrictions, is being taught. Any disregard of those customs would at once raise a storm of objection from members of the tribe and be fatal to progress, for the men are full of superstitions about their cows and the work their women may or may not do.

After a week spent at Kabarole we set out again for Lake Albert. The road was one of the worst we had traversed, for here, in the neighbourhood of the lake, is one of the sleeping sickness areas, which is practically uninhabited. At only one of our camps did we find people living near who could supply food, and I found to my great comfort that the chief was a man whom I had baptized some twenty years before. He kindly undertook to see that food was sent to the lake for my porters. This was necessary, because after leaving his fields no more food could be procured. The next three stages were quite uninhabited, though there was game of all kinds in abundance.

As I was riding to the next camp I was accosted by a man who ran out of some long grass and muttered something I could not catch; after asking him once or twice what he said, and failing to hear his reply, I rode on without dismounting. The path had been bad, and I had found the journey tiring, for there were sandy places where the machine had to be carried, rivulets where I had to cross by stones with the machine on my shoulder, and once a swamp where the footholds were unsafe, and the bicycle on my shoulder made the treacherous ground more difficult to negotiate. When, therefore, I had found a short run of fairly hard ground, I wanted to take advantage of it. About a mile farther

on I came upon a dozen men in the road by a camp who greeted me with the question, "Were you not attacked?" I naturally inquired, "By whom?" and was informed that a large buffalo had been lying since early morning in the path by which I had just come. They could not persuade it to move and had been afraid to go too near lest it should attack them. There was no sign of it when I passed the place; it must have gone into the grass before I approached. I now realized that the man who ran after me had been trying to warn me not to go forward.

After leaving the second camp from Kabarole a thunderstorm broke upon us, and in a few seconds everyone was drenched. There was no place in which we could take shelter, so we had to trudge on in the torrential downpour. The path became slippery, and walking was difficult, doubly so for the men with loads upon their heads, and they got so thoroughly chilled that their teeth chattered and their hands became numb and stiff. At the end of half an hour we welcomed the reappearance of the sun with joy, even though it drew the steam from the ground in such clouds that we were almost choked. We had then a trying escarpment to scramble down, but, fortunately for me, my cook was with me and undertook to carry my bicycle. The path was very bad, and in places so steep that I had to hold on to the grass and shrubs to get down, but the boy managed to carry the bicycle on his shoulder all the way without falling. According to my aneroid there was a drop of some 2,500 feet in about a mile and a half, the top of the escarpment being some 6,500 feet above sea level. When nearly half-way down, as we stood for rest on a rock, the cook asked me whether I could see some of the

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advanced porters nearing the camp. For some moments I could not discern them, but at last, almost directly beneath us, I could distinguish them as moving specks. The path took a zigzag course down almost to the foot and then sloped in a long gradient into the camping-place, where we found water. Here we were troubled at night by a most boisterous wind, and though the men came periodically to examine my tent-ropes, I had several times to get up and secure them. Owing to the heat of the plain, the cold air from the mountain rushes down after sunset in tremendous gusts, making a tent an unpleasant dwelling-place.

Early on the next morning we began our march over the plain to the lake, some fourteen miles distant. As there were no defined paths, and the tracks of wild animals were quite as well marked as the one we had to follow, I had a native guide trotting in front of me as I cycled slowly over the rough ground. At one place we saw a large herd of antelope, and I began to count them, but on reaching one hundred and finding three or four times as many still uncounted, I gave it up and betook myself to the bicycle, which had to be ridden with caution, for the way was strewn with tufts of burnt grass, and it sometimes required a little skill as well as care to avoid them.

We went on for a mile or two, when suddenly my guide jumped into the grass, poising his spear and pointing to a large wart-hog some yards from him. I dismounted and asked why he did not throw the spear, to which he replied that the animal was coming towards him and he had only one weapon. The wart-hog walked to within twenty feet of us and stood with its tail held stiffly erect, except for a vigorous quivering of the

extreme tip. The animal looked so absurd standing there in our path face to face with my guide that I laughed and rang my bicycle bell. The unusual sound startled him, for he turned, trotted a few yards away, and stopped, looking as though he would like to charge. I rang a second time, and he went still farther away to consider what the peculiar noise could mean. As he had now moved out of our path, I mounted and we continued on our way. It was a district full of game, and at one or two points I passed wild animals so close that I could have struck them with a stick six feet long. In places there were traces of elephants, some quite fresh, and a good deal of large spoor, as though lions had been following their prey.

When we reached the lake there was no boat in sight, but that did not cause me any anxiety, for I expected it to arrive in the morning. About ten o'clock the porters came in, and were soon happily engaged in washing until they found that a monster crocodile was waiting for them in the water a few feet away, whereupon they retreated to dry land. I watched the reptile, and found that he waited for three hours, hoping the men would again venture into the water. Towards dusk I counted twelve crocodiles floating over the bay to some rocky land on the opposite side. The smallest of them was ten feet long, and they went on their homeward journey in a long line. My cook's assistant, a lad of twelve, assured his companions that he had speared an antelope with a pointed stick, which he produced, covered with blood, to prove the tale. He wanted the men to go hunting with him, but as the sun was setting they refused, promising to go in the morning.

The expected boat did not come the next morning,

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as I had been told she would, and hour after hour of the day passed without any sign of her. In the evening I sent a runner back to Fort Portal to make inquiries as to the delay, and I determined to wait and see if she came. The runner would require two days each way, but the message could be transmitted from Fort Portal by telegraph, and might possibly bring the boat on the third day. My men had enough food to last one day, and we sent back for more to the nearest gardens and fields, half a day's journey away. The men who remained began to fish and hunt, but the hunters did not find game, and though the fishers were successful, I found that none of the men would eat the fish they caught. Crocodiles in great numbers were about again, and a small one took up his station a few feet from the place where the boys went to draw water for cooking; he was only about six feet long and was regarded with amusement rather than with fear. He evidently got weary of waiting for someone to go into the water, and kept raising his head to look round, causing much merriment among the men, who greeted him with jeers and stones. The day passed without any sign or news of the boat, and I feared it would be necessary to return to the top of the escarpment and take the road to Bunyoro on foot. I was most disinclined to do this, as it meant eight marches before we could reach Masindi, the capital of Bunyoro.

Next day, in the early morning, the men went out with pointed sticks and soon speared two antelopes. They were busily engaged in cutting up the meat, when to my intense relief I heard a distant siren and knew the boat was somewhere in the neighbourhood. The sound was repeated from time to time, but no sign of the



ship could be seen for half an hour, when we saw first a little smoke, then the funnel, and later the ship herself approaching rapidly. When she cast anchor a boat was sent for us, and I learned that on the previous day a mistake had been made and she had passed from the Congo side without coming in to call for me. The sounding of the siren had been intended to attract my attention and notify me of her approach, lest I might leave the shore or start to take the road to Bunyoro. This ship is named *Sir Samuel Baker*, and is a paddle-steamer, drawing only a few inches of water and thus navigating shallow parts of the lake with ease. It did not take long to have the loads packed and shipped, and we were soon ready to sail, leaving the porters to go back to Kabarole and get their pay, which I had left for them at the Government station.

The voyage was interesting and the constantly changing scenery was refreshing. Each side of the narrow lake could be seen, and at times objects on each shore were clearly defined. Lake Albert is a depression or valley in the mountain range, so that the hills shut out all view of the country beyond them. Sometimes the foreshore is several miles wide, but in other places the mountains slope down to the lake. Butiaba is on a fairly level stretch of land at the north-eastern end of the lake. It is the port for Masindi, where the Government station is situated, and the spot was chosen for its nearness to the water's edge. The heat, however, is found very trying, and the idea of moving the settlement up the escarpment, so as to provide a healthier dwelling-place for the marine staff, has been seriously considered. The voyage took some nine hours or a little more, and we had to enter the port at Butiaba after dark. There



**LAKE ALBERT: SOURCE OF THE WHITE NILE**



**TORO: OUR LAST CAMP ON LAKE ALBERT**

## Toro and the Journey to Bunyoro 133

are no lights, but a large grass fire is lit on the beach to guide the steersman into the harbour when the ship comes in after darkness has fallen. I had to spend the night on the boat, but I was quite comfortable, and my boys slept soundly, in spite of the fact that they were short of food, as we had failed to get enough for them to bring any on board.

In the early morning we disembarked and started to climb the escarpment towards the Belgian transport station on the summit, between which and Masindi there is a service of motor lorries. A good road has been engineered down the escarpment for motor lorries to reach the port, as this is the nearest way for Belgian products to reach or leave the Congo. Machinery and tools for the copper mines entering the country, as well as exports on their journey to the east coast of Africa, pass along this road. It took some time to make arrangements for getting my luggage up, for it had to be carried as no lorry was available. Porters were scarce, and in the end some of the cases had to be left behind. I was, however, cheered by the discovery that a motor lorry was due to leave at noon, and I would be able to reach Masindi that day. The Government lorry had left the day before, but it had been arranged that the Belgian one should wait for me. By the time I had made all my inquiries and arrangements at the lake it was past ten o'clock, and I had a hot walk up the escarpment to the Belgian station.

On my arrival I learned that the Government lorry had broken down the night before when going up a steep hill; the driving chain had given way and the vehicle had run backwards down the side of a bank, but was luckily stopped by a tree, which saved the occupants from

a nasty accident. She had to be hauled out and repaired before she could go on, so a Belgian car went to her assistance. We followed, and reached the spot of the accident just as the lorry was pulled safely to the road again. When I saw the place I could hardly believe that the lorry had run 14 feet down the steep bank without overturning. There were a number of natives in it at the time, but no one was hurt.

I was agreeably surprised to find that the road from Lake Albert to Masindi, and from there to Masindi Port, on Lake Kioga, a distance of some 68 miles, was metalled, forming a good transport road over the whole distance. It seemed quite strange to pass a steam-roller at work on the road in the interior of Africa, and to find good bridges over the streams and depressions. The distance from Lake Albert to Masindi is 33 miles, and the scenery all along the route was of interest, for wild country would suddenly be broken by a few fields, cultivated by the natives, and huts with children playing about them. It is not, however, comparable for beauty with the mountain scenery of Ankole and Kigezi, and the soil did not seem to me as good as that of Ankole for coffee-growing. Still, we passed two or three cultivated stretches, sometimes over a mile long, with coffee and cotton-fields, where well-built houses with flower-gardens, standing in plantations of trees, indicated the presence of the British settler.

A little before four o'clock we reached a station of the Church Missionary Society, and on alighting from the lorry I was greeted by an old friend, the Rev. H. Dillistone, who was expecting me. He led me to a lawn under the trees, where Mrs. Dillistone dispensed tea and some of the luxuries of station life, which, needless to

## Toro and the Journey to Bunyoro 135

say, were thoroughly appreciated. We spent the evening chatting over old times, for I had known both these friends in former years, when I was in Africa as a missionary. Thanks to their kindness and generosity, I was their guest here for some three months while I gathered information about the Banyoro. This proved to be scientifically the most profitable piece of work I accomplished, though when I reached Bunyoro I had not the slightest idea of what was awaiting me, and fully expected to be able to finish my task there and pass on to some other place in two or three weeks' time.

## CHAPTER VII

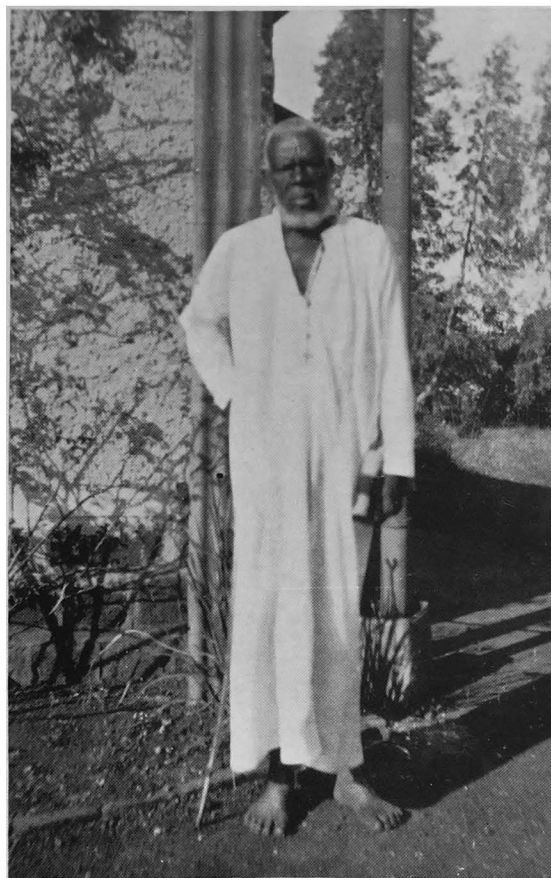
### BUNYORO

Sir Samuel Baker and King Kabarega—Kabarega and the British—  
Capture of Kabarega—Kings of Bunyoro—Former Greatness—  
Origin and Influence of the Middle Class—The King's Herds—  
Sacred Cows—Herald, Milkmen, and Milkmaids—Milking the  
Sacred Cows—The King's Meals—The King's Wives.

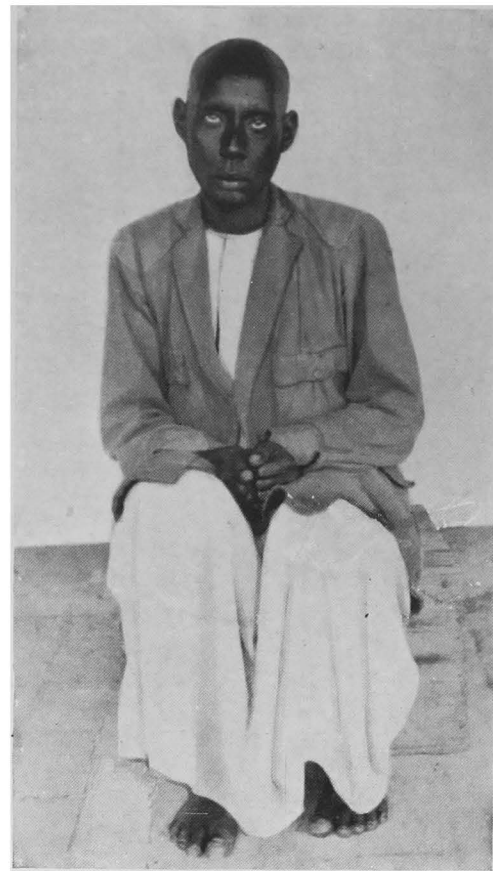
**M**Y first task at Masindi was the inevitable unpacking of goods and sorting of papers; the contents of the boxes which had been dropped in the rivers as we came through Toro had also to be carefully examined. When that had been done I was ready to pay my visit to the King of Bunyoro and arrange, as I had done at Mbarara, for men to come and give me the information I wanted. For my purpose it was quite profitless to talk to men who were versed in modern civilization and politics, so I made arrangements for three old and two young men, all of whom, I was assured, knew more of the past than of to-day, to come and tell me about their customs. At first they were most unwilling to tell me anything, and refused altogether to talk about their sacred rites, so that I began to fear I should have to go away having learned little or nothing. It was not until they had been, by the king's intervention and assistance, aroused to take some interest in what I was doing that a more communicative disposition appeared and they began to show signs of friendliness and confidence. When they found that they were dealing with



**BUNYORO TYPE**



**BUNYORO: SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S ASSISTANT**  
Messenger between Sir Samuel Baker and King Kabarega



**BUNYORO TYPE**

a man who was acquainted with many customs and beliefs similar to their own, they became quite willing to divulge their religious secrets, and the investigation at once became not only interesting and easy, but most valuable.

One of these men had been the messenger of a former king, Kabarega, and had carried messages between his master and Sir Samuel Baker, both on the latter's first visit and later on when he came again and stayed for some time. I found I was on the spot where Baker and Lady Baker had made their camp in King Kabarega's day. From this man, Paul, I heard, from the Banyoro point of view, the story of the trouble which had led Baker to fight the Banyoro and necessitated his leaving the country in a hurry. It appears that some beer had been sent to Baker for his troops, and that they had become excessively drunk. Concluding that the beer had been "doctored," Baker, in order to have the matter explained, sent for the chief who was responsible. He, however, refused to obey the request, and when Baker sent another messenger, this time accompanied by a soldier, the messenger was speared down. The soldier, fearing he also would be attacked, fired upon the assailant and killed him, whereupon the people at once rushed to arms. Baker, seeing that he might easily be overpowered and killed, brought out a maxim gun, and when the excited natives rushed up towards the camp he fired on them and quickly put them to flight. Then, with a party of soldiers, he went to see the king and obtain an explanation. Kabarega, however, fearing for his own safety, left the royal enclosure and took up a position on a hill near. Baker, completely puzzled by the situation, set fire to the royal enclosure, returned to his camp, packed his goods, and beat a hasty retreat over the Nile, feeling



it would be unsafe to stay longer in a country so hostile. The natives now look on the whole affair as a mistake and a misunderstanding, but its effect on King Kabarega was serious, for from that time he regarded all Europeans with deep suspicion, and was ever after hostile to them and objected to the intrusion of foreigners into his country. Emin Pasha was on friendly terms with him, but some of the other men who attempted to pass through were made prisoners, and one—I think it was Captain Casati, one of Gordon's officers—was detained for some months, and only escaped by entering into blood-brothership with a chief, who, on being sent to drown him in Lake Albert, put him instead into a canoe and sent him away by night, concealing his escape from the king, who thought the order had been carried out and the man drowned.

In later years, when Mwanga, King of Uganda, invited the British to come into his country, Kabarega sent to advise him not to allow them to remain, and the already existing enmity between the two peoples was greatly intensified by Mwanga's refusal to take this advice. In after years Kabarega sent frequent raiding parties into Buganda, and these became so irritating that the British dispatched several expeditions against him. For some time they did not succeed in capturing him, but they made him a homeless wanderer in his own country, and his people were reduced to dire poverty, for the tillers of the soil were prevented, by the constant disturbances, from cultivating their land.

This state of warfare went on for several years until at last, after one of the Uganda risings—when some of the rebel Baganda, with the Sudanese troops who had joined them, fled into the remote parts of Bunyoro and

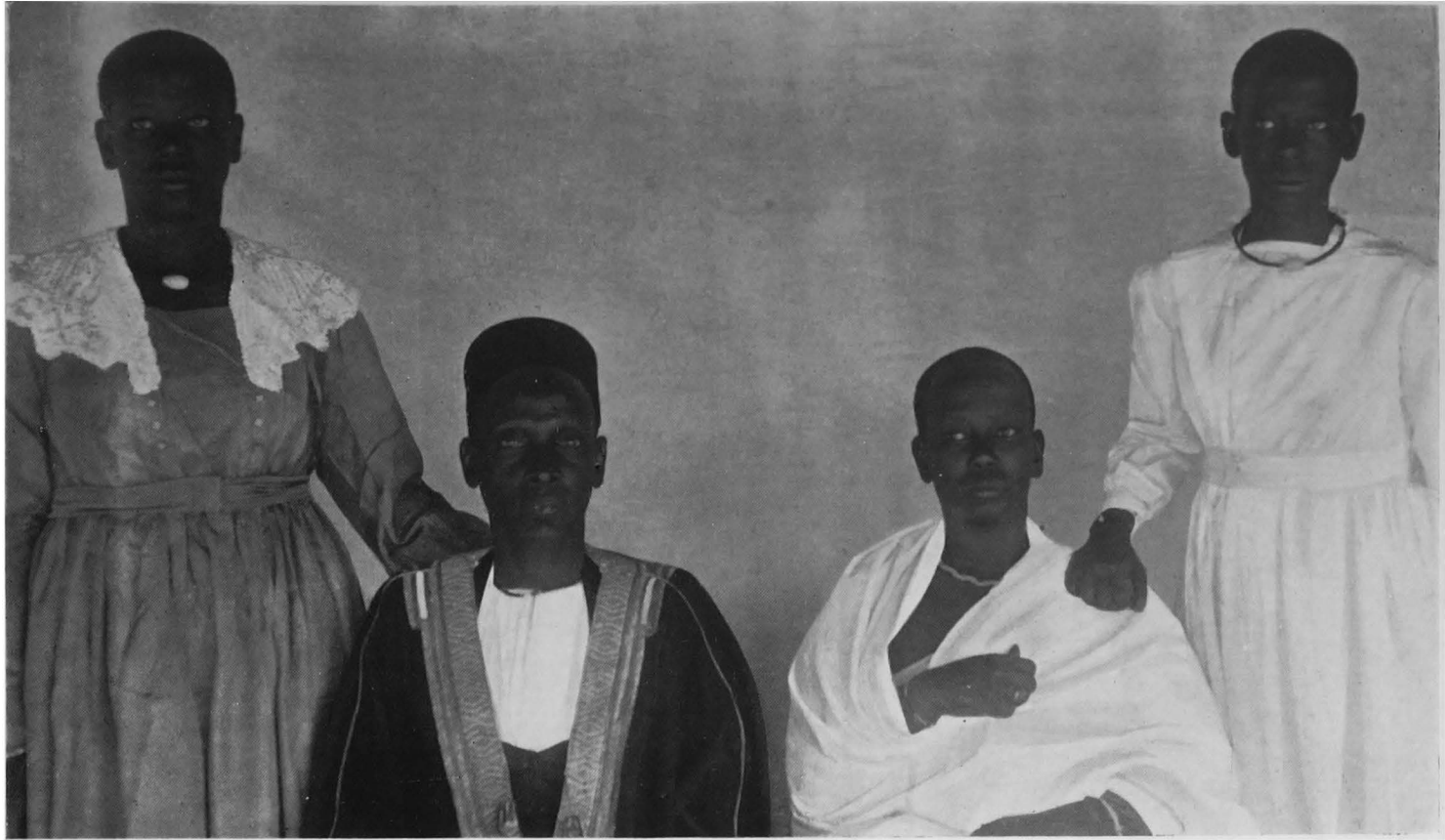
the Teso country—a large expedition of Indian and native troops, under British officers, was organized against Kabarega. After some months of indecisive guerilla warfare, during which the British never succeeded in getting into touch with the fugitive king, some of his men, weary of the situation and longing for peace, turned traitors and revealed his hiding-place. A forced march during the night brought the troops upon the king, who was accompanied by Mwanga, King of Uganda, also at this time a fugitive, having fled with the rebels. Seeing that there was no possibility of escape, Kabarega, with a few of his more valiant men and some of his sons, made a stand. The king was armed with a rifle, and fought bravely until his arm was broken by a bullet and he could no longer hold his weapon. He was taken prisoner, and along with him was captured the son who is the present king of Bunyoro.

The wounded arm had to be amputated, though Kabarega resisted this, preferring to die at once. After the arm was taken off and he was left alone with his son, he insisted that the latter should tear off the bandages and let him bleed to death. For a time the son refused, but the paternal authority was too strong, and in the end he obeyed, and had started the flow of blood when the guard at the door, realizing that something unusual was going on, looked in and found the king bleeding profusely. He promptly summoned the doctor, who was able to tie the arteries and stop the hæmorrhage. The father and son were then separated, and a soldier kept watch in Kabarega's room lest he might again attempt to tear off his bandages. When the arm was healed the king was taken, with Mwanga, who was also captured, to Kampala, and both kings were

shipped off to the Seychelles. Mwanga died there some years ago, but Kabarega is still alive. He is now an old man, and has been converted to Christianity.

The kings of Bunyoro have always been noted for their bravery, which is not surprising when we take into account the way in which they fought their way to the throne. Later on it will be necessary to give a more detailed description of the method of appointing a new king, but a few words on the subject will not be out of place here. When a king died, the princes and their followers rushed to arms, and the new king was the man who succeeded in killing all rivals to the throne. The fight for the crown was open to any prince who could raise an army, but many princes preferred not to take part, and the struggle was usually left to three or perhaps four competitors. Sometimes the country remained six months or even a year in this state of warfare while the three or four factions pitted against each other struggled for victory. The victor and only survivor of such a conflict must be a brave man, for in this kind of primitive warfare the victory would naturally fall to the stronger man and better leader, who thus became king. Kabarega was the last of these warrior kings, the present king having been elected by the British after trial had been made of another man who proved to be but a weak and incompetent youth.

The present king may have his faults, but he has a strong personality, with the appearance and courteous manners of a king, and he possesses the high intelligence of the royal family of Bunyoro, who are in this respect far superior to the rest of the people. In addition he has the enviable and, for a good king, essential gift of knowing how to deal with men. I spent many hours in



**BUNYORO: THE KING WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS**

his society, questioning him about old customs and also learning much from him about the present condition of his country, and I came to have a great respect for him. He needs a friend to help him in overcoming a tendency towards excessive indulgence in native beer, but he is well worth helping.

It is now, however, time to say something about this country of Bunyoro, as it is now generally called, though the real name is *Katara* and the people should be called *Bakatara*. *Bunyoro* was a name given to it in derision by the Baganda, and means "the country of freed men," while *Banyoro* means "freed men," though it was later used to denote the chiefs or ruling class, and so became the accepted name of the people.

In the early days, when Speke, Grant and Baker visited this country, it was the most powerful native kingdom in the lake region of Central Africa, and the kings, both in authority and personal prowess, were superior to all the neighbouring monarchs. When at this later date we survey their former condition, it seems strange that, for no reason which can now be traced, they were unable to prevent the Baganda from overpowering them, and for several years before the British finally came in to crush them they were being pushed back from district after district. Now they are deprived of a great part of their old kingdom, for many of the districts which once owned their sway have been handed over by the British to other peoples.

At one time the whole of Busoga was ruled by the king of Bunyoro, and many of the Nilotic tribes owned his suzerainty, while in the south the tribes of southern Buganda to the borders of the Kiziba country were under him. It was from Bunyoro that all the iron came

which supplied the countries to the south and east, and for many years the Banyoro smiths were superior to all others. In addition to the iron, the salt districts, both in Bunyoro and in Toro, which supplied all the tribes for two or three hundred miles around, belonged to the King of Bunyoro. These essential commodities were important factors in their greatness, for they filtered through to other tribes as barter goods, passing down south and east until they reached the countries supplied with salt and iron from the coast.

In other respects the pastoral people of the country did not show any marked superiority over the Hamitic pastoral tribes of the surrounding countries, while the agricultural people—who, as in Ankole, are a different race, evidently the conquered aboriginal inhabitants of the land—were probably inferior to their neighbours, with the exception, perhaps, of the serfs in Ankole, who were a miserably poor agricultural people.

The greatest difference between the people of Bunyoro and the neighbouring tribes is the existence of a middle class, composed of people who have risen from the agricultural and artisan class, having been freed from serfdom by some king and raised to the rank of “freed men,” or Banyoro, for it is from the title given to these that the country takes its present name. When a man of the lower class distinguished himself in any way the king, as a reward, would announce, “You are no longer of the slaves, but of the free men,” and would make him a chief. The man was then at liberty to marry a woman from the pastoral tribe, and could easily find a herdsman’s daughter willing to be his wife. The herdsmen were the lower ranks of the pastoral people, and could never hope to possess wealth, counting themselves fortunate if they

possessed cows enough to buy and feed a wife. The daughter of one of those, though prevented by class feeling from marrying a common serf, would be willing to marry this newly created chief, who might be wealthy, rather than spend the rest of her life in poverty with a herdsman of her own class. From such unions has sprung a class of people who are inferior to those of pure pastoral descent, but superior to the agricultural folk. People of the lower class will kneel to a man of the middle class; even the parents of a man who has been raised to this rank will kneel to him and greet him as a superior. The existence of this middle class has led to the introduction of mixed blood among the pastoral people, and thus to the disappearance of the pure type we find in Ankole, for men who would never marry women of the agricultural peoples have taken wives from this middle class, and the resulting difference in type between their descendants and the pure pastoral people is often quite evident.

Through the influence of the middle class also, the old stringent regulations of the milk diet are now to a large extent neglected and disregarded. The middle class possessed large herds of cows, and lived to a great extent upon milk, but not entirely so as did the purely pastoral people; their influence therefore tended to make the pastoral people more lax in the observance of their milk customs. The regulations which were until recently carefully followed by the kings and the pastoral families of unmixed blood show what was the custom of the whole tribe in earlier times.

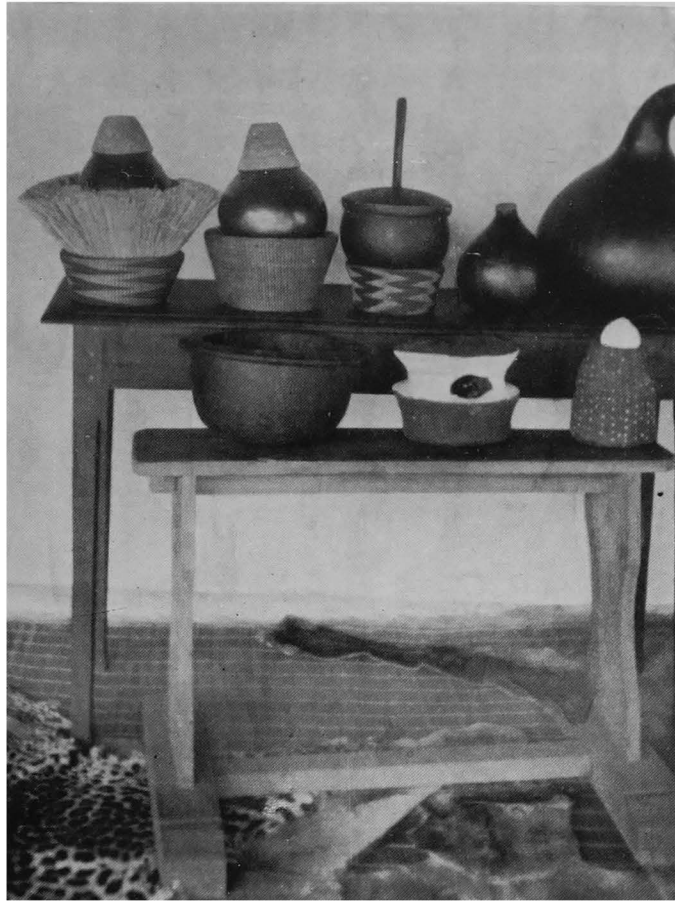
The king used to be allowed to eat meat only once a day, when, as a religious offering rather than as a meal, he was given a few pieces of sacred meat. With the

exception of this sacramental meal, the food of the king was milk and milk alone, and it had to come only from cows specially set apart for the purpose. The king was held to be sacred, and therefore might not drink milk from cows which supplied ordinary mortals. There was a sacred herd, numbering hundreds of animals, from which nine cows at a time were selected for the daily use of the king. These cows were chosen for their beauty and good health, and were taken to a district where they might be kept apart from other herds, especially from the bulls of other herds. Besides these sacred cows, the king possessed large numbers of cattle which were divided into herds according to their colour, each colour having a special name; striped cows, cows of one colour, even cows with different spots, had each their own name and were kept in their own herds.

Though all the royal herd was carefully guarded against contamination from other animals, the chief of the royal herdsmen paid special attention to the nine sacred cows. These were herded in the vicinity of the royal residence, and had a kraal near. They were never permitted to come through the main entrance to the royal enclosure, but had their own special gate leading into the court adjoining one of a row of sacred huts through which the king passed daily to herd his cows, and which were forbidden ground to the ordinary person. The herald of the cows came first, and the animals followed him through two of the huts into the royal presence, where they stood before the throne-room to be milked.

Men were carefully chosen and set apart as herdsmen and milkmen, and the herald had to be a member of a particular clan. The milkmaids were chosen by the king from among his wives. They were young women who





**BUNYORO: THE ROYAL MILK-POTS AND CHURN**



**BUNYORO: THE ROYAL MEAT DISH**  
The dish in which the King's sacred meal of meat is carried

had no children, and they could only serve the king when in perfect health. The milkmen and milkmaids were purified for the performance of their duties, and had to observe certain restrictions during the time they were in office. The men took leave of all relatives and friends for their term of duty, which lasted four days, for during that time they were not allowed to hold communication with anyone but the chief of the kraal; especially must they keep themselves apart from women, even looking away if a woman approached, and refusing to answer if one addressed them. For two days they were kept in seclusion and purified, and on the third morning they entered on their duties, relieving the two men who had been on duty during the previous two days. The special duty of one of the men was to brush any dust or dirt from the cow's udder, and then to hold its tail lest it should whisk any dust into the milk. The other man milked the cow and returned the milk-pot to the milkmaid who was responsible for carrying it to the dairy. One of the milkmaids carried a large horn of water, to cleanse the hands of the man who milked, and the brush for brushing the cow's udder, while the other maid carried the milk-pot, placed it in the lap of the milkman when he was ready to milk, and took it away to the dairy when full. Both men and maids had their faces, chests and arms covered with white clay while they performed their duties.

The person of the boy-caller or herald was sacrosanct, and he was looked upon as so closely connected with the king that he had to be careful how he acted during his years of office. He was chosen when about nine or ten years old, and continued in office until he reached the age of puberty, when he was given a wife by the king

and another herald was appointed. Should he fall sick during his period of office and his condition be considered serious, the chief medicine-man had him strangled, for his illness was a danger to the king. Again, he was not permitted to do anything that might hurt him or cause him to lose blood, for a scratch or a cut endangered the health of the king; while to strike the boy was equivalent to striking the king, and was therefore a capital offence.

Each day this lad went, about four o'clock in the afternoon, to lead the sacred cows from their pasture. The cows were brought by the herdsman to some place from which the herald could lead them to the royal enclosure without walking in grass where hidden thorns might scratch him. They were then passed over to the herald, who at once began his special cry and walked in front of them, while some of his companions followed them. At the sound of the herald's cry people fled out of the way of the sacred herd and knelt in the grass or in side roads until they had passed. When the cows entered the royal enclosure through their special gate they stood near the throne room, in which the king sat to watch the milking process.

A bundle of freshly cut grass was spread on the ground to form a carpet, and upon this one of the cows stood while the herald brought her calf and allowed it to suck until the milk flowed freely, when he pulled it away and held it before the dam to keep her quiet while she was being milked. The first milkman came forward and, taking the brush from the milkmaid, rubbed the cow's udder free from dust or other unclean matter. The brush was handed back to the milkmaid, who then poured some water from her horn over the hands of the second man. The first milkman took his place behind



**BUNYORO: THE KING AND MILKMAIDS READY FOR MILKING CEREMONIES.**  
Showing royal milk-pot on stand.

the cow and held her tail, so that she should not whisk any dust into the milk. When the milker had had his hands washed, he squatted by the side of the cow, and the second milkmaid placed the pot in his lap; he might not touch it or anything else after his hands had been cleansed. The man took from the cow as much milk as he considered she could give without harming the calf; when he had finished he raised his hands, the milkmaid lifted and took away the pot, the cow was led away, and the next was brought. Two of the cows were thus milked, and then the milk was carried into the dairy for the king to drink. The other seven cows had to wait to be milked until the king had finished his meal. Some of the milk from the other cows was used for making butter to anoint the king, and some the king gave to his favourite wives when they visited him in the evening.

When the milk had been carried into the dairy, the dairymaid set it ready for use and prepared the stool on which the king sat. She also was purified and had her hands, face and chest covered with white clay. After preparing all things for the meal, she entered the throne-room by a side door, knelt by the throne and said, "The milk has come, sire," and retired to await the coming of the king. When he rose from the throne, the guard called in a loud voice, "The king has gone to drink milk," whereupon all the people within the royal enclosure knelt down, covered their faces, and kept silence. No one might make the slightest sound, for a cough or even a clearing of the throat would bring down the royal wrath upon him, and in all probability the offender would promptly be put to death for thus endangering the royal life.

In the dairy no one but the dairymaid was allowed

to be present during the meal. She carried the royal milk-pot, a beautifully-made vessel set in a shallow stand, round the edge of which was arranged a white fibre made from the fronds and pith of the leaves of the palm-tree, which stood up in a thick bushy circle round the pot. On the side of this stand was a holder into which fitted a wooden handle holding a sponge; this the milkmaid handed to the king, who wiped his lips with the sponge and returned it to her. She next handed to him a pot of milk, taking off as she did so a lid of fine wicker-work which she held as a screen before her eyes, that she might not commit the sacrilege of beholding the king drink. Then from the floor where she knelt she took a fly-whisk, which she waved gently to keep any flies and insects from settling upon him. When the king had finished his meal he tapped the pot to attract the milkmaid's attention, handed it to her, rose without a word, and returned to the throne-room. The guard announced his return to the kneeling people, who might then rise and come to address to him their petitions or greetings. The other cows were then milked, and the milk was carried to the dairy.

It was at this point during the evening milking that princesses were wont to pay their visits to the king. They sat near the throne, and the king might, if he so desired, present to them for their refreshment some of the milk from the royal herd. Towards sunset the king walked out in his enclosure and visited some of his wives, or perhaps some of his cowmen came to give accounts of the herds over which they had charge. This business often lasted until eight or nine o'clock, and then the king might order one of his wives to bring a pot of beer for the men, and they would entertain him for a time by



**BUNYORO: TWO WIVES OF A FORMER KING**  
The one on the left is said to be over 100 years old



**BUNYORO: MILKING THE SACRED COWS**

singing songs, telling stories, or by an exhibition of jumping, dancing or wrestling.

Each afternoon, before the cows came in for the evening milking, the king had a sacred meal of beef. For this the flesh of a yearling bull from the royal herd had to be used, and the meat was strictly reserved for the king's use or disposal. The cook lived near the royal enclosure, but outside, for no cooking might be done inside. The chief whose charge it was to remind the king of his duties told him when the time for his meal had come. The king rose from the throne, and, taking a drumstick, he gave one beat on each of nine drums which were hung round the throne-room; this sound warned the people that the time of silence was at hand, and also told the cook that the king was waiting for him. The cook might not pass through the main gateway with the king's food, but had to walk round the royal enclosure and enter by the gate of the sacred cows. When he reached the throne he knelt down, and, taking the pot of meat from his servant, dismissed him and turned to wait upon the king. He had to feed the king, who was not permitted to touch the food. With a two-pronged fork the cook took a piece of the meat and placed it in the king's mouth; this was done four times, and if at any point the cook allowed the fork to touch the king's teeth he was put to death on the spot. When the meal was over, a second basket of food was brought to the king, and he ordered it to be distributed among his pages, who were summoned to the courtyard outside the throne-room for the purpose.

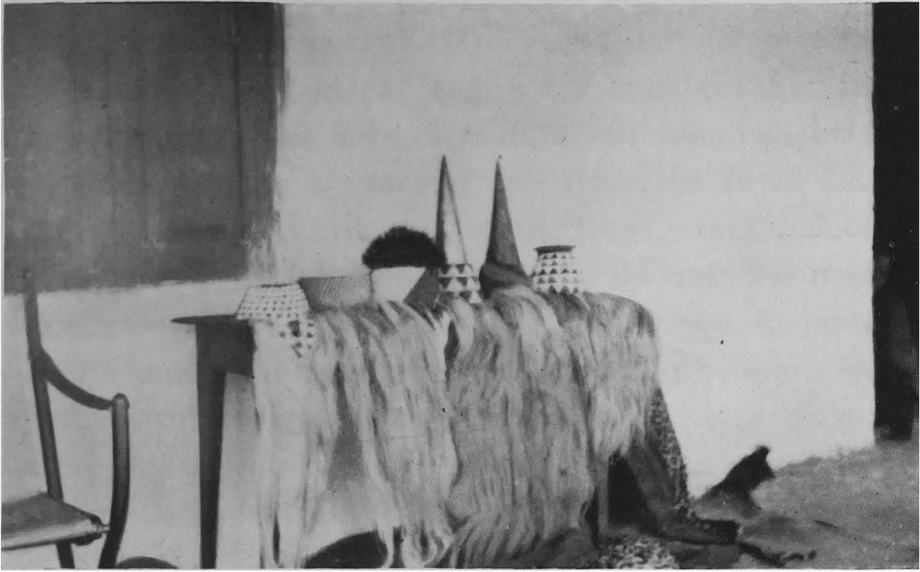
The king was not supposed to eat any other meat, the rest of his food being milk alone, and this ceremonial meat-eating was regarded, not as a meal, but as a sacrifice



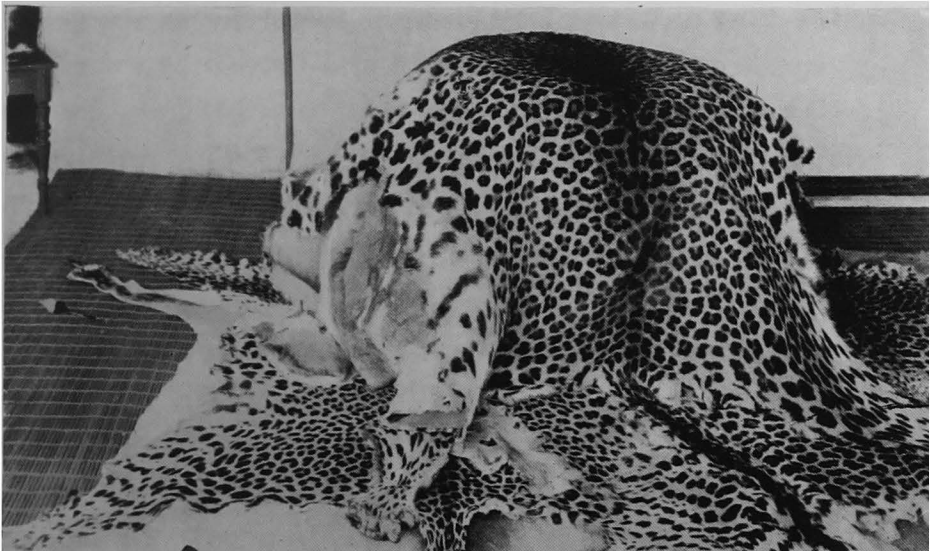
to bring blessing on all the food of the land. In these later days the kings have broken away from the old custom, and now eat a meal of vegetable food and meat. Still, no cooking of food is even now permitted within the royal enclosure; it has to be done outside in the cook's house, and until within the past few years the food was carried secretly into a specially built house and eaten in secret. Many dishes of all kinds were prepared to tempt the royal appetite, and were carried to this house, and the king would steal away from the court for his meal. Having chosen the dishes of which he would partake, he was quickly served, ate standing, drank some beer, and then returned to his court as though he had been engaged in some quite legitimate occupation.

In the olden days, if any meat remained over from the sacred meal, it was eaten by someone appointed by the king; but only a small amount from the sacred animal was cooked, and the rest of the meat was dried and used as it was required. When another animal was killed, any raw meat remaining from the last was given, by the king's order, to one of the herdsmen.

The king kept a large harem, because he could command any woman in the land. The queen must, however, be one of his half-sisters, of whom he could have as many as he wished in his harem. Princesses were forbidden to marry any but princes, and they were themselves careful to keep apart from the common people. Other girls were brought to the king by his regular scouts, for he kept a body of women for this special purpose. These were constantly going about the country to see the girls as they grew up and reached a marriageable age. Mothers kept their daughters carefully shut up—in fact, practically prisoners—for months



**BUNYORO: CROWNS WORN BY PAST KINGS**



**BUNYORO: OLD THRONE OF THE KINGS**

to prepare them for marriage, but these scouts of the king would manage to hear of any girl who was considered good-looking, and would go to examine her for themselves. If they considered her worthy of the king, they gave her a necklet of beads, which marked her henceforward as the king's property. It might be that she was already betrothed and that the bridegroom was waiting for his wife, but he could not claim her, though he might appeal to the chief of his district, who would lay the case before the king, and the man would be granted compensation in kind.

The marriage of a daughter to the king was by no means an unmixed blessing, and sometimes parents would resort to every possible device to keep the women scouts away. To begin with, it was an expensive honour. Though the parents received a gift of cows from the king, they had to accompany their daughter to the royal enclosure and wait there sometimes for ten days or even more, leaving their own kraal, family, and cattle until the king pleased to hand over to them the gift and allow them to go. They had, moreover, to supply their daughter with a sufficient number of cows for her food and also with milk-pots and clothing, and her outfit had to come up to a certain standard, for it was examined by a woman who reported to the king before the girl was brought into his presence. Any failure in this respect brought the king's wrath on the parents, and they were even liable to death for such a dereliction of duty. In addition, there was always the risk that their daughter might offend the king and bring them into disfavour and even danger, for if the girl's offence was serious the king might order the parents to be put to death along with the disgraced wife.

The chosen girl might not be summoned to the king for some time after the visit of the scouts, and when the call came the special feeding and anointing which were necessary took a few weeks. On admission to the royal enclosure she was introduced by the woman who had found her, and was placed in a waiting-room off the throne-room, where she had to remain for twelve hours, closely watched by a woman guard. Then she was handed over to the care of one of the king's wives, and it might be months before she was finally called into the king's presence. Before her marriage visit to the king she had to undergo further purification and anointing for about a month. After marriage the new wife was given a house of her own in the royal enclosure. As a rule she would not enter the presence of the king again; only the possession of some special gift or charm which attracted the king would secure her a second visit. Few royal wives had more than one child, and many never became mothers.

The wives were, on the whole, a happy party. In accordance with the custom of the country they were not permitted to do any work, and had nothing to do but amuse themselves and pass the time as pleasantly as they could. They were not allowed to go outside the royal enclosure, except by permission and with a suitable escort, but inside, though they might not hold communication with any men except their own relatives, they had plenty of company among themselves.

## CHAPTER VIII

### BUNYORO—(*continued*)

The King as Priest—Rain-making—The Chief Medicine-man—Salt and the Salt-works—Plantain Fibre—Smelting—The Smiths—Pottery—Carpentry—Basketry—Bark-cloth.

**A**MONG a pastoral people like the upper classes of the Banyoro all social customs have their origin and centre in the cattle. This was more apparent some time ago than it is now, for in earlier days the pastoral class were a people apart; the gulf which separated them from the lower orders, that is, the agricultural people, was very wide, for the latter were then much more degraded, and there was no intermediate class. The influence of Christianity and Western civilization tends to bring the classes closer together, and the formation of a middle class, to which I have already referred, has bridged the gulf of separation and led to much intermingling in marriage.

In every branch of social life the king was the head and leader, and, in his character of priest, the people placed complete reliance upon his power as the mediator between themselves and the supernatural powers. At one time the king, in this capacity, concerned himself with the pastoral people alone, but when the middle class began to be a recognized body with considerable power, it was found necessary for him to pay attention to their needs and requirements also, and he had to respond to their

requests for assistance, especially in the matter of the regulation of the weather.

For this important purpose the first authority to be approached was a body of medicine-men, who were the officially appointed rain-makers, and whose duty it was to regulate the weather for the benefit of the country. These were scattered over the kingdom so that they might attend to the particular needs of the different localities, and each of them had many assistants. When the country needed a change of weather the people would apply to the rain-maker for their district, who, on receipt of a suitable gift, would promise the fulfilment of their desire. Should he fail and matters become serious through flood or drought, the people carried their complaint and request to a higher authority, and appealed to the king.

These rain-makers are still to be found in many parts of the country, doing their work as of yore, though they are not now held in such universal honour, and are forced to carry on their office in secret, for the Government are determined to put an end to their practices, and are attempting to do so by vigorous methods of repression. This policy is to be regretted, though careful supervision should be exercised to keep these men from exploiting the superstitious feelings of the natives. Rain-making ought to be regarded in the same light as any other religious belief, true or false, and should be left to stand or fall on its own merits when considered and tested by the light of reason. Christianity will expose its false pretensions and make an end of it much more quickly unaided by the strong arm of the law. As it is, the ceremonies are still widely practised, though in secret, and the power of the rain-makers over the impressionable minds of the people is only increased by the persecution

to which they are subjected. The men are imprisoned and their outfits confiscated, but this does not convince them of wrong-doing, and on their release they resume their work with renewed vigour. A much more effective method would be to punish them only when they extorted payment from the people, whether in money or in kind, for their assistance. If the emoluments of their craft were thus denied them, and it was made clear that they must practise it simply and solely from the desire to benefit their fellow-men and without thought of reward, the custom would die a natural death and be got rid of much more rapidly and effectively than by the present system.

I was granted the privilege of visiting one of the sacred places where the rain-making ceremonies are carried on, but I had first to promise not to reveal the whereabouts of the place or the names of the rain-makers. The shrine was in the heart of a forest, through which a path was cleared, but even then I had to leave my bicycle two miles away, as it was impossible to ride. Far in the forest we came upon a beautifully shaded glade, in which the trees, though they met overhead, were not so dense as in the surrounding forest. The objects which first attracted the attention were two depressions, which looked like pits made by artificial means, but which the people believe to be supernatural in origin and the work of the god of rain himself; they were about five or six feet deep and four feet in diameter. At the back of one of them was a wall composed of fetishes, which were long horns of cows and antelopes tipped with iron to stick in the ground. In front of these were other fetishes, and, standing upon a leopard skin, there was a stool on which rested the chief fetish, a large decorated buffalo

horn. One or two iron spears, stuck in the ground beside the upright horns, completed what might be termed the altar, and the ground around was carpeted and the sides of the pit were covered with newly cut scented grass. On one side, in a place among the trees like a side-chapel, there were a number of pots, many of which were broken, but the broken pieces were left where they had fallen when the pot was last used.

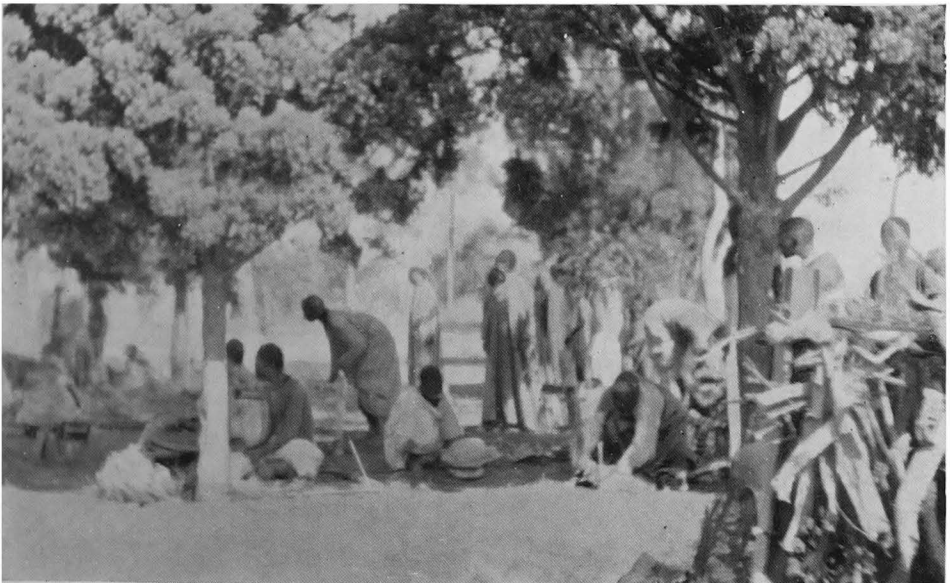
In due time the ceremony commenced, and I saw most of what is done upon these occasions. The pits are for sacrificial purposes, and, when offerings of animals are made, the rain-maker, who is also the priest of the god, slays the victim over one of them and allows the blood to flow into it. The fetishes are smeared with some of the blood, and the blessing of the god of rain, who is present in the chief fetish on the stool, is implored. After the sacrifice one of the assistants is sent to a sacred well in the vicinity to draw a pot of water, which is carried before the altar and presented to the god before being emptied into some of the pots in the side-chapel. If rain is required the water is left in these pots as a reminder to the god, and the priest, presenting his request, draws the god's attention to them. This action denotes a kind of sympathetic magic—like producing like. If rain does not follow in the next few days the sacrifice has to be repeated.

When rain refuses to come and the crops all over the country threaten to fail, the people appeal to the king for help against the rain-makers, who have taken their offerings and done nothing in return. It never occurs to them to think that the men may be incapable of doing what they require; for some reason they are disinclined to work and must be made to fulfil their engagement.





**BUNYORO: RAIN MAKER'S SHRINE**



**BUNYORO: POTTERS AT WORK**

The king accordingly sends for all the rain-makers and asks their reason for not bringing the necessary rain. He then commands them to do so without delay. If a day or two passes and there is still no rain, the men are brought to the king and placed in the burning sun in the courtyard before the throne-room. The king's cook prepares a special dish, composed of the liver of a sheep or a cow cooked in butter, with as much salt as can be got into it. This the unhappy rain-makers have to eat as they sit in the sun, and there they remain with the perspiration streaming from them and their throats parched with thirst. No mercy is shown. When they beg for water the only reply is: "Bring rain and quench your thirst." Even should one faint from thirst he does not escape. They may obtain a little respite by promising to go and make rain, but nothing except the coming of the rain will end their difficulties.

When, on the other hand, rain has fallen in sufficient quantities or has been too abundant, the rain-maker is called on again, this time to bring sunshine and fair weather. Again he resorts to all manner of devices to prove to the people that he is doing what is required and also to obtain further gifts from them. He goes to the forest shrine and makes an offering of an animal or a fowl to the god, praying that, in return, the rain may cease. All the pots of water are overturned, and the attention of the rain god is carefully drawn to the fact. Lack of success will again lead to a general appeal to the king, who will summon the whole company of rain-makers and issue his command that the rain be stopped. If this has no effect the men are again brought before him, and each is presented with a large pot of rain-water caught from the roof of one of the huts. The king com-

mands them to drink until the pots are empty, and though they are often made sick by the amount they have to drink—no mercy is shown unless the rain stops.

The rain-makers have many devices wherewith to play upon the imaginations of the people in order to keep them from appealing to the king, and it is not often that they suffer punishment for failure to satisfy their clients. When the confidence of the people is so unshakable it is little wonder that these men sometimes take advantage of them, and, if they dare to refuse any demand for an animal or other gift, threaten them with the loss of crops from drought or from wind and rain. Those of the rain-makers whom I was able to interview were, on the whole, reticent, but I succeeded in securing a certain amount of information from one and was able to persuade others to confirm it.

Among the different classes of medicine-men the most important is he whose duty it is to prescribe both for people and cattle. If he is sent for to cure a herd of cows in which disease has broken out, the owner of the kraal must be prepared to pay him a handsome fee in cows and also to provide for him a good house with abundance of food. He may be called upon on other occasions than outbreaks of disease, for here, as in Ankole, there is the strange belief that when lightning strikes and kills any cows, the rest of the herd may not be removed from that place until the medicine-man has released them by making an offering to the god of thunder. This may detain the herd in some place far from the kraal all day and all night; the calves, which are in the kraal, are thus left during the night without a meal, and the cows are not milked until the medicine-man has been able to make his offering of a cow and



**BUNYORO: SALT-WORKS AT KIBERO**



**BUNYORO: HOUSES OF THE SALT-WORKERS ON THE LAKE SHORE AT KIBERO**

can assure the herdsman that the wrath of the god is averted.

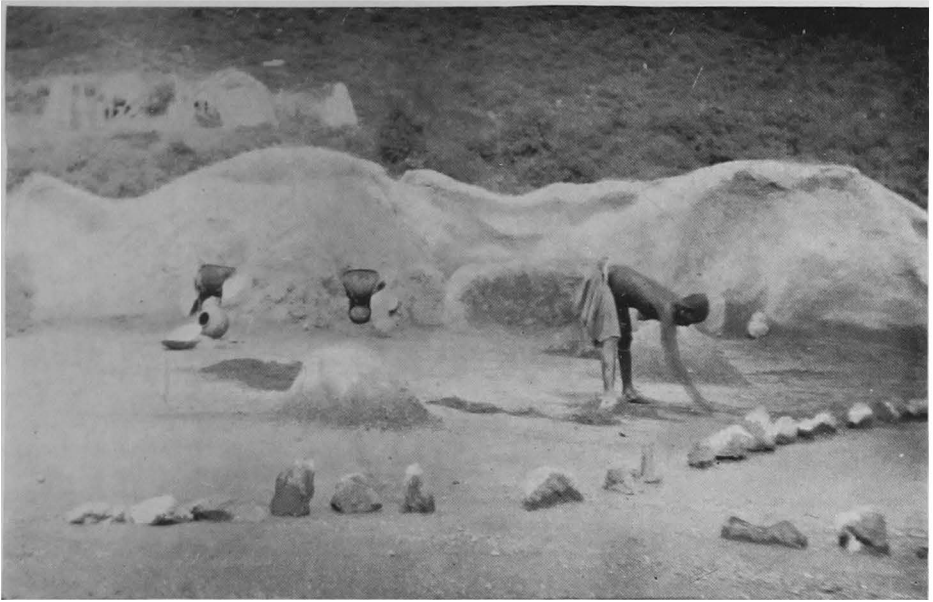
The general knowledge possessed by these men of the methods of treating the cows in sickness and of keeping them in health is much greater than most people imagine. They are successful in treating all kinds of diseases with which they are familiar, but rinderpest—which was unknown until an epidemic broke out thirty years ago—has so far baffled their skill. Many diseases they ascribe to magic, and perform special ceremonies to discover and defeat it, but after the magic has been destroyed the treatment is usually rational.

The giving of salt to the cows is considered essential to their health, and the cows themselves seem to enjoy the day on which the salt is administered. The owner of the cows has to be careful not to drink milk from any cow which on that day has eaten salt; he believes that this will be in some way detrimental to the milk, and, as it is contrary to his totemic rules, the milk is taboo that day for him and is given to his servants after the evening milking. In order to provide the cows with the amount of salt they require, he has to purchase large supplies, and for it he barter goats, sheep and butter. He will even sometimes kill a bull and send the meat, or some of it, in exchange for the necessary salt; this is the method chiefly adopted by the king, who does not condescend to barter, but gives presents of meat.

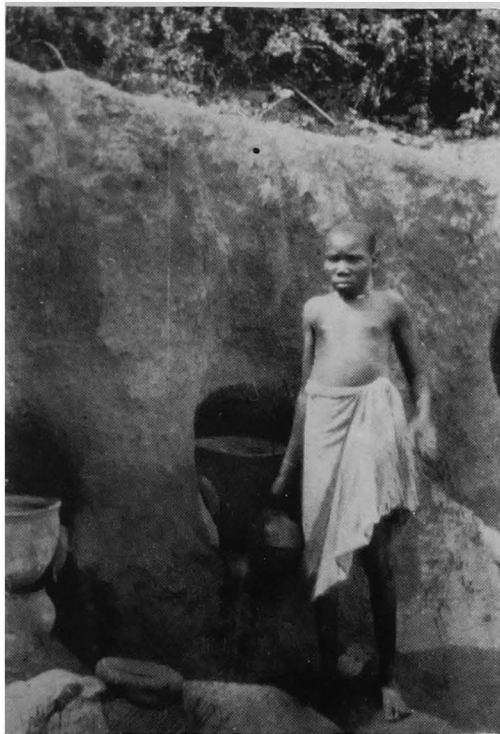
The salt districts are therefore of great importance and are worked with considerable skill by men and women whose whole lives are spent in the production of the necessary supply. The salt-works of Bunyoro are situated at Kibero, a district which lies along the shore of Lake Albert and on the lower slopes of the escarp-

ment. There, during the rainy season, the water from the hills rushes down to the lake in a river which, for the time, floods the salt-beds and prevents the collection of the salt. Under the rocky bed of this intermittent river there runs a stream of hot medicated water, which bubbles up through the rock in hot springs all along the course of the river for fully a mile and a half from the base of the escarpment. In the river-bed are the salt claims of the inhabitants, each claim well defined and marked out with stones. To obtain the salt they spread over the rock surface in the dry season a kind of sand, and the water, which contains many saline substances, bubbles through the holes in the rock and saturates the sand. After lying for some hours the sand becomes impregnated with salt and is scraped up and washed in pots, which are perforated with small holes at the bottom, so that the water, carrying the substances held by the sand, filters into a large vessel underneath. This water is then put into pots over a wood fire and evaporated, leaving a crust of salt deposit behind it. This is very impure and dark in colour, but, if necessary, it can be washed and evaporated repeatedly until it becomes fairly white. Even when thus purified it contains other compounds than sodium chloride, and to a European the flavour is unpleasant, though it is possible to use it in cooking without finding the taste too pungent. The people have no knowledge of the art of refining the product and eliminating the objectionable ingredients.

At the salt-works there are two sacred pools in which the spirits who control the production of salt are supposed to dwell. The king used to send to the chief spirit an annual offering of several cows and a slave-woman. The cows were not sacrificed, but were kept by the chief



**BUNYORO: SALT-WORKS AT KIBERO. SCRAPING UP THE SAND**



**BUNYORO: SALT-WORKER AT KIBERO,  
WITH POTS IN WHICH SAND IS WASHED**

priest for his own use. The woman was given to one of the priest's servants on the understanding that the first-born child should belong to the spirit. If there was no child there was no offering, but, if a child was born, it was given as a sacrifice when the king sent his next annual offering. The infant was taken to one of the sacred pools, and there its throat was cut, the blood poured into the water, and the body dropped into the pool as a sacrifice to persuade the spirit to grant greater quantities of salt. In the evening a sheep was thrown alive into this pool and left swimming about. The people were told that, if the spirit accepted the offering, the sheep would be taken by an underground channel from the pool to the lake, and the dead body would be found next morning cast up on the lake shore. The priest told me that some of his servants went after dark to the pool, drew out the sheep, and took it by canoe some distance out on the lake, where they cast it into the water and watched it drown. The body was then drawn up on to the shore, and left there for the people to find on the following morning.

To reach the second pool it is necessary to climb some distance up the rocky cliff. Into this pool a goat was cast annually by the chief of the place and the priest of the pool. The animal was left to swim about all night, but there were ledges on which it could support itself, and it was generally found alive in the morning. It was then taken out, killed, and eaten at the side of the pool by the priest, his assistants, and the chief. These two annual ceremonies were observed with great solemnity and, in the eyes of the people, were of the utmost importance, for they were confidently regarded as sure and certain means of increasing the output of



salt, and the result of neglecting them would as certainly be a failure of the salt supply.

Hundreds of natives from all parts of the country visit these salt-works to purchase the salt. There is a covered market-place in which the purchasers sit while the vendors measure out quantities of salt in accordance with the value of the goods brought for barter. These barter goods are a strange medley, for the purchasers bring goats, sheep and fowls, food of various kinds—such as sweet potatoes, millet and other grain—cooking-pots and firewood, and also bark-cloths and skins for girdles. The king's clerk is always present to levy a toll upon all the salt going out, for this is one of the chief sources of the royal revenue. The tax is levied in kind, and the man uses a special measure to deduct the king's due from the salt measured out for each purchaser. There is a special hut in which the salt intended for the use of the king and his household is purified. There the salt undergoes two or three washings and evaporations, and comes out quite white.

When the purchasers have secured their quota of salt they make it up into packages weighing from thirty to one hundred pounds, and tied up with plantain fibre. This method of wrapping things up deserves a little notice. Plantain trees, so called, are not woody growths, but consist of a central pith or core about an inch thick, round which grow layers of a fleshy material full of cells of water. The stem of a good tree is from ten to twelve inches in diameter, and as it grows the outer layers of this fleshy material dry and are pulled off by the gardeners. Some of them are from eight to nine feet long and eight inches wide at the base, and when quite dry are as strong as thick brown paper. There are no



**BUNYORO: CARRYING SALT**



**BUNYORO: PACKING SALT IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT KIBERO**

plantains in the neighbourhood of the salt district, so that the intending purchasers have to bring with them their material for packing the salt. It is really wonderful to see the expert way in which the natives will wrap up the salt, laying these fibres together and making up long bundles, usually some four feet long by eight inches in diameter. So skilful do they become that, if fibre is not available, they will even at times make use of blades of coarse grass as wrapping for salt or other things.

The people who work the salt are of the lower class, and live entirely upon the proceeds of their trading and upon fish which they catch in the lake. Some of the men hunt hippopotami along the shore, and the meat of these animals is regarded as a delicacy.

Another important industry in this part of the country is iron-working. The members of this trade are divided into two quite distinct branches, the smelters and the actual smiths. The smelters do their work in the hills, going there in a body of from ten to twenty. They build temporary huts, and settle there until the work is finished. During this time they do not like men to visit them, and a woman may on no account enter the camp. Their wives bring them food, but must leave it somewhere near, and never attempt to come in, for their presence would be disastrous to the success of the work. If a man were to have his wife with him in the camp, the whole of their labour would be in vain and the metal would fail.

The first part of the work is to cut down a tree for the preparation of charcoal. This may not be done until the permission and favour of the tree-spirit has been secured. The priest of the district accompanies the men to the tree, and makes an offering before the

work may proceed. Unless this is done their axes will make no impression on the tree, or else, when the charcoal has been made, it will refuse to melt the ore. However, if the good will of the spirit has been secured, all will go well; the tree is cut and burned, and the charcoal is gathered in heaps or packets ready for use when the ore has been dug and prepared.

Before beginning to dig the ore the men have to resort to another priest in order that an offering may be made to the spirit of the hill, for if this is neglected some accident will happen during the digging of the ore, or, when it is dug, it will prove a failure—fire will not melt it, or for some other reason it will be impossible to work it. Anyhow, the men are firmly convinced that something will happen, and they therefore pay their fee to the priest cheerfully and go about their work confident that all will go well. The victim, both in this case and in the last, is usually a goat; the animal is killed, and the blood poured out at the roots of the tree to be felled or on the spot where the men want to dig. The flesh is there cooked and eaten by the priest and the workers, who are thus brought into communion with the spirits concerned and receive their approval and blessing on the work. The men may then proceed to quarry the soft stone, for they never work any solid rock, but always the loose soft surface rubble. They use two kinds of stone, one producing a soft metal, while the metal produced from the other is very hard and is used specially for hoes. Their knives, spears and more carefully prepared weapons are made from a blend of the soft and hard metal. The ore-stone is broken into pieces about the size of walnuts and kept in packets ready for use when required.



**BUNYORO: IRON-SMELTERS IN CAMP**



**BUNYORO: IRON-SMELTERS AT WORK**

The smelting furnace is both simple and efficacious. A hole like a well, about two feet wide and two to four feet deep, is dug, and the walls are smoothed and lined with clay. On the bottom are laid dried grass and reeds, and then sticks and charcoal, then a layer of ore-stone, then another layer of charcoal, then ore again, and so on until the pit is filled with alternate layers of ore and charcoal. The mouth of the pit is covered over with clay, leaving a small hole in the centre to act as a chimney. Through this also more charcoal or ore can be added when necessary. Round the furnace and at an angle to it three or four tunnels are driven, entering the pit a few inches from the bottom, and in these are put clay blast-pipes which are attached to the mouths of the bellows. The bellows, of which there are usually four pairs, are made either of wood or clay, and are shaped like pots, about six to eight inches wide, the mouth, through which the air passes, being a hole in the side. The top of the pot is loosely covered with goat-skin, with a handle attached to the centre by which the men raise and lower the loose skin rapidly, thus creating a blast through the hole at the side into the furnace. One man will work two such bellows, sitting between them and keeping up a constant blast into the furnace until the ore is considered to be smelted, the process taking from six to ten hours, according to the amount of ore. During this time the blowing must never cease; the men may relieve each other, but the blast must be continuous.

When the ore is ready the bellows are removed and the pit is broken open to allow the iron to cool a little. The molten metal is then lifted out by means of branches of trees used as levers, and two men set to work to cut it before it is cold, one man holding the lump with a

branch, while the other, using a common hatchet, chops it into pieces of different sizes for making spears, knives, hoes and other things in common use.

The smiths purchase these pieces of iron from the smelters, paying for them with goats or fowls, which are supplied by the person ordering the article which is to be made. The taboos which the smith has to observe are connected not so much with the materials as with the obtaining or manufacture of his implements. To procure an anvil he goes to a hill, chooses a stone of suitable size and shape, and makes an offering to the hill spirit in order that he may be allowed to remove it. He then pays a number of men to go with him and carry it to his house. When he is near home his wife comes out to meet them, carrying a new bark-cloth to spread over the stone, which is treated as a bride and brought with great ceremony into the house. For two days the man does no work, and the stone remains in his house in seclusion like a bride. Then it is taken out and carried to its place, where it is set up and a little beer poured over it. The men who carry the stone are feasted as they would be at a marriage, and the wedding of the smith to his anvil is complete. These ceremonies are deemed necessary for the success of the work and the prosperity of the worker. The first piece of iron worked is made either into a knife, which the smith sells, giving the proceeds to his wife, or into a hoe, which he presents to her. This is, he says, for luck, that the iron may work well and the stone form a satisfactory anvil.

Along with the anvil the smith chooses and brings in a stone to serve as the heavy hammer, such as in England is used by the assistant, or "striker," when the smith is working a piece of metal too big to be dealt

with by the ordinary hammer. The assistant stands opposite the smith on the other side of the anvil, and, as the smith indicates with his hammer the spot for the blow, he raises the stone in both hands and brings it down on that place.

Special ceremonies are also performed when a smith makes a big iron hammer. These hammers are heavy pieces of iron eight inches long and from two to three inches thick, tapering almost to a point at one end so that the man can hold it. The smith may not make this for himself, but, having bought the iron for it, he asks two fellow-smiths to come and make it. On the night when it is to be made he must also invite his parents to be present. The two smiths come in the evening, and commence work about three o'clock next morning. When the hammer is formed they give it, while it is still hot, to the smith's father, who puts it into water to harden it. It is then handed to the owner, who covers it with bark-cloth and treats it also like a bride, secluding it for two days; after which it is brought out and a feast is made, at which the two men who made the hammer are the chief guests. The owner then makes a knife and barter it for coffee berries, which he presents to his father, and the hammer is ready for ordinary use.

Potters in Bunyoro are far more skilful than most of their craft in this part of Africa. The royal pots are made of clay, and are as thinly worked as many vessels in England. They are always made by the spiral method; that is, the clay is worked into long thin rolls which the potter winds round and round, building up the walls of the pot, and smoothing them as they are built by rubbing them with small trowels of gourd. The pots are then very carefully dried, for exposure to the sun or

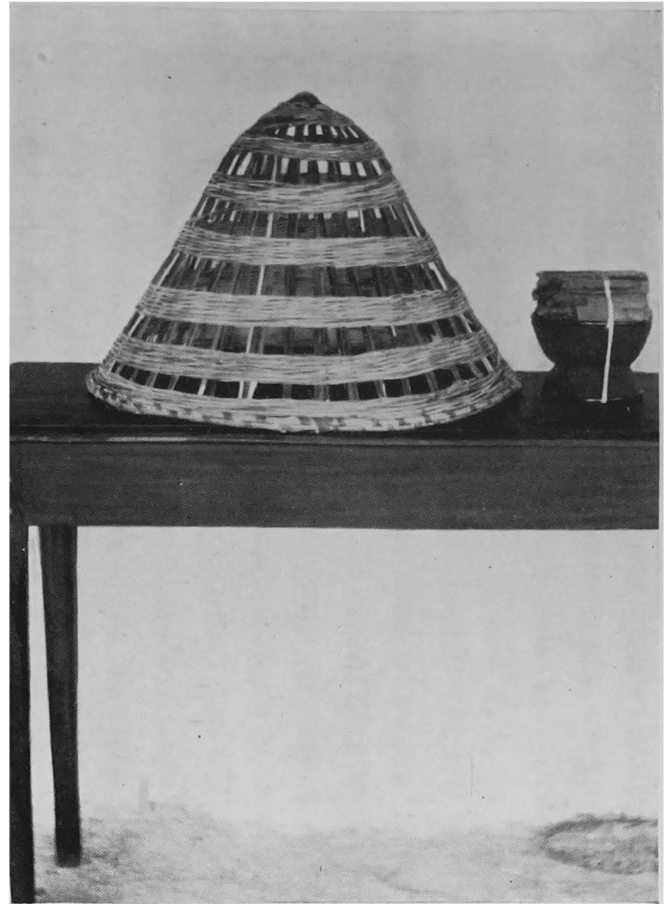


rapid drying by any means will crack them. When the pot is dried and hard it is rubbed with a polished stone until perfectly smooth, and then polished. This is done with graphite, which is obtained by the potter from a mine in a hill. I saw this mine, and found it went quite twenty-five feet into the hill. The potter takes the graphite to his home, where he grinds some of it to powder, and mixes it with water and the juice of a herb with glutinous properties. The sides of the pot are painted with this mixture and left to dry. The pot, before being baked, is again rubbed with the smooth stone until it attains a highly polished appearance. This polish gives it a silvery-grey tint, making it look as though it had been painted with silver paint. These pots are mainly for royal use, though the upper classes also seek to have them for milk-pots. Elegant shapes such as we find in Ankole are not made here; the pots are all either round or shaped like two gourds, one on top of the other, and lack the long, slender neck which adds so much to the beauty of the Ankole ware. The shape of the latter is, however, its only point of superiority, for it is inferior to the Bunyoro pot both in material and lasting properties, the clay being thicker and neither so well mixed nor so well baked.

The wooden vessels used for milk and also for vegetable dishes are more numerous than in any other part of Africa, and are made with a much neater finish. The chiefs use large wooden vessels for their meat and soups, and the smoothing and final polishing of the wood is done with the rough surface of a certain leaf. No saws or planes are known, and tools like chisels and adzes are the only instruments used. It requires years of training, in addition to natural aptitude, before these



**BUNYORO: SACRED POOL FOR HUMAN SACRIFICE  
AT KIBERO**



**BUNYORO: WICKER FRAME FOR FUMIGATING  
BARK-CLOTH**

tools can be manipulated with the skill to which some of the carpenters have attained. These artisans are all men from the lower class who practise their trade from boyhood, and, as a rule, a son follows in his father's footsteps.

The basket-work of Bunyoro is also finer than that found in any other part of the lake region. It is almost entirely done by princesses, who spend many hours preparing the fibre for the purpose, which is obtained from the bark of a common tree. The bark is wrapped in plantain fibre, and buried for some days until the pulpy part begins to decay and separate from the stringy, fibrous part. These strings are rubbed with dry aloe fibre until they are freed from all trace of the loose pulp, and then commences the lengthy and tedious process of making the fibre white. This is done by chewing: the princesses hold the long strings between their outstretched hands and pass them through their mouths, biting gently until all the old dry bark is removed and the fibre is almost white. This is next rubbed with white aloe fibre until it is pure white, when it can be twisted into fine cord or thread and woven into the beautiful soft baskets for which the country is famed. Often the threads are dyed red, yellow and black with a vegetable dye, and thus patterns are made in the weaving. The stands for the sacred milk-pots are made with coverings of this woven material in coloured patterns, and the effect is very pleasing.

Another kind of work for which these princesses are famed is painting the better terra-cotta coloured bark-cloths for the king. On the best of these they work patterns which they paint with blood taken from their own veins. One of these bark-cloths often takes many months to finish, because the amount of blood required

to paint a cloth six or eight feet square is very great. When finished, the princess presents the robe to her brother, who is usually also her husband. The king has quite a number of these bark-cloths, and changes his dress two or three times a day for different court functions.

The preparation of bark-cloth is another occupation in which the people of Bunyoro at one time excelled. A full description of the process may be found in my book on "The Baganda," but here I may add that the culture of the tree and the use of its bark were known to the people of Bunyoro at a very early date, probably before these arts were learned by the Baganda. At all events, the best trees, which yield cloth of the finest texture, are grown in what is now known as the Budu district of Buganda, which in earlier times was part of Bunyoro.

The bark used is the inner, or second, bark of the tree; both barks are removed from the tree together, and the outer, which is very thin, is then scraped off. The inner bark is left during the night to dry, and any soft, pulpy substance is scraped off the inside. The worker then lays the strip of bark, which is some four to six feet long, on a log with a flattened surface, and beats it with a mallet which is not unlike a stonemason's, but has ridges cut round it, thus leaving fine lines on the bark-cloth as it is beaten. The man goes over the material with the mallet until it is beaten out to the thickness of strong brown paper, and by the time he has finished a strip of bark which was four feet long by eighteen inches wide will have become about six feet long and four feet wide. It is then spread out in the sun to dry, and the exposure to light gives the upper surface a tint somewhat like terra-cotta, while the under-side is of a lighter shade.

Any holes where branches have grown or any flaws in the cloth are cut into neat squares and patched with pieces taken from the edges so deftly that, in a well-made bark-cloth, they are not noticeable. These cloths are usually made up by the men into sheets eight feet square, two lengths being stitched together and pressed in such a manner that the seam is not seen when the cloth is being worn. For thread they use strips of fibre from the dry plantain stem. Women rarely, if ever, learn to stitch these, and the work is left to the men, for sewing is not the women's work, and it is only where there are mission schools that women are now being taught to use the needle.

The bark-cloths worn by the king and the more wealthy people are fumigated after they have been worn. For this purpose a wicker frame, like a very large inverted basket, is used, and under it is an earthen pot containing smouldering sweet-scented chips of wood. The bark-cloth is spread over this and left until the smoke has thoroughly permeated the material, finding its way into every fold and crease and destroying all vermin. The sweet-smelling, cleansed bark-cloths are rolled up and put aside in readiness for further wear. The poorer people, having only a limited number of cloths, cannot do this, and often suffer much misery from their inability to keep their bodies free from insect pests.

## CHAPTER IX

### MARRIAGE CUSTOMS AMONG THE BANYORO

The Appointment of the Queen—The Queen's Reception-room—The King's Mother—Marriage of Princesses—Children of the King—Marriage Ceremonies—Education of a Young Wife—Marriage in Agricultural Tribes—Settling in the New House—Care of Children—Birth of Twins and Triplets.

THE marriage customs of Bunyoro are to a large extent peculiar to that country, though in surrounding countries, especially where the inhabitants are of Hamitic origin, some points of resemblance may be found. The choice of the queen and her marriage to the king were the principal ceremonies of this kind, for the queen naturally held the foremost place among the women, her only equal in rank being the king's mother, who, when her son came to the throne, was officially granted the degree and rank of *Nyina Mukama*, or "mother of the king," an office as important as that of queen.

The queen must be a princess, but a half-sister and not a full sister of the king, being the daughter of his father by a different wife. No other person can hold the office; even the most favoured wife of the king, when he had many, if she was not a princess, could not attain to it. Since the present king became a Christian he has had only one wife, who, however, as she is neither his half-sister nor a princess, cannot take the position or title of queen; and that rank is held by a princess, who, though

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only nominally the wife of the king, holds the title of *Mugoli wa Muchwa*, or queen. We must go back to the time of the late king to understand the value of this office to its holder and the importance which once attached to it. It is most probable that at one time descent was counted through the mother, and therefore only the sons of princesses were eligible for the throne. Later, in order to secure the succession of a son of the king to the throne, a king married his sister, and princesses were forbidden to marry any but princes. By this means the kingly office was retained in the male line.

In former times, when a new king had accomplished all the preliminaries, that is, after he had conquered and killed all his brothers who aspired to the throne, had claimed and buried the body of his father, and had undergone the rite of purification, he took his place on the throne and turned his attention to the appointment of queen and king's mother.

All the princesses were gathered together for the king to choose his queen from among them. As kings had many children, and a large proportion of them were girls, quite a number of princesses would assemble in the reception-room of the queen, which is called *Muchwa*, and is one of the seven sacred huts through which the king passed on ceremonial occasions, such as the new moon celebrations and the daily herding of the sacred cows. This hut is of bee-hive shape, about twenty feet in diameter and fourteen to sixteen feet in height at the apex, with a floor of earth beaten hard. There is a raised platform about eighteen inches high, also of beaten earth, and this and the floor are carpeted with sweet-smelling lemon-grass. This has to be done with care, for every blade must lie perfectly straight, so that the

whole may present an even and smooth appearance. On the platform is spread a rug of cowskin, and over this a leopard skin, on which the queen sits. Just opposite the queen's seat one of the poles which support the roof is stained with blood. By a singular custom the queen's reception-room was also the place where a prince or princess condemned by the king for any transgression was put to death. A cord hung on this bloodstained pole, and here the offending member of the royal family was hanged.

When the king went into the assembly of princesses to choose his queen he was accompanied as far as the door of the hut by the members of the Sacred Guild, his special councillors, but only two might enter with him. The privileged men were Bamuroga, the chief minister, and Munyawa, the head of the royal clan. Inside, the assembled princesses anxiously awaited the choice of their brother, each desiring, even if she dared not hope, to be the favoured of the king. Before entering with his ministers the king had decided which of his sisters he meant to appoint, and without any delay he singled out the recipient of the honour, telling her of his decision in an audible voice, that the others might hear and there might be no doubt or future discussion as to his choice. The chief minister then directed the princess how to act. She had to rise up and sit upon her throne, and her sceptre was placed before her. This sceptre was a long iron rod or spear with a U-shaped fork at one end, the points of both prongs being sharpened; the other end of the spear was pointed, so that it could be stuck into the earthen floor and made to stand upright. A roll, some eight inches long and two inches thick, made of cleansed palm leaf fronds and



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beautifully decorated, rested on the forked end to protect the points. Near the queen was also placed a royal spear, and lying by her side was a large knife; but before she might hold these or her sceptre she had to be confirmed in her office by a further ceremony.

When the king had seen his queen placed on her throne he retired to the throne-room, and the queen was greeted and congratulated by her sisters. She had then to send to her home—for until this time she had dwelt in the household of a chief of her clan—and get a cow and a calf to present to the king. When these had arrived she was led into the throne-room by the chief minister, Bamuroga, who carried her sceptre and stuck it in the ground before the king. The queen knelt on a rug before the throne while Bamuroga announced: "The queen has come to kiss the king's hands." The queen presented her offering of the cow and calf through the chief, who, on her behalf, asked the king for his hands. The king extended both hands together, with the palms upward, and the queen kissed them, and by this act was confirmed in her office. The king glanced at the cow and calf and passed them on to one of his cowmen, who attended for the purpose of taking charge of the animals, and the first part of the ceremony was over.

The queen might now go and rest, and her sceptre was taken to her own apartment, but she had to appear again for the ceremony of receiving the spear and knife and a grant of land, for the king had to set apart a portion of land, which became the queen's own property. Over this estate and its people she had complete control, the king only offering advice when a case was brought before him by the queen. Besides this special ceremony of taking office, the queen had to take the oath which was adminis-

tered to all members of the Sacred Guild, and had to drink of the king's sacred milk.

The queen had her own enclosure near the king's, but it was in every respect separate from his, and she went to visit him whenever she so desired. She had a private entrance to her own reception-room in the king's enclosure, and from there she could go to the king unannounced at any time. She never remained with him the whole night, but left him when he rose in the early morning to go to the throne-room, or before that, and returned to her own house.

Next to the queen in Bunyoro came the king's mother, whose office was really equal in importance to that of the queen. She might be a princess or a woman of the pastoral tribe whom the late king had taken to wife. All sons of a king, whether born of princesses or of other women, were legitimate heirs to the throne, and could take part, on the death of their father, in the fight for supremacy. The successful prince at once raised his mother to this high rank, and she was installed with ceremony by Bamuroga, the chief minister, in an enclosure of her own near the royal residence. All the estates of the last king's mother came into her possession, though the king might permit the former owner to keep some small portion till her death, after which that too would fall to her successor.

The king's mother lived in state almost equal to that of the king himself, and imitated to some extent the ceremonial observances which hedged him round. She kept a herd of cows for her special use, and called them by the same name as the king's sacred herd. She had one hut through which she passed daily to an enclosure at the back to see her cows, just as the king passed

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through his seven sacred huts to herd his sacred cows. She held absolute sway over her own estates, and daily sat in state with her special sceptre to try the cases which came before her.

From the time she took up her position the king's mother might never again visit her son, nor might she marry, though she might still be comparatively young. If she fell seriously ill the king might call to see her, but such a visit was looked upon as a sign that she was not expected to recover. At her death she received greater honour than that given to princesses, though the form of burial was the same, and the king at once appointed a member of her clan to succeed her.

With the exception of the queen, princesses were never formally married, though they might become the wives of their half-brothers. The king also might take other princesses to wife besides the queen, and these wives dwelt in the royal enclosure, but might only visit the king when he wished them to do so. Besides the princesses, the king could have as many other wives as he pleased, and was ever adding to their number with the help of the body of women scouts whose work has already been described. All the wives, with the exception of the queen, had houses in the royal enclosure, but when one of them was about to be confined she was taken away, for no such event as a birth might take place inside, nor, indeed, might any sick person lie within the enclosure. The wife was sent to a chief of the Sacred Guild, whom the king ordered to take charge of her; the chief chosen was usually one related to the woman, that is, a member of the same clan having the same totem, and therefore, as a clan-brother, in a position to be the guardian. It was in a house provided by him that

the child was born, and to him that the child looked in after life for help and friendship. At the end of three years, or earlier if the king so desired, the child was weaned and the mother left it and returned to the royal enclosure. The chief took the place of a father, providing for the child and seeing that everything was done for its welfare. If it was a boy, the king, in a general way, supervised his education and named the kraal to which he must go for instruction in all matters concerning the cattle. He would see the child from time to time to learn how he grew and what progress he made, but the chief was responsible for his upbringing and conduct.

When the king saw that one of his sons was growing up, he ordered him to have the six front teeth in the lower jaw extracted. This was a tribal custom for both men and women and was done at puberty, no man or woman of the tribe being looked upon as fully grown until it had taken place. Any person who refused to undergo the operation was held in contempt; neither men nor women would accept such a partner in marriage, and such a man would be forbidden any share in the deliberations of the court.

Princes married at an early age, in fact while they were still merely boys, the marriage being always by their father's wish and the bride being usually supplied by him. When once the king had consented to his son's marriage, the chief with whom the boy lived was not slow to provide him with other wives, and the boy himself would sometimes hear of or see women whom he would desire to take in marriage.

Fifteen was the usual age for a girl to marry, and they were often mothers at that age. When a girl

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showed signs of maturity her mother shut her away in one of her private rooms, and though in years she might not be more than nine or ten, she was no longer considered to be a child or allowed to play like one; she was not even permitted to walk about, for she had to grow fat. Girls were frequently betrothed, in infancy, to youths who were also children and could therefore afford to wait until their brides were old enough to marry. The boy's parents made the match, paying to the girl's parents two or three cows, and the youth might not have seen his bride until she was ready to be married. Often, indeed, the young couple never met until the wedding day. When the boy and girl were growing up their parents told them to whom they were engaged, and the boy sent presents periodically to his prospective mother-in-law for herself and for his bride, thus showing that he meant to carry out the engagement made for him by his parents.

When the time arrived for the marriage to take place, the bridegroom sent a brother or a near relative to ask when he might take his bride. This messenger took with him a present, and, in consultation with the girl's parents, arranged the day of the marriage and also the number of cows he must bring to them as a marriage fee. As a rule the parents would demand twenty cows and a few other things. The messenger went away, and returned later, bringing the marriage fee and accompanied by a party of young men, who were prepared to stay for one or perhaps two nights before the whole of the marriage arrangements could be completed. The parents might object to some of the cows, saying they were not good enough, and these would have to be exchanged before they would come to terms. Then there

was the final feast, when the bride said good-bye to the friends and companions of her girlhood. The messenger received the bride from her father, who, with his daughter on his knees, gave him solemn injunctions respecting her treatment, and pointed out that, should she fail to please her husband, or should he at any time ill-use her, she could return to her home. The bride was also instructed as to her behaviour, and enjoined to be dutiful and respectful to her husband. After this the father handed her over to the messenger, who thereupon kissed the father's hands as a sign that he took her with her father's full consent.

The bride was veiled from head to foot so that she could not be seen, and was carried, by the young men who came with the messenger, in a litter made of cow-skin. She was accompanied by her father's sister, who was also carried, and in her train there were usually some six or seven young girls, who remained with her for a day or two. The party left the bride's home at an hour which would permit of their reaching the bridegroom's home at sunset, when the cows returned from pasture, for this was the proper time for a bride to enter her new abode. The party sang and danced as they went along, and when they reached the neighbourhood of her new home the bridegroom, hearing the sound of the songs, would meet them at a few minutes' walk from the kraal, driving before him two calves. When the party reached him, the bride was allowed to alight to receive his greeting, and she walked the rest of the way to the kraal, preceded by the calves and followed by the bridegroom, who, as her guardian, carried two spears. Even when walking the bride was veiled from head to foot in a well-dressed cowskin robe which concealed both

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form and features, leaving only a small opening for her to see through.

When they entered the kraal the bridegroom pointed out the house of his parents, and the bride led the procession thither. Only the bride and bridegroom entered, and the bridegroom presented his bride to his father, who took her on his knees, embraced her, and passed her on to his wife, who also took her into her lap and embraced her, thus receiving her into the family as a daughter. The sister of the bride's father and the bride's girl friends then entered, and all adjourned to the bridal chamber and sat down to await the further proceedings.

When the cows were milked, a young cow with its first calf was chosen to provide the marriage milk. The choice of the cow was important, for both cow and calf must be in good condition and healthy. Should the cow have lost its calf or the calf be sickly, either the couple would have no children or those they had would be unhealthy. The milk was brought by the bridegroom's mother in a specially prepared wooden pot and handed to her son, who drank a little and passed it on to the bride. By drinking this milk the bride signified her consent to the union and ratified the marriage bond. The milk left over was handed back to the bridegroom's mother, who set it aside until the early morning, when she drank it as a final confirmation of the marriage.

The bridegroom next placed his hand on the inner side of the bride's thigh as she sat on the bed by her aunt, and promised to care for her. During the night the party of young men who had brought the bride were regaled with a plentiful supply of beer, and they sang and danced, with the members of the household, in front of the kraal until morning. The bridegroom sat with

his bride and the party in the bridal chamber, paying now and then a visit to the men who were celebrating the occasion outside.

At dawn the young people were summoned by the bride's aunt to go through a purificatory rite, which, in order to bring them blessing in the future, had to be performed before the sun rose. They left the house and went into the court, where they undressed and sat side by side, naked, on the ground, surrounded by friends holding bark-cloths to form screens, while the bride's aunt took a bowl of water and a bunch of herbs and sprinkled them from head to foot. She dipped the herbs in the water and sprinkled the bridegroom first, passing the bunch up his right leg and side to his head, and down his left leg to his foot; when she had treated the bride in the same way they both stood up, their clothes were wrapped round them, and they returned to the bridal chamber. This ceremony was supposed to annul any magic which might have been worked against them, and thus to give them a fair start in their new life.

The bride's aunt remained several days with the young couple to see that all went well and to advise and instruct the bride in her behaviour, but the rest of the party, having each received some present from the bridegroom, returned to their homes earlier. When the aunt left she was given a cow, or a cow and a calf, according to the circumstances of the bridegroom. She had to carry a report of all that had happened to the bride's parents and comfort them for the loss of their daughter. At the end of a month the bridegroom visited his wife's parents, and was received as a son by being taken on the knees of each and embraced.

The bride remained with her mother-in-law for some



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months; indeed, she often lived there until her first baby was born. It was the duty of the mother-in-law to teach her all about churning and the care of the milk vessels, which was the only work the women of a pastoral family were expected to do, though their leisure might be spent in weaving a kind of basket or stringing beads. Though the bride might have for years done this work, she had to begin at the beginning again and learn it all from the mouth of her mother-in-law, who explained it as if to a child. The bride had to wash and dry the milk-pots under her mother-in-law's supervision and to her satisfaction, before she was allowed to perform the next step and fumigate them with the grass furnace. Then she had to learn all the details of churning, the names and uses of the different pots, which of them belonged to ghosts and which to the various members of the family.

In agricultural families the ceremonies gone through at marriage were much the same, but the sum given as the marriage fee differed. The value might amount to ten or more cows, but it was paid mainly in goats and sheep, though bark-cloths, hoes and salt might be added to make up the amount demanded. The parents often asked for some gift in addition to the marriage fee—a bark-cloth for the bride's mother, an animal for the feast, a knife to kill the animal, salt to season the meat, and so forth, until a large number of gifts had been added to the original sum demanded. It was difficult for the youth to refuse these, though he might see himself being drawn into an indebtedness from which it would take him perhaps years to free himself.

The bride was veiled and taken to the bridegroom's home in the evening, and went through similar ceremonies

of being received and taking the marriage pledge in the presence of the mother-in-law. Instead of the milk-drinking, however, a porridge-pot was placed on the fire and the bride had to make some porridge, which she and the bridegroom stirred together, holding the handle of the same spoon. The bride then remained in seclusion some four or five days, during which time she was visible only to the bridegroom and a few very intimate friends.

On the fifth day the bride's parents sent the materials for the reception feast. This meal the bride prepared under the supervision of her mother-in-law, who had to give her minute directions as to the preparation and cooking of the food. When the meal was ready, the bridegroom brought his friends to eat it, and bride and bridegroom were congratulated, the one upon her cooking and the other upon securing such a good wife. To complete the marriage ceremony the bride had then to fetch a small pot of water from the well and, on her way, to gather a few sticks. This drawing of water and carrying of fuel typified the duties of a wife, who cared for her husband's welfare and cooked his food.

At the end of four months the new house which was to be the home of the young people was expected to be ready and completely furnished according to native requirements, with the exception of the fire-stones on which pots are placed over the fire for cooking. For the ceremony of putting these in place the bride's mother came, bringing with her uncooked food for a meal. The bride, accompanied by her mother and mother-in-law, went to some place in the neighbourhood where stones suitable for the purpose might be found. When chosen, these were carried to the new home and set in position

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on the hearth. The bride was then instructed how to light the fire and cook savoury dishes, and advised what kind of food a man prefers. The bride, under the supervision of her elders, carried out these instructions, and a meal was cooked which had to be eaten by the bridegroom, with his mother and mother-in-law, before the bride could settle in the house and use it and its contents for ordinary work. Among these agricultural clans the bridegroom might never look at or address his mother-in-law again after the day of his marriage, but must sit, on occasions such as this feast, where he could not see her, and if he should meet her he must step out of the way and avert his eyes or hide himself from her sight. Should anything happen to prevent one or other of the mothers from coming to this meal, the house could not be set in order and the bride could not cook food in it; until both mothers were able to come, she must get some friend to cook for her in another house. Unless these rules were followed by the two, they could not expect to have children or a happy home. Some evils would be for ever coming upon them, and often in such a case the unhappy marriage would be dissolved and the wife would go back to her parents, who would return the marriage fee.

Marriages are seldom, if ever, the outcome of love, but are entered into for utilitarian and economic reasons. In the higher classes the man has one great object in view—that is, to have children; and in the case of the peasant there is, in addition, the desire for more comfort in his home life. In the case of the woman she obtains from marriage all she considers worth having in life, for a woman who is unmarried and childless is a despised nobody, without position or rights. Both parties, there-

fore, agree to marriage as readily and as cheerfully as though love drew them together. In many cases real devotion and love do appear, but such feelings have to grow after marriage, and the possibility of their arising depends upon the disposition of the man. Though the meaning of love is known, and it is often seen in the attachment between husband and wife, the word is seldom used, and, indeed, in most Bantu languages such a term does not exist.

In most of the pastoral tribes it is usual for a man to take only one wife to reside with him, but when there is a baby the wife nurses it for three years, living meanwhile apart from her husband, and this separation frequently leads the man, if he can afford to do so, to take a second wife. Whenever he can, the husband will provide a nurse for his baby; this will be a member of his own clan, either a full-grown woman or a younger relative, who will act as nurse until she marries. A wealthy man will give his wife a slave-girl to look after the baby and be responsible for it until it can take care of itself. A mother is seldom expected to do more than nurse her child, and if the husband wishes to take her back to his bed before the expiration of the recognized three years, she gives the child into the charge of the nurse, and it is at once weaned and fed upon cow's milk.

Among the agricultural people a man seldom marries more than one wife, and she nurses her baby for three years, living apart from her husband. Among this class communism is carried so far that all the wives of the clan-brothers are held in common, so that the three years' separation does not lead to the taking of a second wife.

The birth of twins is propitious and is the subject

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of congratulation to the parents, who, however, have to observe a number of taboos. Preparations are made for a dance in honour of the twins, and while these are going forward the father has to wear a distinctive dress and collects presents from the friends and relatives whom he summons to the dance. The mother, meanwhile, has to keep in seclusion, and may not leave the house except in the evening, and even then may not go farther than a small enclosure at the back. Two small drums are beaten almost continuously with a special rhythm peculiar to twin dances, and people come daily to inquire and to dance before the house. When the time of the dance has come, the friends and relatives all gather together to rejoice, and the twins are brought out and shown to them. Twins are the gift of the god of plenty, and the parents like them to be a boy and a girl. Should they be two boys, the mother and her family hasten to make offerings to the god of plenty, because, by showing the husband this preference, he signifies that he is for some reason annoyed with the female side of the house. If they are both girls, the father and his family make offerings to remove the ill-will which the god must feel towards them.

Should a woman, however, give birth to triplets, she and her children, her father and her mother, are taken to some waste land at a distance, and all of them are put to death. Such a birth is looked upon as a calamity, and if these people were left alive they would bring some curse upon the country. The father is not put to death, but he must never again look upon the king lest he should cause some evil to fall upon him. To guard against any such danger his eyes are gouged out, and he is left to live in blindness.

## CHAPTER X

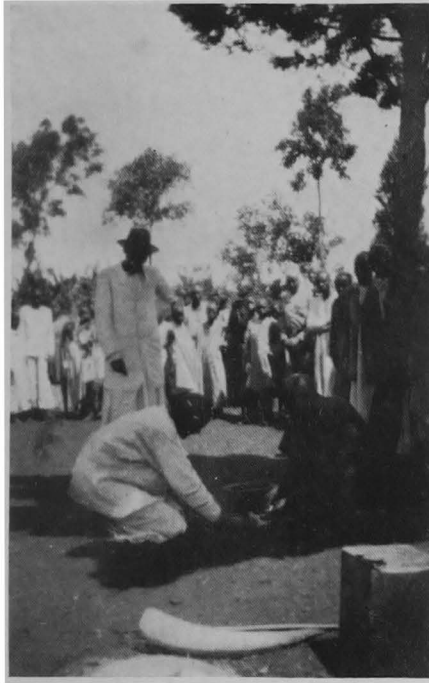
### BUNYORO—DEATH, BURIAL AND SUCCESSION

Sickness—Exorcizing the Ghost—Burial and Mourning Ceremonies  
—The Heir—Induction into the Sacred Guild—Worship of the  
Ghost—King's Burial—Succession and Purification.

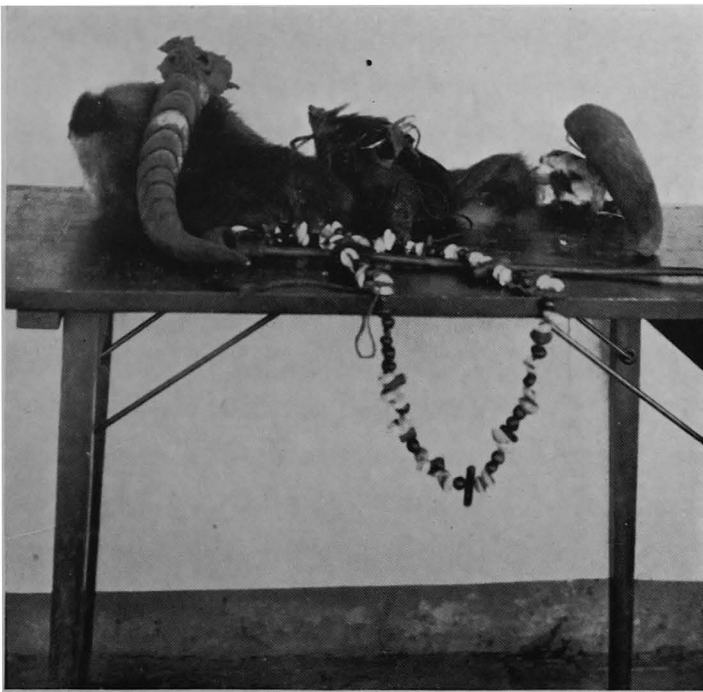
**A**MONG the Bantu peoples sickness and death are seldom attributed to any cause other than magic or supernatural influence, that is to say, the influence of some ghost, for the ghost is the only supernatural agency they understand. They may, and in most cases do, attribute the action of the ghost to human persuasion or conduct, for not only may an alien ghost be incited, by some person who bears a clan or some member of it a grudge, to work evil, but a friendly ghost, a ghost belonging to the clan, will ever watch carefully over the behaviour of its own family, and will cause illness in order to bring to the notice of the clan or the family any infringement of law or custom. The procedure followed in Bunyoro is, in its main points, typical of that of the other pastoral clans.

If a man falls sick, and his wife considers it to be only a cold or some slight ailment from which he will soon recover, she will treat him herself. If, however, the illness continues and she becomes alarmed, she at once summons her husband's relatives and sends for a medicine-man.

The first medicine-man to be summoned is one whose



**BUNYORO: TAKING AN AUGURY  
FROM A FOWL**



**BUNYORO FETISHES**

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speciality lies in the use of divination or augury to discover the cause of the sickness. There are several different ways of taking the augury. Some use the water test, in which powder is sprinkled in a pot of water and the form taken by the floating dust is observed. Others, again, shake seeds in a small shallow basket and then scatter them upon a rug, and infer from the position in which they fall the cause of the illness. Such tests do not satisfy all inquirers, and in more important cases the augury is taken from a fowl, a goat, or a cow. The throat of the animal is cut so that both arteries are severed, and the flow of blood is watched. This, however, is only part of the ceremony. The medicine-man then opens the animal and examines the liver and intestines, reading from the markings on them the cause of the sickness, and delivering therefrom his verdict as to whether the man will live or die.

This man does no more than take the augury; he never prescribes for the patient, but tells the friends whom they must ask to prescribe and to carry out the necessary treatment. If a ghost has been found to be the cause of the sickness, it may either be a friendly ghost, that is, a spirit member of the same clan who has been annoyed in some way, or it may be an alien ghost from another clan. The former has to be persuaded to come out without the use of force, and no injury must be done to it, but the latter may be forcibly exorcized, captured, and destroyed. There are, therefore, various ways of dealing with a person afflicted by a ghost, and it is the duty of the medicine-man who undertakes the cure of the case to exorcize the ghost in the proper manner according to its kind. In the case of a ghost belonging to the same clan as the patient, the usual way is to



present to the ghost a sheep or a goat. The animal is tied to the head of the patient's bed, and is sometimes attached to the patient himself, by a cord which forms a path for the ghost to travel along. At the intercession of the medicine-man it is hoped that the ghost will accept the gift, and show its acceptance by leaving the patient and entering the animal. A wealthy person may even offer a slave-woman to the ghost, and the slave will sleep near the bed so that the ghost may enter her. The animal or slave thus offered remains, until the end of its life, the property of the ghost.

When, however, the ghost which is troubling a patient is found to belong to an alien clan the procedure is very different. The object of the presence of such a ghost is not mere punishment, as it may be in the case of the clan ghost, but it comes to wreak on the patient the ill-will or vengeance of some clan or personal enemy, and its intention is to kill. Therefore it must be exorcized and captured. Sometimes an attempt is made to compel the ghost to come out by making its dwelling-place thoroughly unpleasant. The unfortunate patient has to endure all sorts of foul smells, or is almost suffocated by inhaling clouds of noxious fumes, in order to compel the ghost to flee from him. More often, however, the medicine-man resorts to deception and entices the ghost to leave the patient and partake of some tempting meal. It is believed that ghosts dislike open places, therefore the meat is put in an empty water-pot and a few blades of grass are arranged over the mouth to form a screen for the shy spirit. The grass serves another purpose also, for, though the ghost is invisible, it cannot enter the water-pot without causing the grass to quiver. Men therefore keep a careful watch on the

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grass, and when it shows a movement they at once tell the medicine-man, who is sitting on the opposite side of the fire, chanting songs to encourage the ghost to come out. On hearing that the ghost has entered the pot, he quickly covers it with a goatskin, which he ties down, securing the ghost inside. The ghost then calls from the pot and squeaks and cries as though in terror and distress. In some instances the medicine-man is a ventriloquist, but if he does not possess that power he uses an instrument which he conceals under his arm and which squeaks on pressure. At all events he deceives the patient into the belief that the ghost is caught, and he carries the pot away and either destroys it by fire or casts it into a stream. He then proceeds to give some simple remedy to heal the sickness.

This healing by suggestion is commonly adopted in many parts of Africa, and it is often found to work a cure where drugs and other ordinary means would fail. When their treatment fails and the patient dies, the medicine-men are never at a loss to give an explanation to the family, and their treatment and remedies are never acknowledged to be in fault. The influence of a malevolent ghost is always regarded as a satisfactory and complete explanation of a patient's death.

The European who has an opportunity of looking into the hut in which a patient lies is more surprised that he can ever recover than that he often dies, for the conditions are almost indescribable. There is never any ventilation, and the dirt of weeks lies on the floor. Crowds of people throng the room to show their sympathy, and vitiate the already impure air still more, while their constant talk and movement must be distinctly harmful as well as excessively irritating to any

sick person. Added to all this is the fact that, though a native does not generally succumb easily to anything like a broken limb or an amputation, in which the danger lies primarily in shock to the nervous system, he seems to have no reserves of physical endurance, and gives way rapidly when a call is made, as in fever, on his strength of constitution and recuperative power, and the addition of a mere suggestion of magical influence is enough to make him collapse at once. Again, nursing of any kind is not a strong feature in native medical treatment; the patient is expected to follow his ordinary diet, or if unable to touch solid food, to live on milk or beer, and he is allowed to take nourishment or leave it just as he pleases. With all this to strive against, it would seem that a patient has but little chance of recovery. In cases of contagious disease, such as small-pox, people are forbidden to visit the patient, and even dogs are kept tied up so as not to wander near the hut. At such times the patient is fed chiefly upon plantain wine, and is only given other food upon recovery.

When a man dies the procedure is laid down by clan regulations. In all cases except that of royalty the dead are buried within a few hours, and all traces of death are removed; but a man of the pastoral people may not be buried in the absence of his cows, so that the body must wait until the cows come back to the kraal at night. Among the Banyoro pastorals, as in Ankole, the body is bent up into the sitting posture and the hands are placed under the right side of the head. The body is then wrapped round with the cowskin on which the man lay, or the bark-cloth with which he covered himself, or with both if he possessed both. He lies in state for a few hours until the cows return from pasture, and the

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herdsmen, who were out with the cows, can join in the mourning. The body is then buried either in the kraal or near it, and mourning and wailing begin and are continued without intermission throughout the whole night. The cows, too, must take their part in the general noise, so they are not milked and are kept apart from their calves, which are shut up in the huts. The calves call to their dams and the cows low in reply and try to get to them all night. The people must not take any sleep; even children are made to lie outside the kraal with their elders before a large fire, where they lament until morning. With the dawn the cows are milked and left with their calves, and the children are fed.

With morning comes the heir, who is generally an elder son of the dead man, though that is not necessarily the case. In regard to property, clan-communism prevails and a man has not absolute control over the disposal of his possessions, for the heir must be acceptable to the clan. He may be the eldest or some other son of the deceased, or someone who, according to our Western ideas, is no relation at all, for the clan may elect one who is only a clan-brother to inherit. Whoever the man may be, then, he is introduced to the mourners by a clan-elder, in the morning after the funeral, as the heir. He then decides whether there shall be a period of mourning, and announces where it shall take place and how long it shall continue. He is responsible for the support of the mourners during the period of mourning, when they may not drink milk but are fed on beef and beer. Should the deceased have been a wealthy man, possessing a large number of cows, the period of mourning will be proportionately long, because more beef will be available for the food of the mourners. Indeed, the custom

is that all the full-grown bulls in each herd must be killed. At the owner's death these animals are separated from the cows and fresh bulls are introduced into the herds. The full-grown bulls are then killed as required.

When the arrangements for the mourning have been made, the heir sits during the first day to hear any cases of debt against the estate of his predecessor, and all claimants must appear during that day or forfeit any right of repayment or redress. The heir investigates each case and must discharge every legitimate claim, but he may appeal in open court against any claim he may consider unfair. During the rest of the mourning period the heir can do little official work in public, for he also is supposed to be a mourner and wears the guise of mourning, even though his connexion with the dead man may be only clan-brotherhood, and though the death may have caused him no loss and much gain.

One of the most important steps that have to be taken is to inform the king of the death. This is not so easy as it sounds, because, as the king is supposed to be equal if not superior to death, to tell him that death has succeeded in robbing him of a subject is a task fraught with risk and even danger to life. The heir therefore chooses two or three men whom he knows to be fleet of foot, and in the early morning, with the first signs of dawn just showing, these set out for the royal enclosure, driving in front of them a cow. They follow the main road until they approach the enclosure, when they stop and send the cow forward at a run. As it nears the gate they shout, "So-and-so is dead. Death has robbed you," and flee for their lives, for the guards of the great chief "Bamuroga" at once rush out of the

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enclosure to capture the bold men who dare shout such an insulting message to their king. Capture would mean death, but as the messengers have a good start and the guard do not follow far, there is not much likelihood of that. After a short chase the men of the guard return, catch and kill the cow, and eat as much as they can before daybreak. When the sun appears all that remains must be quickly buried, and all traces of the meal removed. Should the sun be allowed to shine on any of it, it would bring disaster upon the king and the country.

When the heir considers that the time has come to end the mourning he commands the mourners to prepare for their purificatory rites. During the time of mourning they may not shave or wash, cut their hair or pare their nails, so that, in cases where the mourning has lasted several months, their condition can be better imagined than described. Before they come into contact with the outside world again all appearances of mourning must be removed. The hair on all parts of the body, even to the eyebrows, is shaved off, their nails are pared, and, having washed, each mourner is given by the heir a new garment to wear. Then they go to a special house where the friends from whom they have been separated all the time of mourning may welcome them. The final act of purification is to visit the king and greet him, presenting him with the compulsory offering of a cow, after which they may return to their normal existence.

The king sends a messenger to see the heir and report on his suitability for the post. Should the king disapprove, the clan members must appoint some other person whom the king may suggest. The new owner is then commanded to visit the king to be confirmed in

his office. He presents the king with a cow and seals his appointment by kissing the king's hands.

Should the heir be a man who is to be admitted to membership of the Sacred Guild, there will be a longer and much more elaborate ceremony to be gone through. Membership of this Guild is the highest honour to which any man of the nation can attain, and is equivalent to brotherhood with the king, the bond being made by the drinking of the king's sacred milk. The members have to stand by their king and be faithful to him until death. When a chief has been presented to the king and completed the preliminary ceremonies, a few days are allowed to elapse before he is called upon to take the vows and go through the ceremony of being inducted into the office of member of the Sacred Guild. To this function he comes in fear and trembling, for a great responsibility is about to be laid upon him.

On the day appointed by the king the novice arrays himself in his finest garments, and, escorted by a chief, comes to the royal enclosure. His companion is a member of the Guild, who, knowing the necessary procedure of the ceremony, can prompt the novice. He must bring with him a cow and a calf to present to the king, and innumerable presents of other kinds, for after the ceremony is over he can hardly move without paying somebody for something. At the entrance gate the novice waits until his arrival has been announced to the king and the order is given for him to enter. He is conducted to the throne-room by his adviser, who never leaves him, and on being led before the king he kneels down to greet him, whereupon the king tells him he is about to become one of the select body of the Sacred Guild. The man then calls for the cow and calf which

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he brought with him, and presents them to the king, after which the king gives him his hands to kiss, which is the sign of confirmation in office.

The king commands one of the dairymaids to bring a pot of the sacred milk, and the novice is conducted to a special hut, while the king goes there by another path to watch him drink it. The novice is so overcome by nervousness at the thought of the honour which is being conferred on him that he often requires support from his adviser while he drinks a little of the milk and makes a declaration of loyalty. He then returns to the throne-room on his way to the gate, but his progress is now very slow, for, during his absence in the hut where he drank the milk, triumphal arches have been erected and barriers thrown up across his path, so that at every turn he is confronted by some obstacle and has to pay with gifts for permission to pass. His companion doles out presents on all sides, and from the throne-room conducts the novice to his own home. It is a day of rejoicing, but an expensive one for the new chief, who is expected to be willing to disburse large sums of money in recognition of the honour paid to him.

When he reaches home he is seated in some conspicuous place, and relatives and friends come to look upon their new chief; but he may not speak until sunset, when the cows return. His first words must be addressed to one of his trusted servants, one who has been a faithful herdsman for years. To this man he presents a cow, one of the finest animals he possesses, a gift which makes the man a devoted servant for the rest of his life. The new chief is now permitted to talk freely with his friends and rejoice with them.

About this time a dairymaid from the royal enclosure



comes with the milk-pot containing the milk left by the novice at the time of the oath-taking, and this has to be drunk by a man and woman, near relatives of the chief. Even in the lifetime of a man's real father he regards as and calls "father" another man of the clan, generally an uncle, and it is this man and his wife who drink the remainder of the sacred milk. The milkmaid remains with the new chief four or five weeks, and is treated with great honour. She has a new hut built for her, and is fed on the best food they can procure. At the end of her visit the new chief gives her a cow and a calf. These she shows to the king on her return, and he tells her to keep them.

The duties of an heir towards his predecessor must not be forgotten, for there are many things to be done for the dead. One or two cows or more may be dedicated to the ghost, and the milk from these has to be placed daily before the shrine for the dead. In each house, between the head of the owner's bedstead and the place where the roof of the hut meets the floor, there is a shrine where the milk is daily offered. The shrine is a mound or platform of beaten earth from two to two-and-a-half feet high, four feet long, and two wide. It is covered with scented lemon-grass, and on it is spread a rug, usually a cowskin. The milk-pots placed on this shrine are of wood, and may not be used for any other purpose but the milk of the ghost. After each milking the wife of the house places these pots on the platform for the ghost, who is expected to come and drink the essence of the milk and thus to be satisfied. The owner then calls one or more members of the family who are resident in his house to come and drink the milk that is left. Any son or daughter who is married or who lives

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elsewhere is debarred from partaking of this milk, nor may a man's wife, who is of a different clan, drink it. If the ghost's herd of cattle increases, and the heir wishes to dispose of some of them or to kill any of the bulls, he cannot do so without first summoning the priest, and through him obtaining permission from the ghost to take animals from its herd.

When a king died, his body had to be interred in a particular part of the country which was reserved for the tombs of kings. A large pit was dug for the grave, and over it a hut was built. The body of the king was arranged with the knees bent up towards the chin in a squatting attitude, and was stitched in a cowskin. The whole of the grave was lined first with cowskins and then with bark-cloths, and the body was laid on a bed of bark-cloth. Two of the king's wives were selected to go with him into the other world, and they went into the grave, laid the body on the bed as though sleeping, and covered it with bark-cloths. Then they lay down, one on either side of the body, and the grave was filled with innumerable bark-cloths, some of which were spread over the body, while others were thrown in until the grave was full and they were heaped above the level of the floor. No earth was put into the grave, which was filled with bark-cloths only.

In this large shrine or temple some of the widows kept watch, guarding it constantly, and a priest and medium were in attendance. People came to the tomb to visit the king as if it were his court, and they made requests of him and brought him offerings, which became the property of the widows. At times the reigning king would send gifts of cows to his predecessor, and the priest and medium held communion with the dead and informed

the king of anything that came to their knowledge which concerned him or his country.

Once each year a mock king was chosen from a particular clan to impersonate the dead king, and the people believed that the monarch was temporarily re-incarnated in this man. For a week the man reigned in the temple of the dead king and held his court there. He was given great honour, and had the temple widows as his wives, as though he were the late king himself. The reigning king sent him gifts of cattle and slaves, and he dispensed his favours royally during the one week of his reign. The principal minister of the king, "Bamuroga," came to conduct these ceremonies. He placed the mock king on the throne, and saw that he was given due honour by everyone who came. When the week was ended, Bamuroga took the mock king to the back of the temple and strangled him, casting the body away on some waste piece of land. There was no funeral or any ceremonial observance, and little, if any, notice was taken of his death.

The temple of the last king was the place to which the reigning king applied for advice on any matters connected with the country, for the dead king, through his priest and medium, could always give him help. The temple, and in fact the whole place of the tombs, were under the control of the great chief, Bamuroga.

This "Bamuroga" was the greatest chief of the land, ranking in power and importance next to the king. One of his duties was to take charge of the country and guard the king's body during the interval between the death of one king and the accession of the next. As I have already mentioned, the regular custom in Bunyoro was for the question of the king's successor to be settled by

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an appeal to arms. Immediately on the death of the king those princes who wished to assert their claim to the throne gathered their followers and set to work to exterminate all other claimants. Usually only a small number were sufficiently powerful to take part in the quarrel; probably only three would go to war, while the rest would await the result. Each of the contending princes had to take special steps for the safety of his mother, for should she be captured and killed by a rival he would lose the support of all those who had attached themselves to her in view of the time when she might be that important person, the mother of the king. Each prince, then, would send his mother as soon as possible to some place of safety outside the capital. The chiefs of the Sacred Guild took no part in these wars. Their duty was to assist in guarding the body of the dead king until the victorious prince came to claim it for burial.

When the time came for the actual burial of the king the feelings of all concerned must have been somewhat mixed. The chief mourner—that is, the new king—celebrated in the burial and mourning ceremonies his victory over his rivals, while the people were rejoicing over a return to peaceful conditions. The whole country had felt the effects of the contest for the throne. Agriculture could only be carried on in outlying districts, while in and around the capital fighting took place daily, and there was constant looting of cattle and foodstuffs. The burial of the king's body ended this state of anarchy and brought peace to the land, whereupon the people were expected to begin to bewail his death, for until this time no official mourning might take place outside the royal enclosure.

When the new king had buried his father, mourning ceased and the country underwent purification. The king chose a sister to perform this ceremony, whereby she not only cleansed the royal house, but included in the purification the entire people, the cattle, and the land. She was given a bunch of herbs and a bowl in which was a mixture of water and white clay, and with this she sprinkled first her brother, the new king, then the princes and princesses, and finally the people, the cattle, and the earth. During the sprinkling she covered her eyes, and as she waved her brush for the last time she indicated some place and said, "I see such and such a land." She then departed and took up her residence in that part of the country, where she was given an estate sufficient to provide for all her wants, for never again might she come before the king or enter the capital.

There was yet another rite to be performed before the purification ceremonies were ended. The chief minister, "Bamuroga," went to one of the young princes and persuaded him that the people had chosen him to be their king. The boy was set upon the throne, and the real king, with all the chiefs, came to do obeisance as though they acquiesced in the choice and wished to take the oath of allegiance to him. They brought with them presents of cows and offered him gifts and congratulations. When all had presented their offerings, Bamuroga asked the real king, "Where is your gift to me?" The king gave a haughty answer, saying he had already given his gift to the right person, whereupon Bamuroga pushed him on the shoulder, saying, "Go and bring my present." The king thereupon called his followers and left the enclosure in a hurry as if angry. Bamuroga

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then turned to the mock king, saying, "Let us flee; your brother has gone to bring an army," and, taking the boy to the back of the throne-room, he strangled him. This completed the death ceremonies and the subsequent purifications, and the new king could take his seat upon the throne and begin his reign.

## CHAPTER XI

### BUNYORO—CEREMONIES, RELIGION, AND MODERN DEVELOPMENT

A Day in the Life of the King—The New Moon Ceremonies—A State trial—The Gods—Auguries—Warfare—Bunyoro To-day—Cotton- and Coffee-growing—Possible Native Industries—Transport—The Mission at Masindi.

**A** DAY in the life of the King of Bunyoro brought with it many duties, among which all matters connected with the sacred cows and the king's meals, because of their priestly character, took first place. With the performance of these ceremonies nothing was ever allowed to interfere; whatever the king might be occupied with, it had to give way when the time came for the performance of any of the rites connected with the cattle and the milk.

Beyond these, however, the duties of the king were many and varied; from dawn of day till late at night he was seldom free and got but little rest, and even his time for sleep was disturbed and cut short. Until after midnight he had to wander about the royal enclosure to see that the guard were keeping careful watch, and when at last he did retire he was only left in peace for about an hour, for at two o'clock he was awakened and had to betake himself to a chamber off the throne-room, where he spent the rest of the night. Here a young woman slept across the foot of his bed, so that his feet might rest against her and run no risk of touching the

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end of the bed or of being exposed. In the early morning the girl got up and anointed the great toes of the king before retiring to the women's courtyard.

The king then rose and passed through the throne-room to his bath-room, where two young bulls were sent or driven to meet him. One of these had to be all black with the exception of a white patch on its forehead, while the other was red and black and had also a white patch. These bulls were taken from the sacred herd and had to be quite young; indeed, when they reached the age of one year they were removed and killed and fresh ones chosen. They very soon got to know what was expected of them, and would find their own way to the king's bath-room before being driven out to pasture in the morning. The king took the black one by the horns and, placing his head against its white spot, said, "May all the evils of the night pass from my people and my country." Then, taking the red and black one in the same way, he said, "May all that is good rest upon my people and my country." Thus, as priest, he removed any evil that might have come upon his subjects during the night and destroyed any magic that might have been at work in the hours of darkness, so that the people were free to begin the new day immune from evil influence.

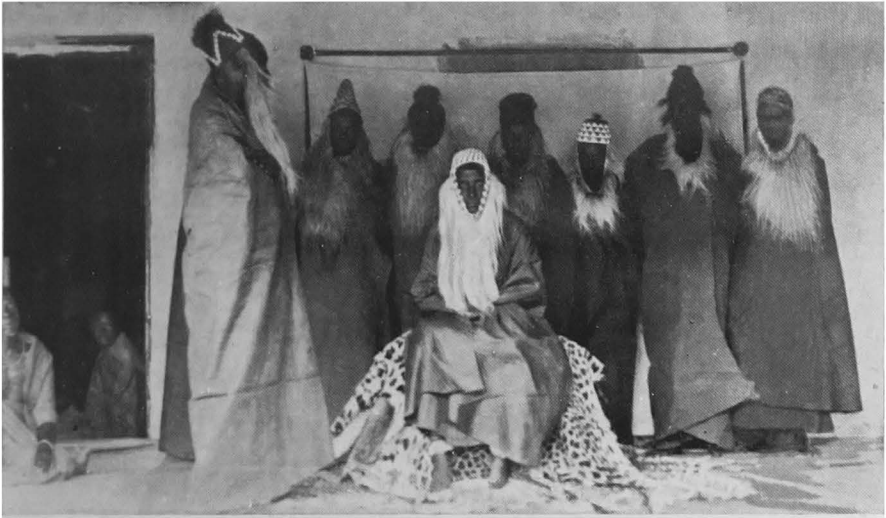
In all his ceremonial actions it was evident that the king was regarded as being in a very special sense the priest of his people and country. He did not merely represent his people and his land and act as their intermediary with the supernatural powers, but he impersonated them; for instance, by his next movements he cleansed and purified them, for fetishes were now hung on his person and arranged about him, while his face, hands



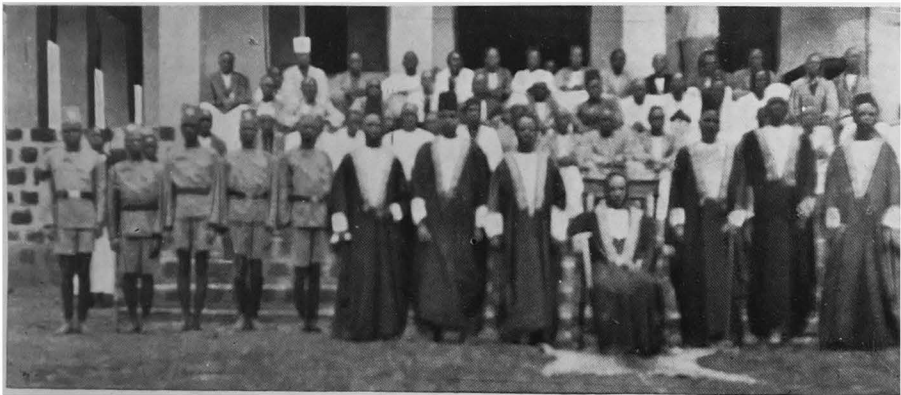
and feet were washed and his body anointed with scented butter. A servant produced a number of bark-cloths, from which the king chose the garment he would wear for his first public appearance of the day, and, when ready, he proceeded to the throne-room and took his seat upon the throne, while his subjects flocked to greet him and wish him long life.

This reception continued until the sacred cows came to be milked, when the king had to watch the milking, and then to retire for his meal. When this was over and all the sacred cows had been milked, he turned his attention to the problems of government. Every important case had to come before the king for judgment; even on occasions when a local chief had tried and judged a case, it would come sooner or later before the king for his confirmation or reversal of the verdict, for his court was the final court of appeal from any local jurisdiction. The courtyard outside the throne-room soon became crowded, and the principal chiefs came into the throne-room to give the king the news of the day. Many intricate matters, of which the most common concerned fines and unpaid debts, had to be settled and political matters discussed, and the king was thus occupied until the time came to herd the sacred cows.

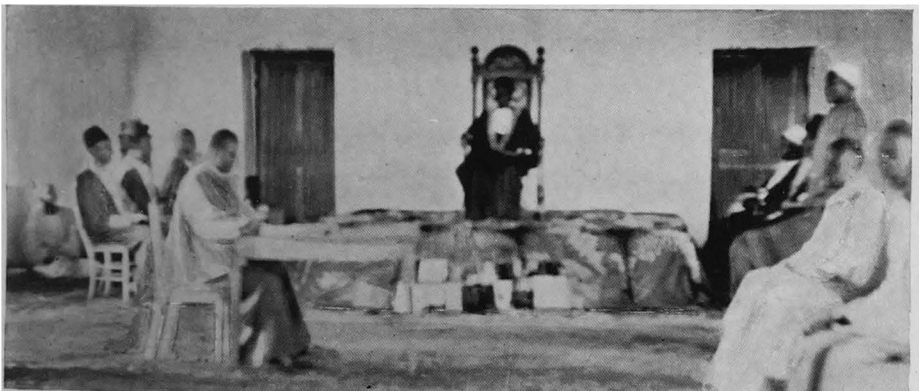
This herding of the sacred cows was another priestly act which the king had to perform for the good of his country. Rising, he passed through the main entrance of the throne-room, stepping over the ivory tusk which lay outside. This was a kingly prerogative to which not even members of the royal family dared aspire. Everyone who wished to enter or leave the throne-room, with the sole exception of the king, must walk round the end of the tusk. As the king proceeded, mats were



**BUNYORO: KING WITH CHIEFS OF THE SACRED GUILD IN THE OLD CEREMONIAL DRESS**



**BUNYORO: PRESENT KING WITH COURT AND BODYGUARD**



**BUNYORO: THE KING IN COURT**

spread for him to walk upon, the first stretching from the door of the throne-room to that of the queen's reception-room. These mats were made of grass-stems tied together and rolled up, so that the keeper had only to lay a mat down and give it a push for it to unroll and lie flat. There were several of these mats which were used when the king moved about the royal enclosure on his ceremonial duties, and each was rolled up again directly he had passed over it. The king passed through seven sacred huts, of which the first was the queen's reception-room. Each hut had a doorway at the front and at the back, and a courtyard divided it from the next. The courtyards were also directly connected by gates, so that it was possible to go from one end of the row to the other without entering the huts. Each hut bore the name of a chief of the Sacred Guild, and each chief might enter the one which bore his name but no other; only the king might walk through them all, though he might be accompanied by a page as he did so. Each court and each hut was guarded, and the king passed along the whole row accompanied by his own guard, who, however, went from courtyard to courtyard by the gateways, so that they need not enter the sacred huts.

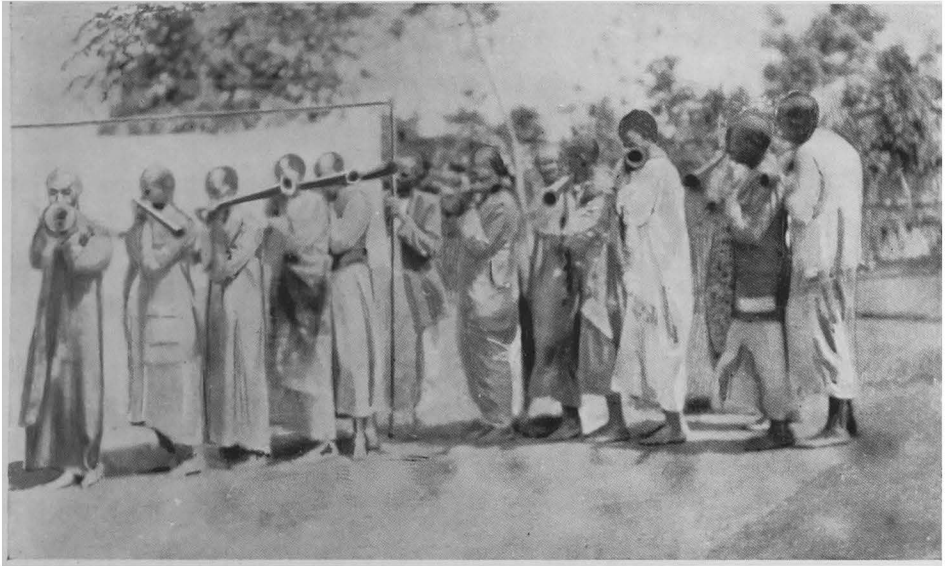
In one of these courtyards stood a guard holding a royal spear, a custom which is worthy of note. This spear had to be kept always in an upright position and might never on any account be laid down. When the king retired at night it was taken to the throne-room, where it stood upright in a special stand until the morning when the king was ready to take his seat on the throne. Then it was taken to the courtyard of this hut, where it was held erect by one of the guard. As it must never

be laid down, the guard could not go away without summoning a companion to hold it during his absence. When the king was unwell or unable to be in the throne-room, the spear stood there until he returned to resume his duties. As the king approached, the man with the spear moved to one side to allow him to pass, but did not lower the spear.

When the king reached the last courtyard he found three animals awaiting him; one was an old cow whose milk had stopped, and which was being fattened for killing, another was a calf, and the third a young bull. The king looked after these animals in the courtyard for some twenty minutes or half an hour daily, thus conferring his blessing on all herdsmen throughout the country. On his way back he took the same path until he reached the throne-room, which he entered by one of the side doors. He might then pass through to the dairy and drink milk, but as this was not one of his compulsory meals no attention was paid to it, and he might drink or pass on as he desired. Other matters might now call for attention, but as a rule he was free from official duties in the throne-room for an hour or two, and was at liberty to attend to private matters or to take exercise or amuse himself.

A little before three he had again to take his place in the throne-room to partake of his sacred meal of meat, and by the time this was finished there would be heard the call of the herald as he led the sacred cows home to be milked. After that the king was again occupied with public business and audiences until the time came for him to inspect the guard of the royal enclosure before retiring to bed.

In this country the passage of time during the day



**BUNYORO: BAND OF TRUMPETERS FOR NEW MOON CEREMONIES**



**BUNYORO: DANCE AT NEW MOON CEREMONIES**

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was marked by the position of the sun, and the divisions thus marked were named after some incident affecting the cows, such as time to go to pasture, time to be milked, time for them to drink, and so on. It was therefore natural that the divisions of the year should be calculated by the moon. The year was accordingly divided into months, six months bringing the lesser rains, and six more the greater rains and the end of the year. There was no week, the month being divided into twenty-eight days according to the phases of the moon. The new moon was always a season for great rejoicing and for feasting, in which the common people took part.

Outside the main entrance to the royal enclosure there was a mound which was regularly used as a watch-tower for general observation, and upon this the priest took his stand when the time came for the appearance of the new moon. Round the base of the mound stood the king's band of trumpeters, ready to announce to the country that the moon was visible. The priest watched until he could see the moon, and the way in which his accustomed eye distinguished the first faint glimpse of the crescent was very remarkable. On its appearance he sent a message to the king, who came out to give his blessing to the people and land for the new month. The priest was then commanded to make known to the country that the time of festival had begun. This he did by beating several times on a large drum, whereupon the band, with a blare of trumpets, raised sounds of rejoicing. At the sound people hurried from all directions, and feasting and merrymaking went on in the royal enclosure for seven days. During this time there was no cessation in the music and dancing; weary performers might creep away one at a time to some corner to sleep,

but no arrangements were made for rest, and they had to hasten back to relieve some other tired companion. During the night a large fire burned in the courtyard, and by its light the drums and trumpets played and the dance went on. Only when the sacred meals required silence, and when the king enjoined it for a few minutes while he performed some special ceremony, did the music and noise cease. The king himself had to manage with the minimum of sleep, for he had to sit in a conspicuous place where his people could come to shout their blessings upon him while he encouraged them in their dancing and rejoicing.

On one of the seven days there was usually a solemn procession to the courtyard of the seventh sacred hut, the courtyard where the king herded the cows. On this occasion the king gave his decision on any important matter, or pronounced judgment on any chief who had offended. The pronouncing of sentence on any member of the Sacred Guild was a most impressive act, surpassing in gravity any of the other ceremonies. Crowds gathered outside the throne-room to see the king start on his way to the place of judgment, and the royal standard-bearers awaited his appearance. The royal standards were rather curious. Three of them were spears with long leaf-shaped blades, and the fourth was an instrument rather like a two-pronged rake, on the prongs of which were hung a bag of seeds and a bundle of tinder for torch-making. These standards were held aloft until the king emerged from the throne-room, when the spear-bearers walked backwards before him to the door of the first hut, where they lined up to allow him to pass. A chief of the Guild preceded the king, also walking backwards. Both he and the king wore their official



**BUNYORO: ASSEMBLING FOR THE NEW MOON CEREMONIES**



**BUNYORO: NEW MOON CEREMONIES. THE KING ADVANCING ALONG THE SACRED PATHWAY, PRECEDED BY SPEAR-BEARERS**



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robes and the crown with the long beard of monkey-skin which marked the member of the Sacred Guild. The robe consisted of a large sheet of bark-cloth wrapped round the body, and a person dressed in this robe and crown presented a most peculiar appearance.

The first hut through which the king passed was the queen's reception-room, and there the queen, with any of her sisters who wished to be present at the ceremonies, sat to await the king. As he entered they all stood up, and he passed slowly along, each in turn, headed by the queen, greeting him in silence by placing her right hand on his shoulder palm downwards and then turning it palm upwards and touching his arm above the elbow with the tips of her fingers. He passed in this manner through the hut, and so on to the next, which was usually empty. His followers passed round the huts and did not enter them.

In the meantime the chiefs of the Sacred Guild assembled in their places in the last of the courtyards, which they entered by a special gateway. Their entrance was carefully guarded, and none but members of the Guild could pass the guard. When the king reached this last courtyard he took his place under a canopy against one of the fences, where a rug was spread for him to stand on. The chiefs of the Sacred Guild, each wearing his crown, which differed from all the others and was the mark of his special office or rank, stood on one side, while the culprit to be judged stood apart at the far end of the court, awaiting the king's command to come forward.

When all was ready the king gave the sign for the man to be brought before him, and he came forward, supported by one of his companions. His nervousness

and terror were often so extreme that he was unable to walk alone, and his companion had to hold him up to keep his trembling legs from giving way under him. He approached the king, who did not employ many words to inform the anxious offender of his fate. If the verdict was pardon, he extended his two hands together and allowed the man to kiss them; if the hands were withheld it mattered little what the king said; he might even tell the man he was forgiven and might go free, but if he withheld his hands the doom of the culprit was sealed and death was sure to follow. Sometimes he sank down fainting and was carried off to death, or he was led away and speared. The king marched back to the throne-room, and the dancing went forward again as if nothing had happened.

When the seven days were ended the band went to the house of the king's mother, and music and dancing were resumed there with renewed vigour for one night. The people followed the bands, and both here and in the royal enclosure meat and beer were supplied to the revellers, so that to the people it was a royal feast-time. When the night was over they went on to the enclosure of the chief medicine-man, who, owing to his position of authority in regard to all matters of sickness and disease, was one of the greatest men in the country. It was he who put an end to the festivities and sent the bandsmen to their homes, where they had a respite until the next new moon appeared.

In these countries the period of the waxing moon was the most propitious time, and everything beginning then would prosper. A child born with the new moon would grow and be healthy and fortunate, whereas one born when the moon was waning was regarded with misgiving



**BUNYORO: THE KING'S JESTER**



**BUNYORO: NEW MOON CEREMONIES.  
SACRED SPEARS**

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and sorrow. So if a marriage was to be prosperous it had to take place when the moon was new, for it would receive additional blessing from that luminary. Peasants sowed their seeds and baked their pots, and smiths preferred to do any important work, in the time of the new moon, because anything done then increased and was strong, but the propitious time passed with the waning of the full moon.

The moon was thus not only the divider of the year, but was a kind of deity which brought many blessings. Mothers would often take their children to the door to point out the new moon, believing that the sight of it would cause the child to grow.

In Bunyoro, as in Ankole, the cowman had religious feelings and beliefs which meant something to him, though they did not call for much in the way of formal observance. He believed in certain gods who were super-human beings, but, with the exception of the new moon festivals, he did not feel it incumbent upon him to pay them attention at any stated times. The seasons for his offerings were determined by circumstances. When the cloud of any threatened calamity, such as war or a cattle-raid, appeared on his horizon he felt it was not enough merely to prepare to resist the enemy to the utmost of his power, but he had to pray to his god and make an offering to him, in order to ensure his assistance either in thwarting the intentions of the enemy or in overcoming him should he succeed in attacking. Again, should cattle disease appear, he had to call on the god for an explanation of the disease, its cause, and the needful remedies before he could make any successful use of drugs or other means of cure.

No temples or permanent shrines were raised to

these gods. Though they had priests and mediums, these lived in their own houses and were either consulted there or sent for to come and see the person who needed their assistance. The priest would then decide by an oracle the cause of the mischief, and, if it was seen to be the work of a god, offerings would be made to him and the priest would pray to him without building any shrine. Shrines were built to honour ghosts and were not used for the great gods. Some of the gods, however, had special dwelling places which were sacred to them. Certain mountains, for example, were regarded as the residences of particular gods. Some of these have precipitous faces fully a hundred feet or more high, over which animal and at times human victims were hurled as sacrifices to the gods. In other cases the mountains are extinct volcanoes and have large craters, often containing deep pools into which the victims were cast. One of these was especially famed, for those victims who were favoured by the god were seen either the same day or next morning high up on the mountain side and still alive. There must be some outlet from the crater through the side of the mountain, for its slopes are sheer precipices impossible to climb.

The priests of the more important deities belonged to a special priestly clan and their offices were hereditary. They claimed to have the sole right to officiate in the service of these high gods and looked down upon the inferior priests who might be qualified for their office by training alone and not by descent. The higher priests obtained their knowledge of the wishes of the gods by augury of the highest kind: they killed an animal, and from the intestines and liver were able to solve their problems. At times one of these superior priests might



**BUNYORO: NEW MOON CEREMONIES. THE KING PARDONING A CHIEF**



**BUNYORO: NEW MOON CEREMONIES. THE KING UNDER THE CANOPY**

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employ one of lower rank to give an oracle by water. This priest made seven pots of unbaked clay and, filling them with water, washed his hands in them with a lump of clay, stirring the water about till the clay made it quite muddy. Then he poured a few drops of a certain liquid into each pot. At once the water began to clear, and the spreading of this clear spot was anxiously watched. If it was unbroken and assumed a starlike shape the augury was good; but if it broke up into irregular clear patches, matters looked threatening.

The king kept large numbers of goats and fowls for the use of the high priest when an augury was necessary. The goats were divided into herds and the fowls into flocks according to their colour, for the god would specify the colour of the animal to be used for each augury. The king appointed a head-man over the goats and another over the fowls, and these had a number of men under them to look after the flocks and herds and see that the colours did not get mixed. The head-men were responsible for keeping a sufficient number of each colour always available, and they went about the country looking for the colours they wanted. No owner would refuse to give an animal for this purpose, and when it was given it was dedicated to the gods and reserved for future use in taking auguries. The priest, when an augury was wanted, had only to give his order for an offering of the necessary colour and it had to be supplied at once.

Though people acknowledged these higher deities they seldom approached them or wished to consult them. Their everyday needs were sufficiently met by application to ghosts or deified kings, and it was only under very special circumstances that the gods of war, thunder,

rain and plenty, the higher deities, were invoked. Under exceptional circumstances offerings were made and honour paid to them until the time of need had passed, after which the god might be left undisturbed for a long time before his help was sought again.

The nation was not really aggressive and no regular army was maintained. It was only when some adjacent nation encroached on their territory, or when a favourable opportunity for cattle-raiding tempted them, that an army would be raised. At such times the king, before taking any steps, would inquire of the god of war, through his own priest, whether it was advisable to make the expedition and who should lead his forces.

Raids by border chiefs into other countries were the most common cause of disturbance. Some small chief of a border district might see a fine herd of cows over the border which seemed insufficiently protected, whereupon he would swoop down upon them and carry them off. Immediately the nation of the wronged man would rise to his assistance and a regular expedition would be sent against the aggressor. Such an expedition did not take long to prepare, a few hours sufficing to raise and dispatch the army. The robber chief would in the meantime gather some men together to protect his own land while he drove away the raided cattle to some distant part. Then the king's help would be sought and, as he, the owner of all cattle, would be the real person to profit by the raid, an army, if the god approved, would be raised and sent to prevent the rescue of the looted herd.

The army which gathered together in such circumstances was merely a mob of men eager for excitement and hoping for the chance of loot and plunder, either in



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their own country or in that of the enemy. For arms most bore only spears and shields, while many of the peasants carried only one spear, but supplemented it by a large club. The leader had some power over the under-chiefs and those who were his own men, but he had no direct influence over the bulk of his army and was forced to rely upon the under-chiefs to get his orders carried out. The peasants who formed the main body of the army were kept in subjection more by the fear of the god through whose oracle the expedition had been commanded than by respect for their chiefs.

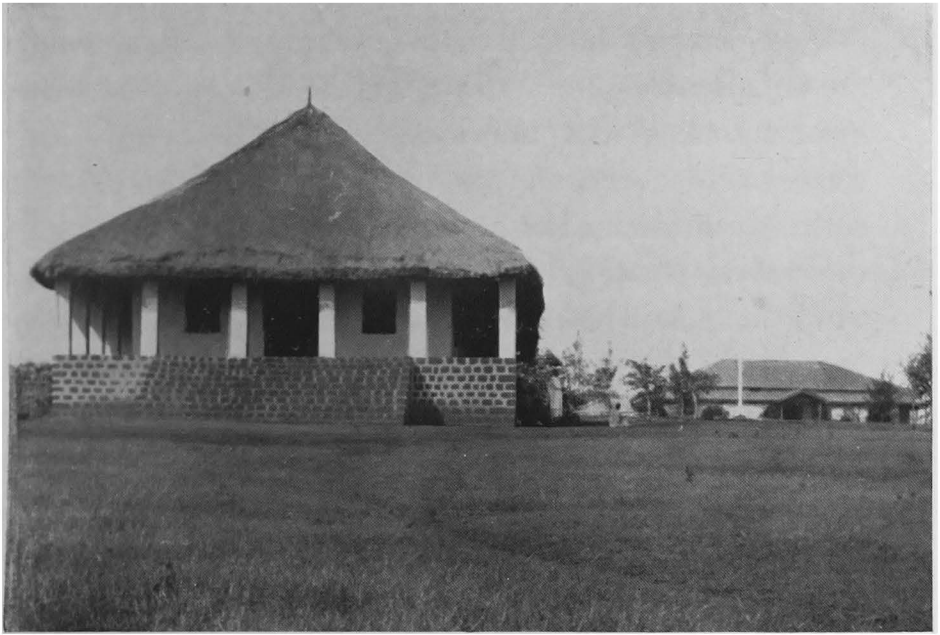
In such battles there was never any order or method of fighting, and the bravery of one or two would do more to settle the fortunes of the day than any concerted attack or regular plan of battle. One bold spirit would rush out and spear down one of the enemy, causing, by the suddenness of the assault, some confusion and falling back among the hostile forces, whereupon his companions would rush forward against the wavering crowd and win a rapid victory. Now and again one side would gain the advantage through some appearance of strategy, which, however, was usually to be attributed to chance and not to any careful consideration of plans of battle. Unless some such accident occurred, there was seldom much difference between the two sides, and when three or four combatants had fallen and a few had been wounded there would be a mutual desire to come to terms.

There was an interesting custom which well shows the native belief in the all-conquering power of magic. When an invading army was reported to be approaching, the medicine-man, taking with him a blind cow or sheep and a dog, went to the road along which the enemy was advancing. After reciting incantations over the

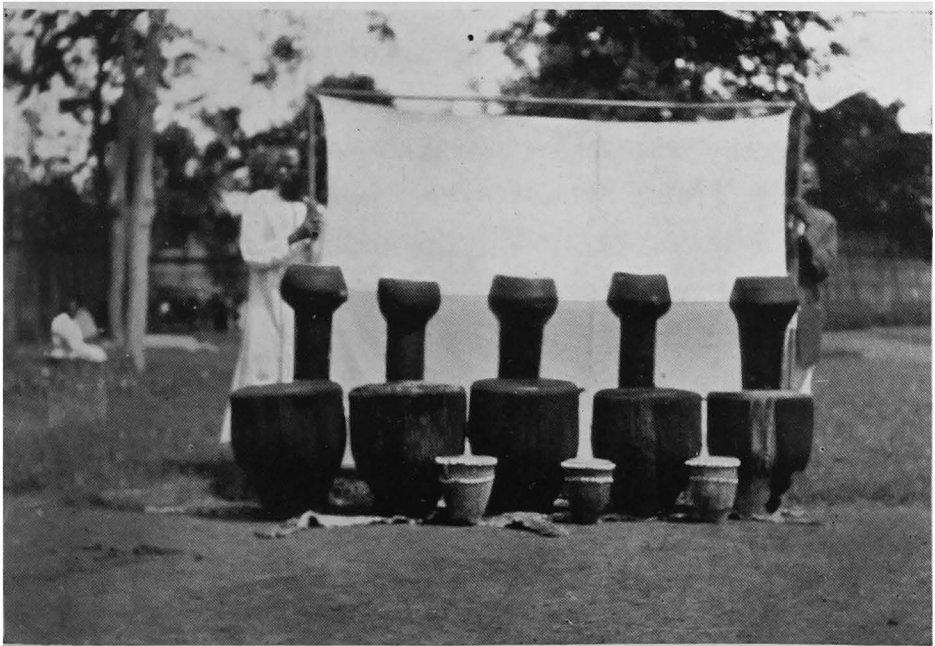
animals he maimed or killed them and either left the bodies lying or buried them in the path along which the enemy must come. The effect of this was to strike the invading army with blindness, and in their confusion they were easily overcome and routed. Such magic-working certainly often had the desired effect, for, believing that the invaders were blind and helpless, the inhabitants would attack with such vigour and courage that victory was assured.

Bunyoro is the country that the earliest explorers visited when seeking to solve the problems of the Nile. It was here that Speke and Grant met Sir Samuel Baker when he was on his way to discover and survey Lake Albert. In these early days the country was rich in people and cattle, but now it is impoverished, largely owing to the long wars of Kabarega's time. The population was then much scattered, and it has been further diminished since the British occupation by the emigration of many who wished to escape state labour and the hut tax. There are few large herds left, for the great herds of the king were taken over the Nile into the Teso country during the wanderings of Kabarega and never came back again. Those which were not killed for food were probably appropriated by local chiefs.

A few coffee planters have settled in the country, and are finding that they can grow good crops with little trouble, but the industry is yet in its infancy, and the planters are only now beginning to meet the difficulties which time is bound to bring; they will have to learn by experience how to cope with the diseases to which the trees are subject in a new country. Up to the present they seem to be prospering and have secured good crops, but in most cases the planters have a very limited know-



**BUNYORO: COURT HOUSE AT MASINDI WITH KING'S HOUSE  
IN BACKGROUND**



**BUNYORO: DRUMS USED AT NEW MOON CEREMONIES**

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ledge of their business, and there seems no hope of their learning otherwise than by painful experience, for they have no books to consult and no instructors who could correct their errors and advise them as to the necessary steps to be taken to keep the trees up to a profitable standard.

Cotton is being grown with fair success, and its cultivation is mainly in the hands of the natives, who, though their methods might be improved by education, manage to make their crops pay. They told me, however, that they were restricted in their dealings, the only market permitted to them being through the planters of the district, who bought up all the native cotton. The natives had to sell their produce in certain definite places and at a price fixed by the buyers. They assured me that they could get better prices at other centres, but that they were, for some reason, prevented from taking their goods there. This matter seems to call for investigation by the administrative service in order that it may be put right.

The natives ought to be encouraged in every possible way, for it is on them that the future of the country depends. The European settler is a valuable asset, but his value is enormously increased if he goes out with the intention of helping the native to help himself. The European in such a climate is, of necessity, but a bird of passage, and while settled there can accomplish only a limited amount of work, whereas the native is indigenous to the soil and has not to contend with climatic difficulties. Therefore the most valuable colonist is he whose work tends to make the native not only self-supporting, but a source of benefit to the outside world. This is possible, for there are many industries already to some extent in

existence which might easily be made profitable to the world in general. In the lake region, with all its pastoral tribes, it seems strange that no commercial cattle-rearing has been undertaken and that no tinning and preserving factories for meat, butter, cheese and milk have been opened. Such industries would pay if once the natives learned what was necessary for export trade and were shown the best methods to adopt. As it is, no attempt has been made to teach these men anything about the different kinds of cows and their milk-giving qualities, and they know nothing of breeding for market. As for butter, the idea of this as a marketable commodity has never been brought before them, and they have no notion of cheese-making. As the commercial value of these products does not seem to have been investigated, the members of the pastoral clans—who are quite competent for cattle-rearing and dairy work—are being forced to undertake agricultural work which is not only entirely distasteful to them, but is contrary to all their inherited instincts and is considered by them to be injurious to the well-being of their cows.

Since the British occupation roads have been built over many parts of the country, even to the most out-of-the-way places, and it is possible during the dry season to travel long distances by motor. There is even a regular service of motors between Lakes Albert and Kioga, where in earlier times the paths were merely cattle tracks, made by the herds in their movements from place to place. A splendid metalled road now runs between the two lakes, and native workmen, under European supervision, are employed in working the steam roller and in repairing the road. The motor vans are also managed by African lads, many of whom learned

their trade during the war. They are said to be steady and reliable youths who are well worth the trouble of training. The motor service is connected by the steamboat on Lake Albert with the Belgian Congo and by that on Lake Kioga with the railway through Busoga to Jinja on Lake Victoria, and so to Mombasa. This is the route taken by visitors journeying from Mombasa to Khartoum and Cairo. It leaves still about one hundred miles, between Lake Albert and Rejaf, to be undertaken on foot, which for the ordinary tourist forms rather a difficulty, but even this could with comparative ease be made a motor road. This strip of country is under the Sudan Government, which took it over from the Uganda Protectorate some years ago. It is the worst of any of the recognized routes which I traversed during the expedition. There is even no telegraphic connexion between this district and Uganda, an improvement which might easily be carried out and would be of untold value to both Governments in their dealings with their out-stations.

The advance so far made has opened up this part of the Protectorate for trading purposes, but cotton and coffee are at present the only products of which the cultivation is attempted. Unfortunately, the district round Masindi (the capital) is the worst in the country for this purpose, and the places where cotton- and coffee-growing is proving successful are generally at some distance from the regular motor route, which passes through the capital.

There is at Masindi a mission station which has an excellent industrial branch attached to it. Here some of the best cabinet work of which Uganda can boast is turned out. The station belongs to the Church

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Missionary Society, and such good progress has been made that tables, chairs, and sofas are supplied from this centre to most parts of the Protectorate. The lads are trained to work the native timber which they cut for themselves in the forests. There is also a school attached to this mission, but, owing to the lack of properly trained men as teachers, it is not so well worked as the technical branch.

As a Christian nation the Banyoro are, with the exception of the Baganda, the most advanced in this part of Africa. They belong to the church of Uganda, but they are able to support their own few native pastors and teachers. The standard of training of these native pastors is, however, low, and might be raised with much profit to the community. Another drawback is that the native pastors are chiefly drawn from the lower classes—that is, from the agricultural people, and they cannot easily gain admission among the Bahuma, or upper class, who despise them. Men of the latter class admitted that they would pay more attention to pastors and teachers drawn from their own ranks.

Another difficulty which now appears is one which I foresaw years ago when I was attached to the mission at Kampala; that is, that the training of the secular teachers and sons of chiefs is better than that offered to the native pastors, who, being of the poorer class, are unable to pay for the education given in the higher schools. This is not without its effect on the youths who are being educated in these secular schools and who show a tendency to regard their religious pastors and teachers with feelings of superiority. I fully realize that this is not the spirit we should hope to find in a Christian community, but human nature is much the same all the world

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over, and here, where the natives are still only just emerging from barbarism, it behoves the Christian Church to see that her pastors are not inferior in education and training to the men they are expected to lead. Here it is exceptionally easy for the native mind to draw false inferences, for the superior secular schools and those which give the inferior religious training are under the control and management of the same mission!



## CHAPTER XII

### LAKE KIOGA—TESO COUNTRY—MOUNT ELGON

Hoima—Lions—Cultivation—The Graphite Mine—Kibero—Lake Kioga—Journey to Lake Salisbury—Teso Country—Journey to Mount Elgon—Mbale—Starting Work among the Bagesu.

I SPENT about five months in Bunyoro, and by the end of that time I began to feel that both the language and the life of the natives were becoming really familiar to me. It was a busy time, though most of it was spent in Masindi and I had little travelling about to do. In Masindi my days were well filled, for the men from whom I got my information came for four or five hours daily, and after they had gone I had to write up and arrange my notes of the information I had elicited. For a few weeks I wandered about the country visiting various places of interest, getting photographs, and confirming the information which I had collected. The king, or *Mukama*, as he is called, invited me to his old capital at Hoima, some thirty-five miles from Masindi where he now lives in order to be near the Government headquarters. Masindi was chosen by the British Government for their station because it lies on the route to Lakes Albert and Kioga and to Buganda.

At Hoima I spent a most interesting month, for here are to be seen fetishes, ornaments, and weapons which tell of the olden days and of the past glory of the kings. Here too I had an exceptional opportunity of seeing old

## Lake Kioga—Teso Country—Mount Elgon 225

times brought, as it were, to life again, for the king was good enough to arrange and carry out for my benefit a week's pageant, so that I was able to follow the milk customs and the new moon ceremonies as they were actually performed. It was an interesting experience and also most valuable, for it made clear to me much of the information I had collected during the previous weeks at Masindi and enabled me to understand many difficult points. The interest and helpfulness of the king did not stop here, for I visited him daily for some time after this, and he explained to me what I had seen and answered all my questions with the utmost frankness and openness. He came several times to dine with me, and showed himself quite familiar with our Western table manners and customs. He no longer adheres to the milk regulations, but has adopted English habits of life.

From Hoima I made excursions to one or two places which of old were of much importance in the life of the people. One of these was the rain-makers' temple, which was well worth a visit for its own sake as well as for its ceremonial interest. This beautiful glade lying in the midst of the great dark forest was well adapted to add mystery and solemnity to a ceremony which in itself lacked neither element and to heighten its effect on the imaginations of the people. The king supplied me with a guide for the forest paths, which as a rule are so overgrown as to be almost invisible to a stranger. A report, however, had gone abroad before my visit that the king was coming to the place, and the path had been cleared.

During my time at Hoima there were lions about, and one of my attendants met one face to face on the road in the early morning. He had to take refuge in a house and remain there for some time before he could

proceed on his way. The next morning the beast carried off an elderly woman while she was on her way from her house to her field. On receipt of this news the king sent out a hunting party to track the lion, but the only trace which could be found was the skull and one thigh-bone of the unfortunate woman. I neither saw nor heard anything of this lion, though it was in hiding as I went to the rain-makers' place, and I must have cycled, with my one attendant, past its lair. Early on the morning after, however, I was awakened by cries near my camp, and, thinking it was another woman in distress, I hurriedly got up. Then I heard the call of the king's police, and, knowing they were on the alert, I went back to bed feeling that my assistance would be superfluous. The noise continued, and I was puzzled by the fact that cries came first from one direction and then from another. It is not the usual custom for the people to make a noise when there are lions about, and I was at a loss for an explanation until I heard in the morning that there had been several lions wandering around, trying to enter various places. The king's cow kraal had been an object of special attention, and two lions had marched round and round for a long time seeking an unguarded entrance. Others had made futile efforts to enter some of the native huts. One sat somewhere near me for fully three hours, purring happily and roaring from time to time, much to the disquietude of the people in the surrounding huts, who fully expected the unwanted visitor to walk in upon them at any moment. For several days these lions remained in the neighbourhood before they took themselves off to some new hunting ground.

Lions are not as a rule in the habit of staying so long near human habitations, but this was one of the districts

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where rinderpest had carried off many pigs and other wild animals. The lions were thus short of food, and not only haunted the villages by night, but even attacked stray people during the day, so that the women were unwilling to go alone to their fields to work.

It is the women in this country who own the fields and do all the ordinary work of digging and attending to the crops. They turn the soil with short-handled hoes, with which they dig to a depth of eight or ten inches, drawing the earth towards them and throwing it round their feet as they advance. They generally begin their work on the fields at dawn and cease about ten o'clock, when they gather a bundle of firewood and go home to cook their midday meal, though the principal meal of the day is in the evening. They work the same land year after year without any attempt to fertilize it, but when, after four or five years, the crops show signs of deterioration, that field will be left to lie fallow for two or three years and new ground will be broken up. In this work the husbands help by cutting down the trees and scrub and clearing the ground for their wives to dig.

I had been at Hoima some weeks when an epidemic of influenza broke out, and the disease assumed a very virulent form. Numbers of people were carried off in a few days and there were several deaths in the royal household. The king's daughters, and then the king himself, were attacked. This put an end for the time to the work I was doing with the personal assistance of the king, so when I had put my notes in order I determined to take a tour through the country and come back to Masindi later, when I hoped the king would have recovered and returned to his home there, so that we could resume our work and complete it.

The route I chose led me to the salt-works at Kibero, passing on the way the graphite mine from which the material for polishing the royal pots was obtained. It was the time of the rains, and travelling was very unpleasant. The mud on the roads was so deep and soft that it clogged the wheels of my bicycle until they could not move in the forks, and I had to carry the machine frequently for long distances in the hot sun, taking advantage of every bit of hard ground to ride and rest.

The graphite mine was interesting, not only in itself, but because of the extraordinary number of bats which have taken up their abode in the cave and at the mouth of the working. When we took a light into the shaft these creatures appeared literally by the hundred and fluttered round us, striking our faces, getting caught in our hats, and proving generally most annoying. I could distinguish three kinds, and they varied from quite a large size to the small insect-eating species which has such an offensive smell.

The opening of the shaft to the working is so small that we had to enter on our hands and knees, though after a few yards we could rise and walk along the shaft, which is dug on the level and runs about twenty-five yards straight into the hill. The vein appeared to be quite four feet thick, and might be even thicker, but as I had no means of testing this I had to be satisfied with a rough estimate from appearances. It is from this place that the king's potters have for many years obtained graphite for polishing the pots intended for the use of the king and the better class people.

The path to the mine was through tall grass, and would have been impossible to follow without the services of a guide who knew the place. As we were going along

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I noticed the man in front of me suddenly jump aside, and, looking down, I saw two small rings of plantain fibre lying on the path. I made no remark, but walked on and watched the boys who were following to see what effect the rings would have on them. Every one of them turned aside to avoid treading on or stepping over them. I then remarked casually to the leader, "Someone is working magic here," to which he replied, "Yes; misfortune is lying in wait for someone." As we passed the spot on our return I lifted up the rings of fibre with my walking-stick and put them in my pocket, greatly to the consternation of the men. The things had been laid there with the express purpose of bringing ill-luck on anyone who even stepped over them, so to touch them would certainly be fatal.

The morning of my entry into the district where the salt-works are situated was dull and there had been rain through the night. The road along which I had to pass ran between grass so tall that it hung over me even when I mounted my bicycle, and in a short time I was wet through from the steady dripping and from pushing through the soaked grass. To add to my discomfort I had to carry the bicycle nearly a mile through slush and mud before I reached the top of the hill leading down to the salt-works. From the summit I seemed to look right down upon the village on the shores of the lake, and could distinguish people moving about, though they looked like black specks far below. The gradient was much too steep and rough to ride or even to lead the bicycle, and I realized that I must either carry it myself or wait for the boys to come up. It was not tempting to sit still in my wet clothes, so I shouldered the machine and began the descent, hoping that the boys would catch

me up before I had gone very far. However, they did not appear—indeed, they were half an hour later than myself in reaching the village; and, after all, I found no serious difficulty in getting down, for the slope was not nearly so steep as some we had had to negotiate.

Between the hill and the lake there is a fairly level strip about a mile in width, and here the huts of the salt workers are built. They lie so low that a rise of a few feet in the lake will flood them. This has sometimes happened, for after heavy rains the water cannot get away quickly enough to regain its ordinary level. The people appeared to me to number between two and three hundred, but I was informed that there are really more, though some of them were away at the time of my visit. They have a school for the children, under a native teacher, who, in addition to imparting elementary knowledge, is able to conduct Christian services on Sunday.

My stay at Kibero was not a long one, for, on the second day after my arrival, the steamer *Sir Samuel Baker* appeared, and I deemed it advisable to take a passage in her to Butiaba, and from there go by the motor lorry back to Masindi. I had been warned that the path along the lake-shore to Butiaba from Kibero was difficult and unpleasant owing to the swamps formed by streams running into the lake. There was no other road back to Masindi, nor any means of getting a conveyance unless I returned by the way I had come—through Hoima—and I did not wish either to do this or to waste time by travelling the whole distance across country with porters.

Before embarking, however, I witnessed the first part of the funeral ceremonies of a boy who had died of dysentery. I heard the mourning and saw the beginning

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of the preparations for burial, though I had to go on board before the actual interment took place. It was quite pathetic to listen to the mournful wailing and calling to the youth to return; at intervals the noise would die down to moaning while some part of the preparation ceremonies was performed, then it would break out with renewed vigour and go on for some time without a pause.

The voyage from Kibero took five hours, and I was able to go ashore at Butiaba and pitch my tent for the night near the custom-house. During the night there was heavy rain, but I slept comfortably in my tent under a mosquito net. The poor boys, however, had a miserable time, for mosquitoes kept them awake in the hut in which they were quartered. In ordinary circumstances they could have smoked them out, but here there was no firewood to be obtained, and they had to leave the hut and sit on the little veranda outside till daylight. A few days later they were laid up with malaria, which kept them from work for two or three days.

From Butiaba I travelled by the motor van, reaching Masindi the day after I left Kibero. I now felt I was nearing the end of my work in Bunyoro, though there were still some matters in which I desired to have the assistance of the king. I found, however, that he was still ill and had not yet returned from Hoima. He arrived a few days later, and went at once to an important meeting at the Government station, with the result that he had a serious relapse and was laid up again for weeks. On two or three occasions I visited him and saw him in bed, but he was not in a condition to give me the required assistance, so, as my time was fast passing and there were still important places unvisited and much work to be done,



I determined to go on farther and finish my work with him on my return.

A week was occupied in preparing the loads which it was necessary to take with me and in packing and sending off goods for England. I then took leave of my friends in Bunyoro and set out again for the unknown, a step which I always find somewhat trying and which requires a little summoning up of my courage. The motor van took me to Lake Kioga, a four hours' journey, on which I was accompanied by the Provincial Commissioner, himself an old friend and the son of an old friend at Cambridge, Dr. Haddon, of Christ's College. Mr. Haddon came to the lake and spent a short time on board the boat with me before he left to return to his duties in the capital.

The ship was one with a flat bottom, drawing only a few inches of water, and thus suitable for navigating the shallow parts of the lake. She worked with a stern wheel, and pushed before her a number of lighters on which the luggage and the cargo were loaded, the ship herself carrying only passengers and fuel for her engines. When I joined her there was only one other passenger on board, but later in the evening we picked up two geologists, Mr. Marshall Hall and Mr. Frame, who were examining the rock formations and had been moving about the lake in a large canoe. We arrived at the place where we were to meet them sooner than they expected us, and we thus had to wait while they packed and made their way down through a deep belt of papyrus to their canoe on the lake in order to tranship their goods. Mr. Marshall Hall, a geologist of wide and varied knowledge, was engaged on oil research, and intended proceeding direct to a new sphere of work. However, the day after he came on



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**TESO: A GRANARY**

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board he found himself incapacitated by an attack of rheumatism, and had to be taken to one of the Government stations to undergo treatment.

I spent two nights on board the ship on the way to Soroti, seeing several places of interest on the lake as we went along. This Lake Kioga was not known until Major, now General Sir Ronald, Macdonald, the famous engineer who surveyed the Uganda Railway, hearing that it was much larger than was at that time generally supposed, sent one of his men to make a survey of it. Before that it was thought to be merely a slight broadening of the Nile, whereas it forms a large open expanse of water and has arms reaching far into some of the countries along its shores. Two or three ships are now employed on it carrying produce from the planters who have settled round about, especially in the Teso country, and who trade in cotton and other goods which they buy from the natives.

I was anxious to catch a glimpse of the Bakene, whose mode of living in huts built on floating masses of papyrus I had seen and hastily examined some years ago. However, as we made our way along the lake I saw no signs of them, though I was told that they were still to be found along some of the arms and in the more isolated parts of the lake. This was a disappointment, as I had been looking forward to the opportunity of adding to the information I had previously obtained about them.

The scenery of Lake Kioga is not so fine as that of Lake Albert and much inferior to that of Lake Victoria; still there was much of interest, especially in its many far-reaching arms, along which the boat had to wind her way in narrow channels through thickly growing papyrus and grass. The land on either side does not rise so

rapidly as the shores of the other lakes; indeed, in some parts the plains stretch for miles, and the gentle slopes between the distant hills and the shore are in many places cultivated by the natives to the water's edge.

At noon on the second day of sailing, a Sunday, we arrived at Soroti, and I had to leave at once and set out for the Government station which is about four miles from the lake. I found Mr. Busted, the Assistant District Commissioner, at home and was most kindly entertained by him during the two days I spent there. I had hoped to make this my starting-point for Karamojo and from there to go on to visit the Galla people living along the boundaries of Abyssinia. My plans, however, were frustrated owing to disturbances among the Karamojo people, who were being attacked by the Turkana. Soroti was the centre of military operations, and, when I saw the officer in charge of the forwarding department, I learned that it would not be possible for me to go into the country with porters unless accompanied by an armed force of police. I explained that such conditions rendered my work quite impossible, and after some delay I decided to write to the officer in command for his advice. Waiting for his reply would have involved much waste of time, so, leaving an address where I could receive his answer, I set off for Lake Salisbury, where, as I was informed, some of the Bakene lake-dwellers were to be found.

The Teso country, through which I now had to pass, is entirely different from the Bunyoro side, for it is flat, with rocky hillocks dotted about, the grass is short, and the few trees to be seen are stunted and yield poor timber. The people also are quite different in language and appearance, for the tribes here belong to what are commonly called the Nilotic races. Both men and women

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go about nude, the men without even an attempt at clothing, while the women's attire, where there is any, consists of small aprons of beads or string fringes four inches wide and six inches long. Their chief delight is in wearing ornaments. The young women love to have rings upon their fingers and toes and also upon their bodies in the most unexpected places. I have seen them with numbers of small brass rings threaded through holes in the flesh across their chests, round the edges of their ears, and even in some cases through the tips of their tongues. All the rings, bracelets and anklets are roughly made and the workmanship is crude and unfinished; the most welcome gift or article for barter is wire with which to make these ornaments.

The men are a strong-looking race, of good height, averaging about five feet seven, while the women are generally but little shorter. I found them to be of a happy disposition, and I never had any trouble as I travelled on to Lake Salisbury and from there to Mount Elgon, for men came forward readily every day to carry my loads. It was a strange sight to see these nude men carrying my European boxes and loads and dancing along the paths singing happily, apparently as care-free as children. What value the few coins they received as payment had for them I fail to understand, for they have no need to purchase clothing and they grow their own food. The only use they could have for money was to pay their taxes.

This is one of the chief cotton-growing districts, and I found single fields extending over several miles. There is a cotton company at Soroti who plough large tracts of land with motor ploughs and then let the ploughed land out to natives who sow it with cotton,

paying the company for the work done with a certain proportion of their crop. The surplus grown they sell to the planters for payment in Indian currency, rupees and cents, but, as in the case of the porters and their payment, the only use they seem to have for cash is for the payment of taxes. Until they have learned the use of articles which they cannot produce for themselves and have been educated up to the standard of Western requirements, the payment offered by the planters is of no real value to them and offers no inducement to them to work.

For their own consumption the people grow millet, maize, and sweet potato. They live in small villages which they encircle with growing fences of cactus or euphorbia. Owing to the dryness of the land wood is scarce and poor, and, as the people do not care to bring it from long distances, they build their bee-hive huts to the best of their ability with the frailest of timber. They keep both cows and goats, though they are not a pastoral people. There is no chief of any general power among them, but each small section or village owns its own headman, while, if matters of dispute arise, the aim of everyone is to avoid, if possible, any appeal to force, and all the members of the community assist in the endeavour to come to terms. No attempt has ever been made to improve either the country or the social life of the people, so that we have a state of things which must have existed for hundreds of years without alteration or improvement. The information I obtained was, however, limited, as I was moving rapidly from camp to camp, never staying more than a night in any one place, so that by the time I had found someone who knew a language I understood there was little time left for more than superficial questioning.

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On reaching the camp near Lake Salisbury I found that there the lake-dwellers had forsaken their old methods of life and had come to live on shore, for under a more organized government the constant fear of attack and robbery, which had made them take to life on the papyrus-islands, had vanished. Both men and women now gave more time to agricultural pursuits, though they still made fishing excursions on the lake.

A striking feature of the district was the settlement at various points along the route of Indian traders, who were either simply cotton buyers or had small factories for ginning cotton and pressing it into bales for shipment to Mombasa. The requests I received from these settlers at various points for certain medicines gave me the impression that these men are propagators of venereal diseases and that we shall have to reap hereafter a terrible harvest from the seed they are sowing.

As my endeavours to inquire further into the lives of the lake-dwellers were foiled again on Lake Salisbury, and as I learned that some special initiation ceremonies were about to be performed on Mount Elgon, I decided to make a hurried march thither and try to see them. I was specially anxious to see these ceremonies because, in addition to their value to science, I should then be able to put before missionaries the actual facts concerning matters which have proved an almost insuperable barrier to all efforts to evangelize the mountain tribe known as the Bagesu. My informant concerning the approaching ceremonies was a man who, hearing of my presence in the Teso country, came to see who I was. I discovered that he had been a pupil of mine many years ago in the theological school at Kampala in Buganda. It was not only of personal interest, but from a missionary point of

view it was most encouraging to find, so many years later, such men, far removed from European influence and help, carrying the Gospel to heathen like the Teso people. There were, I found, two of them working in that region, and I managed to see both and gained from them much valuable information concerning the people among whom they were labouring.

From Lake Salisbury I made forced marches to Mount Elgon in order not to miss the ceremonies. Each day I rose before daylight, found men to carry my loads for the first stage, and rode off as soon as it was light enough to see. When I had gone half the day's journey I sought out one of the chiefs, and through him arranged for another relay of men to be ready on the road to take over the packages directly the first lot of men arrived. Each set of porters carried my packages on an average ten miles, when they were relieved by the men waiting for them. The first then received their pay and returned home, leaving the next relay of men to carry the goods forward. This system of portage has been introduced since the British Government has been ruling the outlying districts; it answers well on the whole and relieves the traveller of the responsibility of feeding his men. Having secured the second relay I was able to go forward to the place I had chosen for camping and wait for the porters to come in.

The boy I had engaged for the special purpose of drying medicinal herbs and obtaining specimens of native drugs was the person who should have looked after my goods, but he was the most incapable and incompetent fellow that could well be imagined. Fortunately my cook was very different, and I came to rely on him for all these matters. Each day he managed to see that all



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went well with the porters and the loads, and yet he was always in camp with the first of the goods, ready to attend to my needs. The boy who should have been engaging the carriers had heard such tales of the treatment meted out by the Teso porters to unpopular headmen that he began to be afraid for his life, would have nothing to do with them, and refused any responsibility with regard to my goods. My cook had to undertake all the arrangements and report to me on his arrival at the camp.

Only once, at my last camp, did trouble arise either with or among the carriers. Fortunately one of the Baganda teachers was at the camp, and he took the matter straight to the chief of the place without allowing the men to apply to me, so that the difficulty was settled without coming under my notice at all. I did not even know there had been any trouble until I asked later what the noise had been about.

The tracks through the Teso country are generally smooth and there are few hills, so that I could cycle mile after mile without any great exertion, but the last stage before reaching Elgon was the worst I had experienced since leaving Soroti. The earth was very black and heavy, with a good deal of clay in it, and had been soaked with rain some days before. Oxen passing over it had churned it into pits and mounds, and the sun had then come out and baked it hard, making it out of the question in many parts to attempt to cycle. I had therefore to walk frequently until the path began to rise at the foot of Elgon, when it became possible to mount again and ride to the Government station at Mbale.

My intention had been to take up my abode with an old friend, a Muganda chief, who had been living in this district for some years and with whom I had on a former

occasion spent a few days. However, on reaching his enclosure I learned that he was moving to a new home three miles away. I determined, therefore, to go and see the Government Commissioner and inform him of my arrival before going on to my native friend. It was a little after eight o'clock in the morning when I reached the Government station, and I had travelled, on the bicycle or on foot, some twenty-two or twenty-three miles. The Commissioner was most kindly anxious that I should stay as his guest, and I was divided in my mind as to the best course to pursue. The thought of staying in a nice house amid the comforts of comparative civilization was certainly tempting, while the alternative was that of living in my tent in native quarters; but I felt that my work would benefit by my living under the less pleasant conditions, for if I were lodged in native quarters I should come into closer contact with the people I wished to examine. However, the question was decided for me, for at ten o'clock the Commissioner came back from his office suffering from an attack of fever and brought with him the very chief I wanted to see. I realized that my new friend would recover much more rapidly without the responsibility of a strange guest in his house, so I told the chief I would settle at his new home and carry on my work there for the next few weeks. He sent out men to stop my loads and divert them to his own compound, and when I arrived at noon I found my goods there and the tent being pitched. The tent formed my bedroom, and I soon made a shed into a fairly comfortable room for work and began investigations on a new and interesting people.

Years ago I had visited these Bagesu and learned a little about their habits and customs, but that visit was

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only a short one and I was unable to travel about owing to the very unsettled state of the country. The twelve years which had elapsed had made a great difference in the country and in Mbale itself, which is now quite a small town where a number of Indian traders have settled. There are shops, some with European provisions, and stores from which can be procured almost any commodity required by natives or even by settlers, and good roads are in course of construction. The Government station is well planned, and the houses, built of brick with roofs of corrugated iron, are said to be mosquito proof. There was a fairly large staff at the time of my visit, though, as I soon left for my new quarters, it was several days before I saw most of the officials.

My new camp was on the slope of that part of Mount Elgon known among the people as "Koko," or, as the Baganda element there call it, "Koko Njero" ("the white fowl"). I do not know the reason for this name, and it is not used by the older inhabitants. My host was most helpful, and it was not long before I got to work with some of the older men whom he sent to me.

## CHAPTER XIII

### MOUNT ELGON—THE BAGESU

Kakungulu—The Bagesu—Marriage—Enmity between Clans—Harvest Festival—Possession of Land—Domestic Animals—Gods and Ghosts—Children—Preparing Girls for Marriage—Initiation Ceremony for Youths—Treatment of Rain-makers—Disposal of the Dead—Ceremonial Cannibalism—The Ghosts.

**T**HE chief in whose enclosure I settled for the purpose of carrying on my researches among the wild tribes of the mountain is known as Kakungulu. He is a member of the royal family of Koki, a district which, since the formation of the Protectorate, has become part of Buganda, but which was originally a small independent state lying south of Ankole and south-west of Buganda. The people belong to the pastoral tribes; indeed they are an offshoot of the group which settled in the district of Ankole.

Many years ago Kakungulu was forced by political reasons and the jealousy of his king to leave his home and country. He entered Buganda about the end of Mutesa's reign and, during the reign of the next king, Mwanga, he rose to a high position. He was a dauntless and successful elephant-hunter and was employed in this capacity by Mwanga. During the early commotions and civil wars of the reign he was able to make Mwanga valuable presents at a time when that king was in dire need of money for arms and ammunition. For these services he was rewarded with land, and he soon became

an important chief. During this time he came into touch with English missionaries and was converted to Christianity. When the wars were over he rose to a very high place, being second in importance to the Katikiro, or Prime Minister, and between the two there arose a strong feeling of jealousy which could never be overcome. Kakungulu, a capable leader and administrator, was a serious rival to the Katikiro, Apolo, for the chief position under Mwanga, and there was a constant striving between them for supremacy.

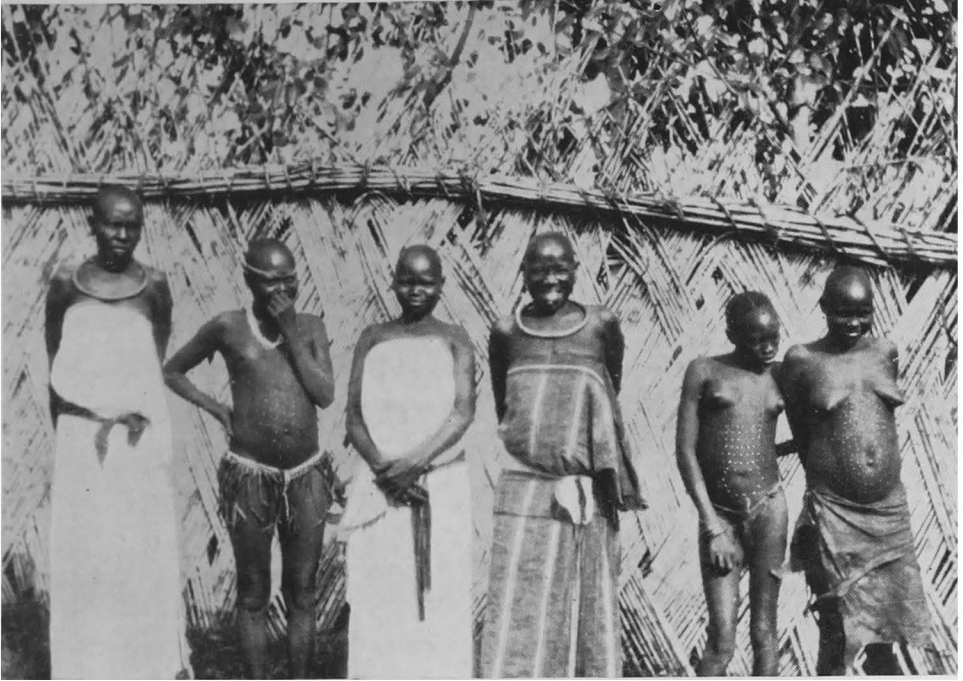
When the British Protectorate was formed Kakungulu was sent to Kavirondo to assist in settling that part of the country, and later he was asked to help in Busoga, which was a feudal state of Buganda. From there he went to the Teso country, where for years he did extremely good work in curbing the turbulent spirit of the tribes who, up to that time, had never known the meaning of government or of submission to authority. Unassisted by British officers, he was able to bring about a peaceful state of affairs in the Teso country without resorting to forcible measures, and he built good roads linking up the residences of important chiefs with his own fort. For a time his dwelling-place had to be a fortified and stockaded enclosure with a guard constantly on duty, but he gradually secured the good will of the people, and even got them to consent to pay taxes to the Government.

For these services he was promised large concessions of land, and at one time it was even whispered that he might be made paramount chief of the country with a title and power equivalent to that of a king. Owing, however, to frequent changes of governors and their assistant officers, Kakungulu has had to endure much annoyance from continual variations in policy. Promises

have been made and withdrawn, and he has been moved from one locality to another as chief, though he has always managed to retain one part of his possessions at Mbale, where he rules many miles of country inhabited by the Bagesu. It was, indeed, the fact that he had taken up his private residence and settled his family there that first made Mbale known as a possible centre for government.

At that time the Bagesu people on Mount Elgon were among the most unruly and treacherous tribes in this part of the country, and no European could visit the mountain unless he went under the protection of an armed force. My own visit to them fourteen or more years ago, when I went to see a mission station started by the Rev. W. A. Crabtree, was limited to one short journey from the Government station at Mbale, for owing to the unsettled and dangerous state of the country I could not then carry out my intention of going round the mountain to visit certain caves. Kakungulu has now built a second house some distance from his former dwelling and on a higher peak of the mountain, in order to be farther from the increasing bustle and noise of Mbale, which, as I mentioned in the previous chapter, is fast assuming the dimensions of a town and has many Indian traders and shopkeepers. My friendship with this chief was one of over twenty years' standing, and now, when I went to live in his enclosure, I obtained, through his influence, the best help towards an understanding of the Bagesu that could be procured.

This tribe appears to have come from the hills in Kavirondo many years ago and to have driven out the original inhabitants, who were but few in number. They are a totemic tribe and are split up into clans which vary in size, some consisting of only a few families. In



**BAGESU WOMEN, SHOWING SCARIFICATIONS**



**BAGESU MEN, SHOWING DRESS**

the government of their communities the men exercise the authority, but the women assert themselves much more forcibly and effectively than those of Busoga or Buganda. It is no uncommon occurrence for a wife to insist on her rights and resist her husband's wishes to the extent of coming to blows with him, and even in an appeal to force the grey mare sometimes proves the better horse. The clans are exogamous, that is, men seek their wives from other clans having different totems from their own. They are a poor, degraded set of people, living with little comfort. Even such meagre luxury as a skin spread to serve as a bed is almost unknown, and husband, wife and children sleep naked on the floor round the fire.

Though in the course of this book I have sometimes used the past tense in describing the customs and beliefs of these peoples, it is necessary, I think, to point out that the great majority of the tribes, especially in the more out-of-the-way districts, are still uncivilized and untouched by Christian influences and carry on their old customs at the present day. It is only when these practices lead to crime and manifest wrongdoing that the machinery of government is put in action against them. Such doings are then discountenanced by the more advanced chiefs and the local authorities, but it takes a long time to persuade the mass of the people to give them up.

Among the Bagesu neither men nor women wear clothing until after the initiation ceremony by which they are admitted into full membership of their clan. Until this ceremony has been performed marriage is not permitted; indeed it is impossible unless a man can find some woman who, like himself, has refused to undergo the ceremony and accept the solemn obligations it entails. When such a case occurs, the marriage is not recognized



by the clan, and any children born of the union are outcasts and suffer with their parents all manner of hardships. Both parents and children are objects of contumely and are subjected to all kinds of indignities without any means of redress; they may be robbed or injured with impunity, for no one will sympathize with or avenge them. Life for such a couple is hard, and the members of their families and clans, far from making any attempt to mitigate the severities of their lot, treat them with the greatest contempt as cowards and unworthy of clan membership.

When these Bagesu first came to Mount Elgon they had to make their dwellings on the higher peaks of the mountain, and seldom dared to venture down to the valleys, for there they were always in danger of attack by some foe, and defeat meant death or slavery. Ten or twenty families join together to form a village, building their homes in a small cluster on a fairly level spot some way up the mountain, where they dig their fields and plant their millet, sweet potatoes and other crops as near as possible to the village. A husband always gives his wife a field, and in many instances he also possesses and cultivates some land for his own use. He readily assists his wife to dig and sow her crops, and she in turn helps him with his field. It is the duty of the wife to keep her husband in food from her field, for his own grain is set aside for brewing the beer which is kept for use at the great annual festival after harvest, when the initiation ceremonies are performed and all the clans, laying aside for the time being their feuds, feast and drink together.

Except for this annual period of truce, the different clans of the Bagesu live in constant and deadly enmity.

Protection is now afforded by the Government, but in earlier days a man was never safe if he went beyond the boundaries of his own district, for the members of each clan were always ready to attack and kill any intruder from another locality who dared to enter their territory alone and unprotected. It was seldom that any necessity arose for a man to leave his own home, for his work, his means of livelihood, and, of necessity, his friends and companions, were all to be found within the compass of his own clan and village. It was impossible to form friendships outside, for not only were men of other tribes his sworn foes, but, as I have said, members of different clans of the Bagesu themselves were as hostile to each other as to strangers. A raid committed by some external tribe in force would be the signal for a temporary union of all the Bagesu clans to resist the common foe; but, the danger past, no trace of amity would remain, and the separate clans would revert to a state of bitter hostility. Whenever a man went even a short distance from his home, he had to go armed with his spear and bow and arrows; even when working in his field his weapons must be close at hand in case of a sudden attack. This state of affairs was rendered all the more extraordinary by the fact that, as the clans were exogamous, men had to obtain their wives from hostile clans. The fact that a man had married or wanted to marry a girl from another clan in no degree mitigated this mutual hatred, and the man had to fetch his wife at the risk of his life or else wait until the harvest festival, when all was peace and goodwill.

At the end of harvest a general truce comes into force for as long as the beer lasts. As much grain as can be spared is always reserved for brewing the beer, and the

brew is made as intoxicating as possible, for this festival is the one great break in the year's routine, and it is looked forward to by men and women, old and young. Differences are all forgotten, and under the intoxicating influences of beer and merrymaking men and women revel together day and night regardless of marriage relations. All weapons are carefully laid aside, and in their place each person carries a long bamboo staff, in the hollow of which is a tube, sometimes long, sometimes short, through which the beer is drunk.

Whoever has brewed beer invites the assembled company to drink. The beer is put in a large pot in the open, and the men sit round and suck it up through their tubes. From morning till night they sit and talk amicably, and the length of their stay depends on the amount of beer available. Men and women drink apart from each other and from separate pots. Whenever a man shows signs of reaching a quarrelsome stage of intoxication, he is removed by his companions to a hut, and left to sleep off the effects of the drink before rejoining the company. Sometimes a husband and wife will make a compact of mutual aid: so long as the husband drinks, the wife refrains and watches over him, ready to remove him when necessary; then, when he has drunk his fill and recovered, he performs the same service for his wife.

Drinking, however, does not compose the whole festival, for singing goes on constantly, and dancing is vigorously indulged in by everyone, from old people, for whom a few steps are enough, to children barely able to toddle. So universal is the love of dancing that at all times and in all stages of civilization it will draw crowds together when nothing else has any appeal. In the even-

ing and during the night the dancing is at its height, and, under the influence of excitement and beer, men and women alike throw off all restraint, marriage ties and claims are disregarded, and a free rein given to impulse and desire. This is, moreover, the time when marriages are arranged. No courtship is necessary; men and women simply make known their desire to each other, and all that is left is for the woman's clan-relatives to settle what fee they will demand for their daughter, for she is "daughter" not only to her parents, but to all members of her father's clan and generation.

When the beer in one village has all disappeared, the company, instead of considering the festival at an end, betake themselves to another village where a further supply is to be found. The number of villages thus visited may be considerable and the merry-making may continue for several weeks before the members return to their own homes and settle down to their ordinary life again, whereupon, in former days, they would at once resume their attitude of hostility towards those with whom they had been feasting and rejoicing.

A young couple who contract marriage on one of these occasions will in a few days settle down to the ordinary routine of life as though they had been married for years. The husband has to see that his wife is supplied with a field and to give her a hoe to till it. If he possesses no land he has to arrange with the head-man of the village what part of the hill he may take possession of, for though there is plenty of land, it is all claimed as clan property by one clan or another, and an individual may not take possession without permission. The chief of the village, therefore, decides the plot of ground to be

tilled by the newly-married couple, and it becomes from that time their property for life. Some few families, however, occupy sufficient land for a father to be able to supply his son with a field, in which case there is no need to ask for clan land.

There is no lack of arable land on Mount Elgon, for the great cluster of peaks of varying heights which composes the mountain is separated by fertile valleys and ridges. On the heights rise numerous streams which water the slopes; many of these are large and form wonderful waterfalls that dash over rocky precipices hundreds of feet high into great pools below. Though in places the mountain shows a surface of bare granite and hard stone, in others this is covered by many feet of rich soil, which, in the valleys between the peaks, is sufficient to grow fine belts of forest, with magnificent trees and a rich tropical undergrowth of ferns and flowers. Round the Government station at Mbale the hillsides are all under cultivation, and yield annually splendid crops. The only paths are tracks made by the natives as they pass from one village to another, and, as these generally run along the sides of the hills at about the same level, it is possible to walk quite long distances without having to descend to a valley or surmount a steep ridge. Frequent streams cross the paths, flowing in clear, rapid torrents down to the valleys, where they unite to form considerable rivers.

Before the British appeared and took up their residence in these parts, frequent raids used to be made on this district, and people and cattle were carried off by tribes who were said to come from the north, and were probably Abyssinians. The Bagesu were not able to resist these attacks, but fled to the higher parts of the

mountains and concealed themselves and their belongings until the raiders had departed. There are many caves in the higher slopes, and some of these were kept stored with grain so that the villagers could flee to them and remain in hiding. The paths leading to these caves were usually difficult to follow and were guarded by men, who concealed themselves at suitable points above them and worked havoc among their enemies with stones and other missiles. Since British protection has ensured them safety from these raids, the people have come farther down the mountain, and now cultivate the more fertile plains and valleys.

The Bagesu keep cows, but these are of a small, mountain kind which yield but little milk. The people, however, do not regard them as sources of food; their milk is a secondary consideration, and the cows, with the goats and sheep, are primarily barter goods, their most important use being to pay the marriage fees, for a man not only aims at obtaining more than one wife for himself, but he has to help his son to make up the fee demanded for his wife. The animals are not often killed for their meat, and as seldom as possible for sacrificial purposes.

A man, however, never knows when he may be called upon to offer a sacrifice to some ghost or to some god. Fights and murders are of fairly frequent occurrence, and any man who has killed another cannot return home until he has been purified. For this purpose a goat is killed, and the contents of its stomach smeared over the face, chest, and legs, not only of the culprit himself but of his children as well, while any liquid remaining over is scattered and sprinkled over his house and round the door to prevent the ghost of the murdered person from

coming near. The meat of the sacrificed animal is then eaten by the family.

Every hut has its sacred place, where there may be found either a shrine or some bamboo stakes, with shells stuck on their ends, planted firmly in the ground. These are sacred to some god or ghost, and are erected when the inhabitants are advised by the medicine-man to make an offering for the purpose of warding off some threatened evil or of curing some disease which has broken out in the family or in the village. Under these bamboo poles, or before the shrine, food or beer will be placed in the hope that the ghost will eat and drink, be pacified, and cease to annoy the inhabitants. On the whole there is little in the way of religious observance or belief among these clans, and, unless there is good reason for so doing, they avoid intruding upon the sanctity of their gods and ghosts.

The sick are not, so far as I could discover, looked after with any care or tenderness; even a mother will give very casual attention to her helpless children, and once they are able to look after themselves they are as much under the care of the rest of the clan as under that of their own parents; in fact, they are everybody's business, with the usual result. Here we have an example of the lack of sympathy in families where relationships are reckoned through the father only. Where, as here, the relations of the father must see to the sick and provide the necessary care and medicines, it is quite probable that the patients will be left very much to themselves to recover or die as nature may determine; whereas, where mother-right prevails, there is generally a more sympathetic and helpful spirit.

The children, so long as they are well, seem a merry

lot, and as they play on the slopes of Elgon they appear as happy as the day is long. Their little troubles are soon forgotten in the world-wide game of pretending to be grown up. They make little harps and drums with which they produce the monotonous thuds which, though to a Western ear they lack even the semblance of music, are to the native a sound of joy. Games of housekeeping, too, may at times be gloriously realistic, for the hillslopes abound in a kind of field rat which lives on growing plants and which can be caught, cooked, and eaten. Boys are taught at an early age to care for the goats and sheep, while the little girls are introduced to the mysteries of digging and cooking. From very tender years also they are the water-carriers and gatherers of firewood for all uses in the house; but in spite of these tasks there is plenty of time for play. No part of the precious day is wasted over dressing or looking after clothes, for they wear none, but they are as fond of decorating themselves as our children are of "dressing up," and their love for jewellery is as great as that of any English girl. The materials, however, are not such as would please our more sophisticated maidens, for a sardine tin will supply half a dozen children with what they consider the most beautiful finger-rings, while a few inches of brass wire not thicker than a slate pencil is more precious than a handsome dress.

These people have no idea of years and keep no account of age, but few seem ever to attain to old age—at any rate, they seldom reach a time when they are too feeble to work or get about. Girls are not more than ten when they begin to prepare for marriage. This preparation consists of a lengthy and painful process of scarifying the chest and forehead. The instrument used



is a kind of large needle or piece of iron tapering to a point at one end; a ring at the other end fits on the little finger, and the needle is curved to lie closely round the back of the hand with the point resting against the thumb. The girl carries this always with her and makes scarifications by pinching up a piece of skin and running the pointed needle through, pushing it so far that the holes made are big enough for a pencil to pass through. Sometimes she will rub wood ashes into the holes, and when the wounds heal they leave thick hard lumps on the flesh, some of those on the forehead standing out as big as peas and being quite hard and black. At times terrible festering sores are the result of these scarifications, and the girl has to wait weeks before she can proceed with her markings; but nothing will discourage her, and when the wound has healed she will persevere with the treatment, arranging the markings in the special lines and shape belonging to her clan. These markings the girls consider essential, and look upon them, when completed, with admiration. Men, too, consider them marks of beauty in a wife, and the girls themselves prize them as highly as any fair maid of our own land values her beautiful hair or eyes. No man would think of marrying a girl who could not show these markings, and she is not admitted into the society of her elders until they are completed.

Youths also have to undergo an initiation ceremony which admits them into the society of the men and proclaims them ready for marriage. Their preparation for this initiation goes on for several weeks, during which time they go from village to village dancing and singing and gathering gifts, or promises of gifts, for the final feast. They decorate themselves with whatever they can



**BAGESU INITIATION CEREMONY. THE DANCE BEFORE THE CEREMONY**



**BAGESU INITIATION CEREMONY. THE DANCE AFTER HEALING**

obtain in the way of ornaments, and many wear on their thighs iron bells shaped like shells. Four of these are threaded on a string and tied round the thigh, so that they shake and rattle as the wearer walks about. While dancing the wearer stamps his foot so that the rattle of the bells follows a kind of rhythm. During this part of the proceedings the boys go about in bands of six or seven, each accompanied by a master of the ceremonies whose duty it is to instruct the youths as to their behaviour and future duties, and to keep order. When the time of preparation is finished and the day for the initiation ceremony is announced, the youths gather together in one place, where the chief of the clan and a priest give them their final instructions, after which they have to go through a long and exhausting programme which lasts from daybreak until evening.

I was permitted to attend one of these ceremonies which took place at a village some two miles from my camp, and which I found full of interest. The six youths to be initiated came to my camp one evening dancing and singing, and two days later the ceremony took place. At daybreak the priest and the chief went to the mountain shrine to beseech the god to bless the ceremony and to remove all evil from the youths and from the place. Later the boys followed to this place, where they were purified and partook of a feast in communion with the god. An animal—in this case a goat—was killed and the contents of the stomach put in a large bowl and mixed with water. The mixture was smeared upon the youths, leaving only their backs untouched. A feast was then held at the shrine, and the youths, having thus received the blessing of the god, were instructed in the duties of their future status and

admonished to be strong men and faithful members of their clan. This finished, they ran back to the village, where hundreds of people had assembled and dancing had begun. From twelve o'clock till past two the youths, accompanied by crowds of people, sang songs and danced backwards and forwards before the village. By the end of the time everyone was worked up to a high pitch of excitement. The boys would crouch down, peering into space as though they saw something, and would suddenly dash out of their ranks waving large clubs, which they wielded with such blind violence that any unfortunate person who chanced to be in their way was certain to be knocked down. Women were the chief sufferers, for they often could not move about quickly enough to evade the blows. Some of the women became completely hysterical; indeed, I saw some who were in such a state that they could not stand still; their bodies moved involuntarily and their muscles twitched and jerked continuously, while their lips moved and their eyes had a vacant stare. The young men who were with me said that they were under the influence of the spirits, who would not let them stand still. Some of them rushed about, shrieking and waving their arms in the wildest fashion.

At about three o'clock the youths were hurried away to the mountain for a final service with the priest at the shrine. Their return journey was made at a quick run, so that they were almost breathless on their arrival in the village. Here they were again surrounded by admirers, who sang to them songs of encouragement to enable them to go forward bravely to the final act of the ceremony. They had then to take the solemn vows of clan-membership before being admitted, by circum-

cision, into the closest bond of union with the elders of the clan. The ceremony is one which must make a lasting impression upon these youths.

They were first sprinkled with a bunch of herbs dipped in water, then a plantain leaf curved like a dish was placed on the ground, and in it was put water and an egg, covered over with a thin gourd-shell ladle. The youth stood near this, and when he had taken the oath he gave three jumps, and with the third came down upon the gourd, smashing it and the egg. Each youth took the oath in this manner, and then the parents and friends stood round and encouraged them to endure the operation bravely, because any sign of fear or hesitation, or even the slightest quiver of pain, brands a youth as a coward. A youth so shamed will commit suicide rather than live under such a cloud.

After the ceremony the youths are confined in special huts for three to four weeks, when they come out and are welcomed to the clan by a final feast and a dance which lasts all night. The robe of manhood is then put upon them. This consists of a goatskin worked and dressed until it is quite soft. Two corners are tied together, and the garment put over the head so that it hangs on the right shoulder and passes under the left arm. It is thus open down one side of the body, and the wearer, when he sits down, draws the two lower corners together and tucks them between his legs. This is the special dress of a full-grown man who has passed through the ceremony of initiation. Women who are married wear a small grass apron which hangs from a belt at the back, where it is six inches wide, and tapers to a point which is passed between the legs and slipped under the belt round the waist, which supports it. These

are the only garments worn by men and women among the Bagesu.

Men and women who have been admitted into membership of the clan may marry as soon thereafter as they care. For the man there is the question of raising the marriage fee, but for this he can call upon the help of his parents or borrow from friends, paying back the loan of goats and sheep as he is able. Initiation ceremonies take place in each clan every other year, but as the years do not coincide, some clans are celebrating the occasion every year.

The medicine-man and the rain-maker are important personages in this tribe, and they are continually being called upon to fulfil some function. On two occasions I had opportunities of seeing how the public treated their meteorological authorities when the weather did not please them and they grew tired of waiting for a change. Once, on my former visit, rain was needed, and the rain-maker, in spite of repeated requests and many offerings, did not respond. At last, finding that the ordinary means were making no impression on the obdurate wizard, a deputation waited on him to impress upon him the fact that their crops were dying and that, unless he promptly acceded to their request, they would have to resort to other means of persuasion. Still the rain-maker did not comply, so the people visited him in a body, robbed his hut, broke it down, and belaboured him so severely that they broke his leg, and I found the poor wretch lying in this miserable condition. This, however, in no wise diminished their faith in his power, and when a few more days had passed without rain they again resorted to the sick man, this time to apologize, fearing that in their wrath they had gone too far and angered



**BAGESU WOMEN CARRYING FOOD**



**BAGESU INITIATION CEREMONY: TAKING THE OATH**

the gods. They apologized to him, restored all his property, and made him a substantial gift in recompense for his personal injuries. As the unfortunate rain-maker could not go himself, he agreed to send his assistant to proceed with the rain-making, and I saw this deputy set out to the shrine on the mountain with the offerings for the god of rain. By a singular coincidence, the time of the offering saw the beginning of a copious fall of rain which lasted two or three days, to the entire satisfaction of the people and the complete confirmation of their faith in the rain-maker.

The other occasion was about the time of the initiation ceremonies which I saw. I was told that there had been but brief breaks in the continuous rains, and that the people were growing anxious about their harvest, which, for lack of sunshine, would not ripen. The rain-maker had been warned how essential sunshine was, and offerings had been made in vain. I saw the result one morning as I stood outside my tent, for a crowd of people passed driving flocks and carrying goods of all kinds from one part of the valley to another. Upon inquiry, I learned that all this was the property of the rain-maker, who had refused to listen to the prayers for fine weather. To show him that he was carrying this indifference too far, they had determined to relieve him of his earthly possessions. I never heard how the matter ended or what effect this action had on the weather, for I had to leave soon after, and such affairs are kept secret and not spread abroad, especially where they may reach European ears, for the Government is making strenuous attempts to stop rain-making and to destroy the influence of the powerful class who practise it.

The disposal of the dead among the Bagesu is of



interest, because by their customs no graves are made, and yet neither bodies nor bones are left about. When a person dies the body must never be allowed to decay, for that would be fatal to the interests of the community and bring dire results in its train. The ceremonies may not begin till evening, so that if a man dies during the night the body will lie in state in the house through the next day, while if he dies during the day the lying-in-state will only last a few hours, during which time the widows and near relatives wail in the house. It must be remembered that here we are only a little north of the equator, so that day and night are of nearly equal length; darkness comes soon after six o'clock, and there is no twilight, the change from day to night taking only a few minutes. As soon as darkness falls the body of the dead man is carried out and deposited upon a piece of waste ground, and sounds as of the howling of jackals rise all around. This noise is meant as a warning to all people to keep to their houses lest they may meet the ghost of the dead man, and the children are frightened into obedience by being told that wild animals are coming to eat the body. In reality the sounds are made by men, who, going to various places a little way off, blow trumpets which sound like the howls of distant animals. All the people, therefore, keep within their huts, while some old women proceed to the waste ground on which the body lies and cut it up, carrying back the parts to the house, and leaving but little behind for any real wild animals or birds to devour. The portions they carry back have to be cooked and eaten by the mourners, who during the next four days meet together to wail for the dead and eat the flesh. The bones are burned, and nothing is left to bear witness to the ceremony but the

skull, which is cleaned and kept in some prominent place either in the hut or at the door, for it is thought to be the relic to which the ghost attaches itself. The belief among these Bagesu is that, unless the body of the dead is thus destroyed and eaten, the ghost will be angry and haunt them, killing their children or otherwise working havoc in the clan. The relatives therefore partake of the body as a ceremonial duty and thus pacify the ghost.

It is worthy of notice that among these primitive people who follow the custom of ceremonial cannibalism there is no fear of the ghost so long as it is pleased; indeed, the ghosts of parents and grandparents are regarded as desirable inmates of a home, and their skulls are kept and honoured and daily offerings of food and drink are made to them. So long as the family does what is right, they need not fear the power of these ghosts; but when some custom is disregarded or some wrong done, their presence becomes a danger, for they will then vent their feelings of wrath and disgust by causing sickness or some other calamity to fall upon the family.

## CHAPTER XIV

### MOUNT ELGON—SABEI

The Bamalaki, a Religious Sect—Journey from Mbale to Sabei—Sipi Fall—The Basabei—Use of Gourds—Huts—Food and Dress—Initiation Ceremonies—Marriage—The Batwa Trappers—Caves on the Higher Slopes and at Sipi—The Bakama Smiths—Division of Pastoral Peoples—Return to Mbale.

**D**URING my visit to Kakungulu I had an opportunity of studying the beliefs of a religious sect which has recently arisen, the holders of which profess a faith of extraordinarily mixed origin. Kakungulu has adopted the faith of this body, with additions, and is spreading his views among the young men who, as many of them are maintained by him, find them easy of acceptance for worldly as well as for religious reasons. Kakungulu's original Christian training made him a zealous adherent of the Church of England, in which he was baptized, and his first desire to break away from the restraints of Church discipline was due to those marriage difficulties which have so often been the cause of converts' defection from their early zeal. The change from the old life of polygamy to monogamy proved in many cases more than their faith could stand, and when a marriage proved unhappy and a man discovered that, according to the law of the Church, he could not put away the wife who had ceased to please him and take another, he began to feel dissatisfied. Many left the Church in order to be free from these galling restrictions, but some of the

better class felt unwilling to take such a step without some authority. This they found in the Old Testament, where they discovered that the early fathers of Israel had more than one wife and that King David had many. This not only seemed to justify their rejection of the Christian ideas preached by their teachers, but roused their resentment against those who insisted on monogamy, and led them to throw off what they regarded as an irksome yoke.

Further developments soon followed, for they insisted that they were still true to their baptismal vows and were still Christians though they married several wives. Then another point arose: one man, who had no leanings towards polygamy, developed a strong objection to medical men and their medicines and treatment. He was a singularly religious-minded man, but utterly lacking in mental ability, and absolutely ignorant, and he was quite unable to distinguish between the magic-working of the medicine-men under the old regime and the skill of the European doctors. He therefore withdrew from the Church, and the new party, because he was a chief of some importance, sought him for their leader and added his contribution to the strange medley of beliefs which made up their creed.

The main body of the sect continues to declare that they follow the Bible as the standard of faith, but they know nothing of the chronological order of the books; for their purposes the books of the Old Testament might be of later date than the Gospels. They have a really wonderful verbal knowledge of the books themselves, but they only apply those portions which agree with their preconceived ideas and completely ignore the meaning of everything else. Their converts, after the scantiest possible teaching, are baptized in the name of the Trinity;

they permit polygamy to the number of four wives, and make faith-healing a fundamental doctrine. They call themselves *Bamalaki*, or followers of Malaki, the man whom they look upon as the founder of their sect. Hundreds of members of the Roman Catholic and Protestant missions have seceded to them, and the sect now numbers some thousands. They have their own schools and a large staff of teachers appointed from among their adherents.

Kakungulu's first reason for joining this sect was that he desired to divorce his second wife for infidelity, which, however, he was unable to prove to the satisfaction of the civil courts. As he had divorced his first wife on the same plea and without any more satisfactory evidence, the attempt was condemned by the members of the Church, whereupon he left it and joined the sect of the *Bamalaki*. I now found that he had gone a step farther in his departure from Church teaching, and had formed a new branch of the *Bamalaki* which he calls "the Church of the Almighty." Adherents to this branch are circumcised after the practice of the Jewish religion, but he retains the form of Christian baptism together with the doctrines of Christian Science or faith-healing which are professed by the main body. The ignorance and inconsistency displayed in his ideas are only equalled by the obstinate tenacity with which he clings to every article of his new faith.

This off-shoot of the faith of the *Bamalaki* was the religion I found taught and practised in Kakungulu's enclosure during the month I spent there. The zeal of his party is considerable and they show a great desire to learn to read and write. Kakungulu is a chief of considerable means and much influence, so that he is able to

build schools and employ teachers in his own district, where the teaching is regular and daily services are held. Kakungulu himself attends service regularly, taking an active part and bearing himself very much as the high-priest of the sect. The teachers wear turbans like the Jews of old, in fact the head-dress is copied from pictures. They observe Saturday as a day of rest and keep it much more strictly than the Christians do their Sunday.

During the month I spent there I was asked each Sunday to meet the teachers and explain Bible difficulties to them; but though I pointed out to them their innumerable inconsistencies, I doubt whether what I had to say made any real impression or influenced their views in any way. I can, however, say for them that they are strictly faithful to their own beliefs and live, according to their lights, moral lives. They have formulated for themselves a religion out of this strange medley of ideas, and their conduct is in complete accordance with their beliefs.

After making a brief survey of the Bagesu I began to think of moving on, and, as there was no reply to my letter asking for permission to go into Karamojo, I determined to go higher up the mountain to see some of the caves, which were said to have been at one time permanent human habitations, and to visit some little-known tribes on the higher slopes of Elgon. After two days of marching up a gentle ascent I began the real task of climbing the mountain. Unfortunately rain fell during the night and early morning of my second day out, making walking most difficult. I gave up all thought of riding, handing my bicycle over to one of the boys to carry, and soon found that I had done wisely, for much of the path was under water deep enough to cover my

shoes, while in other places the earth was muddy and slippery. After the first two or three miles the steepness of the slope cleared the path of water and left a smooth clay surface almost like ice. When we reached the real ascent the steepness of the slopes and the slippery surface of the clay made climbing most trying and frequent rests were necessary. The journey had its redeeming features, however, for the air was delightfully cool and the scenery magnificent. At one place the ascent took the form of a sharp rise of 500 feet, almost like a wall in its steepness, which had to be negotiated by a path zigzagging up the face of the cliff.

On the plateau at the top I rested and had some refreshment, and for the next few miles we ascended gently, though occasionally there would be a sharp rise, and here and there a ridge with a steep dip on the other side. There was no way of getting round these difficult places and we had to get over them as best we could. The scenery was beautiful and we crossed frequent streams rushing clear and sparkling over their stony beds. Many of these were spanned by bridges made of bamboo, which grows in abundance on the mountain. A few strong branches of trees form the ribs of such a bridge, and bamboos cut to equal lengths are laid across the framework of trees. These bridges have been made by the Baganda agents who are looking after these districts for the Government.

The camp to which I now went was near one of the finest falls I had seen in Uganda. It is called the Sipi Fall and has a drop of fully 500 feet. The noise of the water is deafening to anyone near it, but at a short distance it sounds musical and has a soothing effect. The vegetation round the fall is wonderful, for the tree-trunks



**THE SIPI FALL, MOUNT ELGON**



**A GOVERNMENT CAMP ON MOUNT ELGON**



are covered with ferns and flowers grow everywhere, even where they seem to be clinging to the surface of the bare rock. An indescribable effect of grace and beauty is added by the maidenhair fern which hangs from the rocky walls wherever it can find a space. The ravine into which the water falls is so overhung with trees and flowers that, from the heights above, the rocky bed of the river is completely concealed, while the tropical growth gives cover to all manner of wild beasts and birds.

To my dismay I found the next march still more trying, and I began to feel that my climbing days must be over and my strength deserting me. Some of the rocks we had to climb were slippery and the foot-holds by no means secure, so that I had to resort to the plan of keeping one boy always with me in case I should need a helping hand.

After a good deal of climbing we reached the next camp, where I meant to make my headquarters during my stay, and from there work up and down the mountain, visiting both the people and the places of interest. This camp was on a fairly level plateau in Sabei where the height registered by my aneroid was 8,550 feet above sea level. A little before sunset on the first evening we experienced a terrific rainstorm. I was writing at the time in a hut with open sides, and I kept moving from one part to another as the wind drove the rain and hail through the room. The wind, however, shifted from one direction to another and blew in turn from every point of the compass so that it was not long before there was no dry spot in the hut. As soon as it was possible I fled to my tent, only to find two or three inches of water there. The tent had been pitched over a slight hollow which was now a pool. The bed seemed the only dry place,

and I got into it as quickly as I could. When the rain was over it felt intensely cold, and I required all the blankets I had to keep me even moderately warm. The cold was not really extreme, for I do not think the thermometer ever registered a temperature even so low as 45°, but the rapid change from the heat of the sun at noon and from the plains, where there was never any suggestion of cold, made me feel even this as unpleasantly chilly.

In this part of the country I found greater difficulty in getting men who were willing and able to tell me about their customs. I questioned and talked to quite a number before I got hold of the right kind for my purpose. Fortunately, I soon found one man who was able to speak a language I knew and who was willing to be retained as an interpreter. Then, after two or three days' general talk with the natives, I found three old men who by degrees became communicative and told me a good deal about their customs. By drawing comparisons between their stories and what I knew of other places I roused their interest, and they became quite anxious to prove how much more careful they were to adhere closely in all things to their tribal customs than were, for instance, the Bagesu.

These Basabei, as they call themselves, are an offshoot of the Nandi and Turkana tribes, who do not follow milk customs entirely, though their ancestors were pastoral people. Like the Masai, they use gourds for milk vessels, and I think it is clear that these are an earlier form of vessel than those used by the pastoral folk in the lake districts, and that both the earthen pot and the wooden pot only became known to these pastoral people when they had conquered some aboriginal tribe

to whom methods of working in wood and clay were already familiar. Gourds, being found in their natural state, may early have been brought into use for receptacles just as they grew, and now the Masai and tribes to the east and north use them almost exclusively. They have cultivated the art of stitching them together when they crack, and they attach strips of leather for handles by which to carry them. By the constant application of butter to keep them from drying and cracking, the gourds attain a fine dark polish and really make very pretty vessels. These people differ also in their use of milk from the pastoral tribes to the south of the Nile, for they allow it to go sour and make it into a kind of cheese, whereas the pastoral people of the lake region drink it while it is fresh and have strict rules against allowing it to curdle in their pots.

Another difference between these Basabei and the pastoral people in the lake region is to be seen in their manner of building. Among the former the huts are some six feet high and flat roofed. The walls are made of branches fixed firmly in the ground, the spaces being filled up with mud. From wall to wall are laid poles, which are covered first with a layer of grass to keep the earth from coming through. On the top of this, earth is laid to a depth of some eight inches, and is pressed until it presents a hard, smooth surface, which is sometimes glazed to render it rain-proof. This mode of building is common throughout Ugogo and in the Usagara hills, even in districts within a hundred miles of the east coast opposite Zanzibar. It is a sign of the presence of a warlike people who have to live ever on the defensive against surrounding enemies who may raid their villages by night and would burn down grass huts

if such were to be found; hence the people have taken to these almost fire-proof buildings. On Elgon I found no kraals formed, in the manner of the pastorals of Ankole and Bunyoro, by building the huts so that they enclose a space or compound. The kraals are stockaded enclosures adjoining the huts, and the cows are driven into them at night and lie in the open. At the time of my visit almost all the cows had been taken away to pasture on the plains bordering on Lake Salisbury, where the land is well watered by abundant streams which run into the lake, and only a few cows for immediate use remained on the mountain.

The people reminded me forcibly of the Nandi, Kikuyu, Wamegi and Wahumba tribes to the south-east, who have added to their milk diet the use of vegetable foods, so that they are no longer solely dependent upon milk. In dress, too, the Basabei resemble the Masai, for the men wear little clothing, while the women are draped in long cowskin robes which reach from the shoulders to the feet. The women do not cover their heads or faces, and are fond of ear ornaments, piercing the lobes of the ears to insert brass and iron rings. Like the Masai, the women carry heavy loads of food or firewood on their backs, the weight being supported by straps of leather passed round their heads or foreheads. This forms another striking difference between them and the pastoral women of the lake region, who are not permitted to carry any weights at all.

I found that here there was a strong feeling among the men and women in favour of holding initiation ceremonies before any young people were admitted as members of their adult society. These ceremonies take place after harvest, when the field-work is at an end for

the time and there is no anxiety about the crops. Both men and women have to undergo the rites and spend some weeks in preparation, during which time the men are instructed in tribal laws and customs and must swear to follow them before they can undergo the rite of circumcision. After the rite is performed, the young men remain from five to six weeks in seclusion. When they come out their bodies are painted with red and white clay, and they are brought before a council of elders, who bestow upon them new names which are tribal and are considered most sacred. Each youth, when coming to receive his new name, has to be entirely covered with a cowskin so that nothing but a hand is visible. They crawl upon their elbows and knees, and in the exposed hand each holds a staff five feet long. An attendant watches them as they crawl along, and should one inadvertently expose more than this hand the attendant draws his attention to the fault by a blow with a stick. When they come before the elders they kneel in a row, arranging their staffs so that they overlap and form a continuous row, each boy holding one end of his own staff and an end of his neighbour's in each hand. Then they are lectured and given general instructions as to their behaviour and certain questions are put to them. When they wish to reply in the negative, or when, as is sometimes the case, no reply is expected, they remain still, with their heads bowed and their staffs lying on the ground. When, however, they wish to answer in the affirmative, they raise their staffs in the air and with one voice shout a prolonged "Yes." They are then given their new names, and their friends and relatives crowd round to decorate them with ornaments for the dance which invariably follows.

Young women undergo an initiation ceremony corresponding to that of the men and also receive new names. They are instructed by old women, as the youths are by old men, and crawl before the women to be catechized and receive their names.

When both parties are ready the dance is given in the village of some clan elder, who collects beer and a supply of food from the members of the tribe. It is a general tribal festival and of special importance in that it is the marriage festival for the year. The marriage custom differs from that of other tribes, for the young couples arrange their matches and end the ceremony on the same day. The dancing takes place in the open, and crowds assemble to witness or take part in it. A number of drums are placed at one end of the compound, a ring is formed, and when the drums begin two young people step out and dance to and fro and up and down this ring, bowing to each other and skipping round without, to the unaccustomed eye, either rhyme or reason. Others soon join in the dance; and the pace grows faster and faster until it becomes a regular rush. This lasts for about half an hour, when the drums stop and the dancers rest till the music starts again. Young initiated couples meet here, and during the evening arrange a match for themselves; at the end of the dance the young man carries off his bride to his home and claims her as his wife. Before this union becomes permanent the parents' consent has to be obtained. In the morning the bridegroom sends a hoe to the bride's mother, and her acceptance of this is a sign that she agrees to the match. She has then to call together the clan-members, and, in conference with them, she and her husband settle the amount to be asked from the bridegroom as a wedding fee. If

the mother rejects the bridegroom she returns the hoe, and her daughter has to be sent home the same day; another dance is given until the girl is claimed by a man whom her parents regard as a suitable son-in-law. There is no further marriage ceremony, and the young people begin married life at once and are recognized as full members of the tribe with right of admission to the councils, the husband sitting in the councils of the men, while the wife takes part in the deliberations and secrets of the women.

While in Mbale, before starting for Sabei, I had heard of a tribe called Batwa, who were described to me as dwarfs, and one or two short people among the Bagesu were pointed out to me as members of this tribe. It was, therefore, with some interest that I sought for these people and wandered about among the mountain peaks trying in vain to get a glimpse of their homes. At length I found a man who said that he knew where some of them were living, and as their home was some miles away, in one of the almost inaccessible parts of the bamboo forest, he agreed to go and ask them to come to me. One day three of them came, but, to my surprise, they were not pygmies at all, but fairly tall young fellows of almost the same type as the Basabei. On inquiry I found that they were members of the same tribe as the latter, but that they had no settled homes and lived a nomadic life in the forest, being what we should term trappers. On the mountain there are numbers of animals very much like our English mole which these trappers capture. They eat the flesh, both fresh and as dried meat, with the young shoots of bamboo as vegetables, but they also barter the dried flesh for grain with the Basabei and other tribes on the lower

slopes of the mountain. There was nothing of special interest in the men beyond the fact that they were trappers and lived this wandering life on the topmost peaks of the mountain, where it is always cool and even at times quite cold.

One of my objects in climbing this part of the mountain was to investigate the caves which abound in the upper slopes, in order to see if any traces could be found of their having been at any time in use as permanent habitations. For this purpose I went to see a number of them. They are natural caves in the face of the rock, which here forms precipitous walls hundreds of feet high, and, so far as I could discover, no attempts have ever been made to enlarge them or alter the natural construction. In some places there are tiers of caves in the face of the rock, the lower set, which we could reach, being, I was told, typical of them all. In this part of Elgon—in fact, on the whole of the north and north-east sides—geologists find no trace of volcanic action, and these caves were probably formed by earthquake motions, during which the masses of rock were tilted or subsided, either leaving open spaces or, by their movement, breaking off and pushing out large portions of the face of the rock, and thus leaving holes which formed the caves. Right in the doorway of one cave lies a huge wedge-shaped pile of rock which looks uncommonly like a mass which had been thrust out by the movement of the surrounding layers. The entrance is completely hidden, and can only be reached by climbing round this rock. The caves are, in places, fully 15 feet high, and few are less than 20 feet long, while some of the larger ones extend 40 to 50 feet before the sloping roof meets the floor. The layers of rock form clearly marked shelves,





**SABEI: MEN AND WOMEN CARRYING FOOD**



**SABEI: PORTER CARRYING COWSKINS**

the floor of the lower caves being one shelf, while, about a hundred feet higher, another layer forms the floor of the next set of caves, and there is yet another set of caves above that. Still higher is a fertile plateau, with trees and vegetation growing to the very edge of the rock-face, down which streams dash from the springs above to the ravine below. It would be well, perhaps, to remind the reader that Mount Elgon is not one great peak rising above the already high land, but a series of peaks of varying heights separated by valleys and plateaux. The mountain covers an area of many miles, and on it rise several fine streams which flow from its heights to the Nile or to Lake Victoria.

I found no deposit of any kind in the caves I visited, for the floor of each was solid rock and quite bare. Here and there were traces of fires, but there was nothing to prove that the caves had been in use for any length of time. In some of the caves cattle are now housed, and one is watered by a small stream trickling through it. A herd of fifty cows could be, and, I was told, is at times kept in this cave, so that there was a certain amount of slushy mud in the stream where the cows had trampled about. The people themselves could tell me nothing about the possibility of the caves having been in continuous use; they had not lived there and they did not know whether their fathers had ever done so. Some could remember having fled into them when raiders had attacked them, and could tell how they had had to hide their cattle during the daytime and pasture them by night on the upper slopes of the mountain.

On three nights during my stay in the upper part of the mountain I woke with a feeling of suffocation and had to sit up in bed and gasp for breath for half an hour

or more. The sensation then passed away, but I felt as though I must be becoming subject to asthma, which rather surprised me. Having completed my survey of the people and the investigation of the caves, I descended to the lower plateau at Sipi, when, to my surprise, I began to feel as though a load of care had been removed from my mind; in fact, I felt as though I had just recovered from an attack of fever. Walking was once more pleasant, and I could get about without the weary feeling which had so oppressed me during the past few days. On the second day I felt so much more ready for work that I came to the conclusion that the altitude had been the cause of all my troubles and that the less rarefied air of the lower slopes would soon put an end to them. It was rather peculiar that in Kigezi, at the same or even greater heights, I had felt no ill effects. I was now, however, able to do the necessary marches without any weariness, and I did not experience any undue fatigue when I climbed down towards the ravine to examine some of the caves at Sipi Falls. The descent to the lower part of the fall is steep; indeed, in one place the natives have made a rough ladder for about a hundred feet down the face of the rock where it is a sheer wall. It is possible to walk behind the fall and see it dashing into the pool below. From where we were we could not get down to the pool, and I did not think there was any object in crossing the ravine to get down on the other side. I learned that in one of the caves there is a kind of salt deposit which the people scrape up, but it is only used locally and not for trading purposes.

When we were climbing to examine the caves I noticed a bad smell, which I could not understand until the guide informed me that a leopard had caught a calf



**SABEI: MILK-WOMAN WITH GOURD POTS,  
CARRYING BABY**



**WOMEN OF SABEI**

on the slope above the caves and had begun to tear it up. When the owner rushed to try to save it, the beast jumped over the cliff, a fall of fully 100 feet, alighting with its burden in the branches of the trees, from which it fell to the ground alive and, so far as they could see, uninjured. Before anyone could climb down to the place, it had dragged the calf, which it still held, into the rocky bed of the stream and escaped.

Before leaving the heights of the Sipi plateau and descending the escarpment to the Mbale plain, I came upon a set of people who call themselves *Bakama*. As the name attracted me, I sent for some of the old men and made a short examination of their clan. The first thing was to find out their reason for claiming the name *Bakama*, which I could only interpret as meaning "men of the king," the king being the Mukama of Bunyoro. After some talk with them I learned that a few smiths from Bunyoro had, some years before, made their way to this part of Mount Elgon and settled upon the slopes doing smith's work. The men I saw claimed to be sons of those smiths. They have adopted the customs of the Sabei people and have been accepted as a clan of that tribe. While in Bunyoro they, as artisans, belonged to the lower, or agricultural, classes, but they now form a clan of this semi-pastoral tribe.

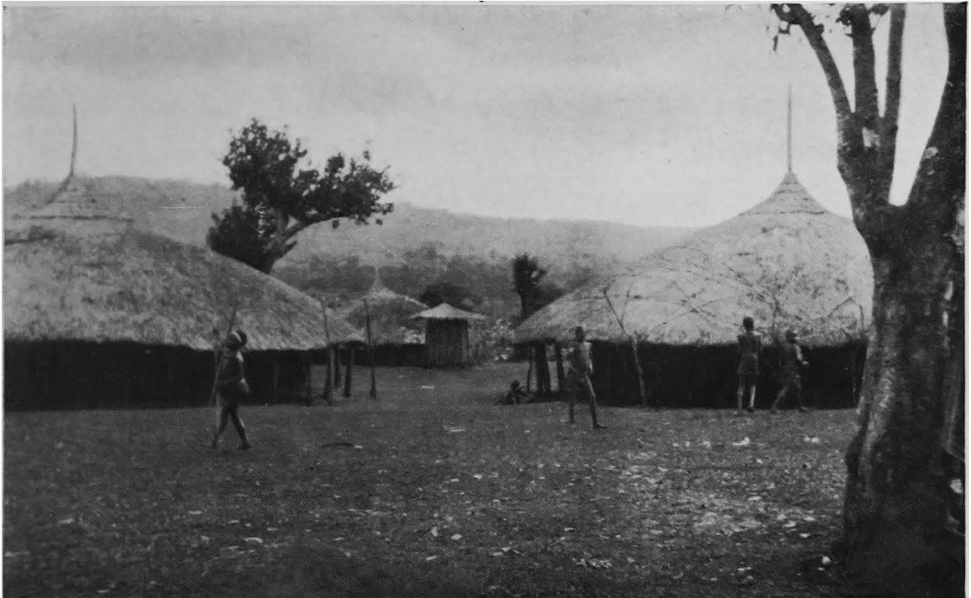
This part of Elgon is the dividing line between two sets of pastoral tribes. To the east and north are the Masai, Nandi, Turkana and Somali, all of whom practise initiation ceremonies involving mutilation, while the Galla, the Karamojo, and the pastoral tribes of the lake region, with the exception of the Banyoro, who at puberty extract six lower teeth, avoid all mutilation or marking of the body. This may be said to be the dis-

tinguishing feature between two sets of people who are in all other respects allied and who show clear evidence of descent from one parent stock, though the problems of whence they came and which of them first reached Africa have still to be solved. The various branches all possess traditions of having come from the north, and, so far as I could gather from the tribes I examined, the Galla seem to have a good claim to be the parent stock. Their migrations belong to the far past, and none of them possess anything which can give a clue to their history, so that we are left with the meagre and vague accounts which have been handed down orally and in which we cannot now distinguish tradition from history. Under these circumstances it was most trying to be prevented from going on into the Galla country when I was so near, and my annoyance was intensified when some of the Karamojo people came to me and were quite friendly, assuring me that there was no danger in passing through their country. Still, as I had not received any answer to my letter to the officer commanding the troops in Karamojo, and could not proceed without permission, I decided to return to Mbale to see if anything awaited me there.

The climb down the escarpment was not so difficult as the upward journey, but when I tried to ride my bicycle on the lower slopes I found that the clay clung to it and persistently clogged the fork and mudguard, so that I could not go far without dismounting to clean it, and at times I had to carry the machine through marshy places. At ten o'clock I reached the place at which I had arranged with my porters to camp, but, after waiting some hours, I had to send out men to look for them. They were discovered two miles away, where



**SABEI: MARRIAGE DANCE**



**SABEI: HOUSES WITH A GRANARY IN CENTRE**

they had pitched my tent and settled down for the day. They quite expected that when I found this I would come to them, and they were inclined to resent having to strike camp and come on to me. They were so long in coming that I secured another set of porters, and when the first lot arrived they were paid off at once; the fresh men then took over my loads, and I made a forced march to Mbale, arriving there about three o'clock. There I spent a few days, this time at the Government station, while I made fresh plans before starting out again.



## CHAPTER XV

### A JOURNEY ROUND ELGON—BUSOGA

New Plans—A Holiday Tour round Elgon—The Medicine-man and the Aeroplane—Administration of the Country—Crossing the Mpologoma River—Iganga—Busoga Past and Present—Jinja—The Ripon and Owen Falls—Flints.

ON my return from the higher slopes of Elgon to Mbale I found that Mr. Cox, the District Commissioner, had left the station to meet the Provincial Commissioner who, with his wife, was expected to arrive in the district within the next three or four days. However, I used a room in his house for the work of arranging my goods, while I myself was most hospitably entertained by the Assistant District Commissioner. There was no answer to my letter asking for permission to go through Karamojo, so that, as the period of my leave of absence from my parish at home was fast drawing to a close, allowing only a few months for further work here, I determined to give up all my original plans for a tour through Karamojo to the Galla people, and sat down to think how best to make use of the remaining time. I decided that the wisest plan would be to return to Bunyoro by way of Busoga and then journey homeward down the Nile, making studies wherever possible of the so-called Nilotic tribes on the way to Khartoum.

Having decided on this I saw that a great deal of my camping and marching outfit would be useless, for the

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greater part of the journey could be done by boat or rail, and at most I would not have more than ten days' marching to do. I was therefore occupied for the next two or three days in sorting out, with the help of my cook, the articles I might require from my cases of provisions, and in making a list of those of which I wished to dispose in order that they might be offered for sale. I thought at first of sending my surplus stock to Kampala, but one of the Assistant Commissioners advised me to let the goods be sold at Mbale where he thought they might fetch better prices.

Hearing that I should be able to get a place in the motor van for Jinja and thus save a march which would take two or three days, I allowed my tent and surplus goods to be sold at once and, as accommodation in the van was limited, I sent on my rather useless head-boy, along with the small boy who had been my cook's assistant, with several cases, to Jinja by road, so that all might be in readiness there on my arrival.

When, however, I had made all these arrangements, Mr. Guy Eden, the Provincial Commissioner, arrived with his wife, and I found that he was an old friend, for I had met him years ago when he first came out to Kampala to join the Service. They urged me to alter my plans and join them in a journey which would take us over the Koko ridge of Elgon, then south towards Lake Victoria, and so round through Busoga to Jinja. I was at first a little disinclined to fall in with this proposal, as I had sold my tent and goods and would have to borrow others, and also because I doubted whether, under the conditions of such a tour, I should be able to do much work, for the natives stand in awe of the Provincial Commissioner, and the fact that he is always

accompanied by a body of native police adds to their timidity in approaching him; under such circumstances my special method of investigation would be impossible. However, I determined to take a holiday and accepted their kind invitation to accompany them as their guest. Accordingly two days later I was again moving northward by slow stages, and we took ten days to reach Jinja. This journey, with its easy stages, its pleasant company and its general comfort made a splendid holiday and was a delightful experience after my usual method of getting about the country. Mr. Cox accompanied Mr. Eden through his own district so that society was not lacking, and the novelty of a lady's presence on the march added much to the pleasure of the journey. Mrs. Eden is one of those women whose part in the making of our Empire is an invaluable one. Not only do they brighten the existence of their husbands, but their encouraging influence reaches farther and does more good than they themselves can possibly realize, cheering and sustaining many others whose life work calls them to dwell in the wild and lonely places.

Before I left Mbale, however, I made a short journey to Nabumale where there are two missions, one, the older, which I had visited twelve or thirteen years before, belonging to the Church Missionary Society, while the other is Roman Catholic. These missions are working among the Bagesu, and the Church Missionary Society has opened a higher grade school for the training of youths, more especially the sons of superior chiefs. Here the teaching is not confined to the rudiments of education, but the pupils are taught something of agriculture and of various handicrafts. Such industrial training is of the utmost value for promoting the welfare of the natives and

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is the only means of elevating such socially degraded tribes.

While I was visiting this station I had pointed out to me a medicine-man, who lived in a hut on the slope of the mountain and who had been terribly startled by the appearance of the aeroplane in which Dr. Chalmers Mitchell was being taken across Africa. The hum of the engines was noticed first by the wives of the great man, and when the machine came in sight they called to their husband who, taking a hurried look at the strange being that was approaching, gathered his wives together and told them that this was the great spirit of whose appearance he had warned them before, that he had come to carry them all away, and that they had better keep together and answer the summons in a body. Thereupon they all rushed into the hut, securing the door, and nothing would induce them to open it and come out, even though their companions outside told them the danger was over. At length the missionary came up and explained the phenomenon to them, telling them that the winged spirit was the work of man and that there were in it people such as they saw before them. The door was then cautiously opened, and when the terrified medicine-man saw that no damage had been done to the mountain, and that, so far as he could see, the world in general was unchanged, he came out to hear the wonderful tale of the men who could fly through the air at such a speed and in so precarious a manner. "The white man is indeed wonderful," was his comment. "The magic he works is dreadful and he is greatly to be feared."

Though on this journey to Jinja I found it impossible to do any regular work, it gave me an opportunity of

seeing a part of Busoga and parts of Elgon on the eastern side, where there were two or three small tribes that I might not otherwise have seen. I saw some of the Bagesu in their more isolated homes and less civilized state and was thereby helped to form correct opinions about them. I was interested in seeing how thickly the Bagesu peopled the slopes of the spur Koko. Here they have large parts of the mountain under cultivation and grow their millet in fields which reach to the tops of the mountain peaks very much as the Bakyiga do on the slopes of the mountains in Kigezi. Mr. Eden and Mr. Cox meanwhile were kept busy, for at each stage the local chiefs gathered together for a conference.

The country is divided into districts of about ten or twelve miles, each of which has its hall or meeting-house, where the chiefs gather at intervals to meet the District Commissioner, who tries cases, hears complaints, and gives advice on administrative matters and also on problems connected with the cultivation and disposal of the different crops grown in the district. The chiefs have the powers of magistrates, but records have to be kept of all cases, and these are inspected by the District Commissioner, who either confirms the decisions or, if dissatisfied, orders another trial. He, in his turn, may refer difficult cases to a yet higher court. In each district there are also government agents in whose hands is the duty of collecting the poll-tax by which the old hut-tax has wisely been replaced. These agents are also expected to be law clerks and have to attend the gatherings of the chiefs, while all cases are tried in their presence that they may see the law properly administered.

When the Provincial Commissioner visits a district he is accompanied by the District Commissioner, who con-

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venes the meetings and keeps his superior officer informed of all that has been going on. I found it interesting to observe the crowds of chiefs who gathered at each place to meet these officers, but they were too much occupied for me to attempt any detailed investigations, for not only had they to attend the conferences, but afterwards they had to accompany the Commissioners on a round of inspection to see the crops and examine any improvements and changes. These visits serve a double purpose, for not only is supervision thus exercised over the local chiefs, but the natives are persuaded and encouraged to further endeavours in the cultivation of cotton, rubber, or any other crop which the Government advises them to grow. The officers have to be ready to give advice on the methods of growing such crops and on the best means of disposing of them.

Under the supervision of the Government agents the natives have opened up the country, cutting roads throughout the province and making it comparatively easy to cycle for many miles. Many of the chiefs have purchased bicycles, and at times as many as twenty or thirty machines would be seen outside the hall in which a conference was going on. Here and there a more enterprising young chief has even learned the art of managing a motor-cycle, on which he can ride quite long distances over many parts of the country, though even the better roads are but tracks about five yards wide, where the trees and scrub have been cleared and streams bridged to allow bicycles or other light traffic to pass with comfort. During the dry season these roads are quite usable, but after prolonged rain they are so soft as to be impassable for wheeled traffic. A motor road has been built from Mbale which, to avoid the swamps of

the Mpologoma River, runs to Mjanji on Berkeley Bay, an arm of Lake Victoria, where a small steamer calls for export goods and brings supplies for the Indian shopkeepers and the people at Mbale. This road is properly built and metalled over its whole length so that motors can use it at any time of the year.

During our tour round Elgon I found at various places old Baganda friends who invariably wished to commemorate our meeting by making me presents and were greatly distressed at their inability to find anything they considered suitable at such short notice. In two cases their attempts to show their pleasure were really touching, though, it must be confessed, somewhat embarrassing. One man, quite a poor peasant, introduced himself to me by telling me that I had taught him many years before in preparation for his baptism. Wishing, as he said, to make me a small present, he pressed into my hand three rupees, which he hoped I would accept instead of a sheep. He was quite grieved when I refused, explaining that I could not take money which he had such difficulty in earning. I told him, however, that, if he could find and bring to me some native ornament, I would gladly accept it and keep it in remembrance of him. He went off cheered, but, as we moved on directly, I did not see him again. Two days later another man, this time one of the Government agents in charge of a district, came, and, after greeting me and expressing his joy at the meeting, watched for an opportunity of speaking to me unobserved by the District Commissioner. At length, under the pretext of wishing me good-bye, he pushed a paper into my hand, saying it was his gift to me as an old friend. It contained fifteen rupees, so that again I was forced to dis-

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appoint a friend by refusing to take money. I was impressed, however, by the gratitude of these men, whom I had not seen for years, but who were thus anxious to make some return for the part I had taken in their early training. These sums were to them considerable amounts and in both cases must have represented the savings of many weeks.

When we reached the river Mpologoma, which is a tributary of the Nile and joins it at Lake Kioga, we had to part with Mr. Cox, the Commissioner of the Elgon District, and another District Commissioner from Jinja met us on the opposite bank of the river. This part of the river is more like a stretch of swamp than what our English minds picture as a river, for it is a mile wide and is full of papyrus, which grows fully twelve feet high. At various points there are ferry-men who make their living by carrying people over and who keep clear paths through the growth for the passage of their canoes. These canoes are of the dug-out type and are cut from tree-trunks twenty to thirty feet long. These are hollowed out, leaving substantial ends and strong sides. Some are four feet wide and will carry at a time as many as three cows together with the men to guard them and the paddlers.

On the night before crossing we camped within reach of the ferry, and next morning one set of boys, with materials for breakfast, went on ahead at about four o'clock, leaving us to follow at daybreak. This is the usual method adopted by these officers on their tours: after early morning tea in camp they leave at daybreak, while the boys who have gone on before prepare breakfast by the roadside some four or five miles farther on. When travelling alone I never attempted this but had breakfast



in camp and then went on ahead for the whole stage, refreshing myself with hot coffee from my thermos-flask and biscuits or sandwiches, and leaving all my porters, boys and goods to come on as quickly as possible after me. When we reached the ferry several canoes were in readiness awaiting us, and we soon embarked with our bicycles and our canoe was pushed off. The passage through the tall papyrus was some four to eight yards wide and at first, the day being still young, it was pleasant. After a short time, however, mosquitoes appeared and we were kept busy brushing them from our faces, necks, and hands, for they attacked us mercilessly and all our endeavours to protect ourselves could not prevent them from settling and getting frequent bites. It took fully an hour to punt the canoe to the opposite shore, which was about a mile distant, and we were glad when at length we reached it.

In no place in the river is there any clear running water, the tall papyrus holds the water up and it has to find its way under the roots of the growing vegetation. In some places I noted by the punting-pole one man used that there was some ten feet of water, and I suspect that under the placid surface there would be found a swift current. The stream is the home of the hippopotamus, which, though it seems slow and ungainly on land, will show, in defence of its young, a rapidity of movement and a fierceness which are astonishing. I have known men on shore attacked and killed by one before they could escape.

The place where we breakfasted that morning was about a mile from the river, and it was the worst place for a meal I ever visited. We were pestered by mosquitoes to such an extent that it was with difficulty

## A Journey Round Elgon—Busoga 289

we got food into our mouths. They were of all sorts and sizes, from the huge, noisy pests to almost invisible specks, but all seemed alike in the rapidity with which they took advantage of the moments when our hands were occupied with food. I was never at any time more annoyed by these pests, though I passed in the course of the expedition through some districts which were noted for them.

The remainder of the journey to Iganga was much like the former part to the Mpologoma River. Here I saw some tribes closely connected with the Basoga, among whom I now intended to do a little work. When we reached Iganga I found it had become an Indian village, with shops and houses on each side of the road. It is a centre for the cotton trade, and here the natives for miles around bring their cotton for sale, and it is ginned, packed, and pressed into bales for dispatch to the coast. The shops contain chiefly cotton materials, lamps, kerosene oil, and so forth, which are sold to the natives, who are thus encouraged to desire and buy all manner of things which they could very well do without.

From Iganga we finished our journey to Jinja, a distance of thirty-nine miles, by motor. I got the loads off in the early morning by a shorter cross-country route, and we followed later, reaching Jinja about ten o'clock. Here I spent several days gathering information from some of the old men of Luba's district. I was entertained during the time by Mrs. Eden, whose kindness made me feel quite at home, and who even permitted me to interview my native informants in her house.

This part of Busoga is no longer merely a native

settlement, but has grown into an important town with European and Indian settlers, for here is the terminus of the Busoga railway which unites Lake Kioga and Lake Victoria, and here steamers call weekly, bringing passengers and goods from the coast. When I first came here the only point of interest was the Ripon Falls and the only habitations were a few scattered huts where lived the men who kept the ferry. It was near this place that Bishop Hannington was murdered at the instigation of King Mwanga of Buganda, the son and successor of the famous Mutesa. Luba, the actual perpetrator of the deed, was only an instrument in the hands of Mwanga, for the part of Busoga of which he was the ruler was a tributary state of Buganda. At that time this part of the country was prosperous and wealthy; its plantain groves were noted, the population was large, and the people possessed fine herds of cows and flocks of goats and sheep. In those days they bred a special kind of goat, noted for its long hair, which was used chiefly for making head-dresses and for binding round the shields of warriors. They also had a kind of sheep with a long, fat tail, which trailed on the ground as it walked. The poorer people used to cut off pieces of the fat tail whenever they had a craving for meat but did not wish to kill a sheep. They also possessed some of the finest canoes on Lake Victoria, surpassing even the Baganda in the art of canoe-building. They built them in portions, the keel being one long tree, while the sides were built up from it with boards stitched together with strong creepers, which, when dry, became like wire. These canoes were often fifty to sixty feet long and had twenty-four paddlers, who sat facing the bows and used short leaf-blade paddles.

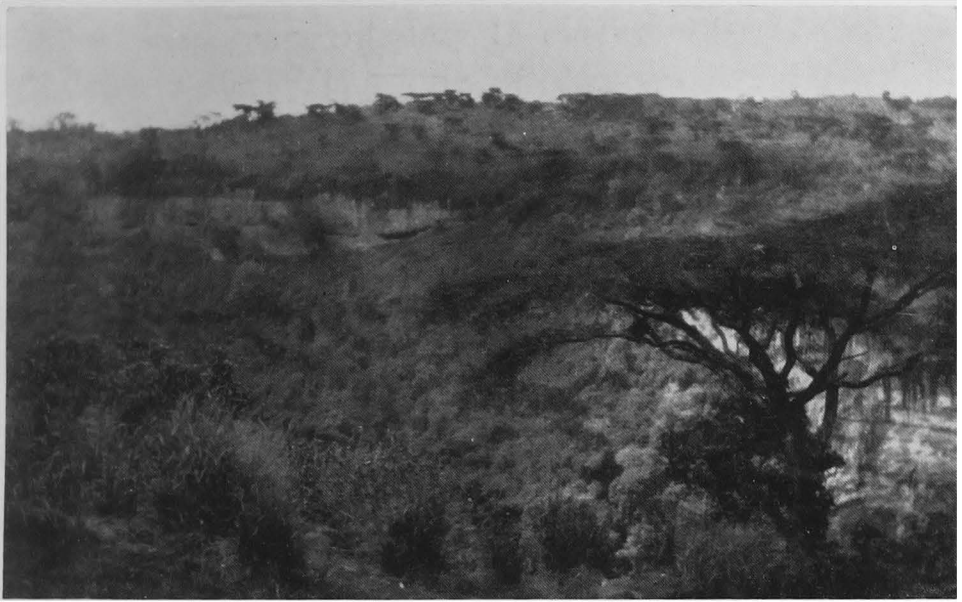
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The history of Busoga has been a chequered one, for it was for many years tributary to one or other of the neighbouring states. The king of Bunyoro was for a long time its overlord; in fact, it was so much a part of his kingdom that new chiefs had to be approved of by him and had to come to him to be confirmed in their offices just as the chiefs of his own country did. Each year the chiefs would send to the king some gift of cattle, slaves and sheep, but no definite or compulsory taxes were levied. During these years the Basoga adopted certain of the customs of the superior tribe, and one of these, the custom of extracting the front teeth in the lower jaw at puberty, still survives. Later the Baganda wrested part of the country from the Banyorò, and three districts, one of which was that ruled by Luba, became subject to the king of Buganda and remained under him until the British occupation. The Baganda insisted on a yearly tribute of slaves, ivory and cattle, and sent collectors to gather it. These tax-gatherers seized the opportunity to feather their own nests, and the Basoga endured a good deal of hardship at their hands. The Basoga chiefs sent their sons to the Buganda court to be brought up as pages to the king, and from among these lads the king chose those who he believed would be his loyal subjects and made them chiefs over their country.

In Buganda there were lands assigned to the ruling chiefs of Busoga, where they could take up their abode whenever they wished to visit the king, but such visits were costly affairs. The chief who went always wanted to travel and live in state, and he had to give handsome presents not only to the king but to the chief Sekibobo, through whose district he had to pass on his way to the

capital of Buganda. The peasants were expected to provide their chiefs with these presents, and, though they naturally grumbled at the time, it did not take them more than a few months to make good their loss, for the country was then most prosperous. When I first knew it, which was under these conditions, food was so abundant that I was not allowed to buy plantains, but was told to take what I wanted wherever I happened to be, and not to trouble people by getting them to carry food for my men. When I first visited Luba he wanted to give me a large present of ivory and was unhappy because I refused it, for to his mind the only possible explanation of my refusal was that my motives were unfriendly. It took a long time to make him understand what my being there as a missionary meant.

Things are very different now. The old man Luba has been dead many years, the country is in a state of poverty, and the people are in a miserable condition, for famine has attacked them more than once. The country has been severed from Buganda and is ruled by its own chiefs, though of course under British supervision, but British government has so far been unable to improve matters. The difficulty is that the people are as yet hardly fitted for self-government and do not understand in the least what it implies. For generations they have been in subjection to some powerful overlord who ruled them autocratically. Such a ruler never had any difficulty in enforcing his will, for the small tribes of Busoga have always been so unfriendly and so jealous of each other that, should one tribe prove refractory, all the outside ruler had to do was to induce some neighbouring tribe to attack and subjugate it, a task that any tribe was



**THE CAVES ON MOUNT ELGON**



**THE RIPON FALLS, VICTORIA NILE**

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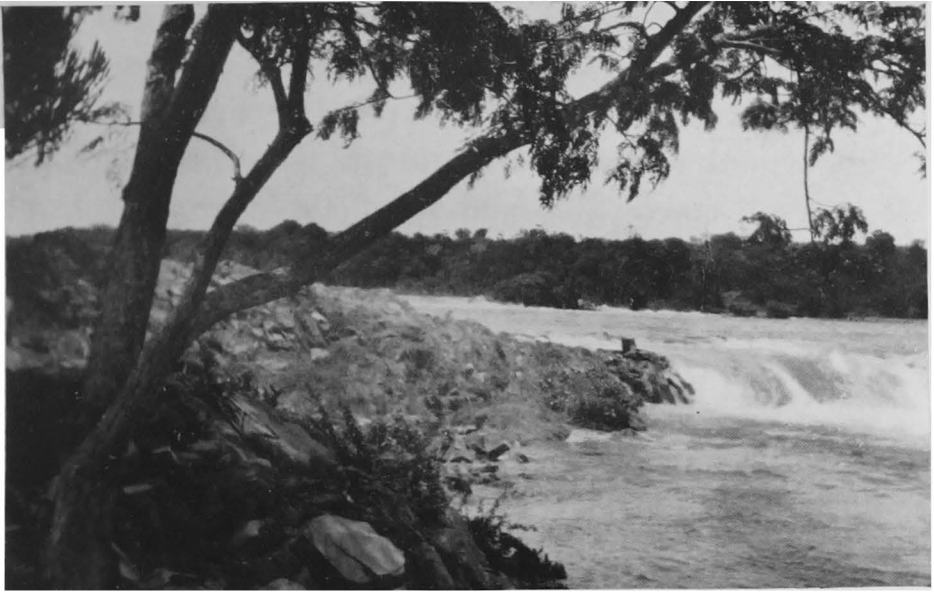
always willing and anxious to undertake. It was thus that Mwanga always managed to keep Busoga in order; when trouble arose, he would send a few soldiers to a neighbouring friendly state and invite them to assist in invading and plundering the rebellious district. Such an expedition added to his wealth, for not only were there captured slaves and cattle, but the attacking chief also sent him a present in gratitude for being allowed to fight.

Round about Jinja we find a different state of affairs, for it is a progressive Government station connected by road with various parts of the Northern Province, and there are a number of settlers who grow cotton and other produce for export. I was anxious to visit the Ripon Falls to see what progress had been made and to find whether any steps had been taken to make use of this great flow of water for the production of power for any purpose. I only noticed two changes in all the years since I had been there last. One was that a telegraph line had been carried over the Victoria Nile below the falls, and the other that the path leading down to the falls was very worn and had become a favourite evening walk, especially among the Indians, who played their card games as they sat on the rocks. In other respects everything seemed the same, and no attempt appeared to have been made to utilize the water-power. While I was in Uganda a request was issued for estimates for the erection of a power-station to supply Jinja and Kampala with electricity, but I have not heard how the matter progressed. Below the Ripon Falls there is a series of smaller rapids, now known as the Owen Falls, which surpass in the beauty of their scenery even the better known Ripon Falls.

Fish abound in the river, and it is an interesting sight to see shoals of them trying to jump the falls. At one time there used to be at the Ripon Falls a set of fishermen who gained their living by diving into the turbulent waters to capture the large fish that had been carried down the falls from the lake and had been stunned by the force of the water. These men worked in pairs, and their method was a dangerous one. The fish was speared with a long pole, whereupon one of the men, with a line and a hook attached to his waist, slid or climbed down the pole till he reached the fish, when he stuck the hook into it and climbed back. The whole process took only a few seconds, but it required skill and practice, to say nothing of strength of nerve, to venture down into those seething waters. These men are no longer to be seen, and the only fishers which remain are the diver-birds or cormorants, which plunge into the boiling mass, and seize their prey. Sometimes one of these birds can be seen diving into the comparatively placid water above the falls, where he sees a fish struggling against the increasing rush of water; he vanishes, only to reappear from the frothing waves well below the fall, where, still holding his prey, he rides as calmly as though being dashed with that vast volume of water over the fall and tossed to and fro in the whirlpool beneath were no more to him than a dip in a quiet pool. The shoals of fish which gather in some of the pools beneath the falls on their way to the upper reaches are an amazing sight; they fill the pool until it looks as if one might walk across on them.

One thing which repaid my visit to the falls was the discovery of flint-chips. I sent the specimens to the Government geologist, who confirmed my impression that





**THE OWEN FALLS, VICTORIA NILE**



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they were actually relics of a stone age, though no other traces of inhabitants belonging to such an era have been found in this district. The place was evidently an old quarry, and the fragments were stones that had been discarded and chippings from various stone implements in the making.

## CHAPTER XVI

### BUSOGA—FAREWELL TO UGANDA

A Visit to Entebbe—Kamuli—Roman Catholic Missions—Education—Surgery—Departure from Uganda—General Remarks on Uganda—Transport—Benefits of British Rule—The Officers—Cultivation of the Land—The Missions—The White Man in Africa.

**W**HILE I was at Jinja Mr. Eden had to go to Kampala on business, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity of accompanying him in order to visit Entebbe again. I had not yet had an opportunity of an interview with the Governor, Sir Robert Coryndon, who on my first arrival at Kampala, at the beginning of the expedition, was on the point of leaving Entebbe on tour, prior to his *départure* for England. I also wanted to see another friend of my earlier days there—Sir James Carter, the Chief Justice, who was about to leave Uganda to take up new duties in the Nyassa Colony, formerly German East Africa.

I hoped to be able to get through from Jinja to Entebbe in one day, but a chapter of accidents on our journey made this impossible. We crossed the arm of Lake Victoria by the steam ferry which now runs above the Ripon Falls, and reached Buganda to find that the motor which should have met us was not there. After waiting for quite an hour, Mr. Eden sent a messenger back to his office to find out by telegraph what had happened and let the authorities at Kampala know that

no car had appeared. In the meantime, however, the car turned up, having been delayed for over an hour by a burst tyre. It was thus nearly noon before we left the ferry, and for some time all went well. Then engine trouble developed, and we crawled along, with frequent stops, until we were about twenty miles from Kampala, where the car stopped for a long time and was most unwilling to start again. However, at last it was persuaded to move and we got on, very slowly, for another mile or two, when we saw another car approaching. This, to our relief, turned out to be one sent from Kampala to find out what had become of the first, so we joyfully transferred our bags and ourselves to it, and reached Kampala without more delay than that occasioned by the state of the road. There had been a heavy shower of rain, and, though the road is metalled, the corners are very sharp and had to be negotiated with care. The drivers of both the cars were natives who had learned their business during the war. We reached Kampala too late for me to go on to Entebbe, and I put up at the hotel there for the night.

Next day I spent long hours trying to find a disengaged car to take me on, and had just succeeded when I learned that the Governor's car had been sent for me. I arranged for the one I had already engaged to come to Entebbe a day or two later and bring me back, and then set out about four o'clock, reaching Entebbe about five.

I had a most useful talk with Sir Robert Coryndon, the Governor, who had shown his interest throughout the expedition by requesting his officers, wherever I went, to help me by any means in their power. I found that he thoroughly recognized the value of anthropo-

logical research to those in authority over primitive peoples, and realized how necessary it is to investigate the intricacies of their social and religious customs, in order that they may be governed and civilized with the minimum of friction, and that their usefulness to mankind in general may be increased to the utmost possible extent. Sir James Carter, the Chief Justice, has always been an interested student of anthropology, and his knowledge has undoubtedly been of the greatest value to him in his legal duties, not only in enabling him to understand the real nature of crimes which to a European look like wilful murder or deeds of personal vengeance, but also in cases of disputed inheritance and land tenure and innumerable other matters, where the power of appreciating the native point of view is essential before a fair and unbiased judgment can be formed.

On my return to Jinja I was rejoined by Mr. Eden at Kampala. We drove back to the Ripon Falls and crossed to Busoga, taking a little over five hours to accomplish a journey which in the old days meant a week's marching along rough tracks with the baggage on the heads of porters.

Though on my departure from Jinja I realized that I had now no more difficult and arduous journeys to make, yet it was with feelings of regret that I parted from Mr. and Mrs. Eden, whose hospitality had been so pleasant, and entered the train which was to take me to Kamuli, in the heart of Busoga, where I intended to spend a week with an old friend, the Rev. H. Brewer, in order to inquire into various Busoga matters. At Kamuli there is, in addition to the Church Missionary Society station, a Roman Catholic mission, with English nuns, who kindly allowed me to see over their station

and observe their methods of work. The nunnery is connected with Mill Hill, and has among its workers some enthusiastic young women, who assured me that they had made up their minds to devote their lives to this work and did not expect ever to return to England. In addition to the ordinary school routine, they teach the Basoga girls and women to do various kinds of needle-work, and they also undertake as much medical work as they are able to deal with. I saw several branches of the Roman Catholic mission during the expedition, some of them controlled by fathers of the Algerian Mission, and others by these workers from Mill Hill, and in each place there was evident the same marked devotion to the cause and the same desire to raise the natives from their state of barbarism. It is, I think, a matter for regret that the Church Missionary Society and the Roman Catholic missions should thus have their stations in the same place, when separation would enable them to spread the work of evangelization over much wider areas of the country.

At Kamuli there is a splendid school for boys, conducted on the same lines as other higher grade schools in Uganda, which follow the model of English public schools. It is impossible to speak too highly of the work which has already been accomplished in these schools. The strides with which education has advanced among these primitive tribes seem almost incredible when one considers the wall of old customs and ideas, built up by generations of heathenism, which had to be destroyed before even a foundation could be laid for sound instruction. Already youths from these schools are engaged in Government offices, as clerks to chiefs, as salesmen in shops, and in many other capacities. As an encourage-

ment to further progress Sir Peter Mackie has sent two beautiful silver challenge cups to be competed for annually by all the schools in Uganda. One is to be awarded for the best collection of botanical specimens, dried and mounted, and the other for the best entomological collection. The prize collections are to be sent each year to Sir Peter Mackie. The young men from our Universities who are giving their lives to this work deserve our most grateful thanks and our utmost support, for, though the teacher's life may seem a monotonous routine of drudgery, it is not only knowledge and technical skill that he imparts to the rising generation, but also the principles and ideals which will in time leaven the whole lump and raise the African nation to a higher place in the world.

Another matter in which I was much interested was the skill to which the native surgeons have attained in dealing with broken heads and fractured skulls. In this region the favourite weapon is a sling loaded with stones. As soon as a quarrel becomes serious, men resort to stone-throwing, and the accuracy with which they aim these missiles is proved by the dented skulls of many victims. The surgeons, therefore, get much practice in this kind of work, and they have learned how to remove splinters of bone from the brain and thus restore men, who would otherwise die or live insane, to life and reason.

From Busoga I again took train to join the boat on Lake Kioga, and travelled all night, reaching Masindi Port by noon next day. Here I was met by Mr. E. Haddon, the Provincial Commissioner in Bunyoro, with his motor bicycle and side-car, and went straight to Masindi. The king of Bunyoro had now recovered, and

I was able to complete the work which, owing to his illness, I had been compelled to leave. I had also much packing to do in order to send goods home by the Mombasa route. In addition to my private goods I had collected many articles for the museums at home, among them being samples of pottery, which, being very easily broken, had to be carefully packed. There was, therefore, much to do and but little time in which to do it, for the boat which carried passengers over Lake Albert to Nimule, in the Sudan, was due three days after my arrival in Masindi. If I missed this it meant a delay of two weeks, and also that I should miss the company of Mr. Marshall Hall and Mr. Frame, the geologists, who were travelling down the Nile, and whom I hoped to meet on the lake. I therefore hurried matters as much as possible, and was ready to start on my homeward journey at the end of three days.

Before I finally leave the Uganda Protectorate it may be worth while to give some general account of the state of the country as it appeared to me on revisiting it after my long absence of some ten years. My tour took me into every district of the Protectorate, and I was enabled at the different stations to see the methods of administration actually at work. Then I visited the wildest and most remote parts, and watched the effects of those methods thus far from their centres of operation. Hence I can, from my own knowledge and experience, contrast the general state of the country to-day with its condition when the British Government first formed the Protectorate.

To the returning traveller the first difference which calls for remark is one which I have mentioned several times in the course of this book, namely, the improved



means of transport. When we first reached Uganda, some thirty-odd years ago, it meant a journey of over three months from Zanzibar, after which we crossed the lake in canoes, taking nearly three weeks to reach the other side. Now the traveller goes to the lake by train in fewer days than it then took months, and he crosses the lake by steamer, reaching the heart of Africa in a few days. The railway has been one of the most powerful instruments for the abolition of slavery, for it has opened up the country and to a great extent done away with the necessity for human burden-bearers.

Next, the traveller, following the main routes, looks with surprise and admiration on the countryside, with its roads and small towns, where so few years ago there were but cattle tracks and grass or mud huts. Here, indeed, British enterprise has performed wonders, even though the work has hardly as yet progressed beyond the experimental stage; and as he moves from place to place the traveller cannot but feel his patriotic pride awakened to fresh vigour within him.

It is not, however, here that we must look for a real test of the progress made. After all, may not these towns and roads and railways be simply the result of so much forced labour for the benefit of the European alone? Wherein does the native benefit? Would he not gladly get rid of this intrusive white man, with his civilization, his law and order? It is extraordinary how, even in the mind of a native separated only by a few years from barbarism, we find the fallacy of "Good Queen Bess's golden days." Here, as elsewhere, we find grumblers, elderly men who shake despairing heads over the rising generation; but let them be questioned by one who knows by experience what the "good old

days" really were, and they are forced to admit a degree of improvement almost incredible. All over the Protectorate, even in its loneliest and wildest districts, safety of life and security of property bear witness to the beneficent effect of British rule and the spread of Christianity. No longer do the secret police of the king prowl about the country seizing scores of peaceful, innocent people to sacrifice to the insatiable gods. No longer may an offended husband murder his wives without fear of retribution, nor may an autocratic master in fits of brutal rage kill and maim his slaves. The peasant is no longer a serf subject to every caprice of his master; now he can work for himself and improve his lot, free from the constant dread of losing all to some more powerful enemy. The growth of law and order, aided by the spread of Christianity, has made such things impossible. The mental capacity of the native is being developed, and his power of application turned into the channels of trade and industry.

These facts bear testimony to the splendid work of the young officers who are entrusted with the oversight of these districts. They are, I believe, drawn from the flower of our universities and public schools and in many cases are sons of our rectories and vicarages. They are men of great ability and a keen sense of responsibility and, above all, they are strictly moral in their lives, a fact which increases their influence over the native mind to an extent of which they themselves have little idea. The native is shrewd, seeing and understanding more of what his superiors do and think than is generally imagined, and he draws his own conclusions. The harm which has at times been done by the immoral lives of men whose nationality places them in the public eye is incalculable.

What progress could be achieved under a man of whom a chief could say, as one actually did, "How can we respect this man? He makes us bow and kneel before him, while at the same time he is followed by bearers carrying in a hammock a woman from among our slaves?" Such a man may perhaps not appreciate the moral effect of his actions, but surely, if it were placed before him, he could not help realizing their natural result. By thus seizing and appropriating a woman he is, in all probability, infringing an old-established and stringent law of her tribe, by which both parties in such a union are condemned to death. Report has it that the death of one British subject who lost his life in the country was due to the perpetration, by another Englishman, of this very offence. The oracle which was consulted ordered the death of the first white man to pass along a certain path, and the innocent man suffered the penalty.

It is not an easy path that these young men who are set in high places in this country have to tread. They are far from all congenial society, seeing few other white men and for months at a time no white woman, and they are exposed to many temptations; yet there is hardly a case where even rumour can find sufficient ground on which to base imputations against their moral purity. If Britain means to raise these her subjects from barbarism it is men such as these who will help her to do it, and this is the high standard which must be kept before the eyes of every dweller in distant fields.

Under these superior officers are native agents of the Government who are directly responsible for the maintenance of order in their own districts. It was to me a very pleasant experience to meet again and again pupils of the early mission-schools filling these posts. Many of

them indeed were men whom I had taught to read and write, and I met them now occupying important positions, in fact representing the British Government, in districts far from their own homes, and seizing the opportunity thus afforded them of propagating Christianity and spreading the influences of civilization. Many of them in the outlying districts carry on small schools in their own compounds, where, with the help of their house-boys, they teach the children and train them in the Christian faith.

These agents are the men of whom I spoke previously as being responsible to the Commissioners for the records of the courts and also for the collection of the poll-tax, and as pioneers they are doing splendid work. Their task is never an easy one, and it is often accompanied by actual danger to life, for I have known of some who lost their lives in the attempt to open up new districts. It takes time before the native can be brought to understand the reason for such interference, and the invariable demand for labour on some Government road or building always raises a storm of abuse and opposition. These agents have played a great part in the opening up of many distant parts of the Protectorate, and have succeeded in making the natives in them amenable to government, so that travel in most parts is now safe and comparatively easy. Many of the roads have been engineered by them without assistance from Europeans, and their manipulation of the difficult gradients in mountainous parts of the country is really wonderful. I attribute the whole of my success in travelling to the influence of the District Commissioners over their agents, who, in their turn, saw that the native chiefs gave me any assistance in their power. The position of these

agents and the responsibility which is laid upon them show that these Negro-Hamitic races are capable of great advances under proper training, and I am convinced that the Uganda Protectorate can be developed into one of the most important and valuable parts of our Empire.

Much as our Government is doing to raise the moral tone of native social life, the economic conditions, which are naturally an important factor in the civilization and development of a country, require some further consideration. I have already pointed out that little or nothing has as yet been done to develop or utilize the natural tendencies of the people in a country where pastoral people predominate and greatly outnumber the agricultural people. In agricultural pursuits much has certainly been done and the results are most promising, but the workers are far too few to do much more than test the possibilities of the country. Then, too, there is the labour question, which is proving a perplexing and difficult problem. During my wanderings I heard much from the point of view both of the settler and of the native, and it struck me that a good deal of the difficulty is due to the settlers, who are far too much inclined to try to overreach the native and to force him to render them assistance at utterly inadequate rates of pay, taking advantage of the Government custom of calling out labour, paying nominal wages indicated by local authorities and conditions, and commuting taxes for part payment. We must not lose sight of the fact that many tribes have as yet no use for European articles or money and set no value on such things. A hut, a wife, a child to care for his ghost after death, and food, which he can produce for himself, fulfil all the requirements of hundreds of men, and it is not until they are educated that a desire

for other things arises. The few rupees he has to furnish every year as poll-tax are still to him an intolerable and unreasonable imposition, even though they can be procured in some easier way than by giving months of hard and underpaid labour to some settler. The industrious native soon discovers that he can obtain more money with less difficulty by devoting himself to the cultivation of his own fields. Here again, however, all incentive is often destroyed by unfair and unreasonable methods of applying the law, necessary and justifiable in itself, which compels them to give a certain amount of time to Government work or to work for settlers who have obtained Government permission to requisition native labour. The result of all this has been a gradual moving away of labourers of the better class into districts where they are free to work their own land without having to neglect it to perform unremunerative tasks.

In addition to this depopulation a serious matter is the existence of a large and ever-increasing surplus of women, due partly to this migration, partly to the change from polygamy to the present enforced monogamy, and partly to the preponderance of female births. These women, left husbandless and without occupation, have nothing to restrain them from a rapid descent into the lowest depths of vice. If we take into consideration the existence in many places of a low class of Indian trader and settler, the natural result is obvious and very terrible. Venereal disease is rapidly becoming as much of a scourge as sleeping-sickness was a few years ago, and this dreadful curse is being carried far and wide. Already the effects have been so great that medical authorities report certain tribes to be almost extinct, and declare that in a few more years some of the finest and most promising of

these peoples will have vanished from the face of the earth.

To turn from the civil to the religious side, I was unable to find the same satisfactory development, nor were the mission stations in anything like so flourishing a condition as I had hoped. The fault does not lie so much with the devoted men and women engaged in the work as it does with the Church at home. We have failed to support these hard-working missionaries as we should, and the result has been to limit their capacities just when almost unlimited possibilities were opening out before them. There has been little expansion, for when a new opening appeared the opportunity was lost for want of a man to go into the new district. The missions ought to have led the way into the more remote and troubled districts, and by teaching and training to have impressed upon the native the meaning and value of the white man's presence, before the civil power appeared on the scene to confuse and mystify him by the innumerable changes which must of necessity accompany it.

It may be urged that the Church in Uganda is self-supporting and should therefore have no need to trouble the Church at home, but should have its own agents ready to proceed to the evangelization of these districts. That is true, but only with respect to the native element, for the Uganda Church has never attempted and indeed is quite unable to support European workers. An inadequate supply of men is sent out by the Church Missionary Society, which is the only Protestant missionary society in Uganda. Had a greater number of men been sent out, and had those sent been specially trained for particular branches of the work, much more could have been accomplished. For example, no translation of

any importance has been undertaken since the death of Mr. G. L. Pilkington, who translated the Bible into Luganda.

The Church in Uganda has been handicapped also by the ever-increasing demand for educated natives to take up posts under the Government. The pay offered by Government has been so much greater than anything the religious bodies could afford that naturally the best products of the Church's training have been diverted to civil work. Another cause of this lack of workers is one with which I have already dealt, namely the difference between the training supplied in the secular schools and that of the religious schools. The better class of youth is attracted to the schools which supply men for the civil offices, for the religious schools give a training which is noticeably inferior. The men who go to the latter, and who probably cannot afford the better training, struggle practically unaided to pay their way, only to find, when they qualify as catechists, that they may be sent to work in some place where it is impossible to live on their pay. Should they desire to proceed to the pastorate they are faced by further years of hard work, after which they are expected to live on pay which is inadequate even for a single man. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if catechists often betake themselves to other work where their earnings will enable them to marry and live in comfort. There is thus a constant weeding out of the best men, leaving the poorest intellects and most inefficient workers to carry on the work of the Church. Even the day-school masters in the primary schools, who, by the way, are paid by the same native Church, are better educated and command higher pay than men who enter the pastorate. The natural outcome is not only a



lowering of efficiency but a lowering of the esteem in which pastors in general are held. These pastors are a body of men drawn from the lower classes and set to perform duties for which they are mentally and socially unfitted, with the natural result that they are held in contempt by the better educated secular workers.

It is also very evident in Buganda, the original home of so much devotion, where the early Church suffered such terrible hardships, that the youths of the rising generation are not following in the footsteps of their worthy fathers. The eagerness of those early days for truth and knowledge is gone, save in a very few cases, and the young people seem to be quite satisfied if they can ape European dress, cultivate rude and unpleasant manners, and speak a horrible conglomerate which they imagine to be English. It was in Kampala and amongst the women that the general lowering of tone was most evident, and to me most painful, for in the old days the manners of the Baganda women were truly courteous and modest, and the unpleasant vulgarity which is now prevalent was indeed an unwelcome change.

These are some of the difficulties with which the few missionaries who are labouring in that great field have to contend, and it is not a matter for surprise if they make but little headway. I hope, however, that no one will take these remarks to imply that I consider that the secular work should be neglected for the sake of pushing on the religious work. The workers on the civil side must push on farther and still farther, for, though much has been accomplished, it is but a beginning of all that has yet to be done. But we must see to it that an end is put to a condition of affairs under which Christian workers are held in contempt by conceited

youths whose knowledge, though but a smattering, is yet superior to that of their pastors. The status of the church-worker must be raised until he can take his proper place and go forth armed at all points to maintain the cause which he has at heart.

There are certainly native teachers who are doing wonderful things in the far parts of the Protectorate. I have already spoken of the pioneers in Teso country; and all along the shores of Lake Salisbury are to be found catechists who make up in zeal and devotion for the limitations of their training, and who have proved themselves beyond any possible doubt the right men for work in such places. It is when the general progress of mission work is set beside what the civil workers have accomplished that we see the necessity for drastic changes. The men and women who are there are doing noble work, but they are far too few to cope with the needs of the stations and are quite unable to visit the distant parts of the large districts which they are expected to supervise. It is manifestly impossible for a man to do industrial work, teach in school, undertake the training of teachers, and spread the Gospel at one and the same time; yet this is what is expected of numbers of them, with the inevitable result that, work as they may and do, nothing can be done well.

Another pressing and urgent need is the supply of clergy for the white populations in the larger centres, who are at present left to the casual ministrations of some already overworked missionary. The men whose life's work brings them out here are left without any spiritual oversight and with no one to whom they may turn when alone in illness—the most trying time for a young man far from home. Where the Government stations are

situated, Sunday is a day of rest, but the workers seldom have any opportunity of worship, and there is nothing to raise their minds from the occupations of the week to spiritual matters. If such help were provided it would confer, too, a secondary benefit, for it would impress upon the native mind that to the white man religion means something, and that the Government official, the settler and the resident, as well as the missionary, believe in and worship God. I can leave it to the reader to imagine how such provision could be made invaluable to the State by raising the standard of life and by keeping before each worker his individual duty and responsibility.

With the formation of the Uganda Protectorate there have been opened up hundreds of miles of country suitable for the production of commodities which the world requires and which, at present, must be produced by Europeans. The country, however, is not and, so far as I can see, never will be a permanent home for the white man. He may go there and do great things, but he cannot raise a family and settle there for good. He himself must be prepared to return home for rest, and he must never think that his wife can live there for ever. His children, too, must be brought up in a more congenial climate and among purer surroundings, for, apart from climatic conditions, the country is no place for children, especially at the impressionable age when they are approaching years of discretion; in spite of every precaution, constant association with the natives, who are, in regard to the sexual instincts, as yet but little higher than the animals, is bound insidiously to sow seeds of moral corruption. Thus the man who goes out to such a country to improve his own lot, to live a happy

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and prosperous life in a new and unspoilt land, will find himself disappointed; but he who goes fully realizing the difficulties, but facing them for the good of the Empire, the people and the country, may hope to do a great and useful work for the good of man and to the glory of God.

## CHAPTER XVII

### THE JOURNEY HOME

The Road from Nimule to Rejaf—The Half-caste Problem—Rejaf—Scenery—Fashoda—Missions—Agriculture—Khartoum and Omdurman—Gordon College—Strength of Islam—Irrigation—Cairo and France.

**A**S my work of investigation among the tribes of the Uganda Protectorate, or rather as much of it as circumstances permitted, was now finished, I started at once on my homeward way, leaving Masindi on September 28, 1920, for Butiaba, the port on Lake Albert. Mr. Haddon was kind enough to offer to take me in his side-car, a very much easier and quicker means of travel than the motor lorry. We set out early in order that he might have time to do some business in Butiaba before returning to Masindi. The motor lorry was to follow with my boys and goods, an arrangement which, as it turned out, was fortunate, for when we had run some twelve miles the coupling-link of the driving-belt broke. We had no spare link, and were without any sort of material, even strong string, with which to repair the damage. However, after we had waited an hour by the road-side, the motor van came up, and we arranged for it to take the bicycle and side-car in tow to the lake. To relieve to some extent the strain on the towing-rope, I got into the lorry. We reached Butiaba at noon, only to find a loose rope with no Mr. Haddon and no bicycle.

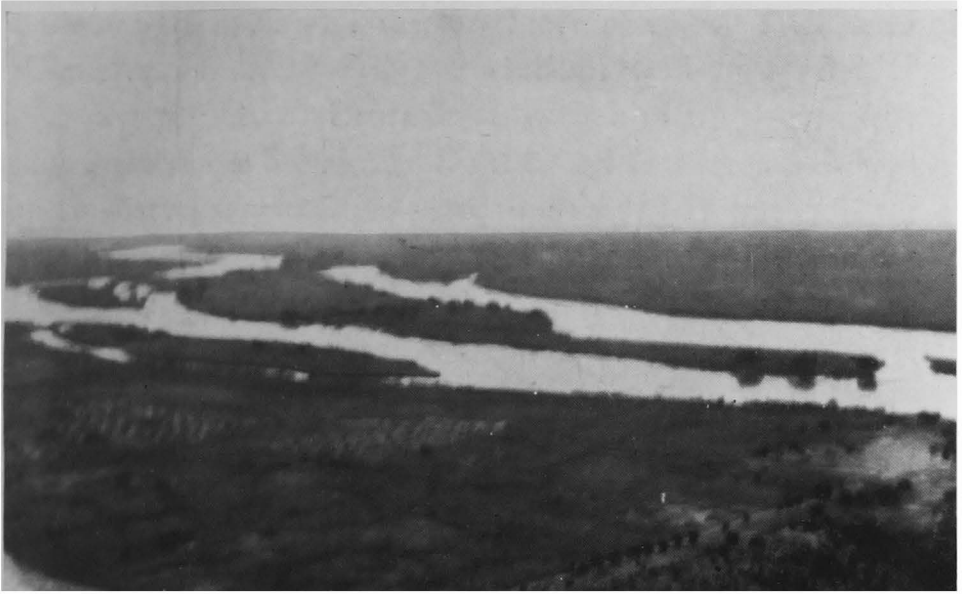
He had let go his end of the rope at some side road near a settler's house, and I saw no more of him. I went to the officer in charge of the station, told him of Mr. Haddon's plight, and remained with him until evening, when I went on board the *Sir Samuel Baker*, which was due to start early on the next morning. It was getting dark before any other passengers joined the ship.

The voyage from Butiaba to Nimule, where we started on our journey on foot to Rejaf, took two days. On our way from the boat to the camp at Nimule we saw a puff-adder which was busy swallowing a large frog. It was curious to see the frog struggling to make its way down the reptile's throat, evidently taking that for the way of escape. We watched until the frog had disappeared, and then one of the sailors struck the snake on the head and killed it. I cut it open with my knife, and out came the frog and sat blinking as though astonished to see the light again. I photographed the snake in the process of swallowing the frog and the frog as it came out, but unfortunately the films were bad, and I lost the record of this strange and interesting sight.

On landing at Nimule we entered the Sudan, and had to obtain Egyptian money for paying our porters and for any other purposes. We later found, however, that we had little need for money until we reached Rejaf, for along this route people are few and far between. I had only my cook and the tent boy with me, and, owing to the unsatisfactory and indirect means of communication between Nimule and Uganda, the request which I had sent for porters had evidently not arrived—at any rate, it had certainly received no attention. We had no time to spare if we were to catch the Nile boat at Rejaf and avoid having to wait two weeks

at that uninteresting place, so we determined to do our best with the men who were provided for Mr. Marshall Hall and his companion, Mr. Frame, whose application had been made some days earlier than mine. We marched in the early morning to avoid the heat and the flies, which are a serious pest all over this district. It is largely owing to them that no animals, not even goats, are kept, and the natives live in a miserable condition. As we were short of carriers, we took five marches to reach Rejaf, though with good porters we could easily have done it in three. The road is little used except by the few people travelling, as we were, between Rejaf and Nimule; yet with very little trouble it could be made a good motor road, and the whole journey could easily be made in two stages. It is, however, doubtful whether the traffic would be sufficient to repay the expenditure. It is impossible to make this journey by water, for there are many cataracts on this part of the Nile which follows a very circuitous course full of serpentine twists and bends. The further journey down the Nile from Rejaf to Khartoum is a long and very expensive one, and I do not think there is much possibility of this becoming a popular trade route.

On one march I met a few Baganda returning to Nimule from Rejaf, where they had been to see their master off on his way out of the country. I saw that one of the boys was carrying a white baby asleep, and, naturally expecting that Europeans would be near, asked him whether a white woman was following. He told me there was no white woman, but that the baby's mother was not far behind. Shortly afterwards two women, evidently Baganda, both dressed in a kind of nondescript European garb and wearing shoes, came up.



**SUD ON THE NILE**



**OLD NILE BOATS**

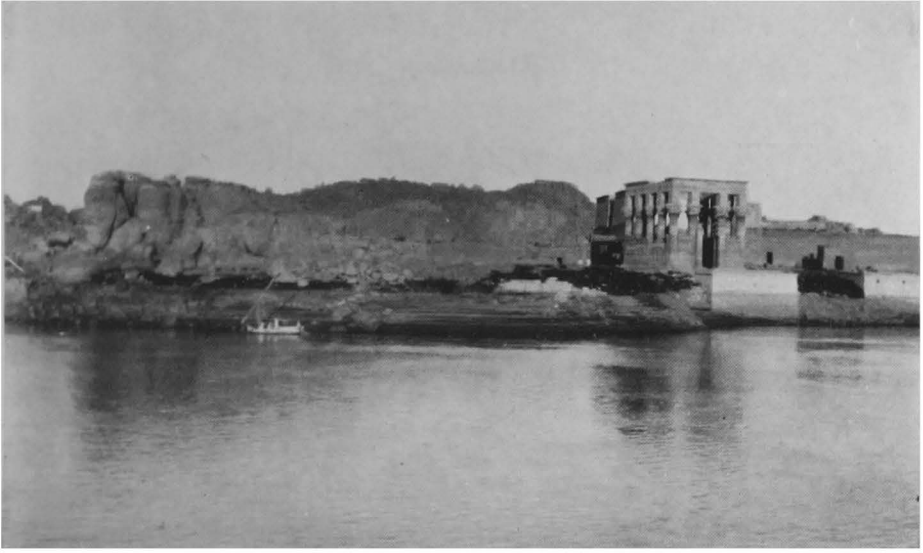


I soon realized that they had been living with white men, and that this poor child was the unhappy result of the union, and was doomed to a life fraught with uncertainty and difficulty. The father had evidently no intention of doing anything to help his child, who was left to be brought up among natives. Here is another evil which might well make a man refrain from consorting with native women to gratify his lust. Consider the conditions under which the child of such a union lives. What is his position? He has no place among his mother's people, who would not accept him even if he could become one of them. His father casts him off and thinks no more about him, while his father's people hold him in utter contempt, "that nigger" being the scornful term applied not nearly so often to the pure native as to the half-caste. Has he not, as he grows to years of discretion, a right to resent bitterly the wrong done to him? Is it surprising if he hates and distrusts the white man? To add fuel to the flame of his hate, it is usually the man who most despises the natives and never addresses them without abusive terms who will cohabit with their women, regardless of consequences and of the responsibilities incurred. When we consider the misery thus caused, to say nothing of the danger to the future prosperity of the Empire, it is clear that British law with regard to such temporary mixed unions needs to be made much more stringent.

On this journey I shared my bicycle with Mr. Frame. I rode on ahead for some way, and then left the machine by the road-side; when he reached it, he mounted, passed me, and in his turn left the bicycle some way farther on and proceeded on foot towards the camp. In the Sudan, as we had no tents with us, we had to stop always at

the recognized camping places, where there are rest-houses. Caretakers guard these camps and keep them tidy, but they are hardly adapted for the use of ladies, as they are nothing more than open sheds with little chance of privacy. Only a little care and attention are needed to make them much more comfortable for tourists; but our party were all accustomed to roughing it and knew what to expect, so that they satisfied our requirements.

My last march was marked by an amusing incident. I was well in advance of the rest of the party with the tent boy, who trotted before me to tell me the state of the path, a necessary precaution as I was riding the bicycle in the dim light of the moon. We came upon a river in which the water was about three feet deep, and I was preparing to wade through it when my boy offered to go first with the bicycle in order to see what it was like. He reached the opposite bank, some twenty yards away, and called to me to wait and he would carry me over, so that I need not get wet. He came back declaring he could easily do it, and we started off. We crossed quite safely, but when we reached the opposite side I found that the bank was high and slippery. The boy put his head against this bank, evidently expecting me to crawl over his head on to it. This, however, was impossible, so I suggested that he should turn round and set me down on the bank. In turning he slipped and sat down, plunging us both up to our necks in water. He was very perturbed and full of apologies and regrets, but our plight was so ridiculous that I could do nothing but laugh. It was only four o'clock in the morning, and I knew the porters must be some distance behind, so I decided to minimize the risk of a chill by going on.



**A TEMPLE ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE**



**REJAF: GORDON'S HILL**

Fortunately, none of the articles in my pockets had suffered and my watch had not stopped. I waited for the others when I reached the Nile crossing, and got a change, about eleven o'clock, before going over to Rejaf.

At various points we had been able to see a little of the native tribes of this district, who are commonly called Nilotics. Of those we saw, I found the Bari the most interesting, and I believe they will prove to be the most intelligent of the tribes who inhabit the valley of the Nile between Lake Albert and Rejaf. At Rejaf there is a small station with a few native habitations scattered around. This was the southern limit of Gordon's sway when he governed the Sudan, and the boundary is marked by the hill known as Gordon's Hill. There is now a service of motor vans between Rejaf and the Belgian State. It is managed by an Englishman, and his employees are Baganda boys, of whom he spoke very highly, saying he had found them far more satisfactory than the men from Khartoum whom he had previously employed. I saw some of these youths, and found that they were Christians, trained in the mission schools, who had obtained their knowledge of motors during the war. Though they were in a strange land and had to sign an agreement for a number of years, they were eager to get such posts, for they were well paid and could thus save with a view to marriage on their return home.

The steamer from Khartoum reached Rejaf the morning after we did, and we went on board at once. I had to dispose of the few remnants of my travelling-kit, which I had kept for this journey and which I now sold. The bicycle which had done such yeoman service

I gave to my cook, who took it back to Uganda with him, and, having paid off both the boys, I bade them good-bye and took my place on board, hoping to learn something of the peoples in the Sudan, who were till that time little more than names to me.

The appearance of the settlement at Rejaf and the view from Gordon's Hill, which commands many miles of flat country, did not give me the impression that the part of Africa we were about to enter would afford much beauty of scenery, and as we passed day after day along the swampy river, surrounded on all sides by reeds and papyrus, and with nothing but a low-lying, monotonous country stretching into the distance, it became plain to me that the interior is not only far more attractive as regards scenery to a European eye, but also holds more promise both for man and beast. I was disappointed, moreover, to see so few natives. Wherever we stopped to take in fuel a few poverty-stricken looking men, employed as wood-cutters, would gather round the boat, but otherwise there was but little life visible. The land is rapidly being rendered more desolate and barren by the cutting down of trees for fuel for the boats.

It was interesting to visit Fashoda and see the place that Major Macdonald had struggled so hard and so bravely to reach, only to be foiled by mutiny among his troops in Uganda, which had to be crushed before he could go on. The expedition on which he was engaged was really a race against the French, who were also aiming at this point, but the English party met with difficulty after difficulty, and were delayed for so many months that the French arrived there first. There are not many signs of the former importance of Fashoda left; it was at one time fortified, but now there is



**A NATIVE FORT IN THE SUDAN**



**MARCHAND'S HOUSE AT FASHODA**

nothing to be seen but the little bungalow of the English Resident and a few ruins, among them being the house of Major Marchand, the French commander.

At one place, named Juba, we stopped for a few moments to see Mr. and Mrs. Lea Wilson, who are forming here a branch station of the Church Missionary Society's Sudan Mission. Both of them looked as though hard work and the heat were telling upon their health, but they were full of interest and devoted to the work of establishing a school for the training of the youths from the scattered villages around, the inhabitants of which belong chiefly to the Dinka tribe. Mr. Shaw, the head of the Sudan Mission, was on board with us, and from him I was able to glean a certain amount of information about the Dinka and Shilluk tribes. He is the great authority on these people, and has wandered many miles among them; one tour lasted six months, and even that only covered a part of his district on one side of the Nile and did not extend to the other side of the river at all. We called at Mongola, Mr. Shaw's station, in order that he might land at his house. This was the third place in the Sudan where I found Baganda teachers. These men are not of the class who go through the higher schools, and their training is very incomplete, but they are doing good work. At one point, too, we saw an Austrian mission, and we touched at another place where there was a mission station in the distance, but I did not go ashore at either, and can say nothing of their work.

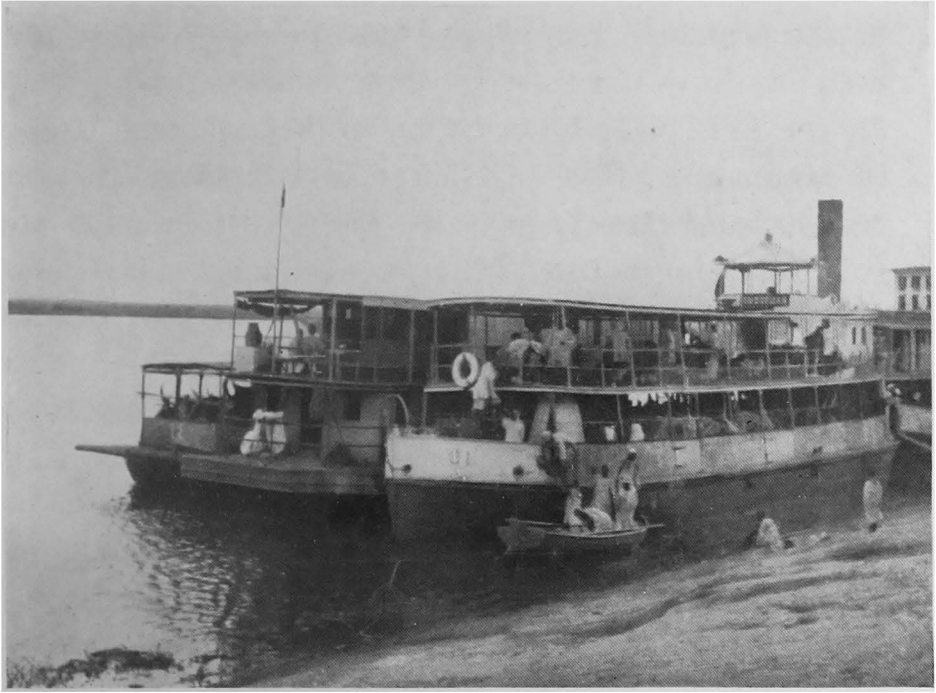
Most of the people here belong to the Dinka tribe, and, like the Bari and Shilluk, are akin to the pastoral people round Teso, showing that they are all branches of one great family of pastoral or semi-pastoral people. I was disappointed not to find more people in these regions

and not to be able to work among them. The only value of the trip was that it gave me some idea of what the man who goes out to study these tribes will have to face. In the first place he must be master of some language or languages which will carry him through these vast regions, and then he must be prepared to wander about with nomadic, pastoral tribes and go where they go until he has gathered all the information he can get from them.

What struck me most forcibly was the uninteresting character of the country, and I failed utterly to find any sign of the great possibilities about which so much has been said. I can say nothing about the mineral resources, which may be valuable, but there is only a meagre population, and agriculture seems excessively poor and not capable of much development except at enormous and unjustifiable expense. It seems inexplicable that anything like the same value can be placed on this part of the Sudan as on the interior of the country. The farther north we came the more uninteresting and unproductive the country looked. The river itself is a huge swamp, and the steamer, guided by Sudanese pilots, ploughed her way through the reed and papyrus, commonly designated "sud," which is often all that is visible. So tortuous is the course the steamer has to take that she often has to reverse her engines after a fruitless attempt to negotiate a sharp bend.

One thing that caused me great trouble on this voyage was that we were carrying a cargo of oxen from Rejaf to Khartoum. These poor beasts were left to starve during the whole time of the voyage. It seemed to be no man's duty to look after them, and evidently the owners did not care so long as they were alive when





**THE NILE BOAT**



**A WOOD STATION ON THE NILE**

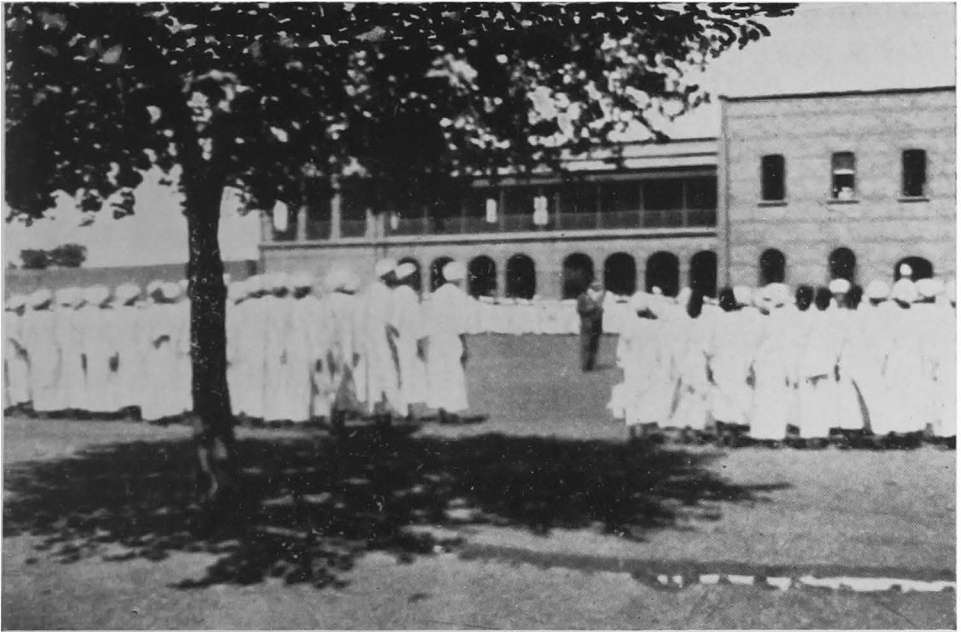
they reached Khartoum, where they were, I believe, destined for the meat market. I asked one man after another about them and tried to find someone who could do anything to get some food for the starving animals. It was pitiful to see them fight for a few poor handfuls of grass from the river-side. I understand that livestock is frequently carried on these boats, and surely there should be someone whose business it is to see that such cruelty is not allowed.

At Khartoum I was entertained by Mr. Crowfoot, the Minister of Education. He most kindly enabled me to see much of the working of the Gordon College, and also told me a good deal about the place. The buildings are well planned and built of stone, and are very substantial and commodious. There are various branches of training, and boys from all classes of life are provided for. There is an elementary department, where the education is general and suitable for the ordinary worker. Then there is a technical department, in which smithing and general ironwork, carpentry, and cabinet-making are excellently taught. In the upper school clerks, accountants, schoolmasters, and civil engineers are trained. There is a good staff of Englishmen, many of them graduates of our Universities. The work of the College is really very advanced; but, to my mind, the tendency of the whole training is rather to strengthen than to remove the barrier which Islam raises against the spread of Christianity and true civilization. It is an extraordinary state of affairs in a place which bears the name of a hero who gave his life for the cause of liberty, justice, and the Christian virtues, against which the whole forces of Islam are arrayed.

I paid a hurried visit to the Christian schools in

Khartoum. They are, I found, doing but little that can compare with the training offered to the men in the Gordon College, where the influences are all Moslem. Christian lads have to be sent to the College because there is no other place where they can receive the education they want, but at present there are not many there.

One day I was taken over to Omdurman, and saw the remains of the Mahdi's house and the fort where the forces under him gathered against Gordon. It was here that they concentrated their strength for the final attack in which Gordon lost his life. Here, too, it was that Kitchener made his great name and set on a firm foundation the tottering fame of Britain. Yet this is the land where the seed of the Moslem faith is being sown far and wide, and is, it seems, not only being allowed to grow but even watered and nourished by the British, under whose protection a crop of poisonous weeds, as noisome as those which Kitchener destroyed, is fast springing up. I saw here one of the schools which the Government is establishing as branches of the Gordon College. It is a well-equipped, fine building, doing, as far as education goes, a splendid work; but it is plainly another of the agencies by which we, as a nation, are raising the propagators of Islam in Africa from a state of ignorance to the intellectual level of the advanced religions of the world. Under the old teachers of Islam in Africa that faith was doomed to give way before the advance of the higher and more progressive forms of religion, but an enormous impetus is now being given to it by the work of some of the best men of our British Universities in these schools. These men may indignantly deny the accusation, but there is not the slightest



**OMDURMAN SCHOOL**



**ON THE NILE: CARRYING A BABY IN A GOURD SHELL**

doubt that Islam is the religion which is encouraged. All forms and ceremonies of Christian worship are carefully excluded, but the College has its mosque, and the regular attendance of the pupils is enforced and supervised by the teachers, who not only thus indirectly but also by direct teaching encourage the false and exclude the true.

I had been asked to send a report to Buganda of the Gordon College and of its suitability as a place to which Baganda boys might be sent for education. I need hardly say I wrote very strongly against any such scheme, and my opinion was supported by the Minister of Education. In addition to the Moslemic tendency of the whole of the training, the teaching is carried on in Arabic, a language which is entirely unknown to the Baganda.

In Omdurman there is a Christian hospital which is doing a good work in the face of many difficulties, for it receives but little recognition from the Government. I had not time to visit it, for my stay in Omdurman was limited to two or three hours, but as I passed I heard something about it and its work.

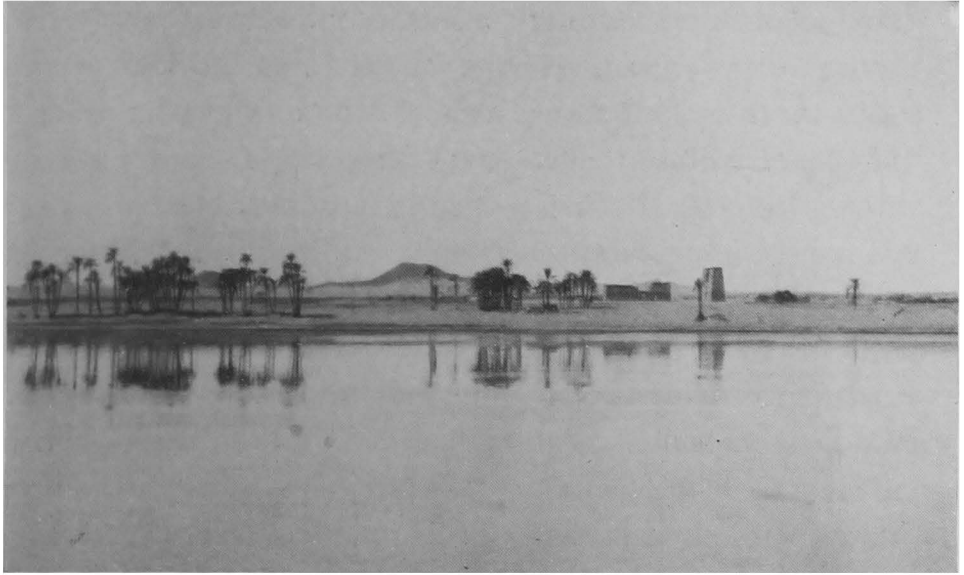
In Khartoum is the Wellcome Research Laboratory, which is carrying on such valuable and necessary work in research on the causes and cure of tropical diseases. I visited the laboratory and saw something of the wonderful diligence and care with which these investigations are being carried on.

The journey from Khartoum to Cairo by train and river-boat is so well known that it requires little description from me. Though the heat was trying, I found much of interest in this part of the river. Here are to be seen the wonderful and elaborate dams, those feats

of engineering by which water is retained to irrigate a dry and unfertile country where crops can only be grown within a few yards of the river; and a little farther south there is abundance of land which might be brought under cultivation without all this labour and expense, where, indeed, all that is required is improved means of transport, a problem very easy of solution. Here are still to be seen the ancient pumps such as the Israelites used in Egypt, and here there still exists a system of agriculture which can only be profitable where slave labour is available and is doomed to failure with paid labourers. The primitive conditions which prevail here under Moslem influence give, to my mind, the clearest proof of its non-progressive nature. What efficiency is shown in the surviving buildings belongs to a very early date, before the country was crushed under the heel of Islam.

The wonderful temples of those earlier days which still stand beside the banks of the river are well worthy of careful preservation. It would be interesting to know something more of the purpose of these buildings and of the reason for their presence in such out-of-the-way places. At Assouan we were fortunate enough to see the temple on the little island. Usually only the roof is visible above the water, which is rapidly ruining the walls of the building, but when we passed the water was low and we could see this work of art in its full beauty.

In Cairo I found I should have to wait some time for a passage home, and I took the opportunity of paying a flying visit to Jerusalem. On my return to Cairo I found it best to go to Alexandria, cross to Taranto, and go home overland through France.



**VIEW ON THE NILE**



**A NATIVE SCHOOL ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE**

## The Journey Home

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I reached London once more at the end of sixteen months, and my feelings of joy at being home again were mingled with regrets for what had had to be left undone. Something has been accomplished, but there yet remains much of which the investigation would be of the utmost value to anthropology.







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