TWILIGHT TALES OF THE BLACK BAGANDA

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BY

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION

IN recent years so many books have been published on the country of Uganda, that it indeed requires courage, and almost demands an apology from one, attempting to add to that list.

The excuse now offered to the reader, is, that this is not a record of travel or personal impressions entirely, but is the result of an insistent endeavour to make the country beyond Uganda yield up its own secrets, and to reveal the story of its peoples and their beliefs, before the white man trespassed on their domains.

During many years spent in Toro and Bunyoro, I prevailed on the respective kings, Daudi Kasagama and Andereya Duhaga, to undertake to write the history of their country. This was no light task for them, as they had no very clear idea of the subject themselves, and were only just learning to wield the pen. However, they readily took up with the suggestion, and called in from distant villages, and from the solitude of the mountains, some of the old witch-doctors, who perforce had been obliged to forsake their old means of livelihood, or practice it in those regions where the onflowing tide of Christianity had not yet reached.

As Toro and Bunyoro were one kingdom, and its people one race until recent years, their history is

synonymous. Thus comparing these two independent accounts, it has been possible to arrive at a fairly accurate story of their ancient habits and beliefs.

The chapters dealing with these records of the two rulers (vi.-xiii.) are merely a translation from their own writings; and I have tried as far as possible to translate the text literally. Heaps of non-essential details have had to be cleared away, and in many cases modifications been made, or passages entirely discarded, to purify the story and render it suitable reading to the general public.

The work was a novel and laborious task to these two dusky potentates, who, day after day, sat in their crude studies, writing as rapidly as they could, while the quaint, withered up, skin-clad ancients squatted on the floor, and related the legends that had been handed down by the generations of sages before them.

Writing is quite a newly-acquired art introduced by the missionaries; no traces of caligraphy or inscriptions being found among these peoples, unless is excepted the carving of stars, lines and spots on the ivory war-horns of the more inland savage tribes, signifying the clan to which the horn belonged. It is, therefore, all the more remarkable that this race should be found in the heart of Africa, surrounded by fierce and migratory tribes, possessing and preserving, in spite of abject ignorance, a record of consecutive rulers who were preceded by supposed demi-gods and gods—a history remarkably analagous in form to that of the ancient Egyptians.

The people generally are strangely ignorant of their past, and evince very little curiosity with regard to it. Careless about everything, they have been perfectly

willing to leave it, and all questions dealing with the spirit-world, in the hands of their witch-doctors, whom they implicitly believed and obeyed whenever trouble or sickness visited them.

To-day the whole condition of Central Africa is being metamorphosed. The country has been parcelled out among the European Powers, and in their wake, civilisation is rapidly driving out barbarism and ignorance, while Christianity is infusing new life into the people, and inspiring them with noble and forceful ideas.

Fetishism is quickly dying out, and thus one by one the links with the past, are being severed and forgotten.

Within the last ten years Toro and Bunyoro have practically swept away all outward belief in their old creeds, by gathering out from the homes of the people the charms and fetishes which were their oracle, and have publicly burned them.

This book is a feeble attempt to gather from the ashes of the past, some record of the dark ages when Africa was yet unpenetrated and unknown.

Looking through these pages, questions may arise in the mind, as one catches occasional glimmers of Truth—the existence of a primary Cause—God the Creator—death entering the world as the result of sin—the personality of evil that sought to destroy the work of the Creator—the shedding of blood for sacrifice—etc.; and one asks if this is not a child-race whose instincts, God implanted, have become corrupt, because hitherto they have had no guide or instructor other than the Power of Darkness.

In conclusion, I should like to express my deep grati-

tude for the excellent portrait of Andereya Duhaga, king of Bunyoro, so graciously presented for publication by Her Royal Highness the Duchess D'Aosta, who paid a memorable visit to Andereya in his house while touring through the country in 1908.

Also my warmest thanks are due to F. A. Knowles, Esq., Chief Secretary to the Government; Dr. Rendle, Medical Officer of Bunyoro; and the Rev. A. B. Lloyd, for other illustrations used in this book.

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CHAPTER I

The Country: Its Exploration

"UGANDA" is a term used a little indiscriminately at the present day to denote any district from the Port of Mombasa on the East coast of Africa to the boundary of the Congo Free State.

To the *natives* of the country it applies exclusively to the small strip of land marked on the maps as the Uganda Province—the home of the Baganda, ruled over by the young King Daudi Chwa.

The *British Government* give it a more elastic meaning, and to them the Uganda Protectorate includes, besides the Province, the independent Kingdoms of Ankole on the west, Toro on the north-west, Bunyoro as far north as Gondokoro, and the separate states of Bukidi and Busoga on the east.

To the *missionary* it has a wider boundary still, for the Uganda Diocese has overstepped the limits of the Protectorate, and extends far back into the Kisumu and Naivasha Provinces of British East Africa.

Lastly, the *Uganda railway* does not enter the country at all. It carries its passengers nearly 566 miles inland, and takes leave of them 180 miles away from Uganda, on the eastern shore of the Victoria Lake. Here a regular service of steamers, now comprising a flotilla of four, cheerfully makes up for the short-coming of the rail-road. One of the first natives of Uganda who travelled down the line regarded himself as a sort of pioneer hero, as he set off from his own shores in one of the Company's

steamers across the Lake; he hardly dared hope to ever again set eyes on his native land; but to his unspeakable relief he saw the word "Uganda" on various parts of the ship, and concluded he must still be in his own country. As he entered the train at Kisumu the words "Uganda Railway" confronted him on engine and carriages. It was also written up at various points all along the line, and even in Mombasa itself, so his country in his eyes, like Sam Weller, "swelled visibly," and he wrote back to his friends saying, he had never imagined their land of Uganda was so large, it spread on and on until the sea prevented it reaching any further.

Official Uganda is practically an Island lying at the very heart of Africa. Its boundaries are the mighty Lakes Victoria, Edward, Albert and Kioga, which are almost linked up by broad fast-flowing rivers. Probably on account of its unique geographical position, its peoples have retained an exclusivism against the barbarous races all round. Approach it from whatever direction you will, tribes of abject savages, including pigmies and cannibals, will be found in the territories all around Uganda. From the Europeanised East, naked folk with painted faces and limbs wander about the railway stations, unaffected and unenlightened, although for ten years trains have been panting, screeching, and bringing through their land the Government official, the missionary, the Indian trader, the big-game hunter and European Royalties. And during that time Union Jacks have been flying over strongly built forts throughout their country, manned by the British official who has his pigeon-holes filled with scheduled and red-taped despatches, reports, laws, rules and regulations pertaining to the well-being of the same unimpressed and lawless savage.

It is remarkable that a people like the Baganda, characterised by a spirit of insularism and racial pride, should exist in the midst of such disintegrated tribes,

whose history is one long record of warfare, hatred and butchery. While others have been almost or entirely swept away by disease, tribal feuds and physical deterioration entrenched behind their waterways, the people of Uganda have remained the conquering and predominant race—the survival of the fittest.

But the same unique position also marked it for inevitable conquest by an outside and undreamt-of foe—the civilised world. Following up the track of the Nile the ancient Egyptians penetrated far inland in search of ivory, slaves, and wild animals. Traces of their influence upon Uganda can still be found, and doubtless they instructed the natives in the working of iron which is very plentiful throughout the country, especially in the northern district of Bunyoro. The designs introduced into their pottery, basket work and painted on their wooden quivers and bark-cloths very closely resemble the cruder forms of ancient Egyptian art. Many of the cultivated plants and domestic animals are thought to have been brought from the north at this period, as they do not resemble the species of more recent American and Indian importation. The simple knowledge of surgery possessed by the Banyoro was evidently acquired through the Egyptians. Vaccination for small-pox was known long before European influence reached them, as people were inoculated with the lymph taken from the arm of an affected person. Possessing no surgical implements, they operated clumsily but often successfully, with their ordinary septic belt knives. In cases of comminuted fractures, which are frequent (as the people live in such close contact with wild animals), the custom has been to cut out the shattered pieces of bone and insert a piece freshly taken from an ox or goat, then bind the limb up with a banana-leaf rendered pliable by passing it through the fire, and tied round with banana fibre. When it was necessary to keep wounds open to clear them

of pus or poison, long neck gourds were used as drain tubes.

It seems humiliating to find that some of our boasted modern methods of surgery were known and practised by these half-savage tribes in the back ages.

When Egypt came under Persian and Grecian rule, remarkable interest was evinced in African research, and many attempts were made to trace the source of its sacred river "Hapi"—the Nile. But the hostility of the races inhabiting the Eastern Soudan, and the difficulties of navigation on account of the cataracts and solid barriers of sud carried down by the stream, deterred those who ventured on these hazardous expeditions.

In the 5th century B.C. the historian Herodotus himself travelled some distance up the Nile, and succeeded in gathering information from traders about a country with three mighty lakes (now known as the Victoria, Edward and Albert), where there were mountains which they assured him reached to Heaven and were the source of the Nile; thus proving to them that their river was of divine origin. The range was afterwards called "The Mountains of the Moon" because of the glittering ice and snow that covered it.

Nearly one hundred years later, Aristotle wrote of the pigmies, the quaint miniature folk that in recent years have been found inhabiting the vast forest to the west of Toro. These facts show that some kind of communication existed between Egypt and Uganda hundreds of years ago.

But it was left to an Englishman to confirm these vague and unauthenticated rumours by entering Uganda in 1862 from the east coast.

Not merely did Speke prove the existence of the Victoria Lake and the source of the Nile, but he unlocked a country of profound strategic importance, and brought the outside world in touch with a people that is the

dominating power of inland Africa ; and from the results of missions we might hope is destined to become the centre of a strong Spiritual Church that will stretch out and embrace the many tribes around.

Uganda is the point that unites up Christian Societies working in from the North, South, East and West, backed up by Christian Governments, so that now an almost complete Cross of Missions is writ across the face of the once dark Continent.

All down the ages this country has been unconsciously lavishing upon Egypt its inexhaustible wealth, for the Nile is an off-spring of Uganda. The perpetual snows and glaciers of Ruwenzori—the Mountains of the Moon—send down icy streams that fall in roaring cataracts into the burning plain beneath; falling into the Edward and Albert lakes the turbulent rivers are quieted and disciplined, and issuing thence are met by a confluent river that flows out from the Victoria lake at the Ripon Falls. The united waters are then dismissed from Uganda and take their 3,000 miles journey as the life of Egypt. The rich red loam carried down is like a crimson artery flowing through the centre of its course, and in the rainy season, when the low-lying land of Upper Egypt is inundated, the loam fertilises the soil, over which it remains spread out like a sheet.

The first European lady to enter this country was the plucky wife of Sir Samuel Baker. She came out with her husband in 1864 to discover the Albert Lake. They entered Bunyoro from Egypt. By the natives she was known and is still talked of as Kanyunyuzi—the "little star"; for they marvelled at the beauty of the white woman. Sir Samuel Baker was called Muleju—the "Beard." He had evidently adopted the habit which is rather common now among Europeans out here, of dispensing with his razor, and the natives who had never seen an unshaven chin were a little terrified at the

prodigious growth. Their custom is to shave every scrap of hair off their faces and heads; the women and children are treated in the same way. It is a clean habit, but very unbecoming, especially when they try to make themselves irresistibly attractive by smearing the bald pate with rancid butter. I am sure it would be difficult to find more extraordinary curves, bulges and depressions than the heads of these people present when there is nothing left to disguise the shape of their craniums.

Kamirasi, King of Bunyoro, regarded these two Europeans with the deepest suspicion and fear, for no native could believe that any man would come so far merely to see water. Was there none in his own country? His object must be to plunder or seize the kingdom from him. I well remember the crowds of curious Batoro who swarmed round us as we returned from our climb of Ruwenzori's glacier. We heard them whispering together and looking half fearfully and wholly wonderingly at our baggage. When we recited to them our adventures they asked, "And what else?" So we added a few more incidents, and still they asked, "What else?" We rummaged our brains to think of some more hair-breadth escapes, but they seemed insatiable. We had at last to own that there was nothing else, to which they crushingly replied, "The white man must be mad." To go through all that, to endure such cold, to risk one's very life for nothing. They had imagined that we had gone to extract some hidden wealth that was buried under that "white stuff on the top."

Sir Samuel and Lady Baker were practically held prisoners for some months, as Kamurasi stoutly refused to provide them with porters or to give them any assistance in fitting out their caravan for the expedition to the lake. He believed that if they were allowed to leave the capital they would immediately inflame his people to rebellion, so he formulated a plan of slowly starving them

to death. His vigilance over them however relaxed through sheer fright when he saw Lady Baker practising one day with firearms. He and his people had never before seen a gun, and they shook with fear. As the shot fired upwards, they looked anxiously expecting to see the heavens fall upon them. When nothing dreadful happened, they exclaimed with relief, "The star speared the heavens, but they fell not." The result, however, was, that the two travellers were allowed to escape from Kamurasi's court, and after facing immense difficulties they reached the lake, but both were nearly dead with fever and fatigue.

Ten years afterwards the late Sir Henry Stanley made his first exploration tour through Uganda. During the time he was collecting together a native escort in the capital for journeying inland he conversed with King Mtesa very freely on every conceivable subject. Mtesa showed the deepest interest in the Bible stories. Sir Henry Stanley wrote: "These themes were so captivating to the intelligent pagan, that little public business was transacted, and the seat of justice was converted into an alcove where only the religious law was discussed." The king earnestly entreated for Christian teachers to be sent to him, and Stanley promised to forward his plea to England, and meanwhile left his interpreter, Darlington, with Mtesa to continue the instruction until the arrival of the missionaries. He left him also the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments written on Arabic wooden tablets. The letter was written to the *Daily Telegraph*, and was entrusted to a Belgian who had been sent down by Gordon to prospect Uganda, and was returning to him in Egypt. This messenger was, however, murdered on the banks of the Nile by the Bari people, but his body was recovered by the expedition despatched by the Government, and in one of his boots was found the blood-stained letter. This ultimately reached England, and appeared in the daily paper, with

the result that funds poured in, and in the following year a party of missionaries was sent out by the Church Missionary Society to Uganda.

While Speke had opened Uganda to the civilised world, Stanley prepared the way for Christianity. It remained for him also to penetrate Africa from west to east by his remarkable expedition in 1889.

Some years previously Emin Pasha had been appointed by General Gordon Governor-General of Equatoria, the district between Fashoda and the Albert Lake. Then occurred the terrible Mahdi rebellion, which resulted in the massacre at Khartoum of that heroic defender of the city, General Gordon, and his Egyptian garrison, in 1885.

The vast Soudan was then submerged by barbarism, and the only Egyptian force which escaped from the disaster was that led by Emin Pasha, which was, however, in the perilous position of being completely cut off by hostile and semi-barbarous tribes.

He had written to the Egyptian Government, to Mr. Mackay, the missionary in Uganda, and to various societies in England, imploring that assistance might be sent to him, the result of which was an appeal issued by the British public, and supported by the Egyptian Government, for someone to go out and effect the relief of this sorely-pressed general. Stanley immediately responded, and when it was known that he was setting out on this adventurous task, he was deluged with appeals from young and old to accompany him in the campaign. He wrote: "Had our means only been equal to our opportunities, we might have emptied the barracks, the colleges, the public schools—I might almost say the nurseries—so great was the number of applications to join me in the adventurous quest."

The expedition started out in January, 1887, and in the following month commenced the long journey inland from the west coast. It was not until December of that

year that Stanley emerged from the dense pigmy forest and was the first European to look up at the glorious stretch of equatorial snows of Ruwenzori. He had expected to find Emin Pasha in the vicinity of the Albert Lake, with his two little steamships, the "Khedive" and the "Nyanza," which had been put on the lake so as to control the country round its shores.

Great, therefore, was his disappointment to find no trace of him, and to be assured by the natives that they knew nothing of a white man or smoke boats. Stanley decided, however, to strike camp and wait for his rear-guard to come up and join him.

For over four months he was encamped in Bulega on the escarpment of the western shore of the lake. The chief, Kavalli, treated him with the greatest kindness, and provided his caravan with food, although this was a real difficulty in a rocky and unfertile country. During that time Stanley put together the sections of a steel boat he had brought with him, and at last had it ready for launching on the lake to search for the lost general.

In April, 1888, on the weary watch, Stanley espied a tiny cloud travelling towards him on the waters of the lake, and to his intense relief in a short time he stood face to face with the man for whom he had endured such extremes of hardship.

The two boats, the "Khedive" and "Nyanza," were sunk after all movable effects had been taken on shore. Years after some of these things were discovered by Captain (now General) Sir F. Lugard, buried on the lake shore. Among them was the Khedive's call bell, which was carried into Toro, and afterwards presented to my husband by Sir Henry Colville for the assistance he rendered during the occupation of Bunyoro. So the historical bell that had often called the great Pashas Gordon and Emin to frugal meals, and witnessed so many tragic events ashore and afloat, has for many years called

these same rebellious and unruly folk to prayer and Christian instruction.

All the district west of the lake has since the new boundary treaty, been handed over by the British to the Belgian Government. Old Kavalli, the tried friend of Stanley, has long since passed away, but his son Dodoi, who succeeded him, has responded to the Christian teaching of native workers sent out from Bunyoro, and was baptised by my husband in 1907.

When Stanley and Emin Pasha turned their faces toward the Indian Ocean homeward, the Nile shook off the last remnants of British authority for a while. After reaching Zanzibar, Emin threw up his commission under the British Government and joined himself to the Germans, under whom he returned to Central Africa. But ultimately he left their service and travelled westward, intending to come out at the west coast; but just as he had penetrated Stanley's great pigmy forest, he was attacked by a party of Arabs and killed, and his body seized by the cannibal inhabitants of the district.

While the Nile district had thus temporarily passed from under the British, Uganda had come within the sphere of its rule. For three years the British East Africa Company had carried on the work of administration, having gradually extended inland from the coast. But in 1891 they felt no longer able to undertake this. If a sum of £15,000 could be guaranteed them independently, they agreed to hold on for one more year, when the British Government would take it over from them.

Bishop Tucker was then in England, and realising the disastrous results their evacuation would have on the Mission work, he made a strong effort to save the situation; probably on account of the very progress that had attended the work after it had endured the fires of persecution from the vacillating King Mwanga.

If British authority was withdrawn the Europeans in

the country would be in a most precarious position. The result of the Bishop's stirring appeal to the Church in England to save the young Church in Uganda was, that immediately £16,000 were collected and remitted to the Company. By this means Uganda was preserved to the British Empire, without whose strong governing hand the country must ever have remained rent by factions that had for all time plunged it into internecine warfare.

The more influential Baganda welcomed the new foreign rule, realising the benefits that would accrue to them, but the king Mwanga saw with resentment that henceforth his monarchy would be a limited one, and his power for evil restricted. When, therefore, the chance came, he fled north, and joined his old rival and bitter foe, Kabarega, king of Bunyoro, in a final and desperate stand against their common enemy, the British. While the people of Toro and Uganda had submitted to the Government, Kabarega had stubbornly refused to surrender one iota of his power. For six years he held out, carrying on a kind of guerilla warfare. But in 1899 Colonel Evatt succeeded in capturing these two kings, and they were both deported to Seychelles Island.

The district of Bunyoro, which sweeps the eastern shores of Lake Albert and stretches inland, was thus the last link in Central Africa to unite British territory which now extends from the Mediterranean to the Indian Ocean.

And so soon were the effects of its able administration felt, that only twelve years after the meeting of Stanley and Emin Pasha, I, with my companion, Miss Pike, stood on probably the same spot at the south end of the lake. We were travelling with only a few raw native porters and one gun, and on the lake shore we tried to tell for the first time to the simple savages the same old, old story, that some years previously Stanley had told to Mtesa, king of Uganda, and which had already brought about such mighty changes in that kingdom.

CHAPTER II

The Country: Its Awakening

AND now what a change is taking place! Uganda is unmistakably in the grip of progress, and the old order is rapidly giving place to the new. Geometrically planned townships are springing up, in place of the batches of huts which straggled up the hill sides, terminating in the chief's somewhat more pretentious hut on the top. Indian bazaars with their display of tin-ware, calico prints of every conceivable colour, compete briskly for customers with the native markets, which only cater for the inner man. Here shelves and tables are dispensed with; bunches of bananas, baskets of yams, sticks of sugar-cane, little heaps of tobacco or salt are all spread out on the ground, while the strips or indistinguishable joints of goat, sheep or ox are slung from cross poles under a fly-infested shed.

Brick houses, with corrugated iron roofs glittering under the rays of the tropical sun, and low clipped hedges have superseded the bee-hive huts and tall plaited reed fences which used to enclose the chief's household.

What a busy little metropolis Uganda now possesses! Along the streets, continual streams of people pass to and fro, all intent on business of some sort. Bullock waggons and hand drays lumber along towards the snorting ginny factory or the export offices, with bales of cotton, fibre, chillies or hides.

The chiefs can no longer go out with hundreds of their followers to welcome the European arrival with a hot

VILLAGERS BRINGING IN GIFTS ON THE ARRIVAL OF A VISITOR.

embrace aud warm greeting, they are now busy in their offices with secretary and typewriter, or attending to affairs of state in the Council Hall, while their messengers may be seen free-wheeling down the hills on cycles at reckless pace, conveying despatches for their masters.

Can this be the dear sleepy Uganda of yesterday, that had nothing heavier to think of than its next meal, whose women dreamed of no whimsical fashions, but swathed themselves in the fibrous bark of the wild fig-tree; and whose chiefs paraded the streets in their long white garments, while a stream of idle retainers hung on behind, and the tom-toms, horns, reeds, flutes, and jesters, imitating monkeys or jackals, went before to clear the road!!!

Now among the *élite* of Uganda's ladies may be seen violet plush coats, over emerald green satin skirts, and, coyly tilted on their cropped pates is a boy's jack-tar hat, or a sparkling toque of silver tinsel which resembles a shimmering spider's web tipped with morning dew. The sandals of painted hippo hide, with straps of fur formally used by the upper classes, have been discarded for the English tan and heavy black leather boots, to which the owners impart a chronic squeak by the application of lemon juice. When I commiserated with one man on the misfortune of possessing such assertive boots, he looked in blank astonishment, and when he had sufficiently recovered to find words, he answered, "What is the use of boots that do not speak? No one would know that you were wearing them." Sometimes as the men come in or go out of church there is a regular orchestra of boot leather.

When visiting a chief in the old days, it was the custom to spread a mat for the guest, and when seated, water was brought for hand ablutions, then an open basket of steaming plantains and a chicken boiled in a banana leaf, were placed before the visitor and his host. They were not

inconvenienced with a knife, fork, spoon, chop-sticks, or any other implement for manipulating the food, but deftly broke it up into lumps, moulded it into balls, and kind of flipped it into the mouth. But in these days an upholstered chair is brought out, and the guest is offered "tea, lime juicy, sparkletty, biscuity or caky." One day I had the honour of being invited, with other Europeans, to a chief's house to dinner on some special occasion. The table was spread with an immaculately clean damask cloth; the floral decorations consisted of zinnias of all shades, stripped of their leaves and uniformly and tightly squeezed into tin tumblers. Strips of calico, torn into the size of serviettes, were placed before each visitor, and a pile of plates which nearly reached to the chin, when seated, prepared the guest for the number of courses he might expect. One wondered if they would ever melt away. Goat soup was followed by goat rissoles, goat stewy, goat boily, goat fryey, goat roasty, goat curry—until one felt it would need courage to look a goat in the face again. The *chef d'œuvre* completed the menu—this was a portentous cornflour shape, garnished with tinned apricots, stewed onions and tomatoes.

Even the youngsters are moving with the times. Their old employments as goat herdsmen, stool and mat carriers to their chief, have been crowded out of life in the capital. They have thrown aside their old coverings of sheep-skins or bark-cloth, and don shirts or waistcoats. They are all keenly bent on "the larnin'," and covet beyond everything the crested fez cap and other privileges of the High School boy. The street urchin used to grin half round his head if the European honoured him with a grunt of acknowledgment, as he knelt in the dust to salute him with the customary greeting, "Are you there, master, are you quite there?" But to-day he will point to a wee model of the white-man's house, moulded out of mud by the roadside, or a miniature bicycle formed of

sticks and banana fibre, and demand "Bakshish, bakshish." But all this is only veneer, the real and radical changes that have revolutionised the country lie beyond the ken of the passing traveller, and affect the inner life of the people. Sooner or later the inflowing tide of civilisation must engulf the past, and altogether change the configuration of things. As yet there are wide districts of the Uganda Protectorate that have not felt the force, and remain unchanged. Conventionality is still an unknown term to them. It is in this atmosphere, when the traveller abandons himself to his surroundings, and draws in the breezes of the uplands and the vast sweeping plains where the prehistoric elephant still gambols about, that the spirit of Africa possesses him, and he will not find it easy hereafter to entirely throw off the spell of this strange land.

It is with the North-West Kingdoms of the Uganda Protectorate—Bunyoro and Toro—that this book deals, and at present no railway or vehicle unite them to the moving world of Uganda, that lies 200 and 130 miles away. But already shovels and hoes are busy cutting roads of gradual gradient, and a motor transport car has ventured on the first 100 miles of the distance to Toro; and in Bunyoro the pickaxe and roller are laying a macadamised highway to reach the new and luxurious steamship on the waters of the Albert Lake, with cabins, and a savoury bill of fare, waiting to convey passengers to the Congo territory or the Nile. This sounds suspiciously like the first shrill blow of the whistle that will bring the rush of life into a country that is only just beginning to wake up and rub its eyes after the long sleep of centuries. It will be with a sigh of regret that one will exchange the present Bedouin method of travel throughout Uganda for the more rapid and comfortable civilised methods.

A delicious buoyancy and spirit of lawlessness grip you as you travel through these districts. Marching

orders are given, and the key is turned in the lock of the little bungalow house, and for awhile the cares of the housewife are exchanged for the gipsy life. Home, furniture, larder, pots, pans and wardrobe are put into sacks and boxes, hoisted on to the stolid fuzzy heads of shouting, excited porters, who, heavily laden, but light hearted, start off at a frisk trot. Lowing of cattle in the rear reminds you that the butter and milk supply need not run short, and as the butcher's shop runs along with the cows, there will be no lack of soup at least, for the goats and scraggy tan sheep have only cost 3s. or 4s. each, but seem dear at that when you try one of their joints. Once off the main roads engineered by the European, you meet with the regulation native paths, that never avoid a hill under any consideration, but toil over all the tops, and dip down again into the unbridged swamp or river, like the ridges in a sheet of corrugated iron. It needs the eye of a connoisseur to detect the difference between a river and a swamp in many parts, for, with very few exceptions, the river beds are completely choked with papyrus grass growing 12 to 15 feet high. If the water is too deep to be waded, the native will either never visit the world on the other side, or he will clear a narrow passage and construct a clumsy raft of papyrus stalks, bound together with grass—very insecure, ill-balanced, and moist. Evidently from time immemorial no more satisfactory method of crossing has occurred to the native mind, for some of the punters have grown old and crinkly in their vocation, and now two generations of offspring follow them down to their daily occupation—to the life lived on that narrow strip of water completely shut out from the world by papyrus grass. As you watch their countenances you wonder if one single idea has ever passed through their minds, they look so blank and unimpressionable, as automatically they throw the long pole into the muddy river bed, and strike circles and angles,

anything but a straight course, through the stream. On the clear swift rivers, rough and leaky dug-out canoes ferry passengers across.

These little obstructions make travelling very slow. Sometimes two miles an hour is considered good going, and when the average 15 miles are covered you are glad to throw yourself on the fresh-cut grass strewn under the cover of the tent, and talk to no one. At evening, when the sun sets and sudden darkness falls like a shroud over the land, you gather round the camp fire, and watch the half-bare figures roasting their plantains outside their tiny grass booths, which they have erected for the night. The fitful glare of the fires through the trees lends an air of enchantment to the scene, and when at last the jargon of voices dies out, and silence falls on the little encampment, you seem to stand alone in a wide, black, silent world. Not one light relieves the dense darkness all round, and not one familiar sound breaks the silence, nothing but the croaking of the frogs or the distant roar of some wild beast seeking its prey. To one just out from the clang, rush and glamour of city life the sudden contrast is appalling.

When the sun does not shine in Africa you may expect no half measures, and then perhaps the fascination of the tramp wanes. Sometimes you have fairly started on the day's march, and are congratulating yourself on having got the porters well on ahead, when the sky is suddenly shut out by ominous clouds, and with terrific peals of thunder the rain comes down in torrents. It is useless to take refuge, as the lightning is too untrustworthy to approach trees, and the native huts are infested with ticks, which in one tiny bite may bequeath to you three months of spirellum fever, with an afterthought of ophthalmia, facial paralysis, or lockjaw. The only thing is to push on. In a very short time clothing, as well as macintosh, become saturated through, and stick like a

plaster—at that stage walking becomes a real art. Hungry and dead beat you reach camping ground, to find it submerged: you climb to the next hill, and decide that the clammy mud is preferable to the tank below. Chairs, luncheon basket, and everything you most need are far behind with the poor, spiritless porters, who come in and drop exhausted. The cook boy, taking pity on the rather sorrowful appearance of his master and mistress, bravely gathers together a few sticks for boiling up the kettle. It is hard work, for the firewood is dripping, but kneeling down with his chin nearly in the mud, he blows and blows, until you wonder at the capacity of his lungs, and the callousness of the wood in merely responding with clouds of smoke that choke the noble little chef, and make the tears stream down his grimy cheeks. But he succeeds in getting the water to boil, and finding it thicker than usual on account of the rain having washed into the stream all the surface soil, he throws in an extra spoonful of tea to disguise the colour.

Some travellers who have rapidly passed through the country, and had the roads cleared, rivers bridged, and camp-sheds erected for them all along the route, have described the country as Paradise. I have never found anyone quite thinking this who has lived there.

It is in fact a little distressful to those whose work it is to apply law and order. A neat mud-house is erected, and in spite of every precaution the white ants bore in underground, eat through the grass mats or rugs in the sitting-room, and build hills eight or ten inches high in one night. They attack the poles in the walls until they have eaten up the foundations of the house; they climb up inside the walls and bore little holes through the mud plaster, so that when the season arrives for them to take wings and fly, the rooms suddenly swarm with insects having wings nearly one inch long, which very soon drop

off and leave their astonished owners wriggling about helplessly on the floors.

Houses thatched with grass stand the inevitable chance of being burnt down without a moment's warning by lightning. Therefore iron roofs have been introduced. The first government official to possess one in Bunyoro was the envy of the country round. When the hailstones fell, and made a deafening noise on the iron, he tried to feel comfortable as well as safe, when suddenly the whole roof—iron, timber, and all—was completely lifted off, and ignominiously thrown to the ground by the "slight breeze" that had sprung up.

After eight years of experience of grass-thatched and mud houses, one day we found ourselves the proud owners of a self-built brick and iron-roofed domicile. We imagined it impervious to all ills. Straight walls, brick floors, airy wired-in windows, proper fitting doors: no ants, no rats, no leaky roof. But, alas, a family of snakes had escaped the vigilance of the builder, and ensconced themselves in the ceilings, so within the first month nine of them had descended, and were found in the bedrooms, nursery, and on the verandah.

The white man must, of course, have a garden. The conventional paths are cut, flower-beds laid out, and a small plot marked off for vegetables. No sooner are the seeds in the ground than they spring up, and from that day a breathless combat ensues between the plants and their master, the weeds cheerfully joining in the contest. With pruning knife, spade and trowel he incessantly snips, fells, digs and transplants anything and everything to keep back and discipline the rapid growth. Soon the garden is a massed confusion of glorious but unruly blossoms; and as there is only one season all the year round, and that midsummer, some of the English plants have to adapt themselves to their altered circumstances. Few of them can resist responding to Africa's rich soil, plentiful

rains and forceful sun, and so violets, roses and chrysanthemums may be seen blooming profusely side by side.

The kitchen garden keeps one busy too, for the radishes, mustard and cress are in their prime for one day, and the next—the radishes resemble mangel-worsels, and the cress is a flowering shrub. Cauliflowers grow so tall that they have small chance of ever developing a heart, unless transplanted three or four times, and few people have so much surplus energy to expend on a vegetable.

The soil is in its pristine state, no scythe has ever mowed down the scrub and grass, and no plough has ever passed through its sod. Nature has known no rest as in sub-tropical countries, where during winter's frost the soil and vegetation can store up energy for the summer months. Every day of the 365, from January to December, the sun shines. This results in abnormal vegetation, which, being so busy growing, has no time to consider its personal appearance, consequently perfection is rarely met with, and there is not much that one can admire in the colouring of the flowers or the foliage of the trees. Plants grow to extraordinary heights, and give the impression that they have all hopelessly outgrown their strength. Up the sides of Ruwenzori two species of lobelia are seen reaching a height of 15 to 20 feet; groundsel also measures the same, and moss grows to the depth of eight and nine inches round the branches and barks of heather trees that are 30 and 40 feet high.

The wild gladiola, so common in Bunyoro, often reaches a height of five and six feet. When the bulbs have been sent to England the plant becomes dwarfed, but what it loses in height it gains in form and colouring. The entire country is covered with coarse grass varying from four to twelve feet high. In the dry season this is set fire to, so with the equatorial sun above, and the burning grass all round, Toro and Bunyoro can be at certain seasons just as warm as one could wish.

The Country: Its Awakening

The time of the grass fires is certainly not the pleasantest time of the year for the housewife. She has just got her house decorated with freshly-starched curtains, cretonnes and cushion covers, when the air becomes charged with smuts and ashes that blow in through every window and doorway, covering everything with a surface of grime. If one risks paying an afternoon call at that season, the guest arrives at the house of her hostess a study in local colouring.

The natives are accustomed to the fires, and generally have a good-sized plot of green potatoes planted all round their huts at that time of the year, or they burn down a circle of grass and clear a wide space, so as to isolate their huts, in the event of the fires sweeping in their direction.

My own recent experience of grass fires will not soon be forgotten. It was Christmas time, when most people should be tingling with the frosty breezes, but we in Bunyoro were being fairly roasted. Often during Africa's "winter" months I have been forcibly reminded of my first experience of a Turkish bath, when the door closed and I found myself shut up in a room where it was the evident idea of everyone to try and dissolve, for all occupying the chairs were in a more or less advanced state of dissolution.

I had, in anticipation of the heat, suggested to King Andereya Duhaga that it would greatly add to the fame of his country, if he built a health resort for Europeans on the highest hill that shut in his capital on one side. And as he is always ready to act on a sensible suggestion, orders were immediately issued, and by Christmas a most delightful little "settlement" stood ready for occupation. It consisted of two substantial sheds, under which tents could be erected, a cookhouse, and a line of boys' huts built round in a semi-circle.

Andereya had given strict orders that no grass fires

were to be started near the hills, so that they should remain pleasant and green for our week's house-warming.

After three days my husband had to return to the station work, but I and baby were to finish out the week, as we had so benefited from the cooler temperature there. The following afternoon our boys came to me with consternation on their faces, saying that all the distant hills at the back were ablaze, and the strong wind was bearing the flames in our direction. I hurried out to look, and saw a belt of angry fire hurrying toward us. Our only hope lay in the possibility that a forest, stretching some distance beneath us, might arrest the fire. Darkness was setting in, and with the greatest trepidation we watched the fight between the forest and its relentless foe. But the strong wind was in league with the flames, and leaping across the tree tops, they madly rushed toward us.

It was useless to attempt to burn down the grass around our little settlement, for the wind was blowing a hurricane, and we were only one white woman, one native woman and three young boys. We felt our only safety was in flight, but the fire had crept round and cut off our path, and the only way of escape was down a stony perpendicular incline of about 1,000ft.

Just one silent heart prayer, and nearly stumbling under the weight of my little girl, I scrambled down that hill side in the darkness, for night had settled in, and there was no light save the lurid glare from the blazing fires gradually closing in around us.

Half-way down my strength gave in, and I could not move, as we were wedged against a rock. Then we raised the native alarm with hand and lips, and although the people in the valley could not see us, they heard the cry, and suddenly aware of our danger, over 100 men hurried up to our rescue. While six were left to take us to the foot of the hill, the others stumbled up and were

just in time to save our belongings and the buildings after a desperate fight with the flames.

At some remote period, however, the country must have been hotter still, for in certain districts, especially in the vicinity of Ruwenzori, broken lines of extinct volcanoes extend. As many as six can be visited in one hour in one district. Beneath the surface soil of Uganda generally, there is said to lie a deep incrustation of lava, which renders all work of mineral prospecting an exceedingly difficult task. Deep down in some of these craters lie silent, unfathomable lakes. As you descend, the air strikes chill and stagnant, and an eerie sensation passes through you. It is not surprising that strange tales are associated with these dark waters in the minds of the natives, who say the spirits of the dead and devils live there, and these have been known to carry away men, children and cattle, who have been swallowed up entirely. This may refer to a time when some of them were active and wrought desolation in the land. Until quite recent times all the old women who were suspected of witchcraft, were bound and thrown head first into the yawning mouths of these craters.

In the mountainous district of Toro, where the rainfall is heavy and the land is well irrigated by mountain streams, the perpetual scrub and elephant grass are intercepted by strips of forest. These are impenetrable to the traveller, excepting where the tangled rubber vines and dense undergrowth have been partially cleared for an opening. But they are the favourite haunts and playgrounds of elephants that regard Toro and Bunyoro as their own special reserves. These mighty animals herd together in large companies, sometimes numbering hundreds, and absolutely disregard any claim or boundary that mere man may peg out for himself. When on the march they trundle along in single file, the baby gambols along by the side of its mother. Each company appoints

a general that heads the march, and gives due warning to its followers, by powerful trumpetings when it scents danger. Elephant hunting is one of the most risky sports, and full of imminent peril. We have met quite a number of hunters who have visited Bunyoro for this object, but not one has indulged in it for the sake of pleasure. It seems the right thing to do, to add at least one elephant to one's bag as a trophy. Others living in the country find the possibility of making even £400 by one shot accurately fired, too strong a temptation to resist. In February, 1911, the record elephant for this Protectorate was shot within two miles of our Mission Station at Hoima; the tusks weighed 365lbs. The chief difficulty is, that the herd has to be approached through the long grass that often obscures them from the huntsman until he finds himself among them. Probably only one male among the herd possesses tusks above the minimum size allowed by the game laws of the country, and it is nearly always impossible to isolate that one from the others, so the shot has to be fired into the ranks. This causes the elephants to stampede, and throwing up their trunks in the air to scent their enemy, they will furiously charge in his direction. It is hard to beat a retreat amid such long grass, and trees form no safe place in which to take refuge, for twisting the trunk round the bark the elephant can splinter it into matchwood.

Sometimes the ordinary traveller, having no malicious intentions towards them, may find himself in closer quarters than he may like. After a long day's march over rough roads, no roads, through rivers or swamps, he pitches his tent for the night, while his porters follow his example, and curl themselves round inside their hastily-erected grass hut. The usual salaams, with the local chief, have been exchanged, the curious crowd of gaping men, women and children move off, having seen as much, or probably more than they could

"ANTICIPATING A FEAST": Bari Natives cutting up an Elephant.

possibly take in with one visit to the white man; the buzz of the mosquito warns the traveller to seek refuge behind his net, when suddenly he espies a party of unwieldly visitors close to his camp. The elephants are evidently trying to make up their minds where they shall pass the night. We were once in this predicament ourselves, and were contemplating the possible alternative of flight, when our friends decided in our favour and moved off, and we were left to breathe freely once more. Certainly neither the Bunyoro nor Batoro are huntsmen by nature, their only weapons, the spear and bow, being hardly effectual, except in face-to-face encounter, which few natives have the courage to engage in, and they generally employ traps in preference to a hunt. The animals that did not provide them with meat were allowed to wander about unmolested, as the people were not generously enough disposed toward each to unite together in avenging their neighbour whose child or goat had been dragged off in the night by a wild beast. These districts offer plenty of scope and variety to the keen huntsmen; buffaloes, rhinoceros', lions, leopards, antelopes of many sorts and kinds, from the large hartebeestes to the small graceful water buck, hyenas, jackals, servals, cheetahs, monkeys large and monkeys small, hippopotami and crocodiles; while ostriches and giraffes are also found in the north of Bunyoro.

Leopards are more feared by the natives than lions, as the former will always make for their assailant immediately, even although they are riddled with spears, but lions in this district generally act on the defensive. Soon after our arrival in Bunyoro, a baby lion and a baby leopard were brought to our own little boy as playmates. The leopard was only three days old; it had been dropped by its mother when fired at, just as she was falling on a goat, and she made off, leaving her infant son to the mercy of her enemy. It was wonderful to see how the small

animal immediately took to the feeding bottle. For some time it behaved itself in a truly exemplary manner; it would waddle about the house with its clumsy legs and long tail sweeping the ground, searching diligently for that bottle when it suspected feeding time was due; but it was not able to endure the trials of captivity, and died on its way to England where it was going to stay with its friends at the Zoo. Leopards are the most determined foes of the African household, lions generally confining themselves to pigs, antelopes and buffaloes, but leopards plunder preferably the household flocks and herds. Our little fox terrier was cruelly attacked on three different occasions by a leopard. We carefully bandaged up its wounds and nursed it back to convalescence; but one evening as the boys were clearing the table in our little dining room, and the poor dog was wistfully contemplating its chance of sharing with the black boys the frugal remains of the meal, the leopard sprang into the room suddenly, and made off with Jack before the astonished boys had time to raise the alarm. Lions, however, have ventured into the capital in broad daylight, but they beat a hasty retreat into long grass as soon as they saw the stir that their appearance created; for men armed with spears immediately responded to the loud beat of the war drum which boomed out from the King's Hill. They swarmed along the paths like locusts, the little African town of scattered huts that a few moments previously had seemed asleep in the mid-day heat, was suddenly alive with excited, screaming figures, dancing and exercising their arms with their spears poised in the air. The half-scared animals were tracked to their lair by the King's expert hunter, where they were surrounded by a circle of men who gradually drew closer and closer as they slashed down the long grass in which the animals were hiding. Feeling themselves entrapped, with one great spring the lions plunged forward, only to meet the rifles of the Europeans,

who, however, were not allowed to take all the credit to themselves, for as the lion and lioness rolled over with a mighty roar, spears fell like rain from every direction.

Hyenas and jackals are constant visitors round the house at night. One of the latter, a most undesirable nocturnal visitor, took advantage of my bedroom window, which had been left open to let in a stray breath of air during the oppressive hot season. Fortunately the animal contented itself with a candle that was on a table beside my little boy's bed.

Hyenas are not so easily satisfied. On one occasion I had been given an enormous elephant foot, which I was fondly hoping to have converted into an umbrella stand; ashes had been kept in it for nearly three months to clean and sweeten it; but at the end of the time it was as offensive as ever, and one night, in a fit of despair, I put it out on the verandah to sleep. I never got my umbrella stand, for a hyena came and ran off with the savoury morsel, finishing every bit except one toe nail that was left in the garden. I have ever since envied hyenas their power of digestion, for that foot was as tough as iron, and about as palatable.

CHAPTER III

The People

THE kingdoms of Bunyoro, Uganda, and Toro were at one time ruled over by one king, whose centre of Government was in Bunyoro. Elder sons of the Mukidi ruler, Lukidi, were invested with the suzerainty of Uganda and Toro, but these two countries soon asserted their own independence. Rivalry and ceaseless feuds ever existed between the Baganda and Banyoro. The former, a more powerful race physically, gradually gained the advantage, and pushed their landmarks further and further into Bunyoro territory. Their country was a more or less enclosed land. The Victoria Lake shut them in on one side; the strong, separate state of Busoga on the east, and the warlike Banyoro on the north and west; being thus closed in all round, the people developed a concentrated force, which their foes were to feel the strength of hereafter; but Bunyoro, on the other hand, had a free outlet, except on the south. All the districts surrounding its boundaries were inhabited by a number of small and weak tribes, that afforded a magnificent sports' ground for the Banyoro marauders. They lived in open hostility to each other, and therefore fell a ready prey to their powerful neighbour.

They were plundered, subdued, and finally incorporated in the kingdom of Bunyoro, which was thus composed of a heterogeneous people, many of whom were wild savages and cannibals, each tribe speaking a different language. The Banyoro themselves were absolutely lacking in

national cohesion, so were quite unable to cement together the outside fractious elements, and whilst they were absorbed in party and family quarrels, the tribes around gradually broke away from under their rule, until the once-powerful kingdom was reduced to its present restricted area—the district abutting on to the western shores of the Albert Lake.

In spite however of the diversity of peoples that comprised this kingdom, each retained its own separate individuality, as intermarriage between tribes is repugnant to the African. Hence the union of these different peoples did not result in the deterioration of the Banyoro, but only increased the racial pride and inherent thirst for power that are such leading characteristics among them. They are divided up into clans, and the clans into families. In the case of marriage a man most frequently seeks for his wives amongst those of his own clan or another of equal status; relationship is no barrier, and it is not impossible, especially among the royal family, for a sister, stepmother and aunt to be included among a man's wives.

It would have been impossible to find a greater diversity of dialects and tribes in a corresponding area, as the kingdom of Bunyoro presented in those days. A journey through these districts affords a most interesting study in human nature, and provides as many quick changes as a cinematograph. For instance, the Bakidi ladies adopt the fashion of wearing tails suspended from their waist as their sole garment, while a unique custom pertains to all bachelors. No unmarried man is allowed to sleep in the family hut, but at night he must retire to his lonely diggings, built up on high stakes from the ground; the inside space just allows for one man to lie curled round like a centipede, while a diving attitude has to be assumed in order to clear the funnel-shaped aperture.

Their near neighbours, the Baganyi, go in for more elaborate personal decoration. On fête days they present

a truly regal appearance, with their limbs fantastically tattooed in white chalk, and their millinery of curled and uncurled ostrich feathers would do credit to any production of the Louvre at the present time.

Round the lake shore some quaint fashions prevail. As the canoe draws up on the western beach, a crowd of men and women of the Babira tribe will be there *en masse* to inspect the new arrival. All their personal embellishment lies in the upper lip, in which slabs of wood are inserted, some measuring twelve inches in circumference. To look at them one might imagine that it would be impossible to do anything for a people so lacking in ordinary intelligence, and yet our native teachers working in the neighbourhood say, that they are evincing a keen desire for instruction.

Perhaps the most interesting folk are those working at the salt mines at Kibero, on the east shore of the lake. Here an extensive industry has been carried on from time immemorial, and still there seems no sign of the salt supply giving out. It is worked entirely by women, who are able to earn a comfortable livelihood, and thus supply their husbands and family with all the necessities of life.

Each woman has her own little allotted space, which is divided from that of her neighbour by low clay ridgings. A hot stream of water flows along the soil, which is impregnated with salt; this keeps the ground constantly moist. The worker sprinkles dry earth over the flattened surface of her plot, and leaves it to be acted upon by the sun, which draws the salt up through the earth, where it lies like hoar-frost. This is collected and placed in earthern sieves, which are fixed over large pots. Water is then poured over it, and the salt gets carried down with it to the jar beneath; this water is then placed over a fire and boiled until only the salt remains.

These women are probably the only wives who are not ill-treated by their husbands, for it would go ill with them

if the men did not assume a chronic craven attitude toward them, for they are entirely dependent on their wives for home, food and clothing. The women are of powerful build and most quarrelsome nature, and so avaricious that they work from early morning to night, while they keep a constant look-out on their neighbour's plot of salt and appropriate it whenever there is the chance.

A similar form of native government existed in Uganda and Bunyoro, and does so to the present day, for the British Government decided that as a basis, it was well suited to the condition of the country, and only needed modifications in some respects, and a strong hand to control its operations.

Each kingdom is divided into six or eight shires, which are placed under county or "Saza" chiefs, who appoint semi-chiefs to districts in their shires, and these again choose out demi-semi chiefs for villages in their district. This system of chieftainships has reached an absurdity in Bunyoro, where every youth aspires to the title. A master does not pay his servants wages, he feeds and clothes them, and then after some years of services the man will be rewarded with a small chieftainship. It may be a district containing two or three minute villages, but however limited the sphere, the man considers himself unlimited in power, raised to a position of such immense importance that he is placed beyond the servitude of work. He immediately sets up a miniature court, and surrounds himself with as many retainers as he can gather round him. One is appointed his deputy, another magistrate (Katikiro), another tax-collector, while each tiny village, or separate batch of huts, has a subordinate chief placed over it, who, being exalted to the dizzy position of officialism, feels it infra dig. to do the work himself, and so nominates his own deputy, magistrate, collector, and sub-sub-chiefs to do it for him. Thus

chieftainships go on multiplying in ever increasing magnitude, until it often happens that a man who visits you in a coat and boots is lord of three or four decrepit little huts, the inmates of which supply him with these external evidences of his greatness, by the fines and taxes which he has legally, or illegally. extorted from them. So generally is this the practice in Bunyoro that it is almost impossible to train boys in any useful industry or craft. After some months' apprenticeship in carpentering, a youth will go to his master and present him with a shelf, crooked door, or shakey table, and thus so impresses him with his superior intelligence that he is immediately raised to the dignity of a chief. A boy that can put trees to such wonderful uses, what may he not do with the softer material of mankind!

A conclave is held once a week by the king, when the Saza chiefs are expected to attend, and bring into this national assembly any matter from his shire, that is beyond his jurisdiction. The king's throne is on a raised daïs, spread with leopard and lion skins. He, and his county chiefs, dress in long black cloth Arab gowns, heavily embroidered with gold thread and tassels. The chiefs are seated in single lines below the daïs, and behind them the minor chiefs and others squeeze together on the ground. The royal band, consisting of drums, horns, and reed flutes, bang, grunt and squeak outside while the people are assembling, and in the intervals in these native parliaments there are, sometimes, very breezy altercations, specially in Bunyoro, where the chiefs are jealous and suspicious, and heartily dislike each other. The "Opposition Bench" is always in evidence; sometimes each chair is in opposition to its neighbour, and the distracted king in vain calls, "Order, order" from the throne, as his ministers engage in fist to fist scuffles, and, on one occasion, ended by throwing each other out of the windows, and their chairs after them.

Taxation has not yet reached very complicated dimensions, but still it has its difficulties even in these parts. The native custom had been that each man should work for his master when called upon, and supply him with a certain proportion of food grown upon his shamba. This was equivalent to land-tax; but as things developed in the country, the masters' requirements considerably increased; mud, or brick houses, decent roads, and cultivation of cotton and rubber made constant and heavy demands on their dependents' time; so that at last it was found necessary to introduce a change, to protect the rights of the peasants. Now, instead of labour, each man brings to his chief two rupees a year, and thus discharges all obligations towards him.

Ten years ago the British Government levied a hut-tax of three rupees on the people, and although it was such a mild demand (four shillings) the natives exercised all kinds of cunning to avoid payment. When the tax-gatherer was expected, the owner of the hut would go off and pay his long-lost brother a protracted visit, leaving his wife to face the wrath of the baffled "Publican," or to be taken as hostage. Others packed up wife and family, leaving kith and country, and fled to the wilds, sooner than put in a few days' work each year to enable them to meet the tax. But a worse evil that resulted was the overcrowding in the homes of the people. In one small beehive hut, having no partitions, there would be originally a man with his wife and children, one or two goats and several fowls. On the introduction of the tax, the father-in-law and mother-in-law came and took up their quarters there, and so halved the payment. To these would be added a newly-married brother and his bride, who now had an excuse for not troubling to build a separate hut: thus the tax was reduced by mutual arrangement to one rupee each man. Of course there were a few stray boys to do odd jobs, and all these people were

packed in the hut at night, to say nothing of the rat and insect life that was legion.

Now the government has vetoed this state of things, and instead of a hut-tax, has introduced a head-tax for every male over sixteen years of age, so each able-bodied youth is now bound to work at least one month out of the twelve. Three and-a-half rupees a month is the regulation wage for the ordinary labourer that has specialised in nothing, and nearly the whole country may be classed under this heading.

This very moderate taxation induces industry and provides native labour, which, in a country like Bunyoro, would be almost impossible to procure under any other circumstances. Work is repugnant to the Banyoro, and nothing proves an irresistible attraction to him save indolence and ease.

One day I wanted my garden weeded, and meeting an oldish man in deplorable need of garments, I offered him the contract. He, however, stoutly refused, telling me that, as he wanted nothing, he intended doing nothing. I tried to allure him by visions of the dignity that a garment would add to his person, but he grinned widely at the very suggestion. He had never worn anything but a goat skin all his life, and he was not going to adopt any follies now. At the same time the Bishop of New Guinea strikes a sympathetic chord in me, when he writes of his people :—" A native snug and warm under the equator, with nature bountifully yielding her fruit to his hand, cannot be expected to work like one who is shivering in the bleak regions of the poles. The chief fault in the native, from a white man's point of view, is really his greatest excellence. He is so simple in his habits and mode of life, that he does not care to toil and moil for those things which other people value. He is content, and cannot see why, at a stranger's bidding, he should face hardship, loss of liberty and work often too severe for

his constitution." It is rather pathetic to see a crowd of men drawn up in front of your house asking for tax work. They have mostly denied themselves food for at least a day or even more, so as to present as pitiable an appearance as possible. And it is extraordinary the difference one day's fasting makes to their outline, for their bodies resemble concertina bellows, they are either extended to bursting pitch or in a state of total collapse. The native custom generally is to have one solid meal a day, and that after sunset, so that he has the whole night to sleep off the effects.

Their capacity for food is incredible. When cooking a native feast, it is well to reckon 5 to 7lbs. of meat per head, besides plantains, potatoes and vegetables in similar proportion.

Apart from the general outline to arouse one's sympathy, scarcely one man among the party seeking work is not maimed or disfigured. Disease and neglect have weakened the constitution, and deep scars are seen on every face or chest, where the medicine-man's drastic kill-or-cure methods of bleeding and branding for even the smallest pain, have left their mark on every man, woman, and heathen child in the country. Some of the men are also lame, victims of the jigger—an infinitesimal insect that bores into the toes, and unless extracted immediately sets up violent irritation, which is followed by inflammation and mortification. It is not an infrequent sight to see a man or boy lacking a toe, or left with only a foot stump, as they have been too indolent, or careless, to search for a thorn and extract the jigger before it has worked such havoc.

It seems hopeless to get work out of such people, and it is a problem to find out what they can do. They assure you they have not strength to carry loads, they do not know how to dig, for that is women's work; nor to smelt iron, that is blacksmith's work; nor to mould water

and cooking pots, that is the potter's work. These crafts cannot be learned—a man must be born of the potter or blacksmith's clan—and as there is always a scarcity of these household essentials in the country, one can only conclude that these particular clans must be among the most unprolific.

Under the old régime there was no need for the men to work. A man's wives provided him with food, and whenever he wanted to replenish his harem or his herds, he had only to join one of the king's raiding parties and plunder from a neighbour as many women, goats or cattle as he could carry away.

At the sound of the war-drum the man underwent a complete change, all the lawlessness and savage instincts of his nature were roused—throwing off every vestige of idleness and sloth, he would seize his spear, and as he felt the weapon quivering in his grip, gave himself up to the fiercest passions. Inflammable as is the nature of the African, the drum thrills him, and no man can resist its war call. Clad in the skins of wild animals, of whose nature they seemed temporarily to partake, the men followed their captain, working themselves into a state of semi-madness by the war dance and song. Arriving at the enemy's village, they relentlessly burnt down the houses, killed the men, and laden with spoil of cattle, women and children, left the place in ashes, and returned to crown their victories by human sacrifices and drunkenness. The drum, or tom-tom, like all other instruments of sound, appeals to the lowest instinct in the negro. It is indeed a country absolutely void of music. The only instrument that gives forth a note or something that is not a roar or squeak, is the harp. The crudest is made out of a piece of cow horn, with a finger board of rough twig and one string of fibre; the other kind is formed out of a slit gourd, tied on to a thin shaped board and possessing two strands of cow gut.

KING'S BAND: "Music hath charms."

The musician being limited to one or two notes represented by the strings, has not much scope for displaying his talent, but he tries to ring the changes on these. As the sounds twang out in ceaseless monotony, the man accompanies them with sepulchral sentences, or stanzas, which he composes on the spot to suit the occasion. Gradually his body sways to the rythm of the music, and after a time the noise leads the people on to a point of inanity. This, accompanied with dancing and a bountiful supply of native spirit, brewed out of grain and banana juice, was the ordinary occupation of the men each night, and having no lamps or lights, they were shut up in their huts, or in their courtyards, carrying on their revelries by the flicker of the fires.

Each new moon was the excuse for extra indulgence. In the afternoon all the drums in the place were beaten and everybody shouted, as no one dared keep silent for fear of offending the moon. The king posted men at the cross-roads and seized everyone who passed along. These unfortunate folk were brought in to him and offered up as a propitiatory sacrifice for the whole country to the evil spirits. The hair of the victims was put into cow horns and their blood was poured on to it, the horns being then kept by different people as charms against sickness and trouble.

After this the king appeared swathed in barkcloths, taking up his position in his council hall, his subjects coming to do obeisance to him. A dead silence prevailed, for no one was allowed to even cough in his presence. First came the herdsmen in procession, as they always held first rank; then the king's children, followed by the princes, princesses, chiefs, and lastly, the ordinary people; these all came in single file, and after prostrating themselves before the king, stood on one side till the hall was full. Then all the people broke silence by shouting together "Live the King." As the full moon rose the

feasting began, and the drinking and dancing continued till dawn. The king's chief wife had to sit by her intoxicated spouse and pinch his arm or bite his finger, to prevent sleep, for a man to slumber during full moon brought disaster to the household.

The moon is regarded with great reverence by the Banyoro, who believe that it takes away sickness and hunger, and brings milk, food and health. A legend common among them describes how, in the time of the gods, there lived a man named Ibamba, who had two sons —Sun and Moon. As they grew up their father gave them each an inheritance. One day Ibamba became ill, and realising that he was about to die, sent to his sons, that they might come and bury him. When the messenger came to the Moon, he immediately rose up, although it was night, and came to his father; but the Sun, on receiving the message, replied, "I will wait until the morning, dare I travel in the dark?" When Ibamba saw that his child, the Sun, delayed coming, he was wrath, and cried out, "Till the end of time he shall not cease to wander about, all day and every day he shall travel, he will bring great trouble on his country, the grass will wither, the water shall dry up, and he shall cause a fire to burn within man and beast, and many shall die because of it.* Ibamba then appointed his son, the Moon, as his heir, and bequeathed everything to him, saying, "To you, my child, I leave all, for you are a man of pity and grace. Your goings shall be by night, and whenever you appear, kings shall greatly fear and offer you gifts. They shall adorn themselves in their best apparel when they come to stand before you, and everything that shall be born shall date from you; you shall govern the time for the sowing of every seed."

After these words, Ibamba died, and they buried him.

* The natives believe that malarial fever, so prevalent in the country is the fulfilment of this curse.

In the morning the Sun arrived, and finding that his father was dead, and that the Moon had been appointed his successor, he was exceedingly angry, and cried, "Am I not the elder son, my brother has supplanted me." Whereupon he seized a stick, and beat the Moon, and they fought together, cutting each other about on the head. The Moon's bruises can be seen to this day, but the Sun never recovered from his wounds; when a man looks at the Sun he cannot see the cuts, for tears of pity blind his eyes, but if he turns his eyes away, and shuts them, the dark red bark-cloth bandages that bind up the wounds can be seen to this day. The Moon thenceforth ruled all the stars, which are his subjects, his wives being the stars that travel closest to him.

Like all uncivilised races, the history of this people dates back to comparatively recent times. It covers a dynasty of kings for about twenty generations—then an era of rule under the Bacwezi or semi-mythical governors, which was preceded by an indefinitely prolonged period under the reign of the gods.

These Bacwezi were evidently a migratory tribe that swept down from the north, and completely subjugated the original inhabitants of the country, at the same time adopting the native dialect.

An example of this is seen in Ankole at the present time, where there are two distinct races forming one people, and speaking one language. The peasants are the Bairu tribe, the original people of the soil, while the ruling class is the Bahuma or herdsmen tribe, of Nilotic origin, who probably settled in the ranch-like country years ago, as it afforded such excellent pasture land for their cattle.

These Bacwezi evidently taught the Banyoro to work the iron that is abundant in certain districts, and it may be that they instructed them in the rudiments of their religion.

When the Bacwezi again migrated and pushed further south, the country must have been left very desolate and depopulated, until the Bakidi chiefs came in from the east, and once again built up the kingdom.

During that interregnum much of the early history must have faded from the memory of the people, for on their departure, the Banyoro attributed to these Bacwezi supernatural power, and gradually the ages before their advent receded further in the background, and they ceased to think of that time when they were not under their authority. Very soon the Bacwezi were as dreaded, and therefore worshipped as the evil spirits. The people had a fearful reverence for these rulers, who still held an extraordinary power over the natives' imagination.

They affirm that they were the direct descendants of a line of gods who were engulfed in hell. The legends describe how the Bacwezi were wearied by the constant strife between men, and left the country never again to be seen by mankind; but their connection with humanity did not cease; in order to be revenged, they visited the people with disease and misfortune, therefore was it necessary to propitiate them with sacrifices and offerings.

CHAPTER IV

Domestic Life

THE word "home" can never be applied to the dwellings of the Banyoro and Batoro. The little beehive hut affords to them a shelter and a sleeping place, apart from any association of family life.

The women are the slaves of the household. At sunrise they shoulder their hoes and go out into the fields, which are heavily laden with moisture, to wrestle with the giant weeds whose stubborn roots are implanted some feet in the soil. Often the cultivation is most perfunctory and superficial, for the strength of the women is not sufficient for the terribly severe labour that the land demands. When the plot is digged, it is sown with three or even four different crops all mixed up together—potatoes, linseed, beans and Indian corn. Within six weeks the beans are ready for picking, and form the daily meal until the Indian corn is ripe; the potatoes are the last crop to mature, and are gathered in daily as the need arises. Favourite dishes among the Banyoro are white ants, grasshoppers, and tiny mushrooms, the spore of which is laid by the ants. A discreet housewife will generally have a small reserve of these delectable tit-bits tied up in banana fibre hanging to a peg in the hut. These are produced as a salve to her lord and master when his wrath is aggravated and she is threatened with a beating. It is an unfailing remedy, for the severest temper must melt before such irresistible dishes.

Besides providing the household with food, the women

have to fetch the water and firewood, cultivate the roads, and cook the food. A cooking pot costs 250 cowrie shells (4d.), and this, with a water pot of the same value, are the only utensils of an ordinary household. The husband grumbles interminably at having to provide these essentials, and very often will have the potatoes and Indian corn poked among the ashes and roasted, rather than supply his wife with a pot.

When the woman wishes to serve up a surprise feast, consisting of three or four items, she prepares banana leaves by passing them through the fire, and so rendering them plastic and waterproof; in these she ties up the vegetables separately, and steams them together in the one family cooking pot.

The men have by far the easier time of it, and only within the last few years have they done any work at all. Their creed was that women were made for work, and men—well, they had to rule their wives, eat the food served up to them, smoke, and think of nothing.

Once in every few years there was the hut to build, and the only share the women could take in this, was to level the site and bring the grass for its thatching. It meant at least two solid weeks' work for the husband! And when it was completed, he would mop his streaming brow, declare he had pains in every part of his body, and tie a strand of grass tightly round his head to prevent it dropping to pieces entirely, and he must never be expected to give another moment's consideration or time to the home. The storms may whisk off patches of thatch, and the rain pour in, the grass may rot, the white ants eat the poles until the hut lops over on one side, but if there is a dry spot left for himself to lie upon, the man is content, and not until it is actually falling down upon him and his family, will the master of the household stir himself in the matter.

He had three sources of revenue—goats, wives, and

children ; neither of them he regarded with deep feelings of affection, unless we except the goats, which on rare occasions would die, and then provide him with a feast of meat. But all three were necessary for his comfort. The hides supplied him with clothing, the wives with food, and the children provided both goats and women. A man had as many wives as he could barter for. The ex-king Kabarega had over 400, some of whom he inherited from his father and brothers. It is estimated that he possessed over 1,000 children, many of whom were killed in the wars, the others were scattered about the country; in fact, in Bunyoro, princes and princesses are almost as plentiful as mosquitoes. Several of them have no inheritance, and have married peasants.

Children are a great asset to their parents, and men are very anxious to have large families, for they represent his greatness in this life, and assure to him an abundant following in the spirit world, where the thought of remaining alone is torture to them.

Monogamy, which often implies no offspring, will therefore for many years be a severe problem in Christian households.

The birth of a girl is hailed with almost as much joy as that of a boy. It often happens that before birth she has been sold by the father as a wife to some old crony, on the chance that the child will be a girl. She is reared in her parent's home until her husband claims her to take over the duties of one of his other wives now beyond work. Girls of heathen families are not allowed a voice in the choice of a husband. The father transacts the bargain; he does not inquire after the character of the man, nor does he attempt to find out if he has a hut to offer her, nor how his daughter is likely to be treated. She is given to the wooer who will offer the highest price. The fees levied are quite disproportionate to a man's means; as almost without exception, the would-be bride-

groom has to part with all his goats, which represent his sole property, and he borrows from every available friend at an exorbitant rate of interest, in order to meet the marriage fees; and as the couple begin life burdened with debt, they are often obliged to squeeze into a corner of a hut offered by a friend, as no one but a peasant will build for himself, and the man has nothing left with which to employ labour.

An effort was made by the Government to fix a bride's price at Rs. 15 (£1), but the regulation was met with general disapprobation. A man refused to part with his daughter for so small a sum, declaring she was worth more to him as labour. The bridegroom felt he was wooing a worthless wife, while the more he is fleeced, the better is the girl pleased, as valued at Rs. 15 she felt herself insulted and bemeaned.

The following is a young chief's marriage bill which was shown to me:—

To one wife	One cow.
Necklace for the aforesaid cow ...	200 cowrie shells.
Offering placed on the spot where he first saw the bride	1,500 shells.
Gift to bride	One sleeping mat = 250 shells.
„	One barkcloth = 800 shells.
„	Beads = 750 shells.
„	Wire bracelets = 300 shells.
Gift to grandmother of bride ...	1,000 shells.
„ aunt „ ...	One goat.
„ father „ ...	One shaving knife and salt.
„ mother „ ...	400 shells.
„ best man „ ...	400 shells.
„ „ of bridegroom ...	1,500 shells.
„ cook of wedding feast ...	One goat.
Wedding feast	One ox.
To man who shaved bride's head...	200 shells.
To the chief of the district ...	One ox.
Offering at the doorway of the bridal home	100 shells.

The market value of the above items at that time were :—

Cow	Rs. 60.
Ox	Rs. 25.
Goat	Rs. 2½.
Cowrie shells...	1,000 = Re. 1.

Thus the bill came out at nearly £9.

After a marriage contract has been made between a girl's father and the most eligible wooer, a period of six months or one year elapse, during which time the man seeks the wedding fees, and the bride-elect undergoes a process of fattening in her father's home. When the man comes to claim his wife, the father meets him with the set response, "Let me look for a dowry for my child." A bride's trousseau formally consisted of the following :—

Two barkcloths as wedding dress.
Two calves' skins as reception gown.
One knife for shaving of head.
One gourd as drinking cup.
Two strings of loin beads.
Two zebra tail necklaces.
Two wire bracelets.

After a few weeks a messenger is despatched by the poor impatient bridegroom, but he is sent back with orders for his master to come in person when four days have elapsed.

Then all the relations and friends are called to prepare the bride for her nuptials. An uncle shaves her head, until it as bald as an egg, another cuts and manicures her finger-nails, while the grandmother acts as chiropodist. The night before the wedding the bride is made to sleep in the dust, and black ashes are rubbed over her body. At cock-crow the aunts take her down to a swamp, and scrape her down with sand from head to foot ; she is then led to a clear, flowing stream and washed. They

hastily return to the house, bearing a jar of water, into which have been thrown wild, fragrant flowers.

Meanwhile, the courtyard of the hut has been spread with fresh-cut grass, and here the final act of purification takes place. The girl lies on the grass, and with a bunch of vetch the scented water is sprinkled over her.

She then retires to rest on her mother's bed. The dust of her footprints is most carefully collected and buried out of sight, so as to prevent any malicious person carrying it away for the purpose of bewitching her.

At the time appointed, the guests arrive, and all the women set up loud and dismal wailings—can there possibly be any joy when a girl is leaving her own people to become the working wife of a man who may abuse, beat and ill-use her without let or hindrance? Thus they reason. But the wailing soon gives place to revelry, for there is very little sincere sympathy ever shown for another's misfortune. An infirmity, a deformity and suffering generally provoke laughter and amusement. So on the wedding day, when the last guest has arrived, milk and coffee beans are given round, then pipes and beer to every one, and they all break out into song, while the bride sits alone weeping.

A speech is then made by the bridegroom; as a preliminary, he tells his guests that his heart is full of joy, because he has drunk freely and smoked his pipe; but then he alters his tone, and says that his spirit quakes, his body trembles, and words fail him, because of the great fear he has of his father-in-law. Whereupon the old man rises and replies, "Cheer up my son, have you not a wife to comfort you; dismiss your fears and be merry."

Then a stir is made and the wedding party prepare for departure to the home of the bridegroom. The bride heads the procession, closely veiled, and hemmed in by women attendants. They move along at less than a

snail's pace, for a bride must show reluctance and grief on her wedding day, even though she may not feel it. After three hours, during which time they have travelled about 100 yards, the bride evinces signs of exhaustion, so a hammock is brought, and at sunset the party arrives at the home, where the man's parents sit crouching to receive the guests. The man and wife both approach them reverently and sit on their knees as salutation. The father-in-law straightaway administers sound advice to the bride. "A wife shall not leave her house to be overrun by fowls, a woman's place is in the kitchen, or in the field digging and gathering firewood, or at the well fetching water for her household, not visiting in the huts of her neighbours. If she does evil she will see evil, but if she does well, good will come to her." The husband then thanks his father for counselling his wife, and adds this rider of his own—"What is evil? If my wife sees me and my friends hungry and does not cook for us, that is sin. And what is virtue? If she will work for me, that is well, and I shall be satisfied."

The bride's trousseau is then brought and displayed before the wondering guests, after which everyone hastily retires to rest, so as to be asleep before the hyenas shriek, otherwise disaster will befall the married couple.

All is left in darkness save for the flickering light of a fire in the courtyard which is tended by an old man. After about the space of one hour, it is his duty to crow loudly like a cock to awake the household, and pretend to them that day has dawned.

Immediately the guests arise, and the bridegroom joins them at the feasting, drinking, dancing and revelry that go on all night. In the morning the visitors depart and send to the bride gifts of tobacco, pipes, spices, grass woven belts, knives, needles, and gut for sewing her hides.

Should the bride be a chief's wife she will not be

expected to do much cultivating, but she is initiated by the old women into her duties, which are:—

1. To fear and respect her father and mother-in-law.
2. To remain faithful to her husband.
3. To be industrious.
4. To show hospitality to strangers.

The daily tasks begin with sweeping out the courtyard, then she has to cut fresh grass for strewing the hut. She must relieve visitors of all appurtenances on their arrival, and have milk and pipes always ready to offer them. Every evening she collects the milk-pots, cleans them by boiling them over the fire smoke, and when her husband has finished his evening meal she makes most elaborate preparations for serving him with milk. The milk-bowl is placed in a mop of evenly cut and spotlessly white fibre which fits into a highly polished wooden stand; as she hands the bowl to her lord she waves a fly-flick before him with one hand, while with the other she screens her eyes from him.

Under no circumstances whatever was a wife allowed to eat with her husband—the men have their food brought to them in the house, while the women partake of their meal in the very dirty porous shed, or dilapidated hut, that serves as a kitchen.

Girls are obliged to marry very young, and soon lose all their youth and vivacity. To show any joy or contentment after marriage is to be sadly lacking in modesty and refinement. Christian women are very slowly learning to fit themselves for the new position that Christianity and civilisation demand for them; but few take any pride in cleanliness, and even in some of the better class mud and brick houses that the chiefs are now building, there is a most stifling atmosphere, for the rooms are tightly closed all day and night, and the tidying of them is left entirely to the ragamuffin house boys, who receive occa-

sional oversight from their masters. The wife will emerge from some dark corner to receive her husband or guests, swathed in a very much soiled house garment; she invariably answers the greeting with a description of some ache or pain that she now has, or suffered from in the past.

But the same axiom applies to Bunyoro as elsewhere, "Women are what men make them." A man by his neglect, or rough treatment, soon extinguishes any spark of respect and desire that his wife may once have possessed for him, and the Banyoro women are very liable to be easily conquered by their circumstances and make no attempt to rise above them. Rarely will a man consider his wife at all, and still less frequently will he exercise any self-sacrifice for her. Many women must most carefully preserve their one only decent cloth for visiting, while their husbands have a reserved stock of linen garments, coats and polished boots for every occasion.

When a boy reaches the age of 7 or 8 he prefers to leave his home and attach himself to some chief who allots to him various little duties. The parents never forbid this, but on the other hand encourage it, for by that time their hopeful young offspring is absolutely out of hand and refuses to obey his parents. From infancy he has been allowed his own way in every respect, for he has never been reproved or checked. No parent will chastise his child, and when his insubordination has become a habit, the inevitable retort of the father or mother is, "Will a child ever obey its parent?" One of the very saddest features of native life is the condition of the children. Indeed, it is a land without child-life, if by that we understand innocency, frolic, merriment and laughter. Nothing is concealed from a child; as soon as the understanding is awakened it listens to the sordid and degraded conversation that is spoken in their homes

and public places. The sacred mysteries of life are ruthlessly flaunted before mere infants, so that they are men and women in knowledge, and often, alas, in vice, before they have left behind their childhood. It is revolting to listen sometimes to the conversation of mere babies.

In the Mission Schools the children are being literally taught to play, so that their energies may have a healthy outlet.

The mortality among children is reputed by the natives themselves to be 80 to 90 per cent. This is due largely to the gross immorality that has existed in the past. During the prolonged wars of Kabarega, the ex-king, men were killed by hundreds, and during the famine that followed, girls and women were left to roam about the country selling their honour for a mere handful of grain.

A people cannot recover from such a condition in one generation. It is no exaggeration to say that not one child is born without the seeds of disease, which sooner or later manifests itself, and only now are the parents beginning to attribute it to other causes than witchcraft or devil-possession. For every ache the very septic knife or branding iron was freely applied to the already frail body of the infant, and only a few could survive these drastic measures. Children are instilled with a dread of water from infancy. When the sun sets and the chilliness of night strikes the air, piercing cries may be heard outside the hut that owns a baby, for the mother is performing its evening ablutions by throwing over it cold water, and then leaving the child to drip and dry on a banana leaf. When it is deemed old enough to perform its own toilet, it is not surprising that the child tries to banish from its mind the very thought of water, and when the rain threatens it with a bath, he will ingeniously convert a big banana leaf into an umbrella to protect his little naked body. A mother continues nursing her child until it is two or even four years of age, and it is not

unusual for another woman to oblige her friend by imparting the mid-day meal should the mother be otherwise occupied.

The morning after a child is born, the parent's saliva is mixed with the juice of herbs and administered to the infant as a charm against sickness.

When the first tooth appears the mother does not proudly announce the fact to all her friends, but she carefully conceals it for fear a jealous neighbour should bewitch the child.

The king did not set eyes on his children until they had reached the age of four or five. They were at that age presented to him, and he immediately gave orders for them to be sent away to chiefs who would be responsible for their up-bringing. The mother was strictly forbidden to again set eyes on her child unless she could manage it by stealth or bribery.

The birth of twins was hailed with general consternation, and was regarded as a visitation of the evil-one. A witch-priest was immediately sent for, while all the people of the household danced and sang outside in the courtyard to entice out of the house the spirit. Nothing was done to keep the life in the children, and if they died the priest put them into a cooking pot, which he closed in with clay to imprison the spirit, and cooked them to a cinder, just leaving two tiny holes in the pot which he called the eyes of the evil-one. But if the children were lusty, and decidedly showed signs of living, a spear shaft for a boy and a knife for a girl twin, with beans and millet were tied up in the mother's bed mat and given to a very swift runner, who hastened off on his secret mission. He deposited the bundle in the courtyard of a far neighbour, and as he hurriedly made his escape he cried aloud: "Two dogs are born to you this day." This bundle of charms was believed to have the power of removing the curse from one house to another.

The mother and twins were not allowed to go beyond the precincts of the yard nor to see visitors until one year had expired. During that time the priest remained with them, and a fire had been kept burning without intermission day and night. When the year had run out an elaborate service of exorcism was performed, the house and all utensils used by the mother and twins were burned, and the mother was forcibly driven away to be set apart for the service of witch-craft.

The life of the people and of the individual from the cradle to the grave is haunted with the fear of malicious spirits. A man will never own up to a good harvest, or to prosperity, or health, lest the spite of the spirits should deprive him of them. He always speaks of hunger in the home, of his herds dying, or of his wife and children ailing—and by these lies he hopes to deceive the spirits. Whenever a death occurs the corpse is buried immediately so as to prevent the spirit haunting the house. When old women showed signs of decay, they were sometimes buried before the breath had left their bodies, lest they might die at night, in which case they would have to remain in the house until daylight.

If one can imagine a people that has never possessed a literature in any form however crude; that has never produced a song, except the war cry and the shout of savage exaltation; that has known no music, save the din of the tom-tom with its sensual accompaniments; if one can picture a land without any recognised code of moral laws; that provides no restraint to the exercise of the most evil passions; if one can think of a land from which, all through the ages, there has never arisen one prayer to God or any deity save devils, one can faintly see these districts of Africa before the Light broke in upon its darkness—that true Light that lighteth every man.

DODOI, SON OF KAVALLI.

CHAPTER V

The Religion

ALTHOUGH a knowledge of God underlies the belief of these African tribes, it has no place in the system of their religion.

They suppose that God left the world because of its insubordination, and from thenceforth all contact with mankind ceased.

A vague idea, however, still exists in their mind that as Creator, He has the power to benefit man if He will, but is above being influenced by propitiatory offerings or sacrifices, and is beyond altogether the sphere of human supplication.

God, being good, accepts no bribes, therefore no offerings are necessary ; He will act as He wishes, apart from any human consideration.

In the most irrelevant manner the heathen bring the name Ruhanga—God—into their conversation. A sick cow will recover if God wills—a man will escape just punishment if God wills—God can find a man his hut tax—if God wills, a man will succeed in litigation, even though his defence is one sheet of lies. This does not indicate trust in God, but in a fatalism that exempts them from all responsibility.

When visiting among them one evening I entered a hut, where I found a young girl on the point of death. There were several women lying about inside, but not one would help the poor sufferer, and I learned that for three days no nourishment had been given her. When

I remonstrated with them on their neglect, they calmly answered, "If God wills she will recover, and if God wills she will die." The girl was carried to a little house in our compound, and, after a hard fight, she was brought back to life.

But it is very difficult to trace these remnants of their earlier and purer faith, for the native has gradually surrounded himself by a world of evil spirits and Bacwezi, or demi-gods, who are ever seeking to reek vengeance on mankind.

They believe very firmly in the immortality of the soul. Unlike other heathen tribes that suppose the spirit ceases to exist when the family or clan dies out, these people aver that the spirit of man is immortal, and at death it is released to be avenged on all those who have ill-treated them in life.

Priests, however, possessed means of entrapping evil spirits of the dead and of cremating them. Those who have died a natural death can be propitiated by sacrifice, but those who died by violence can never be appeased.

A most elaborate form of fetish ritual was gradually evolved. Men and women were set apart, and dedicated to the service of the Bacwezi; these were called "Embandwa," who had grades of priests and high-priests set over them. Children were dedicated to the order of Embandwa when any misfortune threatened the household. At its initiation scores of priests and priestesses gathered together in a wide open space, the child was brought into their midst, and placed on the lap of the oldest member present, who forced the child to swallow a large round stone in the name of the Bacwezi and High Priest. The child was then sworn to secrecy by the words: "If you divulge the hidden things of wisdom at night, you will die in the night; if you do so at noon, you will die at noon."

At that moment a rumbling noise was heard issuing

from a mound of grass, under which a priest had been concealed; the child screamed with fear, but he was assured that it was the voice of the Bacwezi registering his vow. When night fell, all the Embandwa and the young novitiate entered a large and rudely-constructed hut, and here the child was instructed in the most degrading forms of vice, incantations were made over its body in a language known only to that particular order, and the child firmly believed that by this time he was transformed into another being.

In the morning a crown of flowers was placed on his or her head, and the whole company returned to their homes with the child.

The witch-doctors are a distinct class, held in great veneration and fear by all the people. They are believed to have the power of intercourse with the dead, and interpret their mind to the inquirer; and on every matter of importance they are interviewed.

The man who wishes to consult the witch-doctor brings a chicken to him for dissection. The priest first commands him to allow his saliva to pass into the fowl, after which very exacting ablutions take place. The priest most carefully washes the bird, uttering over it these words: "Are you not the bird that has perfect knowledge; your actions, unlike those of the cow and goat, are beyond comprehension. When you drink, do you not turn your face toward Heaven? You have legs like iron and claws like a knife; you open out your inward parts to be read of men. Come now, and reveal to me evil and good, and make known to us our enemies." The witch-doctor thereupon enfolds it in his clothing until preparations are complete for its dissection.

Fine fresh grass is strewn in the courtyard, and when the fowl has been cut open, all its intestines are carefully spread out and minutely inspected. If the entrails are pure and healthy, and the blood flows freely,

the bird is tied up in grass and hung near the fire to dry.

After leaving the carcase and entrails thus suspended round the fire, the witch-doctor and his servant enter the house where the inquirer has been most anxiously awaiting results; he alone is allowed to remain in the house while the revelation is being communicated to him. The witch-doctor takes up his wand and strikes the ground with its point, then he raises it to his left shoulder and curses all false prophets and such as practice deception. He then places the wand on the left shoulder of the man, and says, "Sickness be gone," to which the inquirer replies, "So be it." "Sorrow be gone, barrenness be gone, let all evil depart," and to each clause the man replies, "So be it." The priest then passes the wand on to the right shoulder, exclaiming, "Come wealth, come children, come long life, that I might behold my great grand-children, come all goodness and desire."

The house is then hastily spread with wild blossoms, which are also heaped up into a mound in the centre of the hut. Here the witch-doctor is seated, and the fowl is brought to him. This he breaks up—bone, flesh, and entrails—into infinitesimal pieces, and sews them up into tiny strands of barkcloth, which are given to the man and his wife to be worn as charms at each new moon.

Sometimes when the fowl is killed the blood only trickles forth slowly, and this is called "The tears of sorrow," and on examination the entrails are found to be defective. When the priest sees this, he mutters to himself, "'Tis the evil-spirit," and then must take place the ritual of exorcism, and for every flaw detected a human being must be sacrificed, and their bodies thrown out into the scrub to be devoured by hyenas. Men, women and children are seized; no one dares plead for mercy, for they recognise it as the decree of the gods against them.

At midnight, the man who is supposed to be possessed with the evil spirit, is dressed in a barkcloth that has been dipped in mud, and, taking a black goat and a black fowl, he goes with the priest to the cross-roads, where they construct a grass booth. While the man kindles a fire within, the priest outside walks round the hut twice, dragging the goat and fowl with him, and cursing God, the Bacwezi, and all evil-spirits. Then the animal and bird are killed, and the man is smeared from head to foot with the blood; the intestines are put in a cooking pot, covered with dried leaves, and placed over the fire.

It is believed that the evil-spirit will be enticed out of the man when it smells the odour of the roasted meat.

Sitting over the pot the witch-doctor drones out incantations, while the man crouches in the dark, hungry and with the dread of spirits gripping him; his nerves are strung to the highest pitch, as he watches the swaying movements of the priest and listens to the weird utterances that fall from him. The old witch-doctor seems to him as if invested with superhuman power, and as his eyes glitter through the darkness, he exercises a mesmeric influence over his unfortunate victim.

Suddenly the priest bends over the pot, and cautiously blowing with his lips, causes the leaves to flutter about inside. "Ah! that is the Spirit; do you not hear it moving among the leaves in search of food?" And the man is exhausted enough to believe anything, so he hastily brings to the priest a handful of moist clay, and the witch-doctor closes down the pot to imprison the spirit. He then demands a heavy fee of goats or oxen, and on promise of payment undertakes to burn the spirit and roast it to death. When this is done, the priest washes the man down in a muddy swamp, then in a clear, flowing stream, dresses him in a new barkcloth, and sends him home to collect the fee for exorcism.

Many other forms of divination are employed by the

witch-craft priests. A certain tree is supposed to be the bones which the Bacwezi threw away after their feasts, and these are very carefully guarded in the time of grass-fires, and no one but the priests are allowed to put hands upon them. Small twigs are cut into cubes or discs, and given round as charms on payment of a good fee. They are used by the priests for divination. There is always a reserve stock of ground charcoal from its burnt timber kept in a cow's horn in every priest's house; when he is called out to visit a household he may take this with him, in case there is not a white fowl obtainable there. On arriving in the yard of the house, he digs nine little pits, which represent the number of their Bacwezi rulers. A wall of clay is made round each pit, and water is then poured in; from his bag of charms and mysteries he produces some butter, which he holds against his body to melt; this oil is poured on the puddles to still the water. When all the preparations have been made, the priest walks round and round the tiny pools, spitting on his hands, and calling on the Bacwezi to make known to him if the inquirer will meet with misfortune, if he will die without warning, be struck dead by lightning, poisoned by a snake, speared to death, or be poisoned by a foe.

Taking a wooden knife he scrapes shavings off the twigs of the sacred tree and lays them on the water in each puddle. Should the piece float evenly and straight, he screams with joy, and all the people gather round and shout and dance. But if the water becomes ruffled, and the splinters move uneasily along its surface, the omen is ominous, so the priest takes the charcoal from his horn and rubs it on the man in question, in every wrinkle and joint the ashes are sprinkled—in the armpits, the knee-pit, throat, chest, between the fingers and toes, in the eyes and ears, and over the head. All night he remains outside alone with this outward and visible curse of the Bacwezi upon him. Early in the morning he chooses out

two white or piebald goats from his flock (nothing black must ever be offered to the Bacwezi) and presents them to the priest.

All the male members of the family are called out to partake in the ceremonial of exorcism. After walking round the house in procession, invoking the help of the Bacwezi, they sit in a circle in the courtyard, while the unfortunate man, wearing a wreath of convolvulus stands in their midst with a sacrificial goat.

Before the animal is slain the man cuts off its ears and smears the blood on his chest and head. Every male present is sprinkled with the blood of the sacrifice, also the house and all its contents. The bones of the animal are hung over tbe doorway, and the flesh laid at the threshold, so that every member of the household must pass over and under the offering. The meat is afterwards eaten by the priest and people, after which the anger of the Bacwezi is said to be mitigated.

The Euphobia tree was regarded as possessing rain-making properties. The rain-maker prepared nine little dishes of clay in which he stacked twigs of the tree, which he had rolled in a solution of rubber and gum juices; live ashes were then taken from a fire and sprinkled over the sticks. If smoke rose from all the nine dishes simultaneously, and ascended in one compact cloud, it was believed to draw down the rain.

All sickness is considered a visitation of the gods or spirits, and the witch-doctor is immediately called in to say if it proceeds from the Bacwezi or evil-spirits. If he believes it to be from the former, he orders the sick man to send for an Embandwa priest of that particular Mucwezi who is causing the trouble. A wealthy man will send a cow, others send gifts of goats or cowrie-shells in multiples of nine with the messenger who is despatched.

On receiving the summons, the high priest puts together

in a basket a handful of the finest of the grain, some mushrooms, strips of dried meat and hide parings. This represents the food of the gods, and is taken as a bribe for the Mucwezi. He dons a crown composed of human flesh covered over with barkcloth and adorned with cowrie shells. Calling for his ministers, pipers and drummers, they set off towards the sick man; when they are yet a long distance away, the witch-doctor, who has been craning his neck in their direction, breaks out into song. Immediately all the relations who have been called in for the ceremony, go out to meet the priests, extolling the god who has brought this trouble on the household. (This false toadying is very characteristic of the Banyoro).

As the priests enter they find the house has been strewn with fresh grass and flowers, and outside a cow stands waiting to be milked by an eunuch, while a young virgin stands by with a new milk pot to offer the warm milk to the high-priest.

The chief priest then sits on a daïs of flowers, while his ministers stand in two lines beside him, and the sick man is compelled forward, holding in each hand a burning torch. With all the remaining strength that he possesses he explains in detail his symptoms. The torches are then taken from him and he is commanded to huddle himself up on the floor and completely cover his face with his barkcloths. The tom-toms are brought in, and for hours the noise continues, while all the priests accompany the sounds with motion and song, and this music has a curious effect on all present; gradually they seem to lose consciousness, their bodies sway to and fro automatically and they are like those under a spell. Then the Mucwezi god is said to appear and talks to the high priest, who never divulges what he has heard; but he orders the singing to cease, and the sick man is allowed to return to the bed. All the next day rattles are shaken by the sick

couch, and for three days and nights the same operations are gone through.

Should the man not recover, the priest declares that he was so evil that the Mucwezi refused to be appeased, and all the relations break out into song and praise to the god who has removed from them such a sinful creature.

Only external ailments are regarded as disease, and these do not arise from internal derangement, but from exterior causes. A native will look with withering scorn upon the European dispenser who administers pills for skin trouble; he will repeat more vehemently what his ailment is, and will finally infer that the white man does not understand his language, and takes away the pills to hang up in his house as a charm.

There are certain drugs known to the medicine men, or witch-doctor, but so drastic in character, that they more frequently kill than effect the slightest cure. Berries and roots of plants are boiled down, and supposed to cure cough and "snakes in the chest."

Frogs, lizards, and worms are chopped into fragments and administered in cases of poisoning.

Headache is cured by inserting a cold knife in the temples as far as the bone, and then applying a hot knife to stop the bleeding. Of course when the trouble arises from the possession of an evil-spirit, drugs are useless, and much more stringent means have to be adopted. Deep incisions must be made at the seat of pain, and cow horns filled with human hair and flesh must be applied, so that the spirit can flow out with the blood and be captured in the horn, where it stays to feast on the human flesh, and is sealed up before it can make its escape. This horn of an entombed spirit is a great asset to the sick-man henceforth, for it is an unfailing weapon of witchcraft to use against an unfriendly neighbour. When he has a grudge against a man he has only to bury the horn at the

threshold of his house, and misfortune or death follows. It is difficult to believe that there is nothing more than credulity in the ineradicable belief that these people have in bewitchment. Of course, in many instances, the absurdity of it appears on the surface. For instance, one day the herdsman of a lady missionary in Hoima gaily announced that he had driven away his wife, as, since her arrival at the kraal, cows had given birth to male calves only; now he could hope for better fortune—the wife could bewitch them no longer.

But another case was brought to my observation that is certainly more difficult to explain away. A workman left our house one evening, a muscular and hale man. The following morning he was brought to us, led by two people, quite blind and emaciated in body. It was almost impossible to recognise in him the same man that had left but a few hours previously. He assured us that at night he was eating and drinking with his friends from the same pot, when he was seized with sudden pains which destroyed his eyesight and weakened his entire system. Inquiries were made, and his friends corroborated his story, that one of his people had a grudge against him, and had bewitched the food, which only had the power of affecting the man for whom it was intended. The man has never recovered to this day. Of course, one must take into account the fact that deception is such an accomplished art among them, and the people have such implicit faith in the power of evil, that it is not difficult to work on their feelings.

The word of the witch-priest is law, and no one dares to question his veracity or his edicts. When their predictions or their remedies fail, the fault lies with the man and not with the priest. His fee had been inadequate, or he had not revealed to the witch-doctor all that was in his heart, or a black hair had been detected in the tail of the goat when a animal had been demanded. Any of

A DANGEROUS OPPONENT.

these reasons were sufficient cause for the misfortune that had befallen the man.

Human sacrifices were until quite recently very common. Evil spirits do not haunt only those who afflict them during life, but when they feel lonely in the spirit world they wander about among the living for victims who they can kill and drag down to be their companions. They start off on these quests when the moon is full, so that they should not lose their way in the dark; festive occasions when the people gathered together for revelry were very opportune times, for the spirit could make a wise choice of those he would wish for companions.

Thus it was that each month, and at the time of birth, death, in time of war, in time of peace, in sickness or famine, the king and chiefs killed as many men, women, and children as the priest should command so as to satiate the spirits of the dead.

On one occasion during the war with Baganda, Kabarega ordered a deep hole to be dug, and people were killed over it until their blood filled it to the brim. Those who stood by at the time, affirm that many thousands of victims were required to satisfy that yawning pit.

Herds of cattle and goats were dedicated by the kings to their heathen deities, and sometimes the favourite wife was sent away to an uninhabited land as a wife to the gods. A little temple house was built, and slaves were set apart to minister to her.

Buried in the banana groves, or in the long elephant grass, or in the glades of the forest, the heathen people build their tiny spirit temples, quite hidden from the prying eyes of man ; and at sunset, in the cool of the day, when the spirits are believed to set out on their wanderings, the people creep out of their huts and place little offerings therein, a few shells or a portion of their own food. If this remains till the morning, they know for a

certainty that the spirit did not pass that way in the night, but should some wild beast have made a meal off the sacred food, the man firmly believes that the spirit passed the night in the temple, and he chuckles at his sagacity at thus warding off a most unwelcome guest, who otherwise would have visited his home.

Oh, the pathos of these little temples in dark Africa! They at least speak of a real faith in the unseen and supernatural. Are they not the symbol of that religion inherent in every man—temples raised to the Unknown God?

Under the legends and fiction of these central African people—under the thick refuse of it all, there underlie fragments of a primeval revelation that have not entirely been lost even after all the ages. If one questions very closely the old witch-priests they will speak of a First Cause—a Creator who was plurality in one person; before any offering was sacrificed the priest always threw dust in the air and exclaimed, "Ruhanga—Nkya—Kankya," which meant "God—His brother—One person indivisible"!

No one can read the order of their sacrificial services, without being struck with the similarity that exists in many points with our own Old Testament history—the goat without blemish: the identification of the offerer with his offering: the sprinkling with blood of people and house. Alas, in their case, this gradually demoralised into human sacrifices, and no trace is left whatever of them being offered to expiate sin or to make an atonement for it. The idea of sin is entirely lacking, their one and only object being, to propitiate the evil spirits, and so prevent misfortune.

In a following chapter it will be seen that their legends infer that man was at the beginning of the human race immortal, but death was the vengeance of Ruhanga—God—on a disobedient and wicked people. These facts have

been obtained from old heathen men who have had no opportunity whatever of coming into contact with Christian teaching or civilisation, and one can only infer that if the legendary Bacwezi rulers were a strong race of people that swept down from the North, they instilled into the Banyoro some tenets of their own faith.

One of the most difficult things for a European to understand in his dealing with these people, is, that they possess absolutely no knowledge of sin—they do not recognise its existence. Professor Warneck might have been writing of the Banyoro when he described the Battak heathen as "having the idea of what is permitted and forbidden, but not that of good and evil." Theft, fornication and adultery are not regarded by them as sin which in itself is to be condemned; but if detection or publicity results, shame and probably punishment may follow. It is most necessary to thoroughly grasp this fact when attempting to judge the native; as long as a person can shield him or herself, no sin exists nor shame, but should they be detected, and their stock of falsehood (which is a most highly developed art among them) fail to exonerate them, they are disgraced in their own eyes and in the eyes of their friends.

A man who is not an accomplished liar is despised by his neighbour; to confess a fault is most despicable cowardice, and that man is a traitor to himself. Death is preferable to self-betrayal.

One living close to us was an inveterate thief, and in consequence had a large circle of friends who were always ready to champion him, as they shared the hospitality which followed his escapades.

Under cover of night he used to steal out and poach in the adjoining shambas. A neighbour who had for a long time suffered the loss of all his bananas just as they were ripening on the trees, determined to lay in wait for the culprit and run him to earth. At midnight, while hiding

in a little pit, he heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps among the dried leaves of the banana grove, and raising a spear he thrust it just as an arm was raised to cut down the heavy bunch of fruit on a tree close by. The shaft was aimed surely, and the arm fell to the man's side; but not a sound was uttered, and the figure noiselessly withdrew. Slowly finding his way home, he entered his hut with the bleeding wound carefully concealed by his barkcloth. Without saying a word to his wife, he laid down and allowed himself to bleed to death without calling for any assistance, which would have meant confession.

Heaven and Hell are regarded as contemporary kingdoms of this world, and are not connected with any idea of an after-life. Heaven does not present any attraction to the heathen ; it is only another country, such as England might be, inhabited by a strange tribe of people who have tails and bodies covered with feathers. The same conditions of life exist there as here, and Ruhanga—God—does not reign as a person, but exercises the same power as the Bacwezi do in Bunyoro. It has its kings, chiefs, community and home life, people are born, marry, and die there ; in fact, in no respect does it vary from this country. Hell suggests something repulsive and abominable, although in physical features and in the conditions of life it is similar to this world.

The spirits of the departed go neither to Heaven nor Hell, but remain in the ether or upper air that separates Hell from the world. It is said that once upon a time men were working in some iron pits of Bunyoro—they were let down one by one in a net slung to work the iron, which was very far beneath under seams of clay and rock. As they digged deeper and deeper, one day a man struck a large stone, which after a long effort he succeeded in dislodging. Immediately a strong light radiated from the crevice, and bending down to see this great wonder, he

heard shouts of revelry, of laughter, the voice of weeping, the groans of suffering, and the angry tones of quarrelling. And then he knew this to be Hell, and so fearful was he that he hastily withdrew, stumbling in the dark, and implored his friends to pull him up out of sound and sight of such dread things.

From that time no man has dared to descend the mine, so the iron remains unworked to this day.

Possessing no moral law, no standard of righteousness or justice, no thought of retribution or punishment hereafter, there is nothing to check these people from giving full reign to their unbridled instincts. Present comfort and prosperity are the only considerations of their life. This has made the African a savage, and almost crushed in him any God-given instinct with which he must at one time have been endowed.

If one would rightly understand them, it is useless to study them in their present setting, for the conditions of life have so suddenly and radically changed, that what might be regarded as duplicity or cunning in them, may only be a failure to adapt themselves and live up to the new standard put before them. Their character, their mode of thought, of expressing that thought, their sense of right and wrong, their idea of virtue and failing, are diametrically opposed to those of the white man, and to judge them from the standpoint that we ourselves would fain reach, after centuries of opportunities and advantages, is not just, nor is it the most effectual way of helping them in their keen endeavour to rise to higher things.

I believe we can only truly influence and raise the African, by divesting ourselves of all prejudice and preconceived ideas, and stepping back into their past, travel with them through their history, realise their environments, study their creed, and even recognise that there lies buried something of the barbarian in each one of us. Let us not be jealous of meeting him on some common

platform, for the white man may only fear of losing the black man's respect when he denies him all right to a common humanity. The late Archbishop Benson wrote, "We ought to do our utmost to understand the people we are to deal with. . . . It is not true that they are ordinarily wicked, except by contrast."

Language is comparatively the very easiest of the studies awaiting the missionary in Africa. When the first and second examinations have been successfully passed, one is not *completely* equipped for the work; language is but the alphabet of that other branch of study which one can never fully master—the soul of the people. The following pages, the work of two of these African rulers, may not be devoid of interest to those who are curious to know what this part of Central Africa was like before it came under the justice of British rule and under the transforming power of the Gospel of Christ.

CHAPTER VI

The Reign of the Gods

HE who created the world was God—Ruhanga. At first he inhabited space, for there was no Heaven and earth. Ruhanga had a brother named Nkya, who came to him one day, saying, "Things are very dull, we possess nothing, we are surrrounded by nothing, and there is nothing in existence. Did you not promise to create? But you have accomplished nothing that I can see." Thereupon Ruhanga stretched forth his hands; with the right he pointed upward and said "That is Heaven," and with the left he pointed down, saying "This is earth." Then taking a stone in his hand he flung it far into the air, and it became a ball of fire. Nkya feared and cried out "It will burn us both," but Ruhanga replied "Nay it cannot do that, but it will lighten us, henceforth darkness is over—that shall be called the sun." But Nkya was not at all re-assured, for the heat of the sun was very great; he tried to escape from it but could not, for there was neither shade nor shelter. When Ruhanga saw this, he put out his hand and withdrew the sun, and threw it towards the west and covered it with a cloud; then darkness returned. So Ruhanga picked up another stone and threw it upwards, and it became a cold white light, for he and Nkya no longer wanted to dwell in darkness where they could not see each other. And Nkya said "I have seen the sun and the moon that you have called into existence, they are excellent, but bring other things into being, for

possessing but these two, what can we do with ourselves always." Ruhanga answered "As the sun lies down and covers itself up in a cloud, so shall man with his eyelids shut out the day, and sleep till the darkness is over." So Nkya did as Ruhanga commanded, he laid down and slept until Ruhanga shook and awoke him, saying "Wake up, for thus shall men sleep and rise each day, and behold I give you a fowl that shall crow when the night has passed, and make known to men the time appointed for sleep."

One day Nkya came to Ruhanga and said "That thing you created and called the sun is going to melt me, all my body is dissolving." So Ruhanga considered these words and created tall grasses and trees, which he planted to afford shade from the sun.

In those days Heaven was quite close to earth, it was propped up with a fig-tree, a kirikiti (Erythrina) pole, and a bar of iron. When it had been made quite secure Ruhanga commanded Nkya to remain on earth, while he would go to Heaven to see how things were going on there. On arriving, he saw that his hands were soiled, so taking water he washed himself, and afterwards threw it out upon the earth. Nkya was quite unprepared for this and it drenched him; so in his astonishment he called out and asked what his brother was doing up there. Ruhanga replied "That is rain, which on falling to earth will cool the sun." "Aye, verily," answered Nkya, "it not only cools the sun, but myself also, my flesh is wet and my bones are shaking; if you are going to do that again, I pray you, give me a shelter." So Ruhanga told him to break off the branches of trees, and he would show him how to provide himself with a house. Nkya struggled with the branches, but they were too powerful for him. So he returned and told his brother that what he had ordered him to do was quite beyond him, the trees would not yield to him.

Then Ruhanga seized a stone, and striking it with force broke it into three pieces; one became a knife, another an axe, and the third a mallet. These he gave to Nkya, and instructed him to cut down saplings and grass, and to form them into a hut, that would be a refuge from the sun and rain.

After these things Nkya called to his brother and asked that he would provide him with something to look at, for the world was almost void. So Ruhanga created shrubs, flowers, birds, insects and wild beasts; thus the outside world teamed with life and interest; but Nkya felt very lonely, for Ruhanga had departed into Heaven, and in his hut he had nothing with which to occupy himself. So his brother created goats and sheep to be his house companions.

While the two brothers were talking one day, Nkya asked why Ruhanga had formed their bodies and stomachs, as they seemed quite useless. Whereupon Ruhanga made cows, and, felling a tree, carved out a bowl into which they could be milked. Nkya was delighted, but at the same time suggested that he would not feel very comfortable with a bag of liquid inside him; could not Ruhanga think of something a little more solid.

So Ruhanga took up a creeper and planted it in the ground, and in a very short time it brought forth gourds in abundance. Ruhanga ordained that the fruit and leaves should be for food. He commanded Nkya to cut off the young shoots so that the fruit would grow close at hand, and so prevent the plant from spreading all over the ground, to be trampled upon by the cattle. Ruhanga then formed a pot out of clay; this he placed upon three little ant-hills; putting the food inside and laying wood under the pot. He then struck with a stone a rock where the sun had shone, and forthwith came out fire from the stone and ignited the wood; the heat was so great that the gourds would have burned had not Ruhanga

poured water over them. He then told Nkya to take a stick and probe the gourds, and if they were soft he was to take them out and eat them. Nkya was so eager to eat, that he seized the boiling food in his hands and burnt himself. Whereupon Ruhanga rebuked him, and explained how he ought to lay leaves on the ground and turn the food out on to them. When Nkya had tasted the food he pronounced it very good; but his brother answered "Now I have supplied all your requirements, your eyes, mouth and body are satisfied, but it would have been better for mankind had you not heeded the stomach; for it will be your master, it will cause pain, labour and theft." But Nkya replied "Nay my brother, but it is only hunger that has ears; apart from it, there would be no submission among men, for man will only obey him who provides him with food." So Ruhanga agreed to leave in the world the desire for food; and he took in his hand two bags which had but one mouth; one bag he called Hunger, and the other Mercy. He emptied out the contents upon the world, saying "Wherever man is, there shall hunger dwell, and mercy; sorrow and love shall go together, no one shall perish of hunger, for mercy shall feed him. The rich shall hearken to the voice of the poor and provide for him."

Now Nkya had four sons. One was called Kantu (little thing), but no names were found for the other three, and this became a great difficulty. When the father called one, they all came, and when he gave one child a present, the others all quarelled for it, declaring it was intended for them. So Nkya explained matters to Ruhanga, who said that he could find names for them, if they came to him the following afternoon at his dwelling on the opposite hill; for at that time Ruhanga lived in Heaven and upon earth, and had made valleys as boundaries between men's territories.

So the boys set out on their journey, and on arriving

at their uncle's house were told to be seated until he should come to them. Meanwhile he entered into his back house, had an ox killed, and took strips of the hide and head, together with cooked millet and potatoes, and placed them in the centre of the cross-roads. On his return he called the lads, and gave to each a present of a milk-pot, and when the day waned he bade them depart. On reaching the meeting of the paths, they saw the things lying that Ruhanga had secretly placed there. The eldest boy immediately seized the basket of food and began eating it, but his brothers remonstrated with him for taking food that was not rightly his ; so he picked up the axe, knife and basket of millet and took them home with him. The second boy chose out the strap, thinking it might be useful for tying up the cows at milking time, and the youngest carried home the ox head. When they reached their father's house, they laid the things before him and explained everything to him. Then was he wrath with his eldest son for having eaten of the food that was not his. Immediately Ruhanga came in and stood among them, and it was evening, the time when the cows are milked. When the lads had laid down to sleep, Ruhanga came to them with three milk pots in his hand, which he commanded them to guard for him until the morning, strictly warning them not to drink his milk as they had eaten of his millet. At midnight the youngest grew heavy with sleep, and some of his milk got spilled as he dozed : then he greatly feared, and, turning to his brothers, begged them to give him of their milk that his bowl might be full ; and they did so ; but at the cock-crow the eldest upset all his, and when he asked the others to pour from their bowls into his, they refused, saying that he would need so much to fill up the empty bowl. At dawn Ruhanga came and told each to uncover his milk-pot. When he looked into the first he found it empty ; passing on to the second he saw that a little had gone out of it, and

he asked the boy if he had drunk it. He answered "No, Oh God, I drank it not, but I filled up my little brother's pot for he spilled some of his." Then Ruhanga called his brother and told him that names had been found for his three children. The eldest boy he cursed and named Kairo (little servant), for he had eaten food on the public road with unwashen hands, and had proved himself faithless in his watch ; henceforth he would be the servant of man, to gather firewood, to build houses, and to be subservient in all things to his master.

The second he named Kahuma (little herdsman), for he should minister as herdsman to him to whom he had given milk. To the youngest he said, "Your name is 'Kakama Twale' (Ruler, little king), you shall reign over all men, for you took from the road the ox head ; all shall fear and worship you, and your word shall be law unto them."

Thus Ruhanga divided mankind into three classes—the chiefs, the herdsmen, and the peasants.

Now when Kantu heard that his brothers had received names, he went to his father and said, "Why has Ruhanga treated me like this ? To the others he has given titles of distinction—one is king, another herdsman, and the third servant—but me he has overlooked altogether, and given no place in the world. Therefore shall I go from hence to spoil and destroy all things that he has created, I will bring sin into the world, hatred, strife and murder."

Ruhanga hearing these words, and seeing that wickedness had entered the world, took counsel with Nkya that they should leave the earth, saying "Let us depart into Heaven, for the world is corrupt, and man has become altogether evil. When we order him to do a thing, he only performs evil, and he speaks blasphemously of us, his creators. If we stay here shall we not kill him ; therefore let us go to our home in Heaven that we may not bring

death into the world." So Ruhanga and Nkya left the earth, and in order to prevent any intercourse between themselves and mankind, they loosened the props that held Heaven to earth, so that it departed upwards, and the iron bar fell; breaking into pieces, it was scattered all over the world, and provided man with tools and bracelets.

The god, Kakama Twale, was left to rule the world; but he did much evil, for Kantu entered into him and prompted him to wickedness; and when he saw how sin increased under him, he gave the kingdom to his son Baba, and he disappeared.

During the rule of Baba, the people increased exceedingly, and became rich in goats and cattle. And when Kantu saw the world was prospering he was filled with envy, and considered how he might destroy happiness. So he went to Ruhanga and asked him to take from man and beast the desire for food; and Ruhanga did so—he fastened the mouth of all things living. Then was the King Baba greatly troubled—everything languished, strength had departed from man so that he could neither visit or commune with his neighbour, and the animals went not out to graze. And he wondered within himself because of this that had befallen his kingdom, and thought that it must be sent from Ruhanga. Now Kantu read the thoughts of the king, so with a malicious spirit he went to Ruhanga and said that Baba was cursing him in his heart. Then was Ruhanga very angry, and exclaimed "Are not all things mine to create or to kill, shall I not do what I like with the work of my hands!" And taking two bags which had but one opening, he emptied out from them upon the world their contents, hunger and disease. Immediately the mouths of all things living were unstopped; but as they ate, disease took hold upon man and beast, and it seized the king's little child so that he died. Now death had not hitherto entered the world, and the people

knew it not. So when they found that the child did not wake out of sleep, Baba sent to Ruhanga, saying "My child laid down to sleep, and we cannot waken him; what can we do to rouse him?" Then Ruhanga knew that death had fallen on man, and he was grieved. He called Nkya and conferred with him as to whether, when man died, he should not resurrect on the fourth day. But Nkya replied "Nay, but let him die for ever, for he is very sinful." So Ruhanga ordered Baba to dig a hole and bury his child. But the king could not understand death, and as he sat in his house and beheld not his son, he called aloud for the child to be brought in to him; but the men answered, "Ruhanga told you that the child's life was ended, and you would never see him again." Then Baba was greatly troubled, and lifting up his hands he cried aloud for his son, and went to the place where they had buried him, and falling across the grave, he wept bitterly. His people heard his lamentations and they all wept, and there was great mourning.

And Baba cursed, saying "Let Ruhanga empty out the bags of his wrath, famine, disease, death—I care not: now that my son is dead, let the grass and trees perish and let man and beast die."

Then Kantu came into the heart of Baba, so he left the world and was seen no more. His son, the god Mukonko, ruled, and after him Ngonzaki and Isaza; but the gods died not, they merely passed away from the world when they ceased to reign, and departed into an unknown land.

Isaza was quite young when he began to rule, and he drove away all the old counsellors of his forefather, and surrounded himself with youths only. He was a great sportsman, and one day while out hunting, he killed a zebra, and when he saw the skin, he was much struck with its beautiful markings, so that his friends advised him to have it sewn over his own body. This pleased

the king, so they prepared a thong and gut, and stitched it most carefully all over the body and limbs of the king. Then he called all his people together and paraded up and down before them in his new attire, and they lauded him for his great beauty. The following day he went out again to hunt, and as the sun was shining fiercely, the hide gradually dried upon the king's body, and it contracted, so that he cried out, "Whatever shall I do, for this zebra skin is pinching terribly?" but his friends replied, "Do not mind that, wealth and renown always caused some discomfort, a king's throne is it not a tight place; endure for the admiration you evoke." So Isaza tried hard to suffer in silence, but at last he became so squeezed up inside the skin, that he was paralysed, and fell down gasping for breath. Then his friends were greatly alarmed and knew not how to save their king, for they could not cut away the hide without ripping his flesh. Now there had remained in the country two old men who had escaped banishment with the others, so Isaza sent to them and asked what he should do; but they returned the answer "How should we know, have old people any wisdom? Consult with your young ministers." But when the messenger had departed, one of the old men spake "For the sake of our late master let us save the son, though he despised our counsel, let us not forsake the gods, our rulers, when they need us: did we not stay on waiting for the opportunity to save the king?" So they commanded the young men to carry Isaza in to them, and when he reached their house, they took him and threw him into the pond, and would not allow him to come out. Isaza thought they sought to kill him, and cried out, "Will you seek to destroy the gods?" And immediately Isaza felt the skin loosening on him, for the hide gradually became pliable. Then the old men drew him out, and cut the expanded gut and released him. The next morning the king called together both old and young

and gave out wine to them ; and as they all sat wondering and fearing what Isaza would do to them, he stood up in their midst, and with a loud voice declared " From this day no property can be held by any person except those advanced in years and wisdom. When I refused to have old men around me, was I not a dead man ? It is they who have saved me, and it is they only who have power and ability to rule aright." Thus all the old men were recalled, and restored to their position as counsellors to the king and rulers of the land.

Now, Nyamiyongo, the king of hell, was planning how he might win the world for himself, so he decided to try and inveigle the king into making an alliance with him. One day, therefore, he sent messages to Isaza to greet him, and to offer gifts if he received the deputation graciously.

When they arrived they were ushered into the king's presence, and kneeling before him, said, " Our King, Nyamiyongo, sends greetings, and desires you to accept the offerings he is sending you. The first is that which proclaims the dawn, the second is that which falls short of the mark, the third is a bar that binds water, the fourth causes kings to turn, the fifth is that which hath no understanding, and the last is a door that shuts out sorrow." When the messengers had left off speaking, the king called together his chiefs and asked them privately the meaning of this riddle. But they knew not the interpretation, so Isaza sent for the wise men out of all the tribes, and they came with their rulers, but no one was able to explain to him the words of the man of hell.

The queen had each day been called to the council chamber, and on one occasion as she came forth with troubled countenance, her little maid Kazana met her and asked, " My mistress, why do you go each day to confer with the king ? Fear not to tell me, for how should I gossip about it outside ?" Then her mistress made known to her the words of Nyamiyongo. And the maid replied

"Take me to our lord the king, and I will interpret to him the meaning of these things. Should I fail to do so, let Isaza the god kill me." So the queen clothed the maid in two new barkcloths, and brought her unto the king's presence. Then spake the queen, "Let my master be gracious unto us and receive us, for this maid Kazana will make known to him the meaning of the words of hell. And if she fails kill her not, as she says, but take, O king, this knife and calf, and accept it as her atonement."

Isaza rejoiced greatly at the words, and declared that the maid should have an inheritance in the land, if she was able to explain to him the words. So Kazana ordered that everybody should be driven away, and she asked that a little slave should be brought and placed on the king's leopard's skin. Immediately the child crawled about, and brought mud on to the skin and broke the king's calabash. Then the maid exclaimed "Behold that which is void of understanding." And the king answered that it was so. Afterwards Kanaza requested that a dog should be brought and a pipe be given it to light. The dog came, and also the pipe, but it was able neither to grip or light it. That, declared Kazana, was the thing that fell short of the mark. Then Kazana asked that a cooking pot should be brought full of water and some millet. Placing it on three cooking-stones, she boiled the water and dropped into it the grain, which swelled and absorbed all the water. Taking it off the fire, she showed the king a handful of the millet, which she said was the bar that bound water. When she had finished speaking a cow lowed outside in the courtyard, and as Isaza turned to look at it, Kanaza said "Behold that which causes the king to turn, and that which proclaims the dawn, is it not a cock? Now send for Nyamiyongo's messengers, and tell them to give these things—a slave child, a dog, some millet, an ox, a fowl, and also the little

door that shuts out sorrow." And the men came in with the gifts and gave the king a small calabash, in which were two coffee beans; one was smeared with blood, and the other was wrapped up with a knife in fibre. Kazana said "This is blood-brotherhood, a friendship sealed with blood, a security against trouble; the king must swallow the bean dipped in blood, and must make an incision in his own body, and in the blood that flows, the other bean must be soaked and returned to him who has desired your alliance, and so an indissoluble union shall exist between you."

Isaza then called in his chiefs and asked their advice on the matter; but they warned him that it was a fearful thing for the king to make blood-brotherhood with a man of hell, and urged him to choose out a man to act as his proxy. So Isaza called his servant Kwezi and ordered him to do as he commanded. The bean dipped in Kwezi's blood, was then placed in the calabash and given to the messengers of Nyamiyongo, who straightway departed; and when the king of hell received it, he was very glad, and, swallowing the bean, congratulated himself that a compact was made between earth and hell.

But there was a little lad who had accompanied the messengers, and he had seen how Isaza had given the beans to Kwezi; so he told the king, who was thereupon filled with indignation because Isaza had led him into union with a peasant. So he considered how he might bring Isaza under his power. He argued thus within himself, "If woman is the destruction of man, shall she not exercise her power also over the gods?" So he called for his wife and daughters, to choose out from among them one who was the most beautiful and wily. He and all his people agreed that Nyamata surpassed them all, so clothing her in a soft clinging barkcloth garment, he bade her go forth and win the heart of Isaza, and bring

him to hell, without letting him know whence she came and whither she was leading him.

Very reluctantly Nyamata set forth on her errand, but she feared to refuse Nyamiyongo's order, so journeyed and came to Isaza's, and found at the entrance of the courtyard the gatekeeper Bukuku. He asked where she came from, and she answered "From yonder." He then went to Isaza, saying, "A woman has come to see you of the clan and country of Macwa, and among all your people there is none to compare with her for beauty." On hearing these words Isaza sent his herdsman to report on her, and he returned saying the same; likewise his sister came, telling him there was no one like her throughout the land. Then Isaza commanded her to be brought to him, and when he saw her, he loved her above all his wives, and she was exalted to the first place in the king's household. Isaza was constantly asking where she had come from, and she always answered, that if he would come and journey with her she would show him her people and her beautiful sisters; but when he suggested sending his representatives with her to fetch her friends, she refused, saying, "Nay, but I cannot leave you, come with me." One day they were standing together in the doorway watching the cattle being brought in, for the time of milking had come, and as the cows went into the shed, Isaza followed them, whereupon Nyamata called out to him, "Do not leave me alone." But he replied, "I want to see my cows." That evening, when he sat down to eat, Nyamata sulked, and refused to bring in his food and minister to him; the king therefore sent a messenger to her saying, "You are foolish to be jealous, for it profits nothing, although I love you beyond all my wives, I cannot give up my cows for you, for I love them better." When Nyamata heard this she was piqued, for she did not like to share the king's affection with cattle; so she left him that night and returned home. Soon

after she gave birth to a son, and called his name Isimbwa.

When Nyamiyongo saw what a beautiful child it was, he was more than ever determined to procure the father, Isaza. And seeing that Nyamata, with all her charms, had failed to beguile him because of his infatuation for cattle, he collected together his herds, and chose from them two of the choicest, a male and a female, and sent them to Isaza. At the time they arrived, Isaza was out inspecting his cattle, and as these two far surpassed any he had ever seen, he seized them, asking no questions as to their ownership. He loved them so much that he would not allow them out of his sight day or night—each evening they were brought into his house to sleep. One day they were sick, and he tended them himself, refusing to sleep; but at midnight he was so weary that he slumbered, and the cows wandered off into the courtyard and returned to their home. When the king awoke and found the cows had gone, he wrapped his blanket round him and followed them; his servants hastened after him with clothing, but he sent them back to mind the house while he continued to search the country for the cattle. At last he came to a deep pit from which he saw the horns of the cows protruding, so he went down to help them up, but the earth opened its mouth and swallowed him up. As it closed again over him, Isaza looked around and found himself in a wide enclosure, in which were gathered a large number of people. He asked who their chief was, for he had stolen his cows, and he had come to reclaim them. One of the men went and told their master that a visitor had come, and on being asked his name, answered, "Isaza of the world above, who is your blood-brother." When the chief heard these words he was very pleased, for the man was Nyamiyongo, and his country was hell. Isaza was ushered into a guest room, which was strewn with singed grass and charcoal; over this were spread

black hides, and the couch and feeding utensils were all covered with soot. The food given him was smoked, and the milk of a black cow was offered him. Nyamiyongo begged Isaza not to refuse these things, as he had nothing else to offer; everything he possessed was black, he had nothing white or pure like other people. In the morning Isaza was brought into Nyamiyongo's presence; all around him were signs of kingship, and Nyamiyongo was seated on a black throne covered with blackened leopard and lion skins; his wives and daughters were placed in lines on either side of the king, and they were dressed in smoked barkcloths.

As Isaza entered, the cattle passed in front of the aperture, and Isaza looked after them. Then said Nyamiyongo, "Look not behind or around, at man or beast, am I not the king of darkness and of hell, have I not power to destroy you who dared to betray me into an alliance with a peasant?" Then Isaza trembled, and seeing his wife and child, he learned how he had been drawn into intercourse with the powers of evil. Nyamiyongo told him to arise and take his wife, child and cattle and return to his country; but this he said to mock him, for when Isaza set out to return, he could find no gateway and no road. All day he wandered about in search of them, but at night he found himself back at the same spot; each day he tried to escape, but there was no exit, so he remained a captive in hell.

CHAPTER VII

The Reign of the Bacwezi or Demigods: Isaza-Ndahura.

SO the reign of the gods was ended.

Isaza had no male child except Isimbwa who was in Hell with his mother, so when the king failed to return to his people, his doorkeeper, Bukuku, proclaimed himself king in his stead; but the chiefs absolutely refused to recognise him, so each man became head of his district, and thus the kingdom was divided up. The people of Toro, Bunyoro, Uganda, Ankole, Bulega and Chopi appointed men from among themselves to be their chief, and Bukuku was driven out to a small district lying to the south-west of Bunyoro.

He had one daughter named Nyinamuiri, who was born with only one eye and one ear. Her father consulted the witch-priests about these infirmities, and they warned him to guard her very carefully to prevent her marrying, for if ever she should give birth to a son he would rise up and kill Bukuku. They came each day and repeated their warning to him, so at last he was thoroughly alarmed, and determined to shut his daughter away from the world, so that she should have no intercourse with it; he therefore built her a hut and surrounded it with a high fence that had no gateway and no exit whatever except through Bukuku's house, and he appointed an old man and his wife as her servants.

Now, Isimbwa, the child of Isaza and Nyamata, grew up, and Nyamiyongo, the king of Hell, married him to a

woman in Hell, who bore him a son, whom they called Kyomya. When the child was old enough his father took him to hunt in the world above. Isimbwa used to travel near and far in search of every kind of game. One day he left Kyomya in Bukudi while he journeyed on, and at last came to the country ruled over by Bukuku, and when he saw that it was a goodly land and that the chief was evidently rich in people and herds, he greatly desired to possess it for himself; and, seeing a maid coming towards him carrying a pitcher to the well to draw water, he inquired of her whose country it was, and she told him that it was ruled over by Bukuku. He then asked her who was her mistress, and she replied, "I am the serving maid of Nyinamuiri, the only daughter of Bukuku." Then Isimbwa determined to woo the girl, and, gathering some wild flowers, he handed them to the maid saying, "Tell your mistress that you met a man with hair flowing over his shoulders, and he has sent her this love-offering of flowers, and in four days he will return to marry her."

So the maid returned with haste to Nyinamuiri and told her all that had happened. When her mistress heard the words, she wondered much how any man could have seen her to love her, and her heart went out in longing to meet the stranger. Each day she sent her maid to watch for him, fearing that he would return and forget his promise to marry her. On the fourth day Isimbwa arrived, and, meeting the maid outside, returned with her toward the house. She then explained to him the difficulty of reaching her mistress, as the only entrance was through Bukuku's house, and he would kill any man passing in to see his daughter; but Isimbwa would not be daunted, and, making a ladder, he climbed up over the fence, he and his people and his hunting dogs.

When he eame into Nyinamuiri he confessed his deep

love for her, and thereupon married her. He remained with his wife for five months, but at the end of that time he wearied of her and rose up to depart. When Nyinamuiri heard of it she wept bitterly and implored him to stay, as she was going to give birth to a child; but he insisted on leaving, promising to come back to her very soon.

Now Bukuku had heard nothing about the stranger's visit nor of his daughter's marriage, so when they came and told him that she had borne a son, he was astonished beyond measure, and, stopping up his ears, refused to listen to the words, but when he heard the child crying, he knew that the messenger had spoken the truth, and he exclaimed, "What kind of thing is a woman; her cunning is greater than the wisdom of man; no one can get the better of her." Then he called his servant, and in a rage ordered him to cast the babe into the river; so the man took the child from its mother and threw it into the swift-flowing stream. The little body was quickly swept away and disappeared from sight; but in a bend of the river, there were growing tall rushes, and as the babe was borne along on the water, it was caught by the grasses and swept on to the sud. In the morning a peasant named Dubumbi came down to the river's edge to dig out clay for pottery, and seeing the child lying there, thought within himself that it was the child of his mistress Nyinamuiri that had been taken from her; so he took it away and brought it to his wife, who had just given birth to a little girl, and she nursed the child with her own. Dubumbi then went and told Nyinamuiri that he had found her child, and that it was alive. When she heard these words she rejoiced greatly, and urged him to keep the matter secret. He asked her to give him a milk cow for her baby, as his wife was not able to nourish two children; but Nyinamuiri feared that people would suspect if she gave her potter a cow, so she

advised him to go to her father, Bukuku, with a story that might awaken his pity. Dubumbi therefore took a long pole and suspended from it a number of milk pots, and came thus heavily burdened into the presence of Bukuku while he was conferring with his chiefs and people. He fell on his knees and said, "My master, all these years have I not served you faithfully? I have not failed to provide your household with cooking pots, pitchers, and milk bowls. When will you reward me with payment? My wife has given birth to twins, but in the home, sorrow is killing us, for can one woman nourish two children? I pray you give me a milk cow." But Bukuku answered that he was the servant of Nyinamuiri and he should take his request to her. Then Nyinamuiri feared not to send her child gifts by Dubumbi, for everyone had heard the words of Bukuku in public. She gave him two cows, a sleeping mat, two barkcloths as bed coverings, a little maid to wait on her child, and a male and female goat to be tied up as live offerings according to the custom of the people.

The child was named Karabumbi, and as he grew up, he minded the sheep of his foster father, Dubumbi; but he was a very wilful and impertinent boy. He used to dig holes on the road for people to fall into, and he would chuckle with delight when those carrying water from the well, fell and broke their pitchers. Whenever he saw beer being carried along the road for Bukuku, he would seize the men and drink or spill it out, and when Dubumbi's herdsmen took the cows down to the cattle trough to salt them, Karabumbi drove down his cows in front, and they drank up all the salted water. If the herdsmen remonstrated with him he fought them, so that they were afraid of him. At last they came to Bukuku and complained of this peasant child, and said that disease ought to kill a boy of such impudence. Bukuku promised to whip him soundly when he had the chance.

One day he accompanied his herdsmen as they went to salt the cattle; he sat on a stool under a thatch shade, while his men digged and mortared in the trough; when they had finished it, they filled it with water from the well, then threw in salt, and everything was ready; so they went to choose out the milk cows which were to drink first, and as the herdsmen were driving them down Karabumbi saw them, and he hastily collected together all his sheep and cattle and rushed them down to the trough. But Bukuku's head herdsman tried to prevent him, whereupon he struck him with a fanged spear. Then Bukuku called out, "Seize him and bring him to me." As they brought him round towards the back of the stool, Bukuku rose and Karabumbi speared him in the chest, and he fell forward into the trough of salt and died.

Thereupon Karabumbi broke away from his captors and, seating himself on Bukuku's stool, proclaimed himself the king of mankind. On hearing the alarm and shouting, all the people gathered themselves together, and as they looked at Karabumbi they detected the strong likeness he bore to their god, king Isaza, so they feared to molest him or to interfere, and returned to their homes to discuss the matter and to watch developments. Immediately messengers were despatched to Nyinamuiri, that she should come and revenge her father's death; but when the men were come into her presence and she listened to their words, she was greatly troubled and knew not what to do, for she said, "My ears cause me to hear both evil and good, for is it not my son who has killed Bukuku? My father is dead, but my son reigns; thus I have sorrow on one arm, but joy on the other." Then she ordered her servants to pull down and destroy her fence, so that she might go forth into the world and see her son, who had been banished from her since his birth. She called for the fluters and drummers to accom-

pany her, but they ran off on hearing of their master's death; so from that day bandsmen have never been allowed to enter the king's house; they remain outside in the courtyard, because they failed to appear when the offspring of the gods, the first Mucwezi ruler, began to reign. Nyinamuiri set out on her journey, and when she came to the house of Karabumbi and beheld her son, she fell on his neck and embraced him. Then she produced a charm which she fastened round his neck as a talisman against sickness and trouble, according to the custom of mothers.

Karabumbi called together all his people, men, women and children, and Nyinamuiri explained to them how he was the son of Isimbwa, the grandson of Isaza. On hearing these words everybody shouted with joy, for the world was no longer left without a king, but the gods had returned to rule over them.

Now Karabumbi was a man of great strength and arrogance; he was not content with reigning over the restricted area allotted to Bukuku, but was determined to win back the kingdom of his grandfather, Isaza, and to unite up under himself all men and tribes. So he despatched messengers to all the chiefs who had asserted their own independence, demanding them to come in and do allegiance to him; but his messengers were received with scorn, and they returned to him with these words: "You are either the son of Bukuku or the potter, Dubumbi, and as both of them were common peasants, will we, the rulers of the land and the descendants of lords, do homage to you?" When Karabumbi heard these insolent words he was very wrath, and declared war against mankind; thus bloodshed and fighting entered the world.

He first attacked Ankole and made the chief Ntale surrender to him; then he plundered and subdued Toro, and passed over to Bugoma on the eastern shore of Lake

Albert. When the chief Nsinga heard that Karabumbi had come out against him, he donned his crown of beads surmounted with red parrot tails, and sought to kill him with witchcraft, as he did not know how to fight; but Karabumbi heard of the plot and seized Nsinga. He took off his crown and placed a wreath of wild virginia on his head and mocked him thus: "Is this how you bewitch? See how I honour such wisdom and such cunning." He then ordered him to be cast down the escarpment into the lake, where he was drowned.

Now when Isimbwa heard that his son had been proclaimed king, he decided to go to him and acknowledge himself as his father; so he called his servants and started on the journey. After travelling for some days he came near to Nyinamuiri's house, and, meeting a man as he was wading through a swamp, asked him who lived on the opposite bank. When he heard that it was his wife's home, he sent a servant on in advance to announce him as the man who years ago sent to her an offering of flowers through her little maid. On hearing the words, Nyinamuiri hastened to spread down mats in the house, and dressed herself elaborately in bark-cloths, necklaces and bracelets, and sat in readiness to receive him. As Isimbwa entered, the drums were beaten and a great feast was given in his honour; very many oxen were killed, and wine was given round to every man and woman. Isimbwa remained there two months, after which he rose up with Nyinamuiri to visit their son.

As they drew near, the royal drums were sounded, and the musicians played with all their might, for the king Karabumbi, who was believed by many to be a sham, was now able to establish his claim to the kingdom as the rightful descendant of Isaza. He called all his people together for a feast, and when they were satiated with food and wine, he brought forward his father and

PEOPLE OF MADI.

introduced him to the assembled people, who immediately broke forth into loud acclamations of loyalty and rejoicing.

After these things Karabumbi gave to his father and mother a large district as their own property, so Isimbwa fetched his son Kyomya and settled down there with him.

Then Karabumbi called his step-brother, Kyomya, and asked him to join in an expedition for subduing the remaining outlying districts that still stoutly held out against him. This Kyomya agreed to do, and the king gathering together a large army, set out towards Uganda. The paramount chief, Ntege, they found at Kyagwe, where they killed him, and Karabumbi gave the district to Kyomya, who wished no longer to fight, but to settle down quietly on his land, and rule the people around him. So the king sent for his son Kiro to take command of the army, and ordered him to proceed in an eastern direction. He therefore divided his forces up, one detachment he gave to Kiro, while he marched out with the other towards Bulega. Kiro carried on continual skirmishes throughout the districts of Busoga, Bukidi and Madi. The chiefs who refused to surrender he instantly killed, then plundered the country and reduced the people to a state of vassalage. According to the instructions he had received he crossed the Nile, and keeping to the lake shore fell upon his father's tracks; so he decided to follow him, join up forces, and thus complete the entire subjugation of the land. One day he arrived at the fringe of a small forest in Bulega, and as they halted, they heard a drum beating in the distance, and Kiro said, "Hark, is that not my father's drum, the voice of the king?" So he commanded his drummer to reply, and when Karabumbi heard the notes he exclaimed, "That is the voice of my lion-hearted son." Then Kiro drew his cutlass from its scabbard, and cut-

ting a path through the forest in the direction of the drum's call, suddenly came upon a force of Bulega, who had surrounded the king and were on the point of killing him. Coming up behind, he fell upon them with a mighty slaughter; a few saved themselves by flight, but the ground was strewn with dead bodies. Thus the king was rescued, and Bulega was conquered.

Kiro knelt before his father, the king, to do homage, and offered him the richest of the spoils he had taken in warfare—women and children, cattle and goats. Among the children was a little maid named Nvankwanga, who had hair hanging to her shoulders, and was very comely. Kiro's army had suddenly attacked the village in which she lived, and while the people were sleeping had set fire to their huts. As they fled in terror to escape the angry flames, the soldiers had hacked down every living soul. Nvankwanga, seeing her parents and brother cut to pieces, had flung herself at the feet of Kiro saying, "Great and strong master, spare me, spare me; if you grant me life I will be your slave to bring your water, your pipe, and your war-clothes." So Kyomya saved the little girl and presented her to his father for a wife.

That night in camp there were great revellings; the drums were beaten till the morning, and when the wine was handed round the king sang out in exultation: "Is there any limit to the children that shall be born to me, children of strength and of honour; but behold Kiro, the mightiest of them all, the strongest bull in his father's herd, whose roar is terrible."

At dawn Karabumbi and his son arose and swore that they would not rest till the earth acknowledged the rule of the Bacwezi god-kings; but before they started two witch-priests came to them in secret, and warned them, saying, "We have sought for signs and an omen on your journey, but the grasshoppers and the fowls

have all augured evil." The king, however, was offended with them and answered, "Grasshoppers are but insects, fowls are vile, for they peck among the dust and dirt for their food. Shall the Mucwezi king listen to them when they prophesy evil or good?" The king and his son Kiro thereupon set out to fight, and, going in the Ankole direction, raided and burnt all the villages along their route and killed every man that refused to recognise the king.

On arriving at the village ruled over by the chief Lukerege, they met a man whom the diviners had commanded to kill Karabumbi. So the man was lying in wait with his poisoned spear, but feared to carry out the instructions of his master when he saw the might and courage of Karabumbi, for he seized Lukerege, pulling him out by the nose, and butted him with the horns which he wore on his head, so that he died. In the district of Ntanzi they found prosperity and plenty, for the country had never been attacked by foe or sickness; but when the people heard of the approach of Karabumbi they fled, hiding themselves in the hills and in the swamps; and on returning they found their homes burnt down and their villages ransacked.

When the king came to the country of Bugaba they found it abounding in bees, so gourds and cooking pots were placed in the trees, and into these the bees swarmed. The king took these away with him, and in consequence there followed him swarms of brown and black ants and insects of various kinds which scented the honey. In another village a number of prisoners were taken, and among them were two men ill with syphilis, which infected the whole army. Thus the disease spread throughout the length and breadth of the land.

While they passed through the country of Jujura, swarms of flies attached themselves to the army, and in the neighbouring village numbers of the men fell ill with

small-pox, for among the things they pilfered, was a pot of small-pox scabs; the custom of these villagers being to collect in a jar the scabs from their sick and empty them out in their enemies' village.

Passing on through Hungara and Hwehwe they contracted cancer and falsehood from the inhabitants; thus pests, disease and trouble spread over all the land.

After they had conquered the whole country, the king and his son Kiro arrived back again in Bulega. When he saw the bows and arrows of the Bulega he requested them to instruct his people to make them; so they cut down saplings, sharpened and trimmed the arrows, and bent the sticks for the bow. Then they seized the oldest man in the king's army, and cutting the sinews from his body, rolled them out and strung the bow. After this the king turned towards his home. One day as they journeyed they saw working in the field a very beautiful woman named Mugizi, with her three younger sisters. When the king approached, they bowed low, and in a modest voice Mugizi explained, in answer to his enquiries, that she belonged to the Musita clan, and was the wife of two men, Rubani and Busereko. Then the king called his warriors, and ordered them to enter the house and kill one husband and take the other prisoner. The king then presented Mugizi with a barkcloth and beads, and the woman, seeing that she had found favour in the eyes of the king, rejoiced greatly, and she became his wife; from that day royalty has always intermarried with the Musita clan.

On arriving at the capital, all the people came together to welcome back their king, who had thus subdued the whole country, and won back for himself the entire kingdom of his grandfather, the god Isaza. He had brought with him an enormous amount of spoil which he ordered to be exhibited before the eyes of all men. There were cattle and goats; men, women and children;

bees, ants, flies and all kinds of insects; cooking pots, calabashes, a stool with eight legs, and an antelope hide with seven tails, bows, arrows and spears.

As the people beheld these new and wonderful things and the great wealth of their king, they stood speechless, and Isimbwa, the king's father, stood up, and in a loud voice broke out into praise and exaltation of his son, saying: "You have been called Karabumbi, but I say you shall from henceforth be known as Ndahura (I will store up). You are the invincible; your roar is terrible; you are the mightiest ox in the herd of mankind." Then in the eyes of all men the king gave to his father a royal portion of the spoils, namely, 9 handmaidens, 9 slaves, 9 wives, 9 sheep, 9 cows, and 9 spears, for this was the number relating to the gods. He also sent gifts to his mother Nyinamuiri, and afterwards every man returned to his own home.

Ndahura, the king, then made a rule that periodically his sons should go out with an army to abstract cattle and slaves from the people as tribute and an assurance of their loyalty to him, or to enforce obedience and homage where this was withheld. On one occasion, as his son Wamara was expected back from one of these expeditions, Ndahura evinced great impatience, as he was very doubtful of the loyalty of the people among whom he had been sent. The king continued walking up and down outside his fence watching for him, when suddenly the earth opened and swallowed him and his servant. When the king did not return home, all the people of his household made search for him, but they found him not. So they sent messengers to his mother, saying, "The king is lost, the kingdom totters, what shall we do?" Then Isimbwa, his father, and all the people came together and lifted up their voices and wailed. In the evening Wamara and his army returned, and as they reached the place where the king had been

swallowed up, messengers met them from Isimbwa and Nyinamuiri, saying, "Remain where you are, enter not into the house of sorrow, the house bereft of its master. To whom will you now present your plunder and offerings, for the king is lost?"

When Wamara heard the words, he started off with a band of men to search for Ndahura, but when they found him not, the drum of the kingdom was turned upside down, for he whose right it was to rule and beat the drum had departed from among men.

Now the king and his servant had remained two days in Hell, but at the end of that time the latter managed to scramble up and reach earth once more. He then turned over in his mind how he could save his master, so called loudly to the king, "Give me something with which I can procure food for you and me," but Ndahura answered, "My man, when servants travel with their masters, do they eat them? If so, eat me, for we were swallowed up together in Hell, where there is no food and nothing to satisfy; does Hell produce anything with which to purchase food and comforts?" Nyamutale then asked for his master's spear, and when it was handed to him, he wanted to kiss the king's hand to express his gratitude, but Ndahura drew back exclaiming, "Never will I offer my hand for homage in Hell." Then the servant cut footholds in the earth with the spear, and planting it in the ground, he held on to it firmly, and requested the king to grasp the end of the goat hide with which he was girded; and thus he managed to pull the king out of Hell.

When he reached the top, the servant ran and fetched water to wash down his master, so that the defilements of Hell should not remain upon him, and he took off the soiled barkcloths which he wore, and dressed him in two new ones, which he had fetched from his own home. So they returned together towards the house. On seeing

the royal drum reversed the king set it up again, and after beating it vigorously seated himself on the throne; whereupon all the people came together wondering among themselves who it was who had usurped the prerogative of kings. They chose out one man named Kagoro to go and inquire, and as he drew near cautiously and beheld Ndahura, their king, sitting there, he fell down and worshipped him. The king spoke to him these words: "Go home and be comforted, for I have returned; in the morning you shall all come that I may speak with you."

The next morning at dawn, Isimbwa, Nyinamuri, Wamara and all the warriors came with their plunder, and the people gathered themselves together, from the eldest to the youngest, to hear of that strange thing that had happened to their king. When they had all assembled, Ndahura stood up and commanded that a successor should be found to rule over them, as he could no longer be their king, for Hell had opened its mouth against him and held him; but the people with one voice pleaded with him to remain their ruler. He, however, refused steadfastly, saying "He over whom Hell has exercised its power cannot reign on earth, but who shall be your king? Wamara is my eldest son, but he is selfish. Behold, I see the kingdom tottering, for he must reign. I cannot overlook priority, but because Wamara shall possess the kingdom it will be destroyed."

Thus Wamara sat on the throne of his father and reigned. Ndahura took all the plunder that had been brought in, and went away with his mother; and for some time wandered about together in Toro, looking out for a suitable place where they could settle down. One day, on reaching the Semliki plain, where the heat was exceeding great, he plunged into a spring to cool himself, but as his body was very hot, gradually the water boiled, and the boiling springs of Bulange remain to

this day, where people come and get cured of their ailments.*

He then had wells sunk in the centre of two of the highest hills there, so that the water should remain always cold and uncontaminated. These are the crater lakes, where people say the Bacwezi now dwell.

Ndahura and his mother then moved on, and came to a place called Butara, where he laid a bridge which still remains, and is called "The Bridge of Ages." His footmarks may also still be seen on a great rock in that neighbourhood, so that people avoid passing it even now. He ultimately settled on the shores of the Edward Lake, and his mother Nyinamuiri built for herself an island on the lake, and Isimbwa and Wamara used to exchange greetings with them from time to time.

*These boiling springs are at the north-west base of Ruwenzori Mountains, the water contains a large proportion of sulphur, its medicinal properties have been known to the natives for a long time ; they direct the water off into little pools where it cools sufficiently for bathing.

CHAPTER VIII

The Reign of the Bacwezi or Demi-gods: Wamara.

THE King Wamara set up his kingdom at Bwera in Uganda, and divided the land among his brethren.

Now these are the names of the Bacwezi—Isimbwa (son of Isaza was not reckoned among them, as he had been born in Hell of the daughter of Hell) had five sons—Kyomya, who had a son named Kagoro, Ndahura, who had three children, Wamara, Ibona and Kiro; Mugenyi, Mulindwa and Mugasa. These nine Bacwezi were not like other men, but were gods, for although they were born of women they had unending life, and knew neither sickness nor death.

The two brothers, Mulindwa and Mugenyi, loved each other much, and had all things in common; neither undertook any enterprise or journey without his brother.

On a certain day the Bacwezi all went out to hunt together; they were dressed in royal apparel, each wore a barkcloth of the finest fibre and two leopard skins. On hearing a commotion in the courtyard, their wives peeped out of their houses, and concealing themselves behind the fence, they looked through the gaps that they might behold the grandeur of their lords as they departed. When Mugenyi started out, all the women remarked on his beauty and strength, but afterwards Mulindwa appeared, and they held their breath in admiration of him,

and said among themselves, "Mulindwa has quite eclipsed Mugenyi; he excels all men." Now Mugenyi's mother, Nyangoro, heard these words, and her heart was filled with anger and jealousy, and she determined to kill Mulindwa.

In the evening the men returned from the hunt, and, as the custom was, each brought an offering of flowers to his sweetheart. Mulindwa gave his gift to Nyangoro, the mother of Mugenyi, whom he loved dearly, yet could he not marry her as she was the wife of his father; but he used to wait his opportunity, when he would call on her, bring presents of bracelets and goats, and make love to her. One day the two brothers had decided to visit their cattle, to watch them being salted, but when the hour arrived for them to set out, Mulindwa feigned sickness, so Mugenyi started forth alone. Nyangoro had listened to their conversation in the courtyard, and surmised that Mulindwa was only seeking for a chance to come to her, so she hastily planned his destruction, to be carried out under the guise of love. She digged a very deep pit inside her house, filled it with boiling water, and covered it over with thin twigs and grass. Meanwhile, Mulindwa dressed himself in his best barkcloth, smeared his face and chest with butter, and went to visit Nyangoro. As he entered the hut, she rose to greet him very effusively, and he placed on her head a wreath of grasses and flowers. Then she spread out a skin mat over the grass, and begged him to be seated; but immediately he put his feet down on the skin, the twigs gave way and he fell into the boiling water. Nyangoro then arose and quickly covered over the pit with mats to suffocate him. A herdsman, however, had accompanied his master to the hut, and when he heard Mulindwa's cry of distress, he ran quickly out to Mugenyi, and falling on his knees before him said, "My lord, the words I bring are terrible, yet how can I withhold them? Our beloved

A MUNYORO PROFILE.

master is dead; these ears listened to his moans and heard him throw out his arms in death. Hasten, hasten." Immediately Mugenyi rose up and came quickly to his mother's house, where he found Mulindwa's dogs whining and wrestling with those who tried to keep them out of the hut. Led by the dogs' instincts, he approached the spot, and feeling an intense heat rising from the ground he tore away the covering and discovered his brother in the pit burnt and blistered beyond recognition. He lifted the body out of the boiling water, poured milk over him, and by degrees consciousness returned, although the fingers and toes were completely withered up.

Mugenyi then dragged his mother out of the house to kill her, but Mulindwa pleaded for her, saying, "No, no, a man must not kill his mother; if you do not avenge me, Wamara will, and if he will not, my nephew Kagoro will, but should he refuse, the gods will have their revenge." So Mugenyi forgave his mother, but her daughters and other members of the clan he seized, and many of them he killed, the others were cursed by Mulindwa, who said, "You women of the Basingo clan shall die without bearing one child, and shall never see old age, because I have been robbed of my beauty, and struck down in my youth, while my cows are yet young, my wives have not reached maturity, and my children are wearing rattles still." From that day princes have never married into the Basingo clan.

Under the rule of Wamara evil increased exceedingly. The Bacwezi were no longer held in veneration, nor their persons regarded as invulnerable. When it had got noised about that a woman had acted with violence toward Mulindwa, many unruly persons arose and determined to plunder and rob the gods; for Kantu had entered into the hearts of men, and was determined on destroying the whole work of Ruhanga.

Very soon the Bacwezi began to quarrel among themselves, and Mugasa, the uncle of Wamara, rebelled against him, and sought to wrest the kingdom from him. But Wamara successfully quashed the rising and took the six children of Mugasa prisoners. After many futile attempts their father, however, managed to reclaim them, and took them away to Heaven with him, so as to remove them from any further danger.

Now on a certain day the Bacwezi were sitting round their fire talking together, when a storm gathered, the thunder roared and the rain fell in rivers. Kagoro turned to his uncle, Mugenyi, and asked him what thunder and lightning were. Mugenyi answered that they were fowls from Heaven that lick up the water that is on the earth, and spit it out again as rain. When they have given out very much saliva in this way, the fowls become exhausted and fall to earth with a crash. He said how these fowls are of an enormous size when they leave Heaven, but on falling to earth as thunder, they shrivel up with the cold and damp. Kagoro asked if anyone had ever seen the fowls, and Mugenyi assured him that one day after a loud crash of thunder, a strange fowl was found lying in the courtyard of a house. The bird was taken inside and placed near the fire to dry, but as the heat acted upon it, enormous wings unfolded themselves, and the fowl flew upwards, burning the house as it passed through. The bird, after falling, remains hidden in the ground until the succeeding peal, when it rises to join its companions.

And this theory is believed to this day. People hide their faces during thunder for fear of the fowl casting its eye upon them. Lightning is said to be caused by the fowls playing together. When a house is struck by lightning, the people fear to stay one moment to rescue their goods, for they say the glory-light of the fowl is so great that they will be struck blind by its radiance. If a

man is killed by it, they believe that a fowl has plucked him by the neck, drawn out his heart, and taken it to the Bacwezi gods.*

Kagoro answered his uncle by telling him he would go to Heaven and kill the birds that made such a distracting noise, but his father rebuked him for abusing the things of Heaven, and told him that Heaven was sacred to them, for therein dwelt some of their relations who had been taken there by Mugasa. When Kagoro heard this, he determined in his heart that he would ascend to Heaven and rescue his kin from such misfortune. He went away into the bush and called to Thunder to carry him hence, and a fowl descended and bore him thither. Now, Mugasa had made himself king of Heaven, and one day when he was out hunting with his servants, they found Kagoro sitting alone in a field, on the spot where the fowl had dropped him. So Mugasa took him back to his home, and gave him to his daughter as a slave. But they were greatly perplexed at his behaviour, and questioned among themselves what kind of man he was, for he refused to drink milk out of a peasant's gourd, and to do the work of a slave: in all things he acted as their equal. On one occasion they took him with them as they visited the capital of Heaven, and as they went along the road everybody did obeisance to Kagoro. So they turned and asked him of his parentage, and when he said he was the son of Mugenyi, they embraced him and wept for joy. But Mugasa refused to believe his words, for he feared that he might become his rival in Heaven.

*During the building of the present church in Hoima, it was struck by lightning, without setting fire to it, however. The lightning travelled down one of the inside support poles, splintering and singeing it. A large crowd of interested spectators came together in the morning to see the effects of the storm, and it was not a little edifying to see one and another excitedly point out to his companion, the footprints of the legendary fowl, as it had run down the pole and disturbed the ground beneath.

The king one day went out to hunt, and ordered Kagoro to attend him; but they tramped about all day, and met with no success, so Mugasa was weary, and rested under the shade of a tree. While he slumbered, Kagoro cautiously came toward him with his spear quivering, and thrust it at his knee. The king immediately woke up with a start, and cried out, "Do not kill me; do I not know who you are; ask what you will, and I will give it you." Kagoro then demanded that he should give him all his children that he had taken out of the world. So Kagoro saved them from Heaven, and brought them down again to earth, and left Mugasa ruling there.

Now, there was a certain man named Misango, who conceived a plot for stealing all the cattle of the Bacwezi, which were herded together and placed under the care of Kagoro. But the man feared Kagoro, the Mucwezi, for he was powerful and fearless. One day, however, Kagoro went away to visit the home of his mother-in-law; then Misango, seizing his opportunity, plundered the cattle, also the barkcloths and coronets of the Bacwezi. Immediately an alarm was raised by an old servant who had been left in the kraal. Standing on a very high hill, the old man cried aloud. Kagoro was at that moment sitting and playing with his sisters-in-law, and when he heard the alarm he stopped in the game and listened. "That is like the voice of our old confidential servant," said he, but the women declared that it was only a bird chirping. When the sound reached him the second time, he was angry with them for detaining him, and exclaimed, "Let me go; women were made for perfume and pleasure, not for counselling men." Then he turned and fled with such violence that he knocked down the door-post of the house.

When he reached the servant, he enquired of him the cause for alarm. "Alas," answered the old man, "the cattle of the gods have been taken; Mugenyi has been

speared in attempting to rescue his goods, and your Uncle Mulindwa reclaimed his cows, but killed and ate them all, fearing they would be again stolen." On hearing these words, Kagoro armed himself with a spear and hastened off towards Ankole, where Misango had taken refuge. When he encountered the man, he challenged him thus, "If you do not want me to kill you, kill me"; whereupon Misango ran towards him and flung two spears, which only, however, grazed his knee. Then Kagoro raised his spear, and, with a straight aim, flung it at Misango, so that it entered into his shoulder, and he died. Then Kagoro broke forth into song: "Do you see me, Kagoro, the vindicator of the gods? The sinews of my body are iron; am I not a descendant of Isimbwa, of Isaza, of the gods, whose life is imperishable, whose might is irresistible?" After killing many people, he got back all the cattle that had been stolen, and returned home to his father, Mugenyi.

Now, among his father's herds there was an ox named Bihogo, which was of rare value, for it imparted fragrance to the water when drinking.* When Kagoro brought it back with the other cattle, his father fell on its neck and embraced it, and swore that, whatever evil should henceforth afflict it, should afflict him also; if water was the cause of its death, he would never again drink a drop; if salt, none of his cattle should ever again be salted; if it should die naturally, he would on that day kill himself. One day, when Mugenyi was sitting in the house with his friends, a lad came in running, and breathlessly announced that the ox Bihogo had been seized with a fit, and was on the point of death; without a moment's hesitation, Mugenyi gripped his

*There are said to be certain cows in the country that possess this quality, after drinking they leave a deposit on the surface of the water which is then drawn off, and the deposit incrustates; it is then taken and ground to a powder, and used for scenting bark-cloths.

spear to kill himself, but his brothers restrained him by force.* They sought to turn him from his purpose by offering him gifts. The king Wamara gave him 100 buffaloes; Ndahura, the ex-king, sent him 200 heifers; his brothers, Ibona and Kiro, gave 100 white and 200 grey cattle; Isimbwa, his father, brought to him a herd of 400 red cows; and his mother, 200 oxen. Everyone sympathised with him, but Mugenyi was inconsolable; his brothers stayed night and day to cheer him, but he refused to be comforted.

The king Wamara sent for the witch-doctors and ordered them to dissect the dead ox, and to divulge to him the future, as portrayed in its entrails. In the morning the ox was brought, and all the witch-priests came together to examine it, and to read its buried secrets; but when they cut open the body, they found it quite empty; not one organ remained. This greatly perplexed the witch-doctors; they were quite at a loss to understand its meaning. They came into the king's presence and told him of this great wonder, but they assured him that the carcase of the ox was perfectly clean inside, which indicated that he should possess great wealth, and have many children born to him. As they were speaking, a stranger crossed the courtyard and stood at the entrance of the house. He was dressed in the skins of wild animals; his neck, head, and arms were laden with strange charms. As the king and witch-doctor looked up, he spoke to them thus, "I am Nyakoko, the wise man of Bukidi; I hold intercourse with the gods, man, and devils. I know no limitations; Heaven, the world, and hell are open to me. If you would understand the mystery of the ox Bihogo, take me to it. But first give

*This consideration for the life of their cattle is characteristic of the Bakuma race at the present day. Although human life is regarded so lightly by them, a man will readily kill himself at the death of a favourite cow.

me a token of blood, a seal of brotherhood between you and me, O king, that no prophecy of mine, either of evil or good, shall jeopardise my life." Wamara then called for Mugenyi and commanded him to make blood-brotherhood with the stranger, who readily consented. When their compact was completed, and the life of the priest was thus secured, Nyakoko stood forth in the middle of the courtyard, surrounded by the Bacwezi and chiefs of the people, and the dead ox was brought to him. He took up the head and hoofs, and, placing them on the carcase, split them open with a hatchet. Immediately all the internal organs of the body fell out from the skull and hoofs, and as they did so, a smut flew out of the fire and settled on the intestines. Nyakoko took a knife and tried to scrape it off; he washed the part, but the smear remained. The witch-doctor then ordered every man to withdraw, excepting the Bacwezi, and, approaching Wamara, held out his wand for him to touch, and spoke thus: "My master, I foresee evil only. The body of the ox being empty, signifies that the rule of the Bacwezi is over, and the land is void; the entrails found in the head tell me that you will still, however, exercise power over mankind; the others found in the hoofs mean that you will wander continually over the earth. The smut is a black man, a barbarian, who will come and usurp the kingdom; he will recognise no caste, will enforce no obedience; in his time a servant will not respond, woman will be ungovernable, cattle will not heed the voice of the herdsman, dogs will not answer to the call of their masters. The drum of the gods will be beaten by a savage, and others of his kin will possess it after him."

After hearing these words, the Bacwezi went into their house, and at night they conferred together, and decided to kill Nyakoko, for he had penetrated into the secret councils of the gods, and nothing was hid from him. But at night, when all men slept, one of the king's wives

dreamed a dream, and in the morning she hastened into his presence and warned him, saying, "My master and king, in my dream I saw the Bacwezi taking a long journey, and they got lost; they reached a land where they were unknown and unrecognised. And this happened to them because they killed a man named Nyakoko." Meanwhile, Mugenyi went to Nyakoko and warned him to depart. "Arise," said he, "you are my blood-brother with whom I made a covenant which I cannot break; we, the Bacwezi, have agreed to kill you; therefore, return quickly to your own land and people." Mugenyi gave him two pieces of meat for the journey, and the witch-doctor went back to Bukidi.

Meanwhile, Wamara, the king, had commanded his brothers and uncles to remain with Mugenyi to guard him against self-destruction, and until he should recover from the death of his ox Bihogo. One evening they prepared a feast and wine in abundance, and called him to join them in their feastings. They drank very freely, danced, sang, and became very excited; in their songs they sang of their greatness and their might, but scoffed at Mugenyi for wishing to cast away his life—the life of a god—for that of an ox. Their jibeings at last prevailed, and, casting off his mourning, Mugenyi joined them in their revellings. So in the morning the Bacwezi departed to their own homes, for they saw that Mugenyi had recovered from his grief. But when they had left him, Mugenyi laid on his bed and thought over the doings of the previous night; and as he cogitated, his old aunt came in and mocked him, saying, "Did you not swear that of Bihogo, the faultless, the beloved ox, died, you would kill yourself? This night, however, you have been merry, you have feasted and drunk while it lies dead!" And the words pierced Mugenyi like a spear, and he swore by Isimbwa these words, "I am despised and jeered at by a woman; therefore will I leave the

THE REGALIA OF BUNYORO: Four Crowns with chin straps of fur and beads, two Headgears with brass pinnacles, two Drums, Nyabele, Kajumba.

world; it is corrupt, and no place for the gods." So he tied up his things, and sent to wish his brethren farewell. But when Wamara heard that his uncle was determined to depart, he called together all the Bacwezi—his father, Ndahura; his grandfather, Isimbwa; his mother, Nyinamuiru; his uncles and all his brethren, and said to them, "Let us leave the kingdom of this world, for it is defiled; when women despise us, who will fear us?" So they collected their herds, and their wives, and their goods, and departed. As they journeyed along the lake shore they called to the people and ordered them to guard the regalia of the kingdom—the large and small drums, three spears, two shields, two bows bound with brass wire, arrows, brass bracelets and anklets, two stools, also forty heifers, eight bulls, a herdsman, a slave girl, and two women of the household.

When they reached Bukidi, they saw people sitting under a Mubito tree, and they called out to them, "You people of Bukidi, go and rule the kingdom that we have left vacant. You shall be called Babito (princes), for the gods called you from the Mubito tree. After travelling for some days, Wamara remembered that he had left behind the bowl of love, so he sent Kagoro back with all speed to fetch it. As he returned with it running, some of the contents got spilled, and when Wamara heard of it he was troubled, and said, "Our love now can never be complete; only a very little, however, has been spilled; it is not sufficient for people to love each other. If one person will love, the other will hate. A man who loves his wife will be hated by her, and should a woman love her husband, he will hate her."

So the Bacwezi departed and were never seen again. Their footsteps were traced to the Victoria Lake, but others say they disappeared down the crater lakes. Twice only have they been seen again by man; on one occasion they appeared to one named Nyamusuma of Mwenge (a

district of Toro), and they spoke thus to him, "Our land is a good land that no man knows; our road is invisible and unknowable." They gave him a bowl of milk which never came to an end; in the morning they had disappeared, but they left him a present of a cow tied up to a post by a snake, and the cow bore 390 calves. Their second appearance was to a young herdsman of Toro named Kazoba. One day in the early morning he saw a cow grazing alone in the bush; as he could not catch it, he called to his brothers to assist him, but when they came up to it, the cow was caught away into Heaven, and in its place sat three women, who called to the boys; but they feared to approach, for they were unlike other people —their hair was white like calico, and on their heads were crowns of flowers. The boys ran from them and called their friends, but when they returned, the women had entirely disappeared; and although the Bacwezi ceased to reign over the earth, they continued to sway the lives of men and to determine their destiny.

CHAPTER IX

The Dynasty of the Babito.

THE people seen by the Bacwezi under a mubito tree were two huntsmen and their servants. The men's names were Mpuga Rukidi and Kato; they were illegitimate sons of the Mucwezi Isimbwa. When they heard the words of the Bacwezi they did not understand their meaning, and as they discussed together the matter, a man came towards them. He was Nyakoko, the witch doctor who had fled from Bunyoro after foretelling the Bacwezi their fate. Mpuga, seeing who it was, ran and embraced him, for they were great friends. Nyakoko asked what fortune they had met with in the hunt, and showed them a curious animal which he himself had shot on the lake shore. Part of it resembled a colobus monkey and the other part a lion, and when they skinned it the animal still lived and ran about. They returned together to the house, and that night made a great feast to commemorate Nyakoko's home-coming. When the night was advanced, and people had gone to their beds, Mpuga remained talking with Nyakoko, and told him of the mysterious words spoken to them by the strangers who had passed through their country in large numbers, and carrying great possessions. Then Nyakoko explained to him who the people were, and divulged all that had occurred to him in their country—he expatiated on the vastness of their kingdom, its wealth, its beauty, its dignity and might. He told of its people, of their herds, their rich clothing and their refined habits.

Then Mpuga longed to possess this land and rule over its people, but he withdrew his heart from dwelling on it, for he saw himself to be ignorant and savage. But Nyakoko would not allow him to be faint-hearted, for he saw the chance for his own ambitious desires to be realised, so he promised to guide him to Bunyoro and to initiate him into the customs of the country, if he would promise to make him joint king with himself. This Mpuga willingly agreed to, and in the morning he ordered his mother, brethren and servants to prepare for a journey. They all got ready in a very short time, for they had few possessions—nothing beyond gourds, cooking pots and chickens.

The warriors went before, armed with spears, bows, arrows and daggers; then followed the musicians who played on the horn; Nyakoko, Mpuga and his family, and an interpreter came next; while the servants, carriers and women brought up the rear. Thus the warriors of Bukidi set forth to seek the kingdom of Bunyoro, and to found a dynasty of kings that should reign over it to the present day.

It was not until the evening of the first day of travelling that the people understood the purport of the journey, for they had feared to ask their master the reason of his order for them to depart. But as they were all gathered round their camp fires that night, Nyakoko suddenly turned to Mpuga and said, "In the country of Bunyoro to which we go, there is treachery and falsehood, the women are faithless and unchaste; whom will you marry?" Mpuga replied, "If that is so we can marry our sisters." So the people then knew that their master was going to settle in a new land; and they were afraid of meeting strong and unknown foes. Nyakoko saw the dismay on their countenances and put fresh spirit into the men, by telling them that those who fought for kingdoms must be courageous and strong, and with a leader

like Mpuga and a priest like himself they had nothing to fear.

So in the morning they continued their journey, and at mid-day reached the River Nile. The usual ferry was not there, and after waiting till evening and it failed to appear, Mpuga and his people greatly feared, for they imagined that this misfortune portended evil to their enterprise. Nyakoko then commanded a little girl to be brought, whose mother had been healthy, pure and loved without dissimulation, and that she should be offered to the Spirit of the Waters. The witch-doctor laid his wand on the face of the river and the waters separated into two, leaving a dry path in the midst. The little girl was placed in the middle of the river-bed, then Nyakoko caused the waters to unite again, and they immediately swallowed up the child and bore her away to the land of spirits.

Instantly the boat appeared the people were all comforted, for they knew that their propitiatory offering had been accepted. Henceforth it became the custom for all travellers to sacrifice children to the Nile at that crossing.

Now among the Babito there was one named Nyarwa, a man of strength and handsome bearing, and he was much more popular among the people than Mpuga himself. And this incensed Mpuga against him, for he feared that Nyarwa would be preferred by the Banyoro and be elected as their king. So he formed a plan for getting rid of him. On the evening of the fifth day Mpuga feigned sickness, and calling for Nyarwa said, "I am sick unto death, let them carry me back that I may die in my own land; but you take the huntsmen and return home at your leisure." So Nyarwa had a stretcher made, and when he had seen the whole caravan turning back, he called for his huntsmen and started off in an opposite direction with his dogs and bow.

Then when Mpuga knew him to be at a safe distance away, he turned round and hastily continued his journey into Bunyoro. But, alas! when they reached the river Kafu they found it in flood and impassable. The warriors called for a halt until the waters should go down, but Mpuga was determined at all cost to cross the stream. Men were sent in to test the depth of the water, but when it reached their armpits the flood swept them away and they were drowned.

Then Mpuga chose out a little girl, also two black beads and two black fowls, and threw them into the swollen stream, and immediately as they were lost to sight, two men were espied punting a raft towards them, and they ferried all the people across. And from that day children were cast into the Kafu River during flood time by everyone crossing at that point.

When they were within one day of the capital of Bunyoro, Nyakoko commanded the interpreter to go before, crying out aloud, "Be comforted, O land, be comforted, O people; for a king has come to reign over you." As he passed through the villages, the men came out in large numbers and followed him to the capital; the place buzzed with excitement, and an eager look-out was kept all day for the new king to arrive. Early in the morning the people heard a sound of horns, and descried spears flashing in the distance; then appeared a large company of men, yet kept they silent, for they knew not whether to receive the newcomer or not. As Mpuga reached the demesne of the Bacwezi the men of Bunyoro all drew back, for they considered it sacrilege for a stranger to enter the home of the gods, and the visitor they regarded with contempt, for half of his body was white and the other part was black, and he was dressed in a sheepskin, while his head was unshaven, his hair reached, in greased and matted twists, to his shoulders. But Mpuga did not notice their scornful glances, nor

GENTLEMEN OF FASHION AMONG THE BAGANYI.

did he hear their remarks, for he understood not their language; so he entered Wamara's house and sat down to rest on the throne. He ordered huts to be erected in the outer courtyard for himself and his people, for he refused to take possession of the royal houses until he was assured of his position, and had learned the use of the different buildings.

After he had rested, he felt very homesick and fearful of his new surroundings; he wondered if he was being ensnared by a plot: so he called to Nyakoko and asked him to send for a local witch-doctor that he might question him. Kasoira was brought in to him, and Mpuga asked him, "Where are the kings of this country?" Kasoira answered, "I am a man of truth, and dissemble nothing; you ask me about my late masters, and I tell you that they went away in the direction of Buganda to the lake, but where they have gone I know not. They abdicated, and told me that their rule had reached finality." "Do kings leave their land and people unless they are driven out by rebellion?" said Mpuga.

"Nyakoko saw other reasons which induced them to go," answered Kasoira. But Mpuga interjected, "Do not drag in Nyakoko's name; you yourself tell me everything, and I will give you a large reward." "Give me, then, some tobacco, and I will tell you," said Kasoira. So Mpuga sent a servant to his grandmother to beg for a plug of tobacco, and when he returned with a pipe and had lit it, he handed it to the witch-doctor.

"Ah, that is good," said he.

"What, are you satisfied with a small thing like that? Tell me all you know, and I will give you greater gifts."

"Well," continued Kasoira, "into my master's life there entered Kantu, and he was the cause of their departure."

"Who is Kantu?" asked Mpuga.

"He is the spirit of evil, who, from the beginning, led mankind astray."

"If you speak truly, tell me, will the kings never return?"

"I swear by my life, they will never come back to this land. If you want to settle here and portion out the country, do so, for there is no ruler; our kings have departed for ever," said Kasoira. Then Mpuga dismissed him, but he was still suspicious, and no sleep came to him that night. Early in the morning Nyakoko came and found him tossing on his bed, and when he had learned the cause of his uneasiness, he suggested calling in the two old women whom they had found minding the house, and who had been left there by the Bacwezi. So Bunono and Iremera were brought in to Mpuga's presence; they trembled and were sorely affrighted when they saw him, and all his servants armed. But Mpuga spoke kindly to them and told them to be seated; then he turned and said, "Old ladies, who are of the herdsman clan, the clan that speaks truth and acts righteously, tell me where your husbands, the Bacwezi, have gone, and what has driven them from the kingdom."

The women were afraid to answer; each looked to the other to reply, but at last Bunono jerked out, "Kantu and contempt drove them from the land, and our lords the gods will not return—at least not until the reign of ten or more kings is completed."

When the women had left, Nyakoko came to Mpuga and said, "When will you rise up and beat the drum?* We have been here for eight days, and you have not yet assumed the right of reigning. If you will not rule, we will make your brother king."

This roused Mpuga, and he answered, "I am perfectly willing to reign, but how shall I do it; who will instruct me in court etiquette?" The witch-doctor thereupon

*The action of a king on his accession.

called in the two old women to groom Mpuga and get him trimmed up for his accession.

They cut his finger-nails, shaved off his long tufts of hair, smeared him down with butter, and clothed him in two bark-cloths. They then commanded that the royal drum should be brought, but when a search was made for it, it was not forthcoming. One declared that it had been swallowed up by rocks, another that it had been taken up into Heaven, but Bunono told them to send to the Basita clan, who were the guardians of the drums. So a messenger was despatched, and, after travelling all day and night, he arrived at their district, and entered into the house of a man named Mulimba. Immediately he espied two drums hanging up on the wall, and he asked the man whom they belonged to. "Leave me alone," answered Mulimba, "can I discuss trifles with you, when my wife has been confined, and for two days has eaten no food, because there is none in the house? If you will give me a few grains of millet, you can take away both the drums, for their rightful owners have left the country." The messenger straightway took some millet from his cobus-cob hide bag, and filled up two baskets. So Mulimba gave him one of the drums named Nyalebe, with the words, "May you possess wealth and many children."

When the messenger rose up to return, Mulimba accompanied him to the capital, hoping to obtain further supplies of food.

The other drum that had been left behind was called Kajumba, and, finding itself alone, it came down from the wall, and rolled itself along the road until it reached the capital, and, entering the house where Mulimba was staying, it sat down by its companion Nyalebe. When Nyakoko saw the drum coming along by itself, he ran to Mpuga, and they rejoiced together that all the omens indicated success and prosperity.

A further search was made for the regalia, and these are the things that were found:—Two steel spears (which remain to this day), one brass ditto, one dirk, one basket containing a brass bracelet, a sparkling bead, which was said to have come down from Heaven at the time of human sacrifices; also other beads, bracelets, and anklets.

These were all brought to Mpuga, who was delighted at possessing such priceless treasures, and he ordered that all the royal buildings and apartments should immediately be repaired or rebuilt for his accession; to every family was allotted a portion of the work in the restoration of the household.

The royal apartments were approached by a succession of reeded-in courtyards, in which were erected one or more circular houses of reeds and thatch, each having its own specific use. In the outer courtyard, or Court of Assembly, there was a large roofed-in stand, called the Kamurweya, under which the king and his suite sat on fête days. Here also was built a pinnacle of beaten earth, at the top of which the drummer stood to call the people together on important occasions.

The first inner court contained the Kasenda or temple, wherein the witch-priests alone were allowed to enter, and hold communion with the Spirits, while the king and his people stood without. Human sacrifices from time to time were brought inside for divination; the skulls were hung round on the wall, but the bodies, after examination, were taken out for burial. The duty of the princesses was to keep the floor of this temple smeared with dung, for no grass was allowed to be spread down.

In the second court there was the visitors' waiting-room; the next one held the guard's house; this led to the fourth enclosure, where stood the princesses' house of worship, guarded carefully by a sentry. The last courtyard led to the royal apartments, and this was regarded as sacred; anyone who laughed, coughed, or

blew his nose within the precincts was immediately put to death.

At the entrance there was erected a round house, with three outside doors—one was called the ivory entrance, for a long ivory tusk was laid at the doorway, across which only the king could step. The king's cows were milked morning and evening before this doorway. The second entrance led to the dining house, whilst the third opened out on to the sleeping room, called the Karuzika house. This private enclosure contained also two other houses, Dwengo house, which was the king's harem, and the Kapanapa house, wherein the beer was brewed.

Thus all the work was completed, and the king's accession was announced to take place at the next full moon.

When the day arrived, very early in the morning the capital was thronged with people who had come out of all the countries around. The outer courtyard was crowded with men eager and excited to see their new king. The procession was headed by the high priest Nyakoko, holding in his hand his wand and knife for sacrifice. He was followed by the priests leading a white ox and a white fowl. Then came the bodyguard armed with bows and barbed arrows. The king, looking most majestic, walked alone, accompanied by the princes carrying the regalia. He was dressed in two flawless bark-cloths, round his neck he wore heaven's white bead, which sparkled like the sun, his bracelets and anklets were also of white beads, while on his head he wore a crown of bead-work and red parrot tails, with a chin strap of long white colobus monkey fur.

At the entrance of the Temple Kasenda, the procession stood still. The High Priest then advanced towards the white ox, and slew it before the eyes of all the people. When the blood flowed forth, Nyakoko entered the temple, and all the priests standing without wor-

shipped aloud, saying, "This is the kingdom of my forefathers, of many generations. Thou Ruhanga-Nkya-Kankya,* begat the rulers of mankind, thou art god of heaven, hell, and earth. If I, Mpuga, lie, and this is not the kingdom of my ancestors, let me die now in the sight of all men." Then torches were lit, and the cock crowed, whereupon all the people stood and worshipped with their faces toward heaven. When they had made an end of worshipping, a priest came forward with Mulimba carrying the drum Nyalebe, and as he stood before the king he said, "Hereby shall man know if this Mpuga is an impostor. If he be not the true son of the Bacwezi, let the drum be silent and burst when he shall strike it."

So Mulimba advanced and handed to Mpuga the two sticks, while every onlooker held his breath anxiously. Grasping the sticks, Mpuga flung out his arms and brought them down forcibly on the drum, that roared forth with a mighty sound. This he did nine times, and the other drum, Kajumba, came rolling itself along on the ground, booming all the time. Then the people shouted with a loud voice, "Hail to our king." The priest thereupon approached the king, and, laying his hands upon him, said, "Your name shall henceforth be Winyi, and your title Okali; men shall no longer call you a Mukidi (Person of Bukidi), for you are the son of our late rulers the gods."

That evening there was great feasting. Many oxen were killed; nine were slaughtered for the guests, who dined in the entrance hall; three others were served to the king and his brothers; two were given to the chiefs, who dined with the king; and four more were distributed among the attendants and household.

The revelry and the drum beating continued for two

*The two gods Ruhanga and Nkya are regarded as one-indivisible and their united names form the title Kankya.

days and two nights, at the end of which all the people were called for a solemn conclave. As the king was preparing for it, Nyakoko came in and said, "When a king portions out the land, does not the High Priest get the choicest bit?"

"Tell me what you want, and I will give it you straight away," answered the king.

"No, no," replied Nyakoko, "but you shall invest me publicly, so that all men may hear how the king honours his Priest."

So they went together into the outer courtyard, where all the people were assembled. The chiefs were seated on stools in two lines, which led up to a large woven grass awning, under which was placed the throne,* while the ground was strewn with grass, covered over with calf, leopard, and lion skins. As the king seated himself on the throne, the vast concourse of people broke forth into worship, saying, "Okali, king Winyi, is great; he is high and very exalted, having pity on the needy, clothing the naked, and uniting all men under him." Then the king stood up and spoke thus, "Hear all ye people of Ankole, of Busoga, of Buganada, of Chopi and Bulega, all tribes gathered before me, behold me, your ruler. Every man overcome with trouble, let him appeal to me; he who is evilly treated, let him come to me." The princes were then called one by one, and districts were given them to administer.

Buganda was given to the king's brother, Kato. All the Baganda present were brought and presented to him, and they were ordered to accompany him to their country and to recognise him as their leader.

Kiza, the King's brother, had Busoga given to him.

Toro, Ankole, Bulega and Chopi were divided out between his half-brothers. Then Winyi turned to the

*The throne consisted of a large stool covered over with numbers of leopard and lion skins.

High Priest, Nyakoko, and said, "Would you like the country that was formerly ruled over by Isaza as your inheritance?" But he answered, "None of these things do I want, but rather let you and me reign together over these people—wherever you hold sway, there will I also." But Winyi, the king, would not listen to this proposal now that his position was assured, but appointed him to a district of Bunyoro, called Bugahya.

When the king had made an end of choosing out his ministers and chief, every man departed to his own home, and there was peace, for they all feared the king, and each chief paid yearly tribute to him.

Meanwhile the news had reached Nyarwa that his kinsman had deceived him, and that he had been acclaimed King of Bunyoro by all the people; and he knew that, for fear and jealousy of him, Mpuga had carried out this ruse. So he left off hunting, and remained for eight days in one place, planning out what he should do. "If he outwitted me when he was but a chief of Bukidi, will he not kill me as king of the whole land?" said he to himself. Then he climbed to the top of a high rock, and, throwing out his arms, exclaimed, "I may as well be swallowed up by Heaven as earth," and immediately a strong whirlwind enclosed him in its grip, and lifted him up to Heaven—he and all his belongings. So Nyarwa, the beloved of men, became their intercessor in Heaven, and to this day he is the only god loved and not feared.

When Kato reached Uganda, he found that the women were cultivators of the soil, so he sent Winyi twenty maidens, who should dig for him. Kato settled down among the people of that country, and as he increased in power, the tithes that he sent up to Bunyoro gradually became less, until they ceased altogether, and Kato proclaimed himself independent and Uganda a separate kingdom. He changed his name to Kimera (that which

takes root), for, said he, "I have taken root here, and will not move hence, and no man shall transplant me."*

The two old women, Bunono and Iremera, remained on in the royal household of Bunyoro to instruct the king in court ceremonials. Some of his wives were taught to cook according to the custom of the country. Each day they had to provide a huge bowl of vegetables, and another of meat. The king was not allowed to feed himself, but a servant conveyed the food to his mouth very slowly with brass chop-sticks; the man had to handle them very deftly, for should they perchance touch a tooth, he was immediately put to death.

The two women could not persuade the king to drink milk, for he did not know what it was. This was a disgrace in the eyes of the Banyoro, so Bunono determined to resort to strategy. One day when he was very ill with fever, she carefully washed out a milk-pot, flavoured it with smoke from the fire, filled it with milk, and when night fell she came and handed it to the king, telling him to drink this medicine through a spill. As it was dark, he could not see the contents of the bowl, and he drank it all off and had the bowl refilled four times. When he was well again, she showed him that milk was the medicine she had administered, so he straightway called all his people of Bukidi and advised them henceforth to cease eating food and to drink milk only. So milk became the national food, and the women grew very beautiful to behold, for they were so fat that many could not move from their houses, and the king's children all stuttered because of the fat that affected their speech. Each evening the cows were brought to the entrance of the king's house, and he watched them being milked. At sunset a child of the Mukungu clan, who was free from physical blemish, was sent out along the road, clap-

*It will be seen that formerly all the present four separate kingdoms of the Uganda Protectorate were incorporated in Bunyoro.

ping his lips and sounding an alarm to clear the track, and to warn all people off the path of the cows, for if any man set eyes on the king's cattle as they were coming in to be milked, he was put to death. Should the little herald ever be taken ill, his head was chopped off by an axe so as to prevent death from falling on the sacred office. On arriving at the doorway, the milking man came forward, dressed in a clean bark-cloth, with his head and shoulders whitewashed. The king's aunt then brought to him cow dung for smearing on his hands and on the udders of the cows. Two princesses, with the upper part of their body whitewashed, stood by, one holding the milk bowl and a fly flick, while to the other was allotted the onerous duty of holding the cow's tail during milking operations. In order to qualify for these honoured posts, it was necessary to be absolutely healthy and sound in body, and these specifications had also to be proved in all their antecedents. The king's cows were always milked into one bowl, as an indication that the kingdom was not divided.

One of the king's wives, a woman of Ankole, was appointed butter churner to his majesty, and her other duty was to keep his body well smeared with fat.

After Winyi had reigned for nine years, he fell sick unto death, and the people feared greatly, for hitherto their kings, the gods, had never known death; they had resigned their position one by one, and departed elsewhere. When the king saw that he could not recover, he killed a number of oxen and made a feast for his people, after which he bade farewell to the kingdom. His servants then administered poison, so that he might not die of disease, and immediately he fell down dead. When the news got whispered abroad that the king was dead, the greatest consternation prevailed. Young and old hastened to the royal dwelling to see if the gossips had lied to them, but on entering the outer court they beheld

THE FAVOURED WIFE SERVING THE KING WITH MILK.

the drum of State turned upside down, and they knew that the land had no king.

Meanwhile, the eldest son had been called, and he was commanded to bring with him a cow without blemish, of good pedigree, and whose calves had never died. This was tied to the door-post of the death chamber, and the son was told to milk it himself into a sooty pot, and to pour the milk into the mouth of his dead father, so as to feed the spirit. The favourite wife attended to the corpse —she shaved off the hair, cut the finger and toe nails, and placed flowers in his clasped hands. When this was done, all the relations and people were allowed in to view the body.

At sunset the corpse was carried into an outside shed. Here it was cut open and all the internal organs were tied up in a calf's skin and cast into the lake. The jaw was kept apart for ceremonial burial, and the body was placed on a wooden platform erected in the centre of the shed. On an undershelf stood bowls to receive the blood as it dripped, and a fire was kindled underneath to slowly roast the flesh.

The next morning all the sons of the late king were called, and the chiefs chose out one whom they wished to be their ruler; and to him was entrusted the duty of completing the royal obsequies. The son who administered milk to the corpse was never allowed to reign; he was sent away into a far district, so that he might never set eyes on the living king. After the new ruler had been chosen, oxen were slain, and the meat was carried to the outer courtyard, where the people were assembled, and placed on the downturned drum. Then the bowls of blood from the late king's body were brought and poured out over the meat, and the people all sat down and feasted on it raw.

For four months the body was left to roast over the fire, which was tended night and day, and at the end of

that time the newly-appointed king, dressed in a sooty bark-cloth, climbed to the pinnacle of the royal house, holding in his hand a bowl of milk. With a loud voice he cried out, "The milk is defiled, the king has been taken away, Heaven has fallen." Then he broke the bowl in his hand, and the contents were scattered over the house and courtyard. Whereupon all the people wept and wailed for four days.

On the morning of the fifth day, everything was washed and purified, and the cinders of the corpse were tied up in a new bark-cloth and taken away for burial in the scrub. Eight wives of the late king, including his favourite one, were chosen out to be buried alive with the ashes. This was to complete the sacred number nine, and to give the spirit of the departed a retinue of wives in the other world.

A very deep pit had been prepared, and into it the favourite wife was placed in a sitting posture; then into her lap was deposited the bark-cloth containing the cinders of the royal corpse.

No earth was ever allowed to be thrown in over the body of a king, but the grave was filled up with live human beings—the seven remaining wives, and the personal attendants of the dead man. These were covered over by a large ox skin, which was pegged down firmly in the ground and smeared with cow-dung periodically. After death and decay had set in, and the skin was seen to sag in the centre, more bodies were laid in the grave, and this operation continued for six months, after which time the grave was left and its location forgotten.

But the king's jaw had been kept apart by itself, and been most jealously guarded against the other sons, who tried every cunning and strategy to secure it, for the son who buried his father's jaw was acknowledged and crowned king.

This was buried with much pomp and ceremony in a

place very carefully chosen. A house was built over it, and in this were placed trophies of the deceased. An old princess was set apart as priestess of the royal tomb, and she did not leave it by day or night.

These same burial rites were always carried out on the death of a king of Bunyoro.

CHAPTER X

The Kings of the Babito : Ocaki-Duhaga.

THE months of mourning for the king had plunged the whole country into a state of despair; for during that time the national drum had remained with its face downwards—not once had it uttered its voice, and silence had covered the country like a shroud. In the homes of the people the rattles had been put aside, and all music of the tom-toms had ceased; the instruments of raiding were sheathed; everyone donned their oldest and dirtiest garments, and they fasted day after day with sorrowful countenances. For death had never hitherto fallen on the throne, and it was regarded as the curse of the gods, and a prognostication of the overthrow of the kingdom.

When, therefore, the decree went forth that a new king had been found, the nation breathed fresh hope, and, throwing aside its garments of mourning, the people hastened to the Capital to do homage to their king. When they were all met together in the royal courtyard, Ocaki was presented to them by the High Priest, who placed on his head the ancient crown of the Bacwezi.

Offerings of cattle, slaves, spears, etc., were then given to the king by both chiefs and peasants, and deputies from Uganda, Toro, Ankole, Busoga, and Ganyi presented their gifts, as a sign of allegiance.

When Ocaki had thus received the homage of his people, he climbed to the top of the drum-stand and reversed the drum; then, taking the two sticks in his hand, he exercised the royal prerogative of beating it on his accession day, as a proof of his sovereignty; and as the booming resounded from hill to hill, the people broke out into a deafening shout of "Okali, hail to our king," and all the drums in the country were awakened at the sound, and responded back in a roar of rejoicing.

Thus Ocaki reigned over the kingdom of Bunyoro; he was a peaceable man, and in his days the country enjoyed rest. Kimera of Uganda, and Kiza of Busoga, remained on friendly relations with him, and exchanged greetings and gifts. But Ocaki had no children, and this was such a sore grief to him that he sickened and died after reigning nine years.

He was succeeded by his brother Oyo. On the day that Oyo was proclaimed king, he called for a witch-doctor to offer up an ox and to make known by it the future to him. Karongo, the priest, after consulting with the spirits, and most carefully inspecting the entrails of the animal, assured the king that everything augured well; he should live to an old age and have many children. And so it was, for Oyo was one of the greatest kings that ever ruled. He had many wives who bore him over 4,000 children, so that he was called "He who peoples Heaven and earth."

He made one big tour throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom, including Uganda, Busoga, Ankole, Toro, and Bulega, and everywhere he received abject homage from his subjects. Whatever place he passed through, his paths were blocked with offerings of every description—herds of cattle—humped and horned, goats, sheep, and fowls; food of every kind, including millet, plantains, potatoes, and vegetables;

spears, bows and arrows; firewood, etc., etc. Such stuff as he could carry away with him, he collected together, but a quantity of food was everywhere left scattered about on the roads and abandoned.

As the king returned, his following resembled a nation emigrating, and as he beheld it, he determined that henceforth during his reign there should be no more marauding, raiding, or fighting allowed.

When he reached his house, he, therefore, ordered his servants to call all his people that they might go with him to Epyemi—the Hill of Covenant "*—and there perform the customary function for the ratifying of his vow. Thirty thousand cattle, tons of beads, and 200 princes were chosen out for sacrifice, and these were taken to the foot of the mountain. When they reached the appointed place, the king ascended the hill with his servant; there they prepared a big furnace and cast into it the 200 princes as offerings to the gods and the Bacwezi. The bones were afterwards collected and ground down into powder, and strewn upon a newly-cultivated road, which became dazzling white.

The cattle were slain at the foot of the mountain, their carcases were piled one upon another so that they reached to the top of the hill. The ashes of the dead men were brought to the king, and he sprinkled them on his head and shoulders. Thus ended the propitiatory part of the ceremonials. Water was then brought to the king from a running stream, and he washed himself as a sign of purification, and dressed in two perfectly new barkcloths. Calling two priests and his servant Nyamajuga, who had identified himself with his master during all the operations, the king again climbed the hill, while all the people stood below. When they reached the top, the tons of beads were poured forth as an offering to the spirits, and upon this heap the king and Nyama-

*This hill is in Bugangaizi.

juga stood together. Here Oyo lifted up his voice and extolled himself as king of mankind, and all the people replied by praising him and his ancestors as the great men of the earth. When every voice had died away into silence, Oyo approached Nyamajuga, and, taking a knife, offered him up for sacrifice in his own stead. Stepping over the dead body, the king descended the hill with his priests; the drums, big and small, were beaten; the flutes and horns sounded, and, shouting with joy, everyone returned to the Capital.*

As Oyo entered his courtyard, he found his old mother waiting to caress him at the entrance to his house. She wept with joy at seeing her son, for he had been a long time absent, and she was fearful lest he might have been killed during his journey into other countries.

When Oyo greeted her, he ordered his herdsmen to loose a cow and bring it into the courtyard that he might milk it and minister to his mother. "Shall any other man milk for my mother; she who bore me?" said he. "Nay," answered the old woman, "let my only son, the child of my womb, my brave, lion-hearted son, minister to me and thus fill my heart with joy."

But Oyo had prepared a little packet of poison, for the king who enters into a covenant of peace with his people and the gods, must kill his mother on returning from the Hill Epyemi. When, therefore, he had dropped it into the bowl of milk, he gave it to his mother, and the old woman, not suspecting her son of any treachery, drank the mixture, and immediately fell down dead.

Then the king Oyo commanded his servants to bring before him all the spoil he had collected on his journey, and he made a distribution of it among his herdsmen and servants, and did not fear that there would be any

*This ceremony was always carried out when the king entered into a covenant of peace with his people. He generally postponed it until he became too old for plunder or warfare.

dissatisfaction among them, because, when a king has made a peace covenant, no man dare find fault or quarrel with him.

And when he gave his herdsman a few fowls only, the man could neither refuse the gift nor ask for more; but, fallings on his knees before his master, said, "That which the Great One bestows shall a man despise—if he withhold a county chieftainship, shall not he who protests have his eyes put out?"

To the son of Nyamajuga, who had been sacrificed by the king's own hand in his stead, were given 100 cows as compensation, also a brass bell to be hung round the neck of the head bull, which was to be called "The fibre that binds the axehead gets loosened in the felling" (Comp. Prov. vi. 1: If thou be surety for thy friend . . . thou art snared).

So Oyo settled down quietly, and all the land was subject unto him; all tribes sent men to confer with the king, and to seek his judgment, and to appoint a successor when their paramount chief died. Oyo lived to a great age, and was succeeded by his son Cwa.

In his reign a murrain broke out among the cattle of Bunyoro; the king ordered all the infected animals to be destroyed, so as to arrest the disease, and to prevent it spreading into other districts. The cows that were killed were so numerous that they could not be counted, and when the servants had finished carrying out the king's command, they came to him, saying they had killed and eaten all the sick animals until not one cow remained, and they asked what he would do henceforth for milk and butter. The king did not wait to consider, but, turning to his servants, said, "Let him who has a shield smear on butter; he who possesses a spear, let him sharpen it and prepare for plunder, so that my flocks and herds may be replenished."

MASAI WOMAN: A fellow passenger on the Uganda Railway.

So the war-drum was beaten, and the men rallied round their king, for they were wearied of the last peaceful days of their late ruler, and they rose up as one man at the sound of the drum. After invoking the spirits, the king started off with a vast army; they raided every province, district, and village—all the cattle that they saw were seized; no man could withstand them, for the warriors were possessed of superhuman strength, as they feasted on meat every day, for all the oxen and the cows that died on the journey were divided out among the soldiers. When they reached Ankole, the chief and people made a strong resistance, but they were defeated and slaughtered like ants. The king ordered that the county drum should be cut into pieces as a curse on the tribe, and to signify that Ankole should cease to exist as a separate State. Therefore was the king called Cwa —"He who cuts."

When they were returning from Ankole, they halted at the fringe of a forest, and the soldiers showed a strong disinclination to proceed, but the king jeered at them and said, "Have the trees of the forest spears that you should fear; if not, why do you not go forward?" But the men answered that the forest was very dense, and night would overtake them before they could penetrate it; so it was decided to wait until morning before proceeding. When the following day dawned, each man arose and did as he was commanded; they passed along, slashing down the undergrowth and cutting a path. Suddenly they heard the lowing of cattle in the near distance, and the king ordered his men to turn off in that direction, for his greed for cattle was insatiable. But after working all day, they had not reached the cows, and they were still wandering about in the depth of the forest when night fell. The men who were in the rear turned back, but the others went forward with their king, and were enveloped in darkness. After four days, when nothing

had been heard of them, a search party was organised, but when they failed to find the king, messengers were despatched to the Capital, and an army of men came out, but all their efforts to find Cwa and his servants were futile; nothing was ever again seen or heard of them. So men knew that the Bacwezi had lured him on to destruction by lowing like cattle, thus causing him to be overcome by his own merciless greed.

When tidings reached the people of Ankole of the king's disappearance, they came out and recaptured all their property that had been plundered by him. They seized also some slaves and one of King Cwa's wives, named Iremera.

Cwa had no sons, so the chiefs of Bunyoro gathered together to confer about the succession; some suggested putting a prince of Uganda or Busoga on the throne, but they finally decided to appoint a sister of Cwa, named Dunego. So she became their ruler; she attended to all the affairs of State, and controlled things as well as any of the kings who had preceded her.

She had a lover named Igurwa, who was a prince, but not a royal prince, and she loved him very much. Shortly after her accession she called her rulers together, and said to them, "As I am only a woman, can I rule over the kingdom alone? Grant me that Prince Igurwa, my husband, may reign conjointly with me." But on such an important matter the chiefs could give no immediate answer, so they agreed to hold the question over, until they had conferred and discussed the matter privately.

Now, there was a man of Bunyoro named Kyamatebe, who used to travel into Ankole with coffee-beans to exchange them for butter.* One day he was going from

*Ankole was at first called Karo karungi—the beautiful little place—but it was changed into Ankole because of the bloodshed and murder that was so prevalent there.

OMUKIKUYU: As seen from the train on the Uganda Railway.

house to house, and came across Iremera, the wife of King Cwa. After greeting her, he asked if she was not the lost wife of their late king. She then told him how the people of Ankole had stolen her when she was with child, and she had since born a son in captivity. The baby was shown to Kyamatebe, who, seeing the likeness to his father, Cwa, was overcome with emotion and wept.

Kyamatebe then hastened back to Bunyoro, and told his chief how he had found the heir to the throne. Twenty people were immediately despatched to test the truth of the man's words, and to bring the child and his mother, if he had not deceived them. When the men saw the boy, they unanimously agreed that there was no question as to his identity; so they conveyed him in secret to the Capital, to the house of the chief Mwanga, where he was brought up and nurtured.

Meanwhile, the chiefs made excuses continually for holding over their decision about Igurwa's accession; they feared to refuse the queen, but they wanted to defer matters until the little boy was old enough to rule. But some among the chiefs dealt treacherously, and, hoping to obtain favour and promotion from Dunego, they planned how they could reveal to her the State secret, and have the child committed into her hands. They went to her one day and said, "What will you give, O Ruler, to the man who picks up something and restores it to you?" "If he returns to me a valuable thing, he shall be richly rewarded with estates, and wives, and cattle," answered she. Then they related to her the story of Cwa's son, and told her that the people were already regarding him as their king. Dunego was much troubled when she heard the words, and commanded the child to be brought. As she looked upon him, she wept, and, taking him upon her knee, according to the custom of the princesses, she caressed him and gave presents of cattle. She then expressed the wish that the boy should sleep in

her room that night, but the chiefs refused, because they were suspicious of Dunego. When, therefore, she saw that her plot to kill him had failed, she formed another plan. Without waiting any longer for the chiefs' decision in regard to her husband, she determined to take matters in her own hands, and, to ensure her position, announced that his accession was to take place at the approaching dry season. When Mwanga heard the announcement, he arranged with the chiefs to crown the little son of Cwa, instead of Igurwa, on the appointed day. The time drew near, and Dunego made elaborate arrangements for the function; she ordered three detachments of soldiers to be on duty, one to be posted in the outer courtyard, another at the entrance to her house, and the third to patrol outside the Council Hall. She also commanded four men to be armed with ropes, and they received instruction to seize and bind the little boy if any attempt was made to proclaim him king.

When the day arrived, all the people and representatives of the surrounding tribes were assembled in the Council Hall, and Dunego was seated on the throne. She called upon Mwanga to explain to the men present that Igurwa was this day to be installed as joint-ruler with herself, and everybody was to recognise him as their king, and to do obeisance to him. Then Mwanga stood forth, and all eyes were fixed upon him, for rumours had been circulated that there was a cleavage of opinion among the chiefs. Turning to Igurwa, he said, in a distinct and penetrating voice, "Igurwa, are *you* to succeed to the glorious throne of Bunyoro, the kingdom of the gods and of the Bacwezi? You have for many moons ruled over princes of the royal house, chiefs, and people; we have all done homage to you as monarch of a kingdom that did not belong either to your fathers or ancestors?"

On hearing these words, the men with the ropes got

NATIVE WAR DANCE.

ready to seize the child. But a piper, who was standing by, whistled in his ear the warning words, "If a man is prepared to flee, should he delay? If a man had understanding, will he not comprehend?" And as the boy looked up, he saw the eyes of the piper fixed upon him; so he fled from the hall, but, jumping over the fence to avoid the guard, he found himself in the outer courtyard, which was ambushed with soldiers. Instead of seizing him, however, they fell down before him and offered him protection. Meanwhile, in the Council Hall, there was a great commotion, for the chiefs had seized Igurwa and killed him before the eyes of Dunego; whereupon the detachment of soldiers patrolling outside, had rushed in to lay hold of the miscreants, but Mwanga fearlessly came forward and explained to all present that a lawful son of Cwa was in their midst to reign over them. When he uttered the words, there fell a deep silence, and as the people wondered at the words which they heard, the little boy was brought in and placed on the throne of his father, and everyone shouted, "Hail to the king."

To him was given the name of Winyi. Dunego received the district of Butiti in Toro, where she went and lived happily.

Winyi reigned for very many years; 400 children were born to him, and he died of old age.

He was succeeded by his son Olimi, who immediately set out plundering and ravaging all the countries that were in open rebellion against Bunyoro, and had followed the example of Uganda by declaring themselves independent.

He first journeyed into Uganda, and laid waste the whole country, raiding cattle, women, and children. The ruling chief, Maganda, fled to an island on the Victoria Lake; but Olimi sent messengers after him, calling for an armistice, that they might arrange terms of peace. So Maganda came back, and they decided that the boundary

between Uganda and Bunyoro should lie at the Miyanji River; all the territory and tribes to the North should be ruled over by Olimi, while the district lying to the South should be independent of Bunyoro, and under the control of Maganda.

Passing then into the cattle country of Ankole, the king forced the people into submission; thence he crossed the lake and reached the village of Bugeneke in Toro. But his servants came and implored him not to travel along that road, as the Mucwezi Ndahura and his mother had passed along it when they left the kingdom, and only misfortune would attend him who followed their tracks. Olimi called for his priest and ordered him to sacrifice an ox for an omen. After doing so, the priest came into his presence in great consternation, saying that everything augured evil, and begged him not to carry out his plan of campaign; so Olimi commanded his men to retreat, and a tree was planted in the road to warn people from henceforth travelling along that way. He then went into Toro and declared the people were traitors to their king; so he deported them to Chopi, and transferred the men of Chopi to Toro. He left one chief in charge of the district, and then went across to Bukidi. His people reasoned with him against ravaging the land of his forefathers, but no man could restrain him. He seized nearly 2,000 cattle, decapitated men and women, and took the children away as slaves.

He received the nickname of the Vulture, for he killed people for no other purpose than to satisfy his own lust.

Whenever he pitched camp, he sent his soldiers into the nearest village to lay hands on women and children. When they were brought to him, he ordered the children to be rubbed all over with salt, and tied to stakes, and he compelled the mothers to stand by and watch as the vultures swept down and feasted off the live bodies of their babies. The screams from the little ones only provoked

the king's laughter, and, when the suffering was silenced by death, he had the women tortured and killed in the same way.

During his reign the national drums were smeared each day with human blood, and beaten with men's shinbones, which were replaced by new ones daily.

There remained no cohesion nor patriotism in the kingdom, for many of the people fled into the countries over the border, and all the tribes around that had been subject to Bunyoro broke out into open rebellion, and refused to tolerate the king. Among his own children, constant friction existed, and they were frequently making plots against the life of their father; and when he died there was no mourning, but his sons fought one against the other for the supremacy.

His son Isansa, in the North, gathered a large following around him. Before setting up his claim to the throne, he sent friendly messages to his brothers, the other claimants, and asked them to come and confer with him. As they arrived one by one, he had them surreptitiously seized and buried alive. In this way he cleared the way considerably for himself, and, after collecting an army, marched upon the Capital. His mother goaded him forward, saying, "If you will cease to contend for the mastery, I shall cut myself asunder," and she hung a charm round her neck that would bring luck to her son. Isansa sent a messenger to her with the following words, "I swear by my children that a man's hand shall not kill me. Do you not know that I was born at the time of the full moon, when all the attendant stars were bright? I have extracted the teeth of lions, I have reversed evil predictions, and I shall cut in pieces my adversaries."

A great battle was fought at the Titi swamp, and Isansa prevailed, after terrible carnage.

So he reigned over Bunyoro in Olimi's stead.

He had very many wives, for besides those he married, he inherited those of his father and brothers, whom he had killed. But he sent delegates out into all the surrounding districts to bring in to him all the beautiful women in the country to be his wives.

On a certain day one man entered into the house of a widow, who had an only daughter, who digged and cooked, fetched water and firewood for her infirm old mother. The woman loved her child, and when the man demanded her as a wife for the king, she was sorely troubled, for everyone feared to give a daughter to the king, as he killed his wives under the slightest provocation of infidelity, or if he ceased to love them. The girl's mother asked what kind of man Isansa was. "Venerable lady," answered the man, "you ask me what manner of man is the king? I tell you, should he visit you when your cows come in to be milked, your children will go hungry to bed. Strong spirits burn the intestines; the elephant destroys and eats up the forest as it journeys; the hammer beats out the barkcloth; your daughter will see that a brand burns out nations." When the woman heard these terrifying words, she pleaded for her daughter, and offered a heavy bribe, but as the girl was exceptionally beautiful, the man would not listen to the old mother, but ruthlessly carried her off, expecting a large reward from the king. Then the woman sought to win the king's favour for her daughter, by sending him an offering of the finest heifer from her herd; but when Isansa, the king, saw what a fine young cow it was, he sent out a party of armed men to seize the whole of the widow's herd of cattle. So she was bereft of daughter and all her property.

After a life of rapine and cruelty Isansa died, and his son, Duhaga, succeeded him. Under him the kingdom prospered and the people became wealthy, for each man was able to have his land cultivated without fear of being

plundered, or of having his flocks and herds depleted. But when the people of Uganda saw the prosperity of Bunyoro, they were filled with envy, and they poured raiding hordes into the country. Tidings of their doings reached the king, and he called together all his sorcerers to inquire of them if he should go out and fight the Baganda. And with one voice they said, "Go." But a certain priest named Olimi came to the king, and prophesied defeat, unless he waited for them to attack him in his own country. Duhaga, however, refused to listen to him, choosing rather to act on the advice of his sorcerers, which was more to his inclinations; so he sent out an army to Uganda, and it put to flight the enemy, after killing many. The generals in command then sent to Duhaga for reinforcements to enable them to complete the conquest of Uganda.

When the king received the message he called for the priest, and cursed him for prophesying falsely. He was so elated with the success of his troops, that he determined to lead forth in person the fresh detachment. Seeing his master depart, Olimi, the priest, hastened into his house, and, clothing himself in two smoked barkcloths (signifying sorrow), and fastening two dark berries round his head as a charm, he followed after the king with drummers and pipers.

At sunset he reached the place where the king was encamped, and, standing before him, said, "You have refused to believe my prophecy, let us therefore go forth together and face death, but the son whom you wish to succeed to the throne, let him return to offer sacrifice." This he said to save the young man from being killed in battle, because he knew that sacrifice would not prevent the defeat of the Banyoro. On the following day Duhaga pitched camp opposite the Baganda forces, and prepared for battle on the morrow.

But that night the Baganda planned a ruse. They

went into a banana plantation, and, lopping off the tops of all the trees, dressed the stumps round in the bark-cloths which they wore, while they themselves were entrenched behind the thick, short scrub.

Before the dawn Duhaga and his soldiers arose, and, looking across toward the enemies' camp, saw the manikins, and supposing them to be the Baganda, set in array for action; they prepared for the attack immediately. The king ordered his men to divide up into two columns, so as to attack each side and surround the enemy; he himself remained at the base with a body-guard of twenty. When the Baganda, who were under covert, saw the whole of the Bunyoro army depart, and the king left with only a few men, they advanced to kill him; then all those who were with him fled, excepting the old priest Olimi, who, seeing the danger that his master was in, hastily threw him down in the thick undergrowth, and, without observation, divested him of his leopard skin coverings, and besought him to creep away to a place of safety on his knees and hands.

Then the old priest quickly disguised himself in the king's apparel, and, with the royal spear and shield, he fled in the opposite direction to that which the king had taken.

Immediately the Baganda set off in pursuit of him, but with all the strength of his heart the old priest led them further and further away; and he did not give up the flight until he knew that his king was safe. The arrows fell thick upon him, and at last he dropped pinned to the ground.

After having, as they thought, killed the king, the Baganda returned, and pursued the Bunyoro army, and completely routed it. Meanwhile, the king had managed to escape to a swamp, where he remained in hiding until darkness fell. He was scratched and cut about the face

A MUKIDI BACHELOR'S QUARTERS.

and body from plunging heedlessly through the thickets, and stumbling into pits and over tree stumps.

But when he joined the remnant of his men at night, bleeding and bedraggled, all the people shouted for joy, but he immediately called for his chiefs, and, pointing to his scars, told them that he could no longer be their king, as his subjects would despise a marred and maimed ruler. But they would not listen, and answered him, "If an ox is scratched, does its master kill it?"

So they returned to their homes, and the king ordered all the sorcerers to be killed for having led him into a battle in which twenty of his sons had been killed and men without number. So the servants seized 200 of the lying seers, and cast them from a steep rock into the valley, where they died. Only one, named Kabandwa, was saved, and they clothed him in two black barkcloths, and, giving him two black reeds, sent him out from among men to remain in an uninhabited land.

One day, as the king was sitting in his house, he heard his wives gossiping together outside; they were jeering at him, and one woman said, "That old stupid went away with all his sons and ate them up." The words stung the king, and, stepping out on to his porch, he called for his chiefs and relations, and said to them, "If the kingdom is disgraced by my defeat and my scars, tell me, for I would rather kill myself than be despised by man."

But they answered, "O, master, refrain from destroying yourself; if an ox fights, people recognise the scars of warfare—they do not mistake them for disease."

These words comforted the king, and he called for wine and meat, and feasted his loyal ministers and friends. But when his wives saw what he had done, they jeered all the more, saying, "Do you see what that thing has done? It has sought to justify its impotence by the flattery of friends; was there ever such a craven crea-

ture!" and Duhaga heard the words which they spoke. Then he arose, and, going into their midst, exclaimed, "Farewell, you have spoken the final word." And he went out and poisoned himself.

CHAPTER XI

The Reign of the Babito: Kasomi-Kamurasi.

AS soon as King Duhaga died, his son, Kasomi, hastened to seize the corpse before either of his brothers could secure it for burial. He would not allow the usual period of mourning, but gave orders for the body to be cremated with all speed, and the jawbone he hid away in his own house. But when the other sons heard what he had done, they were filled with indignation, and the eldest, whose name was Dubongoza, fought with him for his father's jawbone. But Kasomi overcame him by gathering around him a crowd of mighty warriors, so that Dubongoza was obliged to flee. He escaped with his shield-bearer, and they took refuge in a banana grove; at mid-day, while he was resting under the cool shade of the trees, a little peasant boy came to him, and brought water to bathe his wounds, and a small bundle of cooked potatoes for him and his shield-bearer. The lad offered to give him all the assistance in his power, and begged Dubongoza to take him into his service, and he would remain his faithful servant until his master had become like a fruitful ox, and his teeth dropped out with age. Dubongoza told the boy that he was a man of great misfortune: jealousy and hatred sought his life, and he could only promise his servants danger and privation; but the lad continued to urge his plea, and when Dubongoza at last consented

to take him, the little fellow ran away to the chief of the village, and said to him, "I have found a son of the gods in great distress; come, my master, and give him your assistance." So the chief collected all his fighting men together, and went out into the grove to parley with the prince. After discussing the situation with him, he despatched messengers to all the neighbouring chiefs, asking them to gather their forces and fight for the heir of their late king. They were obliged to act very expeditiously, for tidings reached them that Kasomi had made all arrangements for burying the jawbone of his father, and their only chance of making Dubongoza king was to prevent that operation. When all the fighting men had gathered together for action, Dubongoza stood up in their midst, and addressed them thus: "You go forth to fight for a crown, and your reward shall be promotion in the land; I, your king and leader, have escaped the sword of the traitor, and now let the sword that I have evaded, slay him who thrust it. The man among us who shall cast the death spear at Kasomi shall be the shoulder when I am head of the kingdom."

So they all cautiously set out on their expedition, and when they reached the capital, they found that no preparations had been made to withstand them, for no one had heard of their approach. Then the chiefs and their soldiers fell upon the princes and men who had allied themselves to Kasomi, and Dubongoza rushed into the house, killed his brother, and seized the late king's jawbone, which he carried straight away for burial.

So Dubongoza was proclaimed king, yet was he not beloved of his people, and in those days the country was rent with discord and disloyalty from within, while the Baganda made constant inroads upon their lands. One day a priest came in unto the king, and told him that all this trouble had befallen him because he had failed to dedicate one of his many children to the priesthood.

When Dubongoza heard these words, he called all his sons around him, that he might choose out the one he loved least. But they all refused to be banished from the court, and to be set apart to an office that involved separation from their friends, and the life of freedom, which they coveted above all things. The king, therefore, had his daughters brought to him, and he chose out his eldest, Nyinamuiri. The priest brought in ropes and bound her so that she should offer no resistance, and she was dragged away by him to the home of the Embandwa priests.

Now, the king loved his sons, and especially Kaboyo (Kaboyo was the grandfather of the present ruler of Toro—Daudi-Kasagama), whom he endowed with wives, handmaidens, cattle, and the richest district in the whole country; he gave him also a charm to keep away sickness and misfortune. The eldest son, Kacope, was of a very scheming and cunning nature; he was always planning in secret how he could secure the kingdom for himself on his father's death, and decided that the only way to do this was to remove all his other brothers out of the way. So he sought to sow hatred in their hearts that they may kill each other. He went to his brother, Karasuma, whom he found sorrowing over the infidelity of his favourite wife, and when he had listened to his words, he advised him to kill the woman as a warning to his other wives. But when Karasuma had acted on his advice, he frightened him by saying that their father, the king, would assuredly demand his death for having poisoned a woman of royal blood. Then Karasuma arose, and, calling his people around him, declared war against his father, saying, "If I am to die, let me die for much rather than for little. I will ravage the land, lay it waste, and destroy both man and beast, that I may die nobly, and not ignominiously, because of a woman." He went round into Uganda and allied himself with the

king of that country against his own father; and when Dubongoza heard what his son had done, he sent messengers secretly to the king of Uganda, with the words: "If a man is a traitor to his father, will he deal honestly to a stranger?" On three days in succession was this message delivered, and by that time the words had accomplished their object; and calling for Karasuma, the king ordered him to be speared in his presence.

Now, when Kacope saw that he had successfully removed his brother, Karasuma, from his path, he went up to the capital to visit his brothers, Mugenyi, Kaboyo and Isagara. The king rejoiced greatly to see all his children together, and made a feast for them and all their friends. That night they all got very drunk, except Kacope, who was watching for a chance of plotting for the destruction of his brethren. He waited for them to fall soundly asleep, and, creeping up to Mugenyi with a knife, he cut off a thick tuft of his hair. In the morning, when they had all recovered from their debauchery, Mugenyi was greatly distressed at his own appearance, and inquired who it was that had taken advantage of him while he was sleeping. Everybody denied having done it, but Kacope came to Mugenyi privately, and said, "Last evening, when we were drinking together, I saw Kaboyo cut off a piece of your hair in order to bewitch you. Will you live with such a malicious person?" But Mugenyi had no desire to quarrel with his brother, and answered, "What will it avail him to bewitch me; I shall never put in a claim for the throne of my father."

Then Kacope went to Kaboyo and said to him, "You live on here and endure the commands and forbiddings of your father, in order that you may inherit the throne; but I know that neither you nor your children will ever reign, for the king is plotting against your life. I see he has a spirit of madness, and I am going to get back to my home before it shows itself against me."

Now, when the king heard how his son, Kacope, had been stirring up suspicion and strife among his brothers, he called for him, and said, "My son, what is this that you have done, setting children against their father, and brother against brother? Do you hope by these means to inherit the kingdom? But I tell you that this throne of my ancestors and the gods shall never be occupied by a man with crooked feet and wrinkled hands, so know for a surety that your plots are futile."

Kaboyo had, however, believed the words of his brother, and sought for some excuse for leaving his father's house, that he might get together an army to defend himself.

Coming into the king's presence, he asked permission to go to his country estate, which he heard was being raided by the Baganda; but his father answered, "That must be a false alarm, for if it were true, would not the king be the first to receive the tidings? Stay here, my son, and comfort me in my declining years."

Again he came in, saying, "I hear that one of my wives in the country has given birth to twins; what shall I do?" And the unsuspecting old king answered, "Go quickly, my son, and offer the sacrifices, and fulfil the ceremonies demanded by the gods."

So Kaboyo left the king, and immediately got together an army, and declared war against his father. Dubongoza sent out his soldiers, with strict injunctions not to lay violent hands on his son, but to speak with him and seek to win him back into submission.

Kaboyo, however, fell upon them with such might that they were all killed; not one remained to carry the news of their defeat to the king. Their bodies were all heaped up one upon another, and when Kaboyo beheld the mountain of corpses he was inflated with his success, and ordered his men to march into Toro and there set up an independent kingdom.

As soon as Kacope heard how his brother had completely broken with his father, he sent messengers into Uganda, saying: "Come over and kill the old, infirm king, for his power is at an end; all his sons are fighting against him."

So the Baganda swept into the country, laying waste the whole land, and seizing all the territory up to the Kafu River. The king, Dubongoza, fled to Bugoma, but when he saw the hordes of Baganda pursuing him, he descended the escarpment, and crossed in a boat to an island of the Lake Albert. For four days he had nothing to eat or drink, for the island was very small and rocky, so that no one could live on it. At great personal risk one of his servants managed to ferry across a milk cow, but as it was black, the men feared to give the milk to the king; but when they saw that he would die of hunger, they showed great wisdom by painting the cow with red earth, and rubbing chalk on its horns. When, therefore, the evil spirits saw that the cow was no longer black, they left it, so the milk was given to the king, and his life was saved.

Now, when Mugenyi had heard of his father's distress, he came out with twenty white cows, and rowed out to the island to speak with the king. He strongly advised him to sue for peace with Kaboyo, and thus together make a stand against the Baganda. This Dubongoza agreed to do, and, under the terms arranged, South Toro was henceforth to be independent of Bunyoro, and Kaboyo was to have the right of nominating his own successor.

Unitedly they managed to push back the Baganda, but did not succeed in winning any of the territory beyond the Kafu River. By this time Dubongoza was very old, and when Mugenyi saw that he was not able to rule without help, he left his own home and went to live with his father.

Kasomi-Kamurasi

One day two of Mugenyi's children stole a sheep from a peasant man, who was so angry that he prepared poison, and blowing it in the air, calling upon the spirits to avenge him. Immediately lightning fell from heaven, and killed the two boys.

When Mugenyi saw that his children were dead, he seized the owner of the sheep and killed him; he also sent to his father, the king, and begged him to exterminate the man's entire family and clan, but Dubongoza refused, saying that his sons had met with the just punishment for theft. Whereupon, Mugenyi wanted to kill himself, but his father told him that if he did so, he ought also to kill off all his children, for people would only scornfully call them the remnants of thieves whom the spirits killed. So Mugenyi did not destroy himself, but he cursed sheep, and from that day no prince of Bunyoro has ever eaten of the flesh of sheep, and no woman will eat thereof, for fear of the curse falling on her children.

Now, when the king's wives saw that he was bent and infirm, but showed no signs of dying, they placed needles in his path and in his bed to kill him, and these made the king so ill that he very soon died. Mugenyi despatched messages to all his brothers, telling them to come in for the mourning, but they all refused. He then sent for Kacope to succeed his father, but he answered, "Look out from among the king's infants one to succeed him. You have taken possession of the best land, Kaboyo has seized Toro, the Baganda have encroached to the capital itself; shall I leave my land of Chopi to reign over fragments?"

Kaboyo likewise refused to rule over a country where hatred and dissension alone existed, but he suggested that Mugenyi should be made king. Mugenyi, however, replied, "Why do you tempt me; do you want all of my children to perish by the sword? I am a peaceable

man, and prefer to remain with my cows and goats. Seek out another man to be your king."

But the chiefs and people would accept no refusal, so Mugenyi buried his father, and on his accession day he killed off all the chiefs who did not give him their whole-hearted allegiance.

In the days of Mugenyi, the Baganda were at peace with the Banyoro, for Mugenyi's mother was twin sister to the mother of King Suna, of Uganda. The two nations made a truce, and in those days trade was established between the two countries: Bunyoro sent in salt and dripping in exchange for barkcloths and other merchandise.

On a certain day the king sent to his son, Kalyebara, chief of Bugahaya, and ordered him to come and bring the tribute from his district, because for a long time he had neither come in person nor had he sent in ambassadors; but Kalyebara returned insulting messages to his father, and informed him that he recognised no authority but his own.

When Mugenyi received the message, he was filled with anger, and exclaimed, "Shall a pimple like that irritate me! Shall that infant upset my home, and cause me to send my wives, children, and cattle to a place of safety, while I go and fight him!" Thereupon the king sent a servant to collect some ashes from Kalyebara's fire, and when they were brought, he blew them into the air and bewitched his son, so that he was seized with spasms and died.

Then the king ordered the drums to be beaten to speak of victory, and to announce to mankind that a child cannot trample on its elder with impunity, and a man that seeks to trip up a king is himself overthrown.

Kalyebara was buried at the entrance to his house, with one wife and his pipe. His brother, Lwasa, was with him when he died, and he swore within himself that

he would avenge his brother's death; so he fought against his father, Mugenyi, but suddenly was seized with small-pox, and he died. When his father the king, heard of his death, he rejoiced exceedingly, and ordered the drums to be beaten, and to proclaim to mankind that a child cannot kick its elder without being crushed.

But these words incensed the third son, Mugamba, so that he sought to kill the king, but he was speared in the attempt. Mugenyi then commanded that a mighty drum beating should proclaim to the country around that he had put down all rebellion and the machinations of his adversaries.

When Mugenyi had reigned for nine years, he called for his sons, and told them that he wished to appoint his successor, as he was going to abdicate, for he was now stricken in years, and an old man wanted nothing more than food, beer, and a pipe.

That night, however, he sickened with small-pox and died, and his son, Kamurasi, thereupon performed the burial of the jawbone before it was day, so that no one should dispute his right to reign; but when the news of the king's death got noised abroad, the whole country rose up, and every man fought with his neighbour, pilfering houses, stealing cattle, slaughtering women and children, for now that the king was dead, there was no one to ensure or exercise order and law.

The people stoutly refused to recognise Kamurasi's claim, for they declared that he had acted contrary to the custom of the country and to the law of the gods, in burying his father before four moons had elapsed. But Kamurasi seized all his father's possessions and removed them from the scene of warfare, together with all his own property—wives, children and cattle. Five chiefs were appointed to superintend the transport of the goods, while Kamurasi followed in the rear with an armed body of men. They travelled all day and night eastward,

halting not even for food. On reaching the bank of the Nile, Kamurasi ordered his people to pitch camp, for he feared to send across his goods until he had ascertained if the tribes were friendly on the other side.

He sent out spies, who in the morning returned with an offering of six white cows, which the people had sent as a sign of their fealty; then the whole company crossed over the river, and journeyed on until they reached Muruli, where Kamurasi decided to build his capital and set up his kingdom.

In Bunyoro he had left behind spies, who should keep him acquainted with the state of things there.

Now, when Lwakabale, one of the princes, saw that Kamurasi had left Bunyoro, he rose up and proclaimed himself king, and all the country rallied round him and refused to recognise Kamurasi's claim. Likewise, the priestess, Nyinamuiri, espoused his cause, and sent a magician named Butonya to remain at court, and give Lwakabale the benefit of his great wisdom; for this Butonya was a man of mighty influence; his reputation for wonder-working and superhuman power had reached to the uttermost ends of the kingdom, and people wished to make him king, thinking he was a Mucwezi ruler who had come back to reign over them; for about this time there was a great expectation among the people that the Bacwezi would return; the words that had been spoken at their departure by the woman Bunono were regarded as prophetic: "Our lords, the gods will not return until ten or more kings have reigned."

When, therefore, Butonya, the magician, took up Lwakabale's cause, there was not one dissentient among the people, but every man came in willingly and swore allegiance.

The spies left Bunyoro, and, hastening into Muruli, told Kamurasi how the whole of the country had gone over to Lwakabale.

When the chiefs heard the words, they were sorely troubled, and went in to Kamurasi, saying, "Did we not tell you that you were making a mistake in leaving things at that critical time; if you do not rouse yourself, the kingdom will pass into the hands of a peasant, while we sit here drinking wine through spills. Let us be up and doing."

So Kamurasi called the people of Bukidi to come to his aid, and thus, with a very large army, he entered Bunyoro. They overtook Lwakabale on the road with a small following, so they killed him without any difficulty. There still remained, however, the magician, Butonya, and he was like a king, for the honour that people showed him. He knew his life to be secure, for not even a prince would wittingly slay a magician; therefore he withstood Kamurasi very steadily and successfully, but seeing that Kamurasi must conquer in a pitched battle, on account of his superiority in numbers, Butonya harassed him by continual petty skirmishes during the whole of his life.

Kamurasi, after several attempts, drove Butonya from the royal enclosure, and called all the people together for a parley. He soundly abused those who had refused to stand by him, and declared that they had acted treacherously toward the ancestors of the throne, by supporting a prince who had not performed the office of burial to the deceased king. He levied fines on all those who had resisted him: one was fined 4,000 cattle, another 3,000, another 100 women and slaves; all the minor chiefs were turned out of office, and ignominious duties were allotted to them. To the general of Lwakabale's army was given the task of caring for the king's forty dogs; he had instructions given to him that his house was to be given over to the dogs, and every day he was to kill a cow, so that they would not be hungry, and the milk of his whole herd was to be given to them. He then ordered all the chiefs to accompany him and his

army through the country, that they might see how he rewarded disloyalty and punished offenders. They travelled day and night, and rested not, for Kamurasi, in anger, was like a man intoxicated—fire burned within him, and there was no satisfying him. Everywhere he went, he killed and plundered; he spared neither man, woman nor child. If the people of a village did not meet him with hostages of cattle and wives, he burned down the houses, and slaughtered all who sought to make their escape. He instilled dread into his subjects by his acts of cruelty, yet no king had ever been more reverenced, for everyone spoke of the power and might of the king of Bunyoro, and feared him more than the very gods.

The Baganda made many unsuccessful raids into the country, and on one occasion Kamurasi was forced to flee to the island of the lake. They followed him down to the shore, but Kamurasi had secured all the canoes, and as they stood looking across the waters, the king set his bowmen in array, while he himself stood at the forefront of the attack. Their arrows fell like rain upon the Baganda; scores of them were killed, and the others fled back to their own country.

When he had thus managed to rid his land of the Baganda, he went north to Chopi, where he found two Europeans.* Now, the Bunyoro had never seen a white man, and when they saw their dazzling skin, their piercing eyes, and all the wonderful things they possessed, they asked among themselves if the strangers were from heaven or hell.

Kamurasi called a secret council, and inquired of it what reason these visitors gave for coming to his country. They answered with one voice: "They are the Bacwezi, for they know this country; they ask no man to direct

*Mr., afterwards Sir Samuel Baker and his wife, who arrived in 1864.

them, and they do not wander about like strangers, but go steadily forward and know no fear, and show no respect, not even to our greatest chiefs. And at night no man dares to approach them, for they carry stars in their hands, yet are they not burned. They carry sacks of terrible charms, and their priest is always sitting round a fire, making poison to bewitch the people.* The day after Kamurasi's arrival, the strange visitors called on him; he commanded his servants to spread down leopard skins, and to bring two small stools for them. When they were seated, the king cast furtive glances, and concluded in his mind that they were father and son; the elder man with the fierce beard he called "The Beard," while the young man he called "The Little Star."

But the Beard explained to him that his companion was not a man, but his wife, and they had taken this very long journey out from England to look for a large lake which his friends had heard lay somewhere near to Bunyoro, and he wanted the king to give him sufficient porters to take him there. Then Kamurasi knew that the stranger was speaking lies, for no man would leave his own country and people, and face danger and fatigue, merely to look at water. He saw at once that the white man had come to wrest from him his kingdom. Had he not brought fearful implements that spat out fire and killed birds and beasts; was he not asking for men with

*For a long time this was the belief of the natives, and the report spread through the country that the Bacwezi had returned. And each district added its own proof to the identity of the white man. To a people who had been content with their fire of twigs at night, the camp lamp of the travellers appeared like a star, while cook at work four times a day with such mysterious things as kettles and pots, could be none other than a witch doctor mixing up decoctions. The villagers of Toro, still find it difficult to believe that the European is any other than the Bacwezi, for every visitor who comes to their country climbs to the crater lakes hidden deep down in the heart of the hills, and those craters have always been associated with weird and terrible doings of their ancient rulers.

whom he could form the nucleus of an army; had he not brought with him a wife, who should bare him sons to succeed him? So Kamurasi determined within himself that he would not allow these strangers out of his sight, to wander about his country sowing rebellion in the hearts of his subjects; he would make them prisoners and try to kill them with hunger.

So Beard and the Little Star were not allowed to leave the place. Every day the king sent a chief with some excuse for the delay in finding porters, and gradually the food supplies stopped.

Then Beard was angry, and he came to Kamurasi, and, speaking through his interpreter, said, "When I ask for food for my men, do I not pay for it in beads and wire; why, then, do you not send it? Do you not understand that a white man will not be mocked; his word is a command. You have not so much sense as my boot, for how do you know that you and your children will not be killed, even though you are a king, if you do not heed the words of the white man." Now Beard had in his hand a pipe, and he shook out the ashes from it on the head of Kabarega, the king's son, who was sitting on the ground, and some of the ashes fell into a milk bowl that the lad was holding; then was the king very wroth, for he saw that the stranger had bewitched his son, and he swore in his heart that he would kill the white man.

But when the visitor had departed, Kamurasi's servants came to him and said, "Can you kill a man that has forty soldiers armed with fire? We beseech you save us and our children by sending these people out of your country." So the following morning a number of trembling men were sent to the European with orders that they must depart immediately. The stranger gave the king, as a parting present, a pistol, and they left the country. When they had gone, Kamurasi began prac-

tising with the pistol, but with the first shot he blew off his forefinger. Then the chiefs gathered round him and said, "Now that you are maimed you must kill yourself, for no man who is disfigured can reign;" but others said, "Nay, but we will call in the surgeons and see if they cannot cure him." So they fetched in a surgeon, who cut out the shattered bone, and inserted a piece from a goat that had been without blemish, and in a few weeks the king had completely recovered, so he continued to reign over his people.

Now, Kamurasi had heard that the women of Ankole were very beautiful, so he sent a man to the king of that country with 200 herds of cattle, asking him to send him in exchange the fairest woman in the land. But while the woman was yet within three days of arriving, Kamurasi fell ill, and no one gave him any medicine or nourishment, for they said, "Let the old man die; he who has always cursed others with sickness is now himself cursed; and he who wished the death of his blood-brother, let him first die."

CHAPTER XII

The Reign of the Babito : Kabarega.

BEFORE Kamurasi died, he called together two of his brothers, and appointed them his executors, and expressed to them his wish that Kabarega should succeed to the throne after his death.

When the time came for him to be appointed, his sisters declared that he was a headstrong and uncontrollable youth, and the chiefs swore that they would not have a son of the devil to reign over them. When Kabarega heard that his family were objecting to make him king, he consulted a witch-priest as to whether or not he would stand any chance if he withstood them. The priest cut up a fowl, and, after most carefully inspecting it, he came and spoke thus to Kabarega: "The bird is sound and clean, but I see one spot on the gizzard—this tells me that your enterprise will meet with success—you will be rich and bear many children, but you will be afflicted with an infirmity—probably cataract—and this will remain with you to your death.* On hearing these words, Kabarega called upon his subordinate chiefs and his followers to arm and go with him to fight for his father's corpse. As they journeyed to the capital they set fire to every house they passed, and when his relations and adversaries saw the country in flames, they knew that Kabarega was on the warpath.

*Kabarega's arm was afterwards amputated, having been shot when fighting against the British troops. The Banyoro declare that this was a fulfilment of the priest's prophecy.

So they sent out an army to oppose him, while his brothers fled into Bugangaizi with the body of Kamurasi. But Kabarega followed hard after them, and a big fight took place, in which the princes were routed and fled in dismay. Their father's jawbone they threw away in a swamp, so as to prevent Kabarega from seizing it, but one of the deserters from the princes divulged the spot where it had been cast, and, after a diligent search had been made, the bone was found and buried with great pomp.

The brothers had taken refuge in Ankole, and they persuaded the king of that country to help them with a strong force of fighting men; but they were hopelessly defeated by Kabarega, whose warriors killed from ten to twenty men each.

The prince, Kabugumire, fled to Uganda, and promised that if the king of that country, Mtesa, would help him to drive out Kabarega and place him on the throne, he would pay him yearly tributes of salt, iron and cows. But the king of Buganda refused to be mixed up in the quarrels of Bunyoro, and ordered Kabugumire out of his country; so he returned and settled down in Chopi.

When the king had thus crushed all opposition, he removed the capital to Bulyasaija. He had only just finished building, when he was greatly perturbed by the return of "The Beard" and his wife, "The Little Star."*

Kabarega had never forgotten how he had tried to bewitch him with his tobacco ash, so he determined that he would not allow the European inside his house under

*Sir Samuel and Lady Baker on their first trip only succeeded in viewing the Lake from the Escarpment, and much over-estimated its size. They described it "with a boundless sea-horizon to the southward." This statement created some criticism, and after being made Governor-General of the Egyptian Sudan, Sir Samuel Baker again visited Bunyoro in 1869 to verify his first impressions, and to explore south towards Buganda, but was prevented through the extreme unfriendliness of Kabarega.

any consideration. When the Beard sent a messenger to say he was going to call on him, Kabarega hastily returned word to prevent him.

One day the Beard asked the messenger of the king if his master was suffering from measles or small-pox that caused him to refuse an interview. The man replied, "Yes, in his house there are measles, small-pox and many other evils."

"Why do you dissemble thus?" asked the white man.

And Kabarega sent back the answer, "My servant speaks the truth. But why do you want to enter my house? A visitor stays where his host puts him, and does not seek to pry into his house."

These words made the European very angry, and the following afternoon he came down to Kabarega's house with some soldiers, without first sending to be announced. The king immediately summoned his chiefs, and plotted with them to kill the stranger. He said to them, "Let us go and meet him in the open court-yard, and the moment I raise my spear, all of you fall upon him and spear him to death. Are we not an army against a few?"

So Kabarega went forth to meet the white man followed by all his chiefs, armed with spears. The European greeted him, and said, "I have brought my soldiers to show you how we teach them to drill."

Kabarega answered, "I will also show you how I can drill my men."

Then the Beard made all his men to pass before him twice with their arms shouldered, and, as he was commanding them, Kabarega raised his spear and sent it quivering toward the European, but it missed its mark and fell to the ground after having grazed his arm.

The white man then picked it up, and, handing it back to Kabarega, said, "If you have anything against me say so; I have only come on a friendly visit."

Kabarega was speechless when he saw the fearlessness of the man he had tried to kill, and he turned and went into his house, while the European returned to his fort.

Then the king called his chiefs and said, "You cowards and traitors to your king; did we not make a compact that when I thrust my spear you would all fall on him and kill him? You have failed me, and jeopardised my life, for I know that the white man will seek to slay me."

But on the following morning the Beard sent friendly greetings to Kabarega, and invited him and his chiefs to visit him that evening. When they arrived they were shown many fearful and marvellous things. The Beard brought out some little bullets, and, after setting fire to them, he threw them high up in the air, and immediately the whole country became light as day, although it was nearly midnight, and sun, moon and stars appeared in the sky, but disappeared again just as they were falling to earth.

Kabarega was now quite sure that this stranger must be one of the Bacwezi, for no man could play with the things of heaven and be so immune from death.

So the king was determined that he would do as his father had done before him, and hold the white man as a prisoner, and he would never be persuaded by his people to let him escape again. He sent men into all the shambas, forbidding the peasants to take food to the stranger for barter under punishment of death, so the Beard sent his soldiers into the villages to take food by force. When Kabarega heard of it, he despatched messengers to him, ordering him to desist from plundering his people, and threatening him with the same treatment if he continued doing so.

He assured the Beard that if he disobeyed him, he would be treated as a felon.

These words so incensed the European that he com-

manded his soldiers to take the two messengers prisoners for uttering such words of insult.

That night the interpreter of the Beard dealt treacherously, for he came stealthily in unto the king, and said, "My master intends to fight you; he has doled out ammunition to his soldiers, and seized your two men. Send away your cows, your goods, your wives and children to a place of safety, for in the morning he will attack you."

Kabarega was very affrighted at the words, and answered, "If I send them away now, the lowing of the cattle will betray us, and if they come out against us by night, what resistance can we offer, and who will be able to withstand their fires?"

The interpreter replied, "Look out a large tusk of ivory, and send it to the European as a pretence of friendship; perhaps that will mollify his wrath, and then in the morning you can fall upon him unawares."

Long before dawn Kabarega cautiously went to call his herdsmen, to order them to depart with the cattle to a place of safety, but he found that they had all fled in the night; so he rallied his servants together, and sent away his herds, women and children under an escort.

Meanwhile the two messengers who had been taken prisoners by the Beard managed to escape, and when the people saw them fleeing, they took fright, for everyone had heard that war was pending between the European and the king. So they rushed from their houses, clapping their lips, and raising an alarm.

This precipitated matters, for the European, hearing the shouting, imagined that the natives were actually marching upon him, so he drew up his men in line and ordered them to advance.

Outside the courtyard of the king's house they found a solid mass of men, all armed with spears, and at their left flank stood the king and his chiefs. The soldiers of

A FERRY BOAT ON THE NILE.

the Beard marched forward so deliberately that before the native forces could understand this new mode of warfare, shots were fired into them like hail, and four men dropped dead. The chiefs begged Kabarega to retire to a place of shelter, and, as he stubbornly refused, they took him away by force. Immediately the king had left, the hearts of his men failed them, and, seeing that the people offered no defence, the European ceased firing and withdrew his troops.

That afternoon rain fell heavily, so that all the people shut themselves up in their houses, but the European was busy making preparations to escape, and, under cover of night, he and his men left the fort, and travelled hastily northward.

The next morning, when the natives arose, they looked towards the fort and found it deserted, and they ran breathlessly to Kabarega, and acquainted him with the news. He ordered the war-drum to be beaten, and the men responded like ants in number, and they all pursued after the white man. They overtook the little company just before sunset, but the Beard showed great wisdom, for he and his men scattered beads and cowrie shells (the currency of the country) broadcast along the muddy path, and among the tall grass and scrub on the roadside. Then their pursuers gave up the chase and scrambled for the booty until darkness closed in upon them. They agreed among themselves to wait there until daylight, so that nothing should be lost, for the men cared more for the beads and shells than for the commands of their king.

Meanwhile, the European had reached the banks of the River Nile, where he commandeered all the available dug-outs to ferry him and his soldiers across. On reaching the opposite bank, they hid the canoes, and the paddlers were compelled to travel along with the soldiers for some days.

When therefore, Kabarega's army arrived at the

river, they found no canoes to take them across, so they returned from pursuing the white man, and went back to the capital.

During this time affairs were in a very troubled state in Toro. Kaboyo had settled to the south, in Busongora, but the northern and eastern districts were still included in Bunyoro. Kaboyo made continual attempts to widen his boundary, but met with the stoutest opposition from both the people and the rulers.

When Kaboyo heard of the death of his father, he had shown great remorse, for he remembered how viciously he had treated him, and he felt sure that the spirit would now be avenged on him. For nine days he mourned, and refused to allow any man to intrude upon him in his grief. Ashes were sprinkled about the house and courtyard, and he ordered that no beads or ornaments should be worn by any man or woman, but black banana fibre was to be twisted into strands, and worn as necklaces and bracelets.

On the death of Kaboyo, his son Nyaika, was appointed in his stead as ruler of South Toro, and during Kamurasi's reign he was left in undisputed possession; but Kabarega absolutely refused to recognise Nyaika as independent of Bunyoro, and sent arrogant messages, ordering him to come and pay homage to him as king.

Nyaika replied: "Did my father pay tribute to Kamurasi, was not all connection between Toro and Bunyoro severed in the reign of Duhaga Nyamatukura, and shall I, his grandson, come again under the yoke?"

So from that day hostilities were opened: petty raiding and quarrels constantly took place on the borders, yet was there found no real cause for an open rupture.

But on one occasion, some of Kabarega's cattle were stolen by the Batoro, so the king sent to Nyaika, peremptorily demanding their return, but he refused to do so until two of his cows, stolen by Kabarega, were

restored. Then was Kabarega very wroth, and sent out an army against Nyaika. The Banyoro poured into the country like locusts, and stripped the land bare. After capturing tens of thousands of cattle, they returned to Kabarega, who again sent a message to Nyaika, ordering him to come and pay tribute to him.

But the answer came back: "When the children of Bakuhya (the most prolific clan of the herdsmen) shall cease from off the land, then will I bend the knee to you."

Soon afterwards Nyaika died, and Kabarega sent to the chiefs, telling them to bring all his children into Bunyoro, that they may be nurtured on milk in his household. But they said among themselves: "Did not Kabarega bewitch our ruler, Nyaika, that he died; and now shall we send his children to be poisoned by him?"

When, therefore, Kabarega saw that the Toro chiefs heeded not his injunctions, he called his general, Kikukule, to take out an army and enforce submission. For four months they remained in Toro, plundering, burning and killing. Most of the inhabitants fled to the mountains (Ruwenzori), where they subsisted on berries and roots of plants; but the chiefs repented when they beheld the havoc that had been wrought, so they made a truce with Kikukule, who agreed to leave the country if the young princes were handed over to him.

Thus the children of Nyaika were carried away prisoners into Bunyoro, but the eldest son, Kasagama and his mother were smuggled away into Ankole, where they remained in hiding under the protection of Ntale, the ruler of that country.

When the army returned to Kabarega, the two Batoro chiefs, Dwomire and Kalikura, were tried; the former in his defence declared that no blame rested on him, as he and his fathers before him had always been peaceable

and unoffending men; not one had died from violence; the fault entirely lay with the other chief, Kalikura.

Kabarega then turned to Kalikura, and said, "Have you, a Mukonjo, with sharpened teeth and blistered countenance, assayed to make yourself king, and defied me, the descendant of princes and gods?"* Then men from Bugungu were called, who were the tribe of executioners, and they beat Kalikura to death.

The following years were marked by continual trouble and warfare, for while Kabarega had his mind set on subjugating Toro, the Baganda were bent on seizing the large district of Bugangaizi, that extended between Toro and Bunyoro to the Albert Lake; thinking that if only they could thus get in like a swamp between the two countries, they would soon be able to overflow into both.

So absorbed was Kabarega in Toro affairs, that the Baganda succeeded in annexing Bugangaizi with little opposition, and so elated were they with their victory that they stepped across into Bugahya to effect the conquest of Bunyoro. When they were within a day's journey of the capital, they encamped at the base of a high hill that stands as a garrison of the country. (It is a conical-shaped hill, rising abruptly from the flat land to a height of 1,500 feet. It is called "Omusaija Mukuru"—the head man—its perpendicular sides and wide crest stand out like a landmark for miles around.)

Unbeknown to the Baganda, hundreds of Banyoro had stumbled up its precipitous paths and taken refuge there. The enormous ant-hills that adorn its crest were dug out, and formed shelter for the women and children, while the men slept under the shade of the trees. The top of the hill is thickly strewn with massive boulders.

*The Bakonjo are the mountain tribe who give themselves a very savage appearance by blistering the face and shoulders in fantastic patterns, and filing down their teeth into sharp points.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE :
A Mukidi Chief, with the Author's little boy, George.

and when the Baganda were all peacefully sleeping at night, the Banyoro dislodged these rocks and hurled them down the mountain side; falling with enormous rapidity into the camp of the Baganda, they crushed scores of them to death, and caused so much surprise and discomfiture, that the Baganda hastily retreated in the morning.*

But, although Kabarega was rid for a time of his troublesome neighbours, the Baganda, he was greatly perturbed by a succession of ominous signs that appeared in Heaven and in the earth. For nearly three months a ball of fire was seen suspended in the air, and, on departing, it struck with disease all the cattle, so that thousands died; indeed, hardly any of them escaped from the scourge; thus the country was much impoverished, its wealth gone, and starvation threatened to kill off as many people, for as their diet had been milk almost exclusively, and they did not know how to cultivate effectually, they had almost forgotten how to eat.

Afterwards a star appeared as a long torch, and shone every evening at sunset; and when it disappeared, many

*It is more than probable that no one visited that spot again, unti a few years afterwards, we climbed this same hill, trying to escape from the burning heat of the plain with our little boy George, who had for weeks been prostrate with fever and hæmorrhage. After the never-to-be-forgotten climb up its precipitous side, we reached the top, but the life of our child seemed ebbing away, as a steady stream of blood flowed from his mouth. After applying restoratives, he rallied as night fell, and looking up with a glance of recognition he whispered, "Mother, I have not sung my evening prayer." So lying in his tiny crib the little lad faltered out :—

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless Thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

Thus the Banyoro battle-field was a little white child's altar, and to both it proved the place of victory. (The author apologises to the reader for this personal reference).

of the princes and chiefs died. Now, Kabarega's mother had not seen her son since he became king, and she feared to show herself to him, for, according to the custom of the country, and the order that had been given in regard to her, she ought to have been buried alive with her husband, Kamurasi; but she had fled and hidden herself, and thus escaped death. So one day she ventured into his presence, disguising her identity, and as she left again a tree grew up on the spot where she had stood, and the witch-priest interpreted this as a warning that Kabarega would be supplanted. This saying greatly disturbed him, and he commanded the princes and chiefs to bring offerings, and to present them to the tree. He himself sacrificed a human being there every day, and had a little grass temple erected near, where offerings were placed each evening.

After the whole country of Bunyoro had been depleted of its cattle, Kabarega sent a raiding party into Ankole, the great cattle district, to seize all the cows with humps and long horns. When Kasagama, the fugitive prince of Toro, heard that the Banyoro were coming into Ankole, he fled with his mother into Uganda. He dared not venture into Toro territory, for ever since the death of Nyaika, the country had known no peace or security. All the princes were at variance with each other, fighting for the supremacy. Kabarega was not able to deal with the affairs there, for the Baganda were making another big effort to conquer Bunyoro. Mwanga, the king, determined to lead his army out in person, so as to instil his people with courage; but before setting out he burnt down his own house, so that no Muganda should desecrate it in his absence, and, in case of his defeat, no king of another nation should appropriate it.

When the news reached Kabarega, he had spies posted along the road to warn him of their approach, and he busied himself with mighty preparations for battle.

Kabarega

On hearing that the enemy was close to the border at the Kafu River, the war drums were beaten, and the bugles sounded, to rally together his forces. As the two armies advanced, the whole country resounded with the roar of the drums and the song of battle, and every man turned out of his house to fight. The army sent by the queen-mother of Bunyoro made the first attack upon the right flank of the Baganda troops. Her people fought with hoes; they rushed in among the enemy, hacking them down. The Baganda split up into two columns, and surrounded Kabarega's force, attacking them at the rear. The king called back to his men to make a strong resistance while he engaged the fore column; but his men all fled, and left him, his uncle, and one man alone. They had two spears and one rifle between them, and with these they managed to hold out until relief came. The remainder of the army made a stubborn fight, and mid-day found the troops thoroughly exhausted, so a brief armistice was agreed upon, in order to rest the men.

During this interval, the Baganda general went in and out among his soldiers, cheering and urging them on, and the Banyoro leaders did the same. The next morning the fight was renewed. Kabarega shot the Baganda general—the Kangawo—and, lifting the body high in the air, so that all might look upon it, he shouted "Victory"; and when the Baganda saw that their leader was dead, they hastened to the camp to tell their king, Mwanga, and he ordered them to retreat.

On searching among the dead, the Banyoro found that only two men of their own had been killed, whereas the Baganda casualties amounted to scores, and as they retreated, the road was strewn with the dead, who succumbed to their wounds on the journey back.*

*This must be taken with a grain of salt; as it must be remembered that this is the Banyoro's account of their fight.

CHAPTER XIII

The Reign of the Babito: Kabarega.

THE Baganda made many more attempts to conquer Bunyoro, but, under Kabarega, the people had become more consolidated, and they made a united effort to retain this last fragment of their kingdom. Piece after piece had broken away—first, Buganda and Busoga, then Ankole, Bukidi, Chopi, Bulega and Toro; large tracts of Bunyoro itself had been appropriated by the insatiable Baganda, and now the ancient kingdom of Isaza was limited to a very restricted area. To a race who had once been the predominating power of the whole country, and who could trace their origin back to the gods themselves, the avaricious attacks of these infant tribes on their parent kingdom were regarded as sacrilege, and Kabarega infused into his people an overpowering desire to fight desperately to retain their liberty, and unite once more the kingdom of their ancestors.

He made overtures to the Bakidi, whose territory adjoined Uganda and Bunyoro, in order to secure their allegiance before the Baganda could step in and obtain their co-operation.

Then occurred a cleavage in the Baganda ranks, for the Mohammedan faction were desirous of driving the king, Mwanga, away, and placing the Mohammedan prince, Kalema, on the throne. This they succeeded in doing, and Mwanga fled to an island on Lake Victoria; but after a short time he returned at the head of

a large army, and drove out Kalema, who escaped into Bunyoro.

Then Kabarega saw a chance of shattering his old enemy, and, placing a considerable force at the disposal of the two Baganda princes, Kalema and Mbogo, marched with them against Uganda.

They found that things were in a bad condition there, for the Mohammedan conflict had reduced the country to a state of famine, and women were being sold for a chicken or a few sweet potatoes.

The Banyoro troops, however, suffered defeat, and were obliged to precipitately flee back to their own land; travelling all day and night, they covered the distance (130 miles) in 24 hours.

After arriving in Bunyoro, Kalema the Muganda pretender, fell sick with small-pox, and died.

Meanwhile, a European, named Captain Lugard, had reached Uganda, where he found Kasagama hiding. After securing from him a promise of fealty to the British Government, he took him back to Toro, and presented him to the people as their ruler. From that day the chiefs gradually came in, one after another, and did homage to him, for the European had filled them with awe, and they feared to reject one who was under the protection of the white man.

Captain (now Sir Frederick) Lugard arrived in 1890 as the representative of the British East African Company, which had taken over the control of Uganda. He proceeded north to the Albert Lake, and brought away with him the 400-500 Sudanese soldiers, and their 5,000-6,000 wives, children and retainers, who had been left there by Emin Pasha. He built a line of forts extending through Toro into Uganda, in which he placed them under the charge of Kasagama.

When Kabarega heard these things, he sent out expeditions against the Batoro, for he hoped to incense the

Sudanese against Kasagama, and to win their sympathies.

A European was then sent from Uganda to crush Kabarega, but the policy of the Banyoro was to divide up their forces into several small detachments that could harass the enemy in many places at one time, and avoid being annihilated by defeat.*

After two years of this desultory fighting, runners came to Kabarega, saying that a white man was marching upon Bunyoro with a large army of Nubians and Baganda; they were travelling with torches, so as to halt not by day or night.

Kabarega decided to go out to meet them, and attack when they would be tired from marching, and this he did so successfully that the Baganda fled in all directions. But the European, whose name was Captain (Colonel) Colville, blew his whistle, which brought his men together, and they repulsed Kabarega. This European was a man of great strength, and troubled the country so much that the chiefs came to Kabarega and begged him to surrender, as the Baganda had done.

The king being so wearied and distressed that he agreed to their suggestion, and sent to the European general a peace offering of a tusk of ivory.

But no sooner had he sent the messenger than he repented of his action, and, calling his chiefs around him, said, "Why did you advise me to become the puppet of the white man? If I surrender to him, he will worry and dictate to me, as they have done to Mwanga. Has Mwanga any rest, liberty or power? I will never be ruled by any man, nor will I hand over the kingdom of Isaza, the Bacwezi, and my ancestors to a foreign race.

*Probably this European was Captain Roddy Owen, who was attached in 1893 to a Mission under Sir Gerald Portal, sent out by the British Government to report on the country before they took it over from the B.E.A. Company.

What a man is born to, so will he die. I was born a king, and I will not die a captive."

So Kabarega fled with all his soldiers, and went towards Bukidi, and the European returned to Uganda; but they very soon sent another white general to quell Kabarega. He did not bring his soldiers overland, but came in canoes down the Nile; his men cut down all the papyrus and scrub, so as to get a good view of the country on both sides of the river.

Kabarega deemed it safer to attack them before they could land and concentrate, but this was not easy, as there was no covert under which they could draw near; but at night he commanded his men to dig deep trenches along the shores, in which they could hide. So the next morning, as the canoes slowly advanced in single file, the Banyoro suddenly rose from their trenches and rained spears into the canoes. The European was killed and his boat sank, and all the Baganda turned back and fled to their own country. (This was Captain Dunning, who lost his life so tragically; his body has since been brought into the little churchyard in Hoima, where there are six graves—four Government staff and two missionaries.)

Now, some years previously, messengers had come to Kabarega from the Mahdi, offering him his assistance, assuring him that he had successfully driven the white men out from his land, and would help Kabarega to do the same. Kabarega had jeered at the suggestion at the time, but now that his fortunes were so precarious, he determined to ask for his aid. He chose out, therefore, for this mission, chiefs of impressive stature, and gave them a large retinue of followers; they travelled for very many days, for the land of the Mahdi was far north, and when at last they reached the country, they found that the Europeans were back again there, harassing the Mahdi, who had no time to give to the consideration of

another man's misfortunes, so he laid hands on Kabarega's messengers and made them slaves. Only two escaped and returned to Bunyoro; the others were never seen again.

In the year 1897 fortune favoured the king, because the Nubian soldiers in Uganda rebelled against their own rulers, the Europeans, and Mwanga the king, joined them and came to his old enemy, Kabarega, and entered into an alliance with him against the British Government; for the white man's rule had become irksome to him, and he was longing to break from it, and drive the European out of his country; but the Banyoro, Baganda and Nubians could not agree to join forces and make a united attack; the Nubians refused to work under the command of the native kings, and they, on the other hand, declared they had a better knowledge of the country, and knew its most strategic point for operation. Kabarega and Mwanga went in the direction of Bukidi, and the Nubians, with a small force of Baganda, marched to the border of Uganda, where they were completely cut up.

The two kings did not meet with much better success, for they rowed out in a flotilla of canoes up the Nile to prevent a European from landing, who was bringing up a strong contingent of soldiers. They met in mid-stream, and the Banyoro were put to flight, and the same night, when they were encamped, the European troops again attacked them. They fled into Bukidi, but the people there saw that the spirits were warring against the king, so they greatly added to his distress by stealing cattle and such food supplies as they carried with them.

Kabarega sent all his wives, children and cattle that remained, to a distant village of Bukidi, for the European troops were hemming him in on every side. Mwanga suggested that they should capitulate, but Kabarega answered: "Everything has its time appointed; a woman

travailing with child reaches the time of her deliverance; so also does a cow; the banana is planted and takes root, but when it arrives at fruition it must fall; and now we have reached the hour of our fate; and, if so be that our appointed time to die has come, let us not be faint-hearted." Kabarega sent to Mwanga two fat oxen to be slaughtered, that the flesh and blood might fortify him.

That same night the European, whose name was Colonel Ewart, called two Bakidi into his tent, and bribed them with beads and barkcloth to disclose to him Kabarega's hiding place.

The two men then went to one of their chiefs named Kuturu, in whose house the king was concealed, and they discussed the matter together; the chief accepted part of the bribe, and allowed the two men to return and betray Kabarega, his master.

Kuturu was very fearful lest the king should escape before the European arrived, in which case he knew the white man would kill him, so he came to Kabarega and urged him to rest there for a few days, as the European had returned to Uganda, and there was, therefore, no immediate danger.

This the king decided to do, but at the same time he sent his sons out to reconnoitre, and ordered them to fire their rifles if they saw any signs of the white man and his soldiers.

Very soon after they had started, the report of their guns was heard; immediately Kabarega aroused his men, but they had not gathered together when the European and his troops bore down upon them.

To avoid the firing, Kabarega ordered his men to lie flat on the ground and fling their spears. Mwanga immediately fled and hid in a swamp, but the Banyoro all rallied round their leader; but they were soon surrounded by a force of men, who emptied out all their fire upon them. When Kabarega looked around and saw

all his men lying dead at his feet, he called on his two sons, who alone remained, and told them to die like men worthy of their ancestors.

Seizing the spears that were lying about at his feet, he flung them desperately into the enemy's line, and only when his right arm was shot through, and he could no longer raise a spear, was Kabarega taken prisoner, and the kingdom of his forefathers came under the rule of the white man.

THE CALL BELL OF "THE KHEDIVE":
Now used as School Bell.

CHAPTER XIV

The Conquest of Christianity over Fetishism.

THESE preceding chapters form the background to the history of Christianity and of British rule beyond Uganda; and through the operation of these two mighty forces working together, this storm centre of the fiercest African passions has become so tranquil, that Englishwomen have proved that they can fearlessly travel through the country with no guard or firearms, but merely with a string of cheery natives, who show her every respect and consideration.

And yet there are some few travellers who pass through Central Africa, probably to beat record for speed, reaping all the advantages that the pioneer missionary or Government official have made possible after years of toil, or, it may be with their life, who return and tickle the ear of the superficial thinker by saying, "that the native is best left to himself." Best left to himself! Would the thousands of victims sacrificed to witchcraft in Bunyoro say so? Would the plundered, half-exterminated tribes around say so? Would the entire adult population, with their bodies scarred and maimed through a tyrant's whim or the fetish priest's demand say so? Would the bleached bones that strewed the trail of the slave raider say so? Would the wrecked child-life of Bunyoro say that they were best left to themselves? Did Mtesa, king of Uganda, think so, when satiated with the blood of his enemies and his friends, he listened for the first time, to the words of a God of love, as they fell from the lips of

the late Sir Henry Stanley? The charm of that strange new word, "Love," just arrested the heart of the old pagan despot, and, feeling its force, while as yet but dimly comprehending its power, he pleaded for the white man to stay and teach him of his God.

When one considers the miraculous spread of Christianity throughout this country, one naturally desires to know what has been the predominating factor that has so mightily influenced the people, and effected so great a change in their lives.

It might easily be supposed that the advent of the missionary, like that of the explorer, would have been regarded by them with the strongest suspicion, for they had always been exploited by the strong. Especially might this impression force itself upon them, when the missionary was succeeded by the British Government hoisting the Union Jack, and proclaiming their country a British Protectorate. Then again, Christianity did not offer any temporal blessings, the only thing that would naturally appeal to them, but it promised spiritual and future blessings, which they could not appreciate. It made heavy and uncompromising demands on their lives: a chief, from his scores of wives, must make the choice of one, who neither physically nor socially could make him a true helpmeet; he must break away entirely from all those heathen practices of fetishism to which he had always pinned absolute trust for prosperity and deliverance from adversity, and he must settle down to a life of abstinence and of industry, for no longer could the household larder be replenished at the cost of his neighbour; and, instead of that spontaneous and ecstatic response to the war-drum, he must daily gird himself for a grim fight against all the influences of evil within and without—evil deep-rooted, the heritage from generations of heathenism.

To no human agency or power can one attribute this

mighty change, but the countries of Uganda to-day are an eloquent testimony to the living force of the Gospel of Christ. What was unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness, has been abundantly manifested in the weak and ignorant African—Christ the Power of God and the Wisdom of God.

It is because fetishism had buried the only grain of truth it had ever possessed, and erected over it an edifice of corruption and falsehood, that it tottered and crumbled away on the approach of Christianity.

In spite of the almost unthinkable difficulties of those years, when the Uganda Mission was started—the months of toil, of nearly 1,000 miles marching from the coast through unopened country, fever-haunted districts and antagonistic tribes; in spite of the fact that one after another of the strongest and noblest of the first missionary parties succumbed to the hardships of the road, and never reached Uganda, it was no mistaken policy of the Society that led them to pass by for a time the many peoples inhabiting that stretch of country from the coast inland, and to make Uganda its base.

The Baganda are undoubtedly the dominating tribe of Central Africa; patriotism and cohesion have characterised them as a race, whereas its neighbour nation of Bunyoro has become shattered by its spirit of disintegration. The Banyoro and Batoro are suspicious and sensitive to a degree, and their racial pride will be the greatest hindrance to their progress. The Baganda are made of harder stuff; they are an aggressive people, and fearless to step out—almost impudent in the cool way they make themselves instantly master of any situation: possessing keen business instincts, a Muganda will turn his hand to anything that promises reward, whether it is caligraphy, languages, money sums, building, tailoring, cotton growing—nothing comes amiss to him.

When these traits are directed aright, they become real

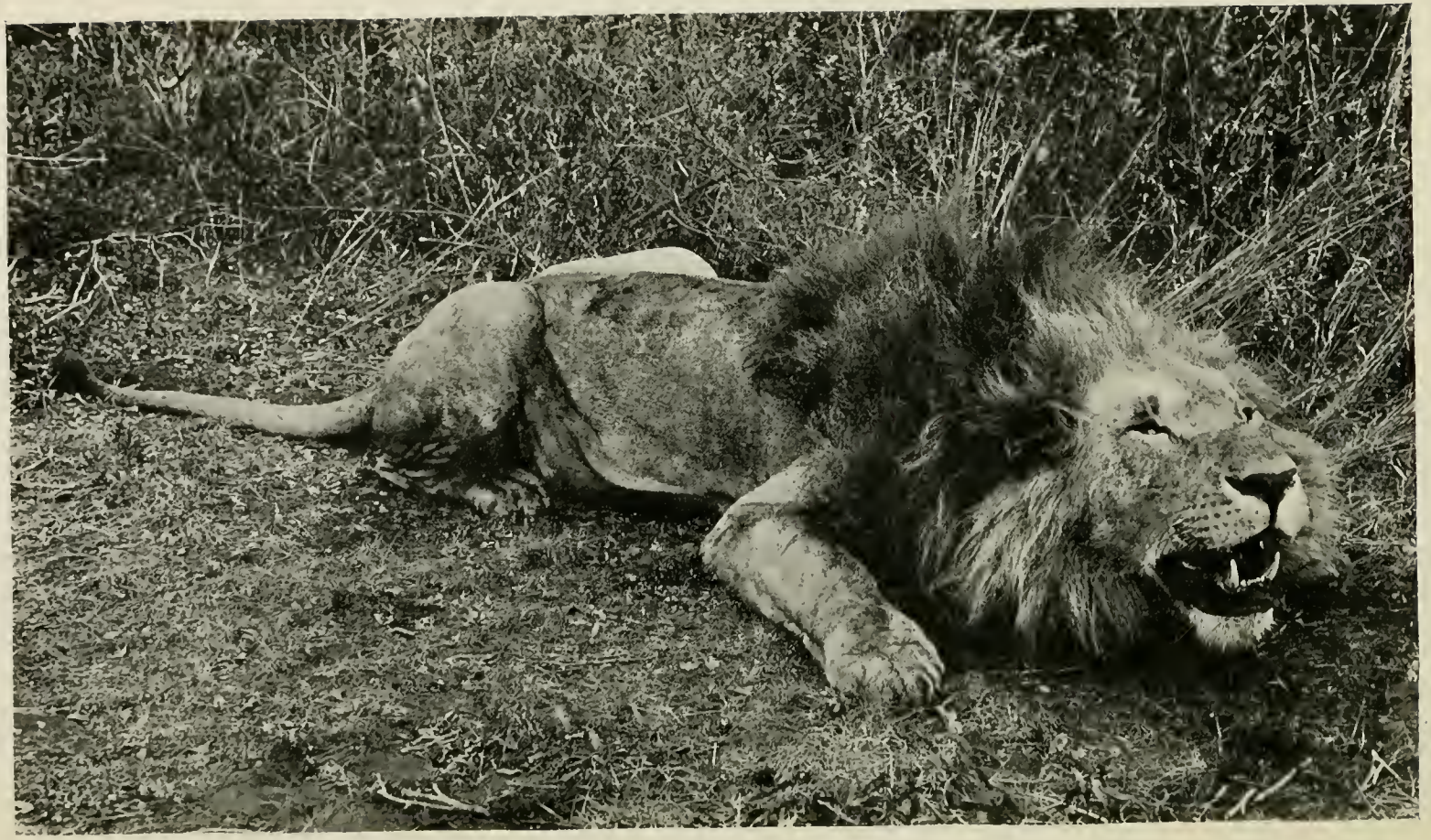
virtues, and thus the warring and conquering Baganda have proved most effectual missionaries. There is not a district round Uganda where its Christian teachers are not found to-day.

In 1894 they went out to Toro with the message of peace and goodwill toward men, where they were most enthusiastically received. The year following, Kasagama, king of Toro, was baptised during a prolonged stay in Uganda, and returned to his country to be a true missionary to his people. His duties as ruler and teacher became so arduous, that in 1896 it was decided to assist him in his noble endeavours to help his people by establishing there a European station.

Bishop Tucker accompanied Mr. Fisher, who was appointed to the work; the journey was a most toilsome task, for at that time there was nothing in the shape of a road; their path lay for nearly 200 miles through elephant grass that grew to extraordinary height, and through swamps that sometimes plunged them neck deep in mud.

The reception they met with will ever be remembered by them. All along the road, the natives, clad in goatskins, had fled in terror at the sight of the white men, but on reaching the crudely-built capital, the effect of Christianity was already seen in the excited and fearless crowd of men, women and children that came out to welcome them. A large building composed of poles and reeds had been erected as a church, and here gathered together daily, old and young. The little paper reading sheets on which were printed the alphabet, syllables, the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and a few texts, awakened extraordinary interest. Everybody seemed anxious to understand the curious twisted hieroglyphics which they called, "A voice that can be heard," and day by day hoary-headed old chiefs squatted down with mere infants to master the white man's learning.

DAUDI KASAGAMA OF TORO.



A DISPUTANT OF THE LAND.

The large hill on which the visitors pitched their tent was given to the Bishop by Kasagama for church buildings. It was covered for the most part with long grass, that was the favourite of wild animals. Fires had to be kept burning all night to keep off the leopards and lions, and for this purpose a good supply of firewood was necessary. This was thought to be a useful means of employing the scores of folk who clamoured for reading sheets, but had not the few cowrie shells with which to purchase them.

Such an army of people, however, set to work, that after only a few hours of issuing the order, a Ruwenzori of firewood stood stacked outside their tents. Eggs were then suggested as an alternative, and the following morning as many were brought in, as must have taken all the fowls in the capital at least four months to lay.

Early in 1900, Miss Pike and myself were sent to Toro in answer to Kasagama's touching appeal to the Church at home, in which he begged for ladies to come out and help his women and children. "Women will learn from women; therefore, I beseech you, help my country." Such was his message, and although it was a very isolated life for two young girls who had just left the shelter of home and large family circles, and in spite of the great waves of home-sickness that came over us at times, we regarded it as a peculiar honour to be chosen for the work. From the very first, the whole population seemed bent on shielding and loving us for coming out to them, and they were most wonderfully patient and long-suffering, when they found that even the European could not learn their language in one day. Some of the experiences we passed through I have tried to tell in my little book, "On the Borders of Pigmy-land."

Meanwhile, in the adjoining province of Bunyoro, pioneer work was being carried on, despite the political unrest caused by the protracted opposition of Kabarega

to the British occupation of his country. In the year 1895, before being appointed to Toro, Mr. Fisher had crossed the River Kafu, which was then the boundary to his mission station in Uganda. At the time Kabarega had fled from the capital, and had collected his forces round him in the eastern district. The most influential county chief, Byabacwezi, had capitulated to the British, and he, with all those who had joined him, remained in Hoima under the protection of a fort that had been erected by the late Sir Henry Colville.

To this chief, Mr. Fisher sent messengers, telling him of his arrival at the Kafu, and expressing a wish to come and confer with him; an escort was immediately sent to bring him in to the capital.

On hearing of his intended visit, the English officer in charge wrote, advising him not to venture, as Captain Dunning had just been killed by Kabarega, and only a few days previously another officer had been fired at in Hoima, and his donkey shot from under him; but this letter did not arrive until the missionary had actually reached the fort. As they had journeyed from the Kafu, natives were hiding in the scrub, with the intention of killing the European, but seeing that he carried no firearms and had no foreign bodyguard, and hearing him talk their own language, they made no attack upon him. Here let me say that firearms are not needed in Africa as a protection against the natives. We have journeyed and stayed among the wildest, and even cannibal tribes, but have only met with friendly curiosity and crude courtesy. I will not say that one has always felt quite comfortable at heart, but that was the fault of our suspicions, and not of their behaviour. Firearms at once create suspicion and alarm, and the most trivial incident is likely to fan their fearfulness into open hostility. Sometimes one's tent may be surrounded by a crowd of men armed with spears, but this may only be precaution

AN INHABITANT OF THE SCRUB.

on their part, or a desire to show respect to the stranger by appearing thus in full dress.

After arriving in Hoima, the missionary put up at the fort, and every day crowds of eager folk gathered round as he taught them. The reed house previously occupied by Sir Henry Colville, but since vacated, was transformed into a little synagogue, and from that fort house, in the time of great national stress, the Banyoro were first taught to pray—simple prayers, but the first that had ever arisen from that dark land throughout all the ages.

At the earnest request of the people, two Baganda teachers were left with them. The chief, Byabacwezi, built them a little house in his own enclosure, and gave them every assistance, and he himself became one of their most persevering pupils.

When Mr. Fisher went to Toro, an ordained Muganda clergyman, two more teachers were sent to Bunyoro to carry on the work, while they received occasional visits from other missionaries.

But, on returning from leave in 1899, Mr. Fisher was located to Bunyoro, as the work had reached that point when European supervision was necessary.

Bishop Tucker again travelled out with him, and baptised the first Banyoro converts at Masindi. These included the little prince Kitaimba, who had been put in temporary charge of the province by the British Government, while his father was still wandering about the country. The whole district was then in an indescribably wretched condition. The invading British and Baganda troops had made heavy demands on the food supply of the country, and things were too stormy and unsettled for people to think of cultivating anything beyond their daily needs; and when a long drought followed upon these other misfortunes, despair fell on the people.

On the roadside were seen poor, emaciated folk, who

had crawled out of their huts to crave for a morsel, but had died in the effort, and their corpses were left unburied, and hawks and vultures swept down to feed on the carrion.

Mr. Fisher and his two Baganda helpers were reduced to ground nuts; a yam was regarded as a veritable luxury. When even these supplies threatened to fail, he called to him his two teachers, and suggested to them that they should return to their own country until the famine was over, as it was impossible to do anything but care for the sick and dying. They consulted together over his words, but soon came back, saying, "My master, if we leave the people in their distress, they will think we came merely for what we could get; but if we stay on and suffer with them, they will learn to love us, and they will listen to our message afterwards."

So these two splendid fellows remained, and did all they could to help and sympathise with the Banyoro in their sore distress. When the Christians in Uganda heard of the famine, they collected together all the food they could possibly spare, although they were also feeling the effects of the drought, and sent it in regular supplies to their "father" for distribution.

This food was most jealously guarded in the little mission house, and given out each day to the starving crowd that gathered at the door; but while hungry folk besieged the house from without, rats were driven by the grass fires to take refuge within, and they literally fought with the occupants for the food. These were soon followed by snakes, so, altogether, the position of the missionary as general provider was scarcely an enviable one.

But when the famine was over, on the return of the rains, it was found that those weeks of suffering with the natives had won their confidence as nothing else could, and when there was no longer need to come to

the mission house for food, the visits of the people did not cease. At the same time, Kabarega was captured, and warfare ceased, and the country that had passed through years of fighting was at last to know what peace meant.

The message of faith, love and life was just what the people needed, to infuse into them new desires and new hopes, and, in spite of the warnings and prognostications of the witch-priests, men and women publicly burned their charms, or exchanged them for the little reading sheets which would teach them of the white man's God.

In 1899, Mr. Farthing joined the mission, and, besides the station at Masindi, a second one was opened at Hoima, consisting of a reed church and house. This, in the following year, was occupied by Mr. and Mrs A. B. Lloyd. During the three and a-half years they were there, the work was considerably strengthened and built up. The reed church gave place to a substantial mud building, and a house was erected for ladies, who were sent out to develop the work among the women and children. A dispensary was opened, a school built, and in the surrounding villages teachers were being sent out after receiving some special training. But Bunyoro soon made a heavy claim on its little mission staff. After three years of most devoted service, Mr. Farthing laid down his life—a life that had been spent whole-heartedly in the Master's service.

From those days the work has gone steadily forward. The little prince, Yosiya Kiatimba, had proved himself incapable of dealing with the onerous task of ruling and developing his country at that most trying time, so the British Government appointed his elder brother, Andereya Duhaga, in his place, and he has wisely and cautiously led his people forward, doing all in his power to be an example to them. He has always been the

greatest help in all church and school work, to which he contributes very generously.

In 1904, Mr. Fisher was located again to his old work in Bunyoro, and here we have been labouring since. Like the neighbouring kingdom of Uganda, Toro and Bunyoro are active centres of missionary enterprise. In the respective capitals stand to-day handsome solid brick churches, erected entirely at the cost of the native Christians: the brickmaking, bricklaying, plaster work, roofing had been carried out by mission boys under direction, while in the Hoima church, the beautiful furniture, including table, lectern, font and prayer desks, have been made by lads in the little industrial department under an Indian instructor.

The opening of the church was a truly memorable occasion. The Provincial Commissioner, F. A. Knowles, Esq., brought down the full Government staff of officials, civil and military, while half the native population seemed gathered in the large space round the church. The enormous drums, used in lieu of church-bells, stood on the verandah awaiting the King Andereya to break the silence, and thus proclaim the building open. At the entrance doors stood churchwardens, with rows of baskets, into which the people cast their offerings. Mr. Knowles, in a most effective and influential speech, which he addressed to the huge crowd assembled, explained how it was the aim of the Government to work hand in hand with the mission in the uplift of Bunyoro and its people. There was a debt of £80 still remaining on the church, and the native Christians had been asked to do what they could, to free their House of Prayer on its opening day. The counting of the collection afterwards was a most pathetic experience, for the contributions had been rolled up in paper, and they ranged from a shirt button to Andereya's kingly gift of £20, and included needles, calico, eggs, fowls, goats, oxen, all kinds of

HOIMA CHURCH IN BUILDING.

vegetable produce, cowrie shells and rupees. After all this stuff had been sold in the market, it was found that the collection had amounted to £109, and constituted the largest offering ever taken up in the whole history of the Uganda Mission.

The entire work of education is in the hands of the missionary. Toro has its schools of women, girls and little boys, besides a spinning and weaving industry for girls.

Bunyoro has still its two European centres at Hoima and Masindi, where there are schools for women, girls and little boys, besides normal and boarding schools, and industrial department, where carpentering and simple tailoring are taught. The importance of educational work cannot be over-estimated. In the Uganda Mission, the greatest results have occurred among the ruling classes. The fact is, that among the peasants, especially in the villages, the mind is in such a state of torpor, that they seem almost lacking a spiritual capacity, and incapable of absorbing a new idea. It is true, however, that very many of these people have embraced Christianity, because its glorious truths can be adapted to the simplest, but if they are to grow stalwart Christians, it is necessary to set their mental faculties free, so that their faith may not be implanted but indigenous. Then, again, lessons set in the morning school provide occupation for the chief, as well as his serving lad, when the lamps or fires are kindled in the hut at night. Christianity has tabooed their old occupations of drinking, dancing and sensuality, which sunset heralded in each night; but prohibition can only prove practical if it provides an antidote, and this is how the school can supply a need of the church. At nightfall, after the household drum has called together the members for family prayer, the master can sit down with his son, or even his wife, and work out a perplexing little sum which would be self-evident to an English child, but seriously

addles his brain. If a man has 12 goats and 5 die, how many will be left? Such a problem! Should he add, multiply, divide or subtract the figures? How can he possibly solve such a question when he has never owned even six goats? But he finally arrives at some answer, and retires for the night, wondering at his own wisdom, and very eager for morning school to find out if the wisdom of the European and his agree on the point in question.

The natives also see for themselves that only a "scholar" is capable now of controlling a chieftainship, and of putting into operation the rules and regulations of the British Government.

Talk about the stir the census caused in the British Isles, it was absolutely nothing compared to the consternation it caused in Bunyoro. "Children under 12," when they only count by moons! "Bachelors and spinsters," when people marry at 14 or 15. But these were but the beginning of troubles; the census paper then contained space for religious persuasion; those afflicted with infirmities, and a long list of professions, beginning with the law, passing down through labyrinths of trades until a most accommodating space was left for "unskilled labour," where most of the population breathlessly took shelter. Another column was allotted for the number of cattle owned by the householder, and this caused grave questionings. "Did the Governor want to know where he could procure beef for himself and his caravan when he should pass this way?" So many subterfuges were invented, and one man gave as a substitute, the number of dogs and fowls he possessed, and the number of eggs waiting to be hatched.

In 1908, when a redistribution of chieftainships was made in Bunyoro, out of the 58 men appointed, no less than 52 were Christian pupils of the senior school at Hoima.

UNSKILLED LABOURERS.

The chiefs do not regard it as an indignity to come to school and learn side by side with a peasant. One of the most strenuous pupils at Hoima was Byabacwezi, the most influential chief in the whole of Bunyoro. Nothing but the most pressing business would deter him from attending; one morning he arrived panting, streaming and looking decidedly damaged. For some days he had been slowly assimilating a lesson in oxen-ploughing, and had determined to secretly try the experiment. With a roughly-constructed yoke, he went with his herdsman to a quiet, secluded spot to break in two powerful oxen, but they had "refused to hear," shattered the yoke, kicked out at their masters, and made their escape. Bruised and bleeding, Byabacwezi left the herdsman to pursue the truculent beasts, while he hurried in to school for another dose of "wisdom." I felt that he was decidedly entitled to the position of Senior Wrangler that term.

The pioneer missionary must needs be a compendium of crafts and an encyclopædia of knowledge. An aeroplane does not create so much astonishment to a native as a white man to say, "I do not know." He laughs with incredulity, and, nodding sagaciously to himself, says, "The European wants his tea," and he goes away to repeat his inquiry at another opportune occasion.

He must at least know something about medicine, not only for his own sake, but because the African would fail to understand a cure for the soul that could not cure a pain in the body. The witch-priest and medicine man were synonymous terms to them. All suffering came from the spirit world, so anyone who could teach them about the gods could, of course, tell them how to turn away the wrath which caused the sickness. Dire ignorance, dirt and immorality, will have robbed these people of all constitutional vigour for generations yet to come. The dread sleeping sickness of Uganda has not yet

reached Toro or Bunyoro, and the people have been forcibly withdrawn from the tsetse fly areas, but small-pox and a form of beri-beri have depopulated large districts, while it is no exaggeration to say that there is scarcely one family unaffected with syphilis in one or more of its deadly forms.

In the early days, when it took any time from one to five years to get an order out from England, the missionary's medical stores often got tragically on the verge of giving out. For some weeks the undaunted Batoro patients were treated with Yorkshire relish for all internal pains, and carbolic tooth powder, adulterated with chalk, for external applications. But all such amateur treatment has receded in the far past, and now the quack dispensary has given place in Toro to a most imposing brick hospital, holding about 100 beds, which is under the proficient charge of Dr. and Mrs. Bond and a trained nurse, while it has thrown out a well-equipped dispensary at Hoima. Now, the work of pioneering has been lifted from off the European, and is being undertaken by the African Christians themselves. Those years of tedious toil, living down suspicion of the natives, overcoming persistent opposition, and slowly winning the confidence of the people are spared to the missionary; the native evangelist goes forth to the heathen villages and distant tribes, with only his sleeping mat and little bag of books, and, living like the people among whom he is sent, he is able to win their attention from the first.

In this way, the whole country has become networked with little mission stations. In Toro there is a staff of nearly 100, and in Bunyoro 120 of these trained native teachers, besides a large staff of voluntary workers, are labouring in the villages around, or among neighbouring tribes as "foreign missionaries," each country having now two ordained native clergymen. These men are the backbone of the native church. To those who

have given up chieftainships, a life of real sacrifice is involved, for they must isolate themselves from all their friends and Christian surroundings, and go forth alone to wage a continual battle against the deadening forces of heathenism around, and, as one man described, "the heritage of generations of heathenism within." They represent the most educated class in the country, for they receive a solid groundwork of training, and after periods of service, return to the central station for further instruction. They receive a mere nominal wage of 10s. 6d. to 32s. a year, according to the standard they have reached, and this sum is just sufficient to provide them and their wives with clothing. They are dependent for food on the people to whom they are sent, who willingly do their part in this respect, and also build their own little church. These crude little buildings are church, synagogue and school combined; probably the European travelling through the country would conclude that they were sheds only, for they are composed of poles, reeds and thatch, and many of them have no windows. The light enters through the doorway, until the people stand up to sing, when both light and air are completely shut out. But, when compared with the chief's house in the village, it is a most imposing structure, for it is square, and a man can stand upright inside it, and it also boasts of a pulpit! For no native would consider his church complete without a pulpit, and this sometimes takes up a quarter of the entire seating space. On one occasion, my husband entered one of these village pulpits during an itineration, that was distinctly lopsided, for it was erected on tree stumps, which had taken root one side. And a fowl had evidently not reckoned on an Irishman occupying the pulpit that day, for it had deposited a nest of eggs inside. After the service the eggs were ceremoniously presented to him as his rightful perquisite.

So eager are the heathen to be taught that the demand

for teachers is always greater than the supply. Sometimes when a teacher is not forthcoming, a Christian man in the village will allow his house to become the mission room, where the people can gather daily, while he will teach the elementary truths of Christianity and give them instruction in the reading sheets, so that they can learn to read the Gospels for themselves. In some cases the villagers have erected a little church in anticipation, hoping that this would constrain the white man to send them a messenger of his God, and when he has failed to arrive, they have chosen out the sharpest-witted boy among them, to go into the capital and learn all he can, so that he may return and pass on to them what he has been taught. And what a change takes place in that little village, which has never been visited by a messenger of Christ! As these poor simple folk gaze at the letters in the reading sheet which he has brought to them, their minds are a perfect blank, but by daily endeavour they gradually learn to attach a sound to the figures, and at last the meaning of it all breaks in upon their minds, and as they read the beautiful story of that Perfect Man who was without sin, the sad and savage expression passes away from their countenances, and they become transformed. On one occasion we had a serving lad, who for months had been struggling with his letters, and could make nothing of them at all, but suddenly he seemed to grip their purpose, and, rushing into our room, he exclaimed, "My master, what can I do to show my joy? Give me your gun that I may fire it off, else my heart will burst for joy, for now I have caught the book reading, it is mine."

No haste or pressure is brought to bear upon the inquirer and catechumen. They must first pass a reading examination (old people excepted), so as to prove that they are able to study for themselves the Bible, and understand it. Then they bring two Church Communi-

cants as witnesses, who vouch for the consistency of their lives, and promise to help them; they then enter the catechumenate for six months or more, which consists of a daily course of Bible and other religious instruction. The object the native teacher is taught to keep in mind is to impart to them a simple, clear and intelligent knowledge of what Christianity is, and what it demands. If, at the end of the course, they present themselves for baptism, the two witnesses must again come forward, and the candidates' names are then read out in church two Sundays in succession, and the Christians are asked to bring any reasons they may have for preventing them from receiving the ordinance of baptism.

The reality of the faith of the Banyoro is seen in their honest desire to carry the Gospel to those tribes whom they plundered and oppressed in former years. Banyoro teachers are now at work among the Balega and Babira tribes in the Belgian Congo, and they are receiving every encouragement and assurance from the officers in charge there. Northwards they have been sent to the peoples of Chopi, Madi and Ganyi, near neighbours of the Banyoro, and who were in the past all, more or less, ruled over by these kings.

The Government have recently opened a new administrative centre in this district, and they wrote, asking the mission if it could not send teachers, as they would prove the greatest help to them in their endeavours to help and control the natives. Two of the Government officials stationed there, sent in private contributions to enable mission work to be started; and the Banyoro have not forgotten their old king in exile in the far-away Seychelles; they longed that he should share with them the joy and peace that Christianity brought to them. Andereya Duhaga consulted with the mission, and obtained the permission of the Government to send a missionary to him; from those who immediately offered

to go, was chosen a senior Church worker, who had stood by the old king, Kabarega, during his chequered fortunes, and this man bravely set out with his wife to face the long journey that lay before him, and an unknown foreign land. He had never stepped beyond the boundaries of his own country before, and only knew his own limited language; his sole experience of travelling on water, was paddling across the Nile in a dug-out, but he fearlessly started forth to face the terrors of the railroad to Mombasa, the rolling and pitching and novel life on an ocean liner, the confusion of tongues, and the bustle of changing boats at Port Said, and at last the civilised conditions of life in the Seychelles. He had no one to travel with him who could steer him through the difficulties, but he and his wife faced them alone, with a label tied round their necks.

For months Kabarega showed the same obstinacy that had characterised him in the old days, but by earnest and unceasing prayer, Abimileka prevailed with God and with man, and after nearly two years' work he had the great joy of seeing his old king and master, who had always so steadfastly refused to yield to any earthly authority, surrender his heart to Christ. The old man is constantly visited by the English chaplain there, who writes of the definite change that has taken place in Kabarega's life. He himself often corresponds with his son, Andereya, and his letters always speak of his faith and joy in Christ.

A very striking demonstration of the results of British rule and Christianity in the country was given in November, 1908, when an international exhibition was organised in Uganda by H.E. the Governor. For the first time in the history of the land, the four kings of Uganda, Bunyoro, Ankole and Toro met, and all the national hatred that had always existed between them was forgotten. On Sunday morning, in the cathedral,

which has, alas! since been destroyed by fire, these four Christian kings knelt together, and not one present, whose mind could travel back over the past years of bitterness and bloodshed, could fail to marvel at the mighty change that had taken place, and to attribute all praise to Him Who died to reconcile all things unto Himself.

A new age has dawned for these peoples. The deep scars from the medicine-man's knife and branding irons that have destroyed the features of every adult in the countries of Toro and Bunyoro, are not seen on the children of the present generations; the haunting fear of devils that possessed every man, woman and child is being driven out by belief in an all-loving and beneficent God; polygamy and slavery have received their death-blow; woman is learning to take her rightful place as helpmeet, and not drudge, in the family life; instead of drunken debaucheries and the sinuous accompaniments of the tom-tom in the homes of the people, family prayer ascends, and many wee tots can unite with their parents in the hymns that are so dear to the native. These are the changes that have taken place on the surface; the other results can only be appreciated by those who have dipped a little deeper, and realised what fetishism was, how it seemed woven into their very nature, and seen what it must have meant for these people to break from it.

When we stand in that attitude, we can dimly understand what mighty changes have been wrought. The ignorant and weak fetish worshipper has been suddenly brought right about face, to the lofty standard of the Christianity of the modern civilised world. The history of the moral and spiritual training of mankind from Genesis 3 to the Acts of the Apostles must necessarily be omitted in his case, for there must be no relaxation of the law to accommodate the African of to-day; but we must be patient with him, and not disappointed, if he

cannot grow from infancy to manhood in a day; for it must not be forgotten that the convert has not only to learn what we so inadequately practise ourselves—the Fruits of the Spirit—but he has also to learn that there *are* works of the flesh which must be mortified. "Now the works of the flesh are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, witchcraft, hatred, wrath, strife, murders, drunkenness, revellings and such like."

And against these he has no natural weapons to wield—no self-respect, self-control, public opinion, healthful instincts, and inherent virtue, but a heritage of corruption, a weak physique, and an inertia born of the tropics to handicap him in his daily warfare. It is no discouragement to me to find one and another overcome in the conflict, but that there should be such a strong army of those who *have* conquered, is to me the greatest witness to the Divine power of our Faith.

God grant that in the words of Kasagama, king of Toro: "This land may ever be a high lamp of God, that shall not be extinguished, but shall illuminate the peoples and tribes living in darkness around."