

# Possibilities Through Developing Industries Along Source of River Nile



SAWMILL AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

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**JINGA, UGANDA.**—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Stand with me here on the cliffs at Jinga, in the land of Busoga, and take a look at the source of the Nile. We are within a few miles of the equator, at the head of Napoleon gulf, on the northern end of Lake Victoria. In a straight line we are farther from the Mediterranean than Salt Lake City is distant from New York, and that swift current moving below us will wind its way for about 4,000 miles before it washes the cities of Cairo and Alexandria. It will pass through this protectorate, will cross Albert Nyanza, and then, breaking its way through the swamps of the Sudd, will go on through the half-desert Soudan and water the dry lands of Egypt.

Notice how fast the current is here at the start. It was perceptible as we came in by boat from Entebbe, and the surveyors claim that it can be traced clear across Victoria Nyanza to the mouth of the Kagera river in German East Africa. Indeed, some say that the river is the source of the Nile, but it is no more so than are the other rivers which flow into Victoria Nyanza. This mighty lake is the only outlet. Together with the river, it has a basin from one-third to one-half the size of the whole United States, and the waters from that vast territory will all be gathered between the banks of the Nile before it reaches the sea.

**Ripon Falls.** Looking down now from the wooded cliffs where we stand, we can see the beginning of the rapids and can hear the thunder of Ripon falls, over which the flood pours a short distance away. We can walk there, and we pick our way in and out through the woods along the cliffs, and finally stand at the edge of the falls. There are little islands in the channel and the current pours over in three separate rivers, reminding one a little of our own Niagara, where the waters are parted by Goat Island. As at our American falls, the current is comparatively quiet above, but when it leaves these islands it drops down in a boiling, bubbling, seething mass. The spray rises high into the air and falls back like rain on this tropical forest. It goes up in a mist and the dazzling sun of the equator paints rainbows in it. There are many falls in the lake and they often swim down the falls. We can see them jump high out of the current, turning somersaults, as it were, as they go over the rocks. The woods are full of strange birds. There are cormorants and hawks, and one may sometimes see a whale-headed stork.

Where the Nile flows over the falls the channel is only about 1,200 feet wide, and I understand that the rocky foundation is such that the lake can be easily dammed. The stream is deep and narrow and it passes on over a series of cataracts which continue almost forty miles. During this distance it is so swift that boats cannot be in it. These waters of Victoria Nyanza rush onward to the big rubber syndicate continues until within about thirty miles of Lake Choga. Here the land is almost level and the lake is shallow and quiet. It has swamps filled with crocodiles and hippopotami and the Nile flows peacefully through it. Then goes onward, traversing the protectorate, taking two other great jumps on its way to Albert Nyanza. The first of these is at the Karuma falls and the other at Murchison falls, which is about 200 miles north of here. After that the current is comparatively smooth to Lake Albert.

**Mighty Electric Force.** This description gives you but a faint idea of the electrical possibilities of the Nile away up here at its source. The British are surveying it and are estimating its value as to the industrial development of the country. An English syndicate has a concession for the little island just under the falls, and it expects to invest \$500,000 in establishing a cotton factory here. There are big lumbermen who are exploiting the forests on both sides of the Nile, who want power; and I am told that other parties are after concessions. The government is averse to leasing power stations at the falls proper, as it may be necessary to build a dam here to regulate the outflow of the Nile. They do not object, however, to works bordering the rapids below the falls, and a series of power stations might be made thirty or forty miles long which could do all the manufacturing for this part of Africa. As it is now the government has reserved a strip of land, a mile wide, on each side of this part of the Upper Nile, but concessions might possibly be had for turbines along the rapids, and the power could easily be conveyed across this strip by wire.

Indeed, the electrical possibilities of the Nile in connection with Uganda are enormous, and the manufacturing possibilities are equally great. The country has plenty of iron ore, and it may some time be the



JINGA, A TOWN AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

for new hands. This increase is just about a cent and a half a day, or a rise from 2 1/2 to 4 1/2 cents. As a result laborers are coming in from other parts of the protectorate and there is a loud outcry that this rise will ruin the country. At present much of the lumber is sawed by hand; but modern machinery will soon be brought in.

**Among the Basogas.** The natives of this district, which includes the source of the Nile, are known as the Basogas. They are not so civilized as the Baganda, but in many respects look and dress not unlike them. They wear bark cloth blankets, the materials for which they raise in their gardens. The men tie the blankets over their shoulders and the women wrap them around the body under the arms, leaving their necks and shoulders bare. They sometimes have a ash of bark about the waist, and when working a girl often allows her blanket to fall down to this waist, leaving the upper part of her body nude. At such times it is possible to see the skin decorations which the women here affect as a mark of beauty. They scar themselves below the bosom, making four long scratches, which stand up like ridges. Some of the women have strings of beads and shells about their waists and not a few have bracelets and anklets.

The chief business here is agriculture, although some of the people have cattle, sheep and goats. I see peanuts, Indian corn, beans, bananas and sweet potatoes in the market, and am told that the chief crop grown is bananas, and that this fruit constitutes the principle article of food. It is an odd thing that the women here are not allowed to eat chickens after they are married. Why this is so I do not know. It is somewhat like the custom which exists among the British East African tribes, where the married women dare not to drink milk. I suppose the men want to monopolize both.

The day may come when there will be a great city here and when railroads and steamboats will make this point one of the chief centers of trade of these highlands of Africa. At present the population consists of a few hundreds black natives dressed in bark cloth and cotton. They live in thatched huts scattered along the wide streets laid out by the English. There are some Hindoo traders and a considerable number of government offices and stores are included in a large rectangular stockade. There are no hotels nor other places to stop at, and I shall be on the steamer during my short stay. I came here from Entebbe. The boat may make a regular call on their way to Port Florence and the falls of the Nile are thus easily accessible. The government office, however, is considered unhealthful, and I fear to spend much time close to the lake on account of the tsetse fly, whose sting gives one the sleeping sickness, which has killed a vast number of people in the immediate vicinity.

**Sleeping Sickness.** I doubt whether many people in our country have heard of this terrible disease. The person infected by it goes to sleep involuntarily and he sleeps most of the time. The disease comes on slowly and it may last several years. At first the sleep is only occasional, but it increases until the man sleeps all the time and finally dies. The natives here are more afraid of it than the smallpox. It seems to be a sickness of the brain and the doctors say that it is largely caused by a little worm or bacillus which is injected into the blood by the tsetse fly. This bacillus multiplies rapidly and soon goes through every part of the system. When it reaches the brain the sleeping symptoms begin.

Until recently the sleeping sickness was confined to the valley of the Congo, but within the last few years it has attacked the islands and coast of Lake Victoria, and it is also found in some parts of British East Africa. The disease is supposed to have been brought here by the porters who carry ivory tusks and rubber on their heads from the Congo to Lake Victoria. They bring their freight to Entebbe and to other ports about the lake in order that it may be sent across the lake in the steamers to Port Florence and by railroad down to Mombasa. It is supposed that some of these native porters were infected when they came here and that the tsetse flies, which are found in great numbers in the swampy regions about the lake, were introduced by biting them. You know how the yellow fever is carried by the steomyia mosquito. If that mosquito bites a yellow fever patient its blood becomes filled with yellow fever germs, and it plants them in

any human being it may bite thereafter. It is the same with the tsetse fly. If it has bitten a man having sleeping sickness it will carry that sickness to every victim whom it bites in the future. I have seen this fly. It looks somewhat like one of the blue-bottle variety which we have in America, and is three times the size of our ordinary house fly. It has been known about Lake Victoria for ages, but it was not at all dangerous until the sleeping sickness natives came here and inoculated it. That is supposed to have been just four years ago. Shortly after that time the sickness spread all around the lake. The flies on the northern islands became infected and the natives died by the thousands. Lake Victoria is full of islands which a few years ago were thickly populated and which are now almost deserted. The English tried to stop the disease, but they could do nothing, and they had to look on and see the people miserably perish.

Within the past year they have had Dr. Koch, the celebrated German Diphtheria specialist, here studying the disease. He has a large hospital on the Sesse island and has had hundreds of patients, but, at I understand it, so far no radical cure has been found. At one time Dr. Koch thought he had discovered a remedy. It was to fill the patient with arsenic. This counteracted the disease, but the trouble was that the arsenic usually killed the patient. It is said that certain antidotes for the arsenic have now been found, and it may be that by means of them the patients can be kept alive until they can get rid of the arsenic taken into their system to kill the bacilli.

**It Bites the Hippopotami.** A very serious matter with regard to this sickness is the report that the fly is now inoculating the hippopotami and crocodiles which are found everywhere about this lake. They bite the hippos under the lobe of the ear where the skin is thin and the microbes are thus introduced into the blood, so that every fly which feeds upon that hippo thereafter becomes inoculated. I understand that the hippo has many thin veins of blood running through its thick skin and that this source of infection is serious. As to the crocodiles they are bitten under the neck or between the scales. I do not vouch for these facts, but give them for what they are worth.

In the meantime the British have established sleeping sickness hospitals at different places about the lake, and they have also segregation camps. When a village gets the sickness they put those who have been bitten off by themselves in mosquito-proof houses and keep the others apart until they are sure whether the apart been inoculated or not. The chief trouble is right down on the shores of the lake, as it is said the fly will not go but a few hundred steps away from it. The people, however, who have their villages on the shores are stubborn. They say their fathers lived there, and there they will live and die.

**Society of Ghouls.** Among the islands which have been seriously affected by the sleeping sickness are those belonging to the Sesse archipelago. These lie some distance south of Uganda, and are reached by canoes or other small boats from the mainland. They are beautiful islands, covered with grass and woods, and until recently a great part of them was well cultivated. It is there that Dr. Koch's sleeping sickness hospital was.

The people of the Sesse islands are notorious for their secret society of ghouls, known as the Bachcheli. The members of this society eat the dead, and their practice is so well known that the Christian natives keep watch for eight days after burial over the graves of their fellows who have passed away. There are branches of the society in Uganda, and the custom is common in other places. It is said that the ghouls of the Sesse islands sometimes carry sick people off into the bushes and knock them in the head in order that they may be the sooner fated for the table.

Dr. Cunningham, who lived long in Uganda, states that the Sesse people when they put away their dead wrap them in shrouds of bark cloth and then lay them on a wooden frame above ground far off in the forests and do not visit them again. The presumption is that they will be taken care of by the society. My Tanganyika friend says that the bodies are usually eaten by the family and relatives of the deceased, and Sir Henry Johnson, in his book on Uganda, speaks of a Sesse islander who killed his wife on the wedding night because she refused to cook the thigh of a

man buried the night before, which he had dug up to celebrate their marriage supper.

**Monuments at Mengo.** There are two great monuments at Mengo which mark the changes now going on in Uganda. One is the tomb of the tyrant Mutesa, who was ruling these millions of semi-civilized natives when Stanley came. It is guarded by a score or more of his baldheaded widows, who are fated to watch his coffin to the day of their death.

The other is the mighty thatched cathedral of Namirembe, put up by the natives, that forms the center of the modern Christian movement that has converted this nation. It is the largest church on the African continent, and thousands of negroes are worshipping in it. But come with me first to take a look at the tomb. It lies here a few miles from the Victoria Nyanza, on a great hill opposite Kampala, and is like no other tomb upon earth. I have visited the graves of the world's great dead. This tomb of Mutesa is like none of these, and yet in many respects it is more alive and more wonderful. The tomb is a hut with a thatched roof, and it is as high as a four-story house and fully 100 feet in circumference. It is a great tent of thatch sewed to a framework of reeds and upheld by hundreds of poles.

The reeds are tied up in bundles and are woven in and out as intricately as the finest of basket work. In some places they look like mosaics. They were originally white, but the smoke which arises from the perpetual fires within has turned them as black as the skins of Mutesa's widows, for whom the tomb was a home. The floor of the tomb is covered with grass cut for the purpose and spread thickly over it. The poles which support the roof are so arranged that there is a wide pathway through the center, and right in the middle, under the tip of the cone, lies the coffin. It is guarded by a soldier fixed upright on each side of it. There are shields of copper and brass in front, and at the back are huge curtains of bark cloth, the same material which forms the clothing of the king's widows.

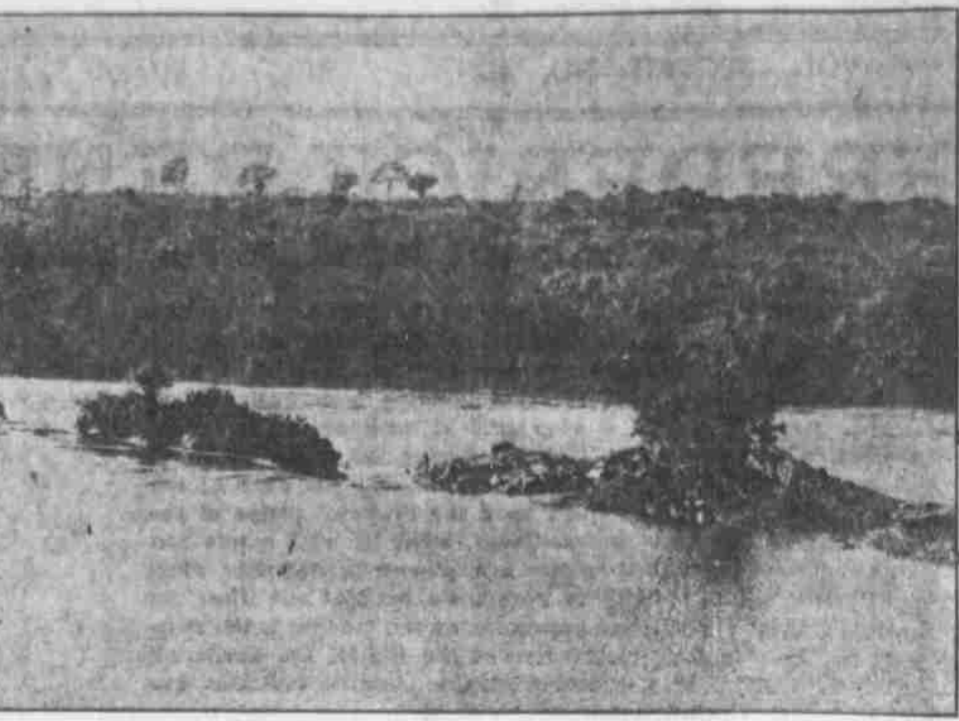
**Widows Guard King's Remains.** Accompanied by my guide and a single native soldier, I made my way into the market. At first it seemed as dark as night, but as my eyes grew used to the gloom I could see about me. Squatted around the coffin and seated here and there on the grass in different parts of the hut were women of various ages ranging from 35 upward. All had blankets of bark cloth wrapped about their bodies, covering their breasts, but leaving the arms, shoulders and necks perfectly bare. They were barefooted and bareheaded, and with two exceptions their heads were shaved close to the scalp.

Some of the younger women were fairly good looking, but all wore dark brown or black and of negro features. By the aid of my guide I was able to get a number of them outside in the sun, and by paying a little money had them pose for a photograph. The widows have been so long in darkness that their eyes were almost blinded by the light and it was only after a number of trials that I got a good picture.

These women were all wives of King Mutesa, and upon his death, by custom they took their places about his coffin to guard his body for the rest of their natural lives. A soldier might I have never seen. Every woman seemed a petrified figure of despair, and the whole recalled Dante's inscription over the gates of hell: "All hope abandon ye who enter here." I have learned of the funeral of King Mutesa from the missionaries. It was more civilized than that of his predecessors. There were no human sacrifices at his death and he was buried with his usual law intact. In the past the under jaw of a dead king was cut off and laid to one side.

**Slaughtered Innocents in Anger.** When King Mutesa died he ordered that the human sacrifices be done away with, and so his cook, beer man and chief cowherd went free, but the widows remained and they are still on the job. This was so, though King Mutesa has some years ago previously killed 2,000 innocent men, women and children in one day to celebrate a tomb which he had built in honor of his father. Had it not been for the work of the missionaries his own death would probably have been accompanied by a similar slaughter.

I have heard many stories about old Mutesa since I came to Uganda. He was a



RIPON FALLS, WHERE THE NILE FLOWS OUT OF VICTORIA, UGANDA.

mighty monarch and was governing a million or so people at the time Stanley came. He held his court at Kampala, and the neighboring countries recognized his power and paid him tribute. King Mutesa had scores of wives during his reign, but the two or three dozen that are now watching his tomb are all that remain. During the earlier part of his life he had a playful way of reducing his family whenever he became drunk. At such times he would take up his spear and stab at his wives right and left. I was told here of a picnic he once gave, at which all the ladies of the harem were present.

One of the prettiest of the girls in the party thought to curry favor with her royal husband after the manner of Eve. She plucked a piece of fine fruit and offered it to him. The king thereupon denounced her for her familiarity and began to beat her to death with his club, when Speke, the explorer, who happened to be present, ran in and saved her.

**Could Have Any Woman in Land.** At that time the king had the right to any woman in the country and, no matter how many deaths, the harem was kept full. His majesty was supposed to marry only the daughters of chiefs, but if he fancied other girls he had the chiefs adopt them, and in this way they were brought into the palace according to law.

The sending of a pot of native beer to the father of a girl was an indication that the king required one of his daughters, and the maiden specified was at once sent to the palace. If she proved true to his majesty and he did not kill her in one of his fits of anger, she was on the whole fairly well treated and she had the chance of the lifelong death watch which the widows are now enjoying.

On the other hand, if the girl were not true to Mutesa and sneaked away to another lover she was terribly punished. The old penalty for such a crime was that both offenders should be chopped up alive, after the slicing process which, until recently, was common in China. All such penalties have now been done away with and infidelity is punished by the native courts, which are directed by the British officials.

As to Mutesa's cruelties, Apolo Katikiro, the present prime minister, describes how one of his wives was killed for speaking too loudly in the royal presence. The king was angry at her for her presumption and straightway ordered that her nose and ears be cut off and finally her head. This sentence was carried out right in the midst of the court crowd and the soldiers laughed as they did it.

An even more brutal beast than old Mutesa was King Mwanga, who succeeded him. He reigned after the Christian missionaries had come in and when the country was to a large extent converted to Christianity. Mwanga was at times much opposed to the missionaries and he tortured the Christians among the natives, cutting off the arms and feet of some and roasting others to death over slow fires. He killed several of the white missionaries and acted so that he brought about a civil war among his people.

In this war the native Catholics and the native Protestants fought with each other and for a time the country was under the control of the Mohammedans. The king himself was notoriously weak and notoriously bad. The organs of his palace were so disgraceful that they cannot be printed, and the people themselves were glad when he was deposed, as they feared he would corrupt and wipe out the whole nation.

The British at last threw him from the throne and chose David Chwa, who was then a baby, as king. That was about then a year ago, and in the meantime the country has been ruled by this boy, with a regency of natives and a council of the chiefs.

It was Henry M. Stanley who first brought Christianity into this part of the world. Now the Uganda people are practically all Christians. Of course, there are still many heathen among them, but I think it is safe to say that something like a million of these natives believe in one form or another.

**Catholics Do Great Work.** In addition to the Protestant movement, which is by far the most important, and which is under the auspices of the Church Missionary society of England, a great work has been done by the Catholics. The White Fathers, a famous French denomination, have native churches scattered over the country and a large mission station here. The Mill Hill mission, also Catholic, and

composed largely of Irish priests, is doing a great work, having its churches, hospitals and schools. The converts of these two orders, usually marked by the little crosses which they wear around their necks, are to be seen everywhere. The work of the Protestants is enormous. Archdeacon Walker, who is at the head of the Church Mission society here, tells me that the first converts were baptized just about twenty-five years ago, and that today Uganda has 30 native Protestant churches and 20 native evangelists, who are going about over the country doing mission work. It has 50,000 native preachers, who are holding regular services from week to week. The natives have built their own churches, and they support their preachers.

**People Devout Church Workers.** The people go to church; they hold prayer meetings, and many of them are earnest Christians. They are called to church by the beating of a drum. They keep the Sabbath, and on that day the markets throughout the country are closed. The archdeacon says the relations between the Protestants and Catholics are good and that the field is still large enough for all denominations. Said he:

"I am glad to have the Catholics do what they can. We are all working to benefit the natives, and we all believe in the creed, the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments. I wish I could show the American skeptics who doubt the good mission work the great Protestant cathedral which has been built here by the natives with their own money. It stands on the hill of Namirembe, about three miles from Kampala, and it can be seen for miles around. It is an enormous structure of sun-dried bricks with a roof of velvet thatch which rises in three spires of the same material. The architecture makes you think of the wonderful temples of Siam or Burmah, save that this, to my eye, is far more beautiful.

**Church Can Hold 5,000.** The structure covers about half an acre, and it can accommodate about 5,000 worshippers. Its walls are about fifty feet high and are of great thickness. They are of a rich red color. From their tops sloping upward to a ridge with a beautiful curve extends the mighty roof, which is so large that it took more than 200 tons of grass to cover it. The interior is equally beautiful. It is a symphony of whites and blacks and rich dark reds. The floors are of sun-dried bricks, and so are the walls. The roof is composed entirely of reeds of elegant grass, laid together in bunches, and tied with black shrubs from the swamps as to give it a decorative effect. The roof is upheld by many red brick columns and the work of fitting the roof to the walls is beautifully done.

The building is in the shape of a cross with a great nave sixty feet wide and with a chancel for the choir at the roof. The people come in bringing skins and mats with them and they are cross-legged during the service. This great church is the fourth which has been built here. The first was made many years ago. It was constructed by the voluntary labor of the natives, and its labor cost represented \$5,000. This was at the rate of 6 cents per day for the men who worked upon it, and at wages of \$1 a day the labor cost would be over \$20,000.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## Chance in Reaching Verdicts

The verdict of \$1,500 against the New York City Railway company in favor of Thomas Dickson for the killing of his little daughter Lillian shows that there is a substantial difference between verdicts resulting from chance and those rendered in a more formal manner. In the previous trial the jurors flipped a coin, Dickson got nothing, and the jurors were fined \$50 each by Judge Guy. Law was once defined by a cynical member of the bar as "the last guess of the supreme court." Evidently the jurors failed to realize that the method of chance was a judicial prerogative.

Rebels' trial of Judge Bridgemoor who threw dice for judgment. Sage Wouter van Twiller, governor of New Amsterdam, in the suit by Wandle Schoonhoven against Barent Biecker adopted a more scientific scheme. After weighing each party's books, counting the leaves and finding the one equal to the other, he pronounced opinion that the accounts were balanced; "therefore Wandle should give Barent a receipt and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs." Even Biblical authority may be found, for was not Achan found guilty by lot? Despite these precedents the law condemns such procedure. To follow the language of one decision, the law contemplates that the jurors "shall by their discussions harmonize their views if possible, but not that they shall compromise, divide or yield for the mere purpose of agreement." A somewhat different rule applies as to quotient verdicts, where each juror puts down a sum and the result is divided by twelve. This is condemned if there has been a previous agreement to abide by the result, but not if such means are adopted to secure an amount on which the twelve men may compromise. In private affairs chance may work out satisfactory results. Bertie, the lamb in "The Henrietta" flipped a coin at critical moments and became a Napoleon of finance. But such conduct is too frivolous for a judicial finding of fact. The promise of the jury to render justice is then "false as dice's oaths." What it is likely to do in any event is a mystery beside which the way of an eagle in the air, of a serpent upon a rock, of a ship in the midst of the sea and of a man with a maid is easily guessed; and expediency dictates that the mystery be not deepened.—New York World.



THE TOMB OF KING MUTESA.



KING'S WIDOWS DOOMED TO WATCH HIS COFFIN TILL DEATH.