

# Punishing Natives by Flogging on the Shores of Victoria Nyanza

Copyright, 1908, by Frank G. Carpenter. WANZA, (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Can the African be controlled without flogging? This is a live question out here on the shores of Victoria Nyanza. The British laws are strict in regard to this matter, and the white man who, unauthorized by the courts, flogs a black man, is liable to fine and imprisonment. It is now only a few months since three negroes who had insulted white women were publicly flogged by Captain Grogan, the head of the Colonists' association, in front of the court house at Nairobi. This created an outcry in England, and Grogan and those who helped him were punished by a mild imprisonment.

In both British East Africa and Uganda flogging is one of the sentences of the courts. In Uganda the criminal to be whipped is laid face downward upon the ground. His clothes are taken off and one man sits on the small of the back and another on the thighs, the flogging being done on the fleshy parts between to prevent permanently injuring the man. In German East Africa I am told that any white man has the right to give any negro who insults him fifteen lashes, but that if more punishment than this is demanded the case must be brought before the police. On the western shores of Lake Victoria and even here at Wanza I find that every officer and soldier carries his hippopotamus-hide whip with him. The whip is called the kabuko. It is a strip of the thick skin of the hippopotamus about a yard long, trimmed down at the sides to the diameter of one's finger and made tapering at one end.

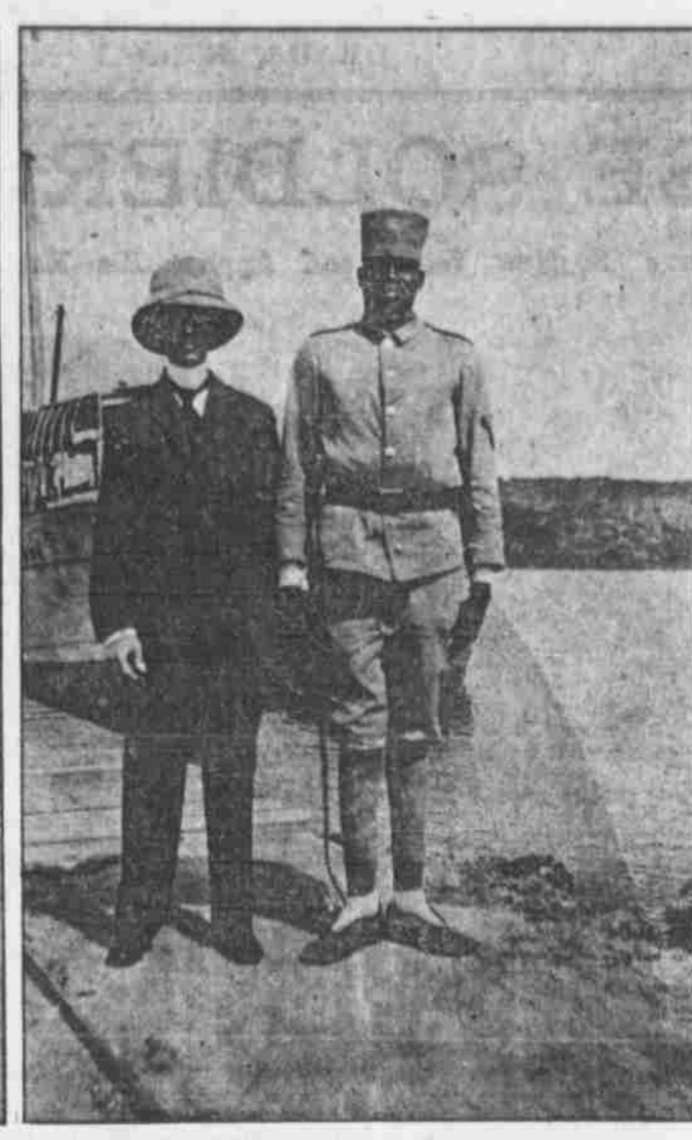
Such a whip is a terrible weapon. It is heavy and flexible and will cut like a knife. It requires only a light blow to draw blood, and the expert flogger brings down the kabuko on the bare flesh with a peculiar twist, which saws it into shreds. The natives will get down on their knees and beg for mercy if one even shakes a whip at them.

through here. He tells me that the learned German doctor boasted to him that he had killed twenty-seven blacks while he was in the country and that he evidently thought nothing of shooting a native dead in cold blood.

**German Failed to Acquire Uganda.** It was from Archdeacon Walker that I learned how near the Germans came to getting possession of the rich province of Uganda and thereby the control of the whole of Lake Victoria. Whether this was attempted by Prince Bismarck and the German government I do not know, but the movement was engineered by this same Dr. Karl Peters. The incident occurred about 1890, when the relations between King Mwanga and the British government were exceedingly strained. Mwanga, who was then king of Uganda, had said that if the English would furnish troops to support him in his troubles with his subjects he was ready to make a treaty with them and thereby bring his country under their protection. Archdeacon Walker wrote a letter to this effect for the king and sent it to Mr. Jackson, the commissioner of British East Africa. The man who took the letter was captured on the way and it fell into the hands of Dr. Karl Peters, who was then traveling through the country as a soldier of fortune and diplomat combined. As the story goes, Dr. Peters tore the letter up and then by forced marches reached Uganda before its loss became known. In consequence of the delay he was able to make treaties with King Mwanga whereby Uganda should come under the protection of the Germans. In the meantime, however, the officials of Germany and England had come together and had held a conference over African matters, during which they made an agreement as to the boundary between the German and the English possessions. By this agreement all of the country lying south of a line which goes about midway through Lake Victoria was given to the kaiser and all north of that to Queen Victoria, then reigning; the British ceding to the Germans the little island of Heligoland as a consideration therefor. The Germans, as I understand it, had as yet received no news of what Peters had done in Uganda, and when it did become known this treaty made his work of no avail.



A WITCH DOCTOR.



MR. CARPENTER AND ONE OF THE SOLDIERS.

African natives, was a little island in the North sea covering less than 100 acres and populated only by fishermen to the number of something like 1,000. Moreover, that island is fast being eaten up by the sea. A few centuries ago it was five times its present size, and it grows less every year. On the other hand, Uganda is now setting out cotton plantations. There are roads all through it, and the people claim that they can go over them for a distance of 600 miles in an auto-

mobile. The land is rich in rubber and other resources, and it also contains the source of the Nile. Verily the British had the best of that bargain.

**Business in German East Africa.** The German officials seem to be well satisfied with their colony. They say it is richer than British East Africa, and in support of their statement point to the fact that it already has a larger native population. British East Africa has some-

thing like 4,000,000, and this country has 7,000,000 or 8,000,000. The most of the colony is high and healthy. It has extensive grass lands, and many of the natives are more than ordinarily thrifty. Take, for instance, the lands along the Kagera river, which flows into the lake on the edge of Uganda. I met two officers here who have been stationed in that country. They tell me that the soil is fertile and that it is covered with a thick sod of fine-grass. Much of the coun-

try is a mile above the sea and is well suited to be the residence of white men. These officers tell me that when railway communication can be made German colonists will come in, and the country will be developed as an agricultural and stock raising region. At present it is thickly populated by natives, who rear many cattle, sheep and goats.

### Kagera River.

The Kagera river rises not far from Lake Tanganyika, and the lower portion of it can be made navigable for steamers. It flows not far from the line of the Cape to Cairo road, and it may form an important link in the chain of rail and water which is to go north and south through this continent. It will connect that road with Victoria Nyanza. I am told that if the bar at its mouth is dredged out boats of considerable draft can steam so near to Lake Tanganyika that the building of fifty miles or so of railroad will practically connect the two lakes.

As it is now, it is the intention of the railroad builders to use Lake Tanganyika, which is 400 miles long, and Lake Albert Edward and Albert Nyanza, both quite extensive, as a part of the Cape to Cairo system. They are all deep and easily navigable. Indeed, the richest part of that route will be through the Nile and its waterways. The road is now within about 400 miles from the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, and it will need only a short strip to join this chain of lakes, and another short strip from the end of Albert Nyanza to Gondokoro, where there is a station on the Nile, 1,000 miles down the Nile to Khartoum, the end of the Egypt and Soudan railway system.

### Bismarck in Africa.

The Germans have erected a monument to Prince Bismarck out here on the southern shores of Victoria Nyanza. It stands with its back to the lake and its face towards the town of Mwanga. It consists of a bronze medallion as big around as the head of a flour barrel, bearing the bust of the great chancellor. This medallion is cemented to a pyramid or obelisk, which stands in a beautiful grove. Just back of it there is a great rock 100 feet high, and all about are trees and banana plants. I understand there are other monuments to Bismarck in some of the German towns along the coast of the Indian ocean and that a fine statue of him has been erected at Dar es Salaam.

The Germans are organizing a native army out here, which shows the effect of their system of military training. They already have 2,500 native soldiers, offered by about 300 Germans. The men are put through the same exercises as the soldiers at home. They are big fellows, well set up and very muscular, many being over six feet in height and large in proportion. The most of them have brutal faces and they look as though they might be butchers in battle. I have gone to the villages with some of these troops during my stay. Each man carries a hippopotamus whip with him and so uses it that he has no trouble in making himself respected by the ordinary native.

### Professional Rainmakers.

Prof. Willis Moore of our weather bureau ought to come out to Lake Victoria and learn something of the real science of the weather. The lands south of the lake are frequently troubled with drought, and it is on this account that the witches and rainmakers flourish. I am told that some of the chiefs and sultans are supposed to be able to make rain, and that they are liable to lose their jobs at the first long dry spell. Ancestors are sacrificed, too, in order to bring rain, and there are certain unfailing signs which indicate that the drought is coming. One of these is the advent of twins. This is the greatest ill luck any community can have, and the woman who brings it upon a village is sometimes banished.

There are certain kinds of babies who are just the reverse of mascots. They are called bad-luck children, and when one is born trouble is sure to follow. One of these is a baby born with sore eyes, and another one that gets its upper teeth first. If the teeth sprout out in the upper jaw before they do in the lower jaw, that is a sure sign of dry weather, and the child is supposed to bring it. Indeed, this belief is so strong that such children have been killed on account of the suffering which the drought, brought by them, has entailed. This belief in evil spirits is common in all the countries lying south of Lake Victoria, and it was largely so in Uganda, north of the lake, until that country was converted to Christianity. Indeed, many of the Baganda people still believe more or less in a legion of spirits. They have thirty-five different devils, one of whom presides over war, another over earthquakes and another over the plague. There is supposed to be a devil in every leopard, and it was to appease them that when the old kings built their palaces hundreds of men were slaughtered. Sacrifices were made to Kithinda, the man-eating demon, and also to the snake-demon and others. The Bagandas had their god of plenty, their gods of the rain and the rainbow, and their demons of thunder and the falling stars. In short, the whole world of Africa is supposed to be infested by spirits, and devils of all kinds are everywhere present. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

### In the Bushkuma Towns.

The people here are not as wealthy as those of Uganda. They wear less clothing and their houses are poorer. The average Uganda hut looks picturesque. It is made of cane, bent and woven together and thatched with straw, the roof often extending down to the ground. The huts of the Bushkumas have walls of sticks set upright in the earth and laced with vines running in and out through them. After this the walls are chinked with mud and a cone-shaped roof is put on. The doors are so low that one has to stoop to enter them, and it requires some engineering to go in and out, as the door may swing either way. Sometimes it is hung at the top and sometimes at the bottom, or it may be lifted in and out at will. The huts are seldom more than ten or fifteen feet in diameter, and each is divided into rooms for sleeping and cooking. The cooking is done in the center of the hut on a fire built over stones, which rest on the ground. The cooking utensils are usually clay pots and the chief food is a porridge made of stewed millet.

The people also have corn and peanuts in addition to millet, and they grind all three by pounding them in a mortar and rubbing them between stones. In one enclosure I saw a girl of 15 pounding peanuts in a mortar with a wooden pestle, and in another a woman knelt down and ground millet by rubbing the grains between stones. The stones looked as though they might have been picked up

### Dangerous Ground.

"Bless me, Marty!" exclaimed Uncle Cyrus, looking up from his magazine. "We're getting a navy that don't need to take a back seat for any of them European navies." Aunt Martha continued placidly measuring out the ingredients of "mountain" cake, and manifestly was not unduly excited over naval affairs.

"Just enter to day at the telegraph office, and you'll see some fellows who have been making estimates. Any half-dozen of our big cruisers have engine strength equal to the pulling power of all the horses in the Russian cavalry!"

"The engines of our big battleship Louisiana are strong enough—if they could be fastened somewhere—to pull the hull United States cavalry into the sea, an—"

"Mercy asked!" cried Aunt Martha, with arrested spoon—for the first time impressed with these interesting statistics. "I hope to goodness our cavalry'll keep away from the shore!"—Youth's Companion.

### Hardly a Compliment.

In Dr. Edward Everett Hale's younger days he was about to leave a parish, and a good old woman was bewailing the fact and insisting that the church would be ruined thereby. Dr. Hale, flattered by her words and manner, and wishing to console her, said:

"But sister, the man who will succeed me is a fine preacher and a splendid fellow. You'll soon see that everything is all right and get used to it."

"No, no! I won't!" she answered tearfully. "I don't get used to this changing. I've seen six changes in preachers now, and it's got worse and worse all the time!"—Judge.

### The Girl for Him.

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the woman of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office, he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the right rates is the lass for me!"—Everybody's Magazine.

### Guessed He Got It.

This story is told on Oscar Hammerstein: Recently he was going downtown on a Broadway car, the street car conductor, of the kind who set like stockholders stood over the opera manager and bawled: "Did I get your fare?"

Hammerstein was in deep thought, and without raising his head, quietly replied: "I guess you did; I didn't see you ring it up for the company."

The conductor found business on the rear platform and the passengers enjoyed a hearty laugh.—New York Times.

### Case of Dr. Karl Peters.

Most of the German officials claim that it is impossible to keep the natives in subjugation except by the whip. This was the opinion of Dr. Karl Peters, who was dismissed from his position as imperial commissioner of the district about Kilimanjaro a few months ago. The case was brought up by a libel suit which Dr. Peters instituted some months ago against the Munchener Post. That paper had called Peters a hangman, a murderer and a coward, and had published the story of his flogging three female servants and the hanging of others. In the trial which followed several German officials who had served in East Africa testified that the natives could not be ruled without flogging. One of the witnesses was General Liebert, a former governor of German East Africa, and others were Herr Kuhnert, a well known animal painter, who had recently been here, and Father Acker of the African mission. General Liebert said that it was absolutely necessary to be severe with the natives and that he regretted the mildness of the present officials. Herr Kuhnert averred that it was impossible to treat them with too much severity. He said he had seen one of the negroes when she was flogged by Dr. Peters and the punishment did not seem cruel to him. Father Acker said that one could not govern the natives without flogging, and that he himself had often caused men and women to be whipped.

### Choice Gleanings from the Story Teller's Collection

#### A Case of Identity.

"It's a great help to be able to size up the man you came in contact with," said a business man to his son; "that's more important still than that you should first know yourself."

"For instance, a noisy bunch tacked out of their club late one night, and up the street. They stopped in front of an imposing residence. After considerable discussion one of them advanced and pounded on the door. A woman stuck her head out of a second-story window and demanded, none too sweetly, 'What do you want?'"

"'Is this the residence of Mr. Smith?'" inquired the man on the steps, with an elaborate bow.

"'It is. What do you want?'"

"'Is it possible I have the honor speakin' to Alessius Smith?'"

"'Yes. What do you want?'"

"'Dear Alessius Smith! Good Alessius Smith! Will you—hilo—come down an' pick out Mr. Smith? The reah of us want to go home.'"—Everybody's Magazine.

#### Everything Has Its Cause.

"Everything has its cause, if we can but find it," says J. McKee Borden, secretary of the department of charities, at a banquet in New York. "Once, in a miserable slum, I heard two little girls beggars talking. 'Why is it,' said the first, 'that the poor is allus more willin' to help us than

#### Reconcile Religions Too Late.

"The late Bishop Fowler," said a Buffalo Methodist, "was a broad minded man. Big city he abhorred, and he claimed, should never hedge one good Christian from another. Sincere creeds, no matter how diverse, should on the contrary bind Christians together."

"Bishop Fowler used to tell about a young Detroit couple, John Smith and Hannah Jones."

"John Smith was a Presbyterian. Hannah Jones was a Baptist. They hesitated about marrying because they feared that in later life, when the little ones came, religious disputes might arise. Thus the years passed. Neither would renounce his church. John Smith grew bald and Hannah Jones developed lines about her mouth and eyes. It was a complete deadlock, the world said."

"Then John was sent abroad for a year by his firm to buy fancy goods. He and Hannah corresponded regularly. Toward the year's end, by a remarkable coincidence, John Smith received from the other a letter, the two letters crossing in the mails. They friend!

"Friend John! The obstacles that stood in the way of our marriage have at last been removed. This day I received in

#### Conking as a Spectacle.

Ronoco Conking was very fond of spectacular effects, relates a writer in Munsey's. On the night before the nominating speeches were to be made in the republican convention in Chicago in 1880 he let a rumor circulate to the effect that he had changed from Grant to some other candidate. This he did to heighten the effect of his performance on the following day. When the roll was called and when Conking's chance arrived, every one was tense with suppressed excitement to see just what the New York leader was about to do.

"What he did was very characteristic of the man. Instead of going quietly to the platform, he swaggered down the aisle, and then suddenly leaped upon the table assigned to newspaper correspondents, upsetting their ink bottles and scattering their 'copy' over the floor. They cursed him loudly, but their voices were drowned in the shouting. Then Conking wheeled about and, facing the convention, declaimed dramatically a bit of doggerel by Charles Graham Halpine—better known as 'Miles O'Reilly'—which he had picked up from some one on the evening before:

When asked what state he hailed from,  
Our sole reply shall be:  
'He comes from Arizonox  
And it's famous apple tree!"

Some have said that he did not quote this verse; but the present writer makes the statement on the authority of Senator Hoar, who presided over that convention, and of Mr. Conking's own nephew and biographer.

#### The Other Side.

Mrs. Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, in a discussion of the Cleveland school of household science—a school to fit young girls for any position in domestic science—that she is helping to found, said:

"This school, when it is established, will do away with that sickening disappointment

#### Grand Secretary Knights Zion

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#### BEAN'S REVOLUTIONARY

Chicago.

## Commander-in-Chief G. A. R., Department of Nebraska

LI ALLEN BARNES, the newly elected commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Nebraska, was born in Cayuga, Chemung county, New York, September 24, 1837, his father having been a farmer. His grandfather, Abram Barnes, was a soldier in the war of 1812 and his great-grandfather a revolutionary soldier from

Connecticut. Mr. Barnes' mother was a daughter of General Peter Smartwood, an 1812 soldier. On both sides of the genealogical tree the ancestors were pioneers of the "Nutmeg State." Eli A. Barnes obtained a good knowledge of the "world of books" in the common schools near his home, and in the academy, Ithaca, N. Y., and after completing his education was engaged for some time in yielding the ferule, although

his early occupation had been that of farming. October 1, 1856, found him located on a farm in Illinois, De Kalb county, and there he remained until the breaking out of the civil war.

Mr. Barnes' older brother had preceded him in enlistment. Mr. Barnes remained at home and in the early summer of 1862 attended to the harvesting upon the farm. On the evening of the day that the last grain was in the shock and laid by, Mr. Barnes, at the supper table, told his mother that he, too, would enlist. The country was needing more men. The mother left it to him. "If you think you ought to go, if you think the country needs you, then go."

The Barnes farm was two and a half miles from De Kalb. Thither Mr. Barnes went the next day to enlist. But the enlisting officer asked him to go home for two weeks, he just at that time not being prepared to send more men. "But I am ready and want to go now," replied Mr. Barnes. "I cannot send you at once," was the response. That was enough. But Mr. Barnes even then insisted on "getting there, Eli," and went to the new recruiting station and immediately joined Company G, Ninth Iowa cavalry, and enlisted at Cedar Falls. He made out his own enlistment papers and was made orderly sergeant. He served until the latter part of 1864, when he was honorably discharged. During his service he was thrown from his horse in the gumbo mud of Arkansas and dislocated his hip the effect of which injury has been a permanent one.

He was married in 1865 to Miss Nancy E. Crego, a native of Chemung county, New York. In 1873 Mr. Barnes located in Hall county, Nebraska, on a soldier's homestead, the place being now marked by one of the largest ranches in Nebraska—that of Robert Taylor Abbott. He was elected a member of the State Board of Agriculture in 1874, held membership on the same for many years and was president in 1880 and 1885 and a member till 1888. He is one of the oldest members of all the Masonic bodies of Grand Island and in this part of the state. He has served two years as counselman in this city.

He has been a member of the Lyon post, Grand Army of the Republic, this city, for twenty-eight years, being mustered in by Commander Paul Vandervoort and Captain Wood, assistant adjutant general. He has been post commander, was judge advocate of the Department of Nebraska for two years, senior vice commander for one year and a member of the council of administration for one year. Gilbert L. Barnes post, at Kingston, De Kalb county, Illinois is named after a brother of the subject of this brief sketch. He was second lieutenant of Company M, Forty-second regiment, Illinois volunteer infantry. Lieutenant Gilbert L. Barnes died in the campaign in southern Missouri. His body was brought home and he was buried December 2, 1861.



ELI BARNES, GRAND ISLAND.

## President State Medical Association



L. M. SHAW, M. D., OSCEOLA, IOWA.