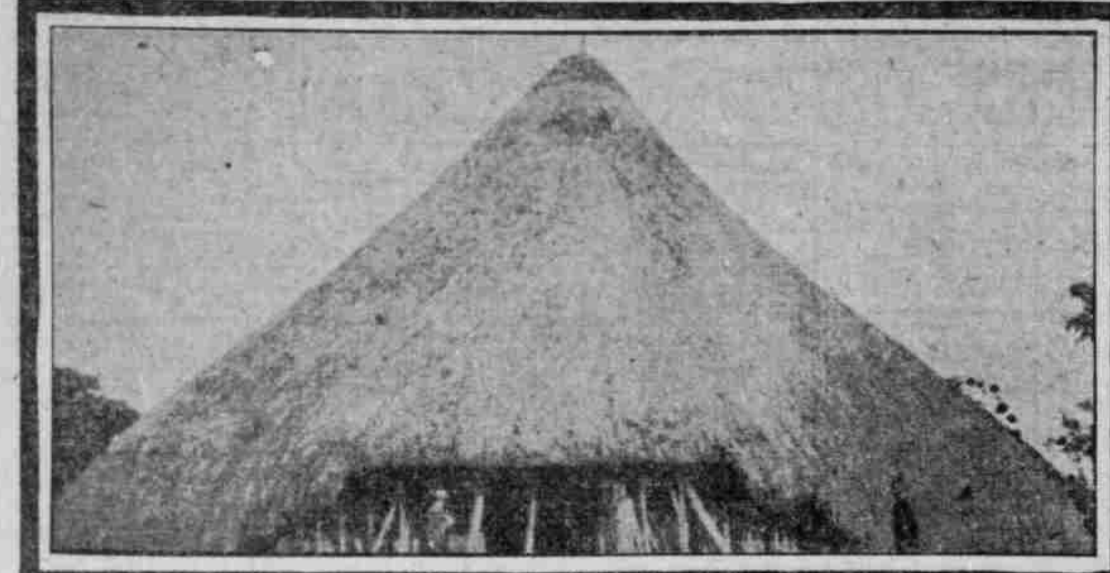
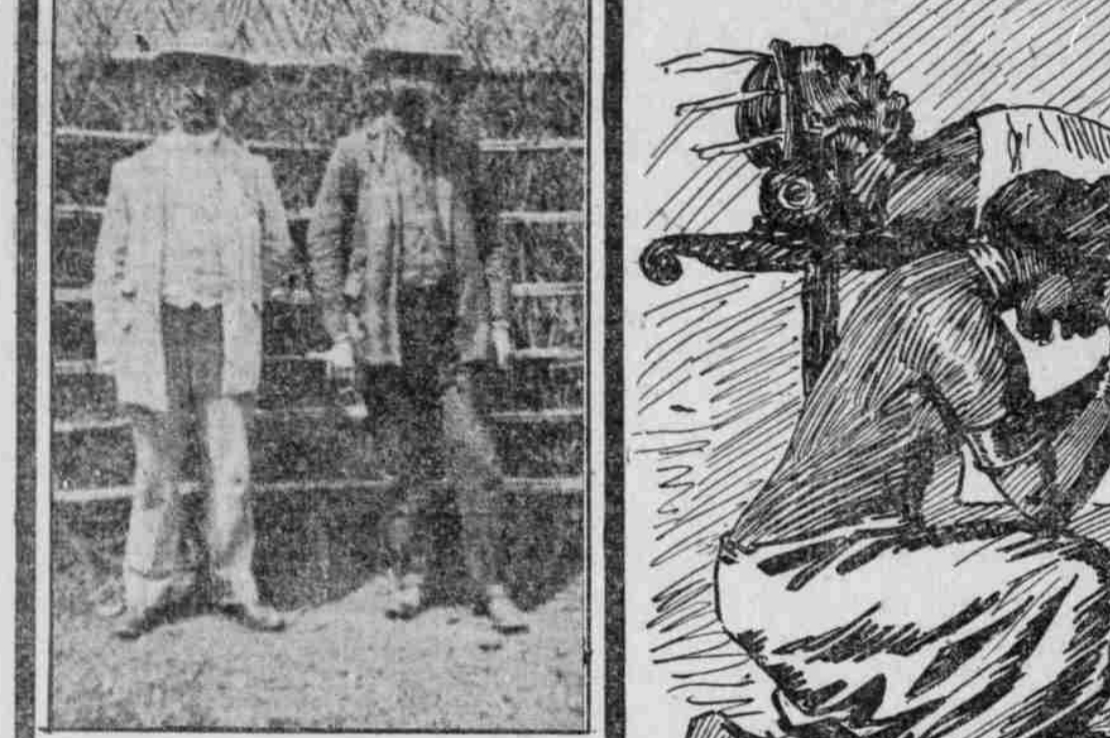


# FUNERAL WAKE THAT LASTS A LIFETIME



THE TOMB OF KING MUTESA



TWO ENGLISH MISSIONARIES ARCHDEACON WALKER AT THE LEFT

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THERE are two great monuments here 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 our Stanley came. It is guarded by a score or more of his bald-headed 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.

### The Tomb of King Mutesa.

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 Pharaohs. The greatest of them were caged up in the Pyramids, and it is only within recent years that they have been brought forth to light. Others were laid away in caves dug out of the mountains far up the Nile Valley; but for ages they were covered by sand and rock. I have wandered among the tombs of the Ming Emperors near Kankin, and below the Great Wall in Central and North China. They are guarded by giants, elephants, camels and lions cut of stone. I have also seen the Taj Mahal at Agra, India, that structure of marble whose dome floats like a vast bubble in the blue sky. It is the most beautiful monument ever created, and was put up by a Mohammedan Sultan out of his love for his wife. Among the other great tombs of the world are the enormous structures in Java known as the Borobodor, which stands the famed stone goddess of the beautiful hips; the wonderfully decorated temples at Tokio, Japan, in which lie the Shoguns, and the Hotel des Invalides in Paris, where Napoleon Bonaparte rests in a sarcophagus of reddish brown granite guarded by the 12 apostles whose figures look down from the dome overhead.

This tomb of Mutesa is like none of those, and yet in many respects it is more alive and more wonderful. It consists of a hut shaped like a hay stack and as big as the main tent of a circus. It is 25 feet high, with a four-story house and fully 100 feet in circumference. It is a great tent of thatched wood to a framework of reeds and upheld by hundreds of poles. 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 spears 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.

### Photographing the Queens.

Accompanied by my guide and a single native soldier, I made my way into the tomb. 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 were 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. They have an allowance from the native government, and receive so much food and drink every day. I understand that there are a score or more of similar tombs in the country about, each containing the body of a king who reigned long ago and each guarded by widows who are fated to watch his coffin to the day of their death. I spent some time around the tomb. The women were interested in me for a while, and then went back to their seats in the gloom. Here one sat and rocked to and fro; there another crawled over the grass, smoothing it out on the floor, and further over a third stretched herself out and slept. A sudden sight 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!"

### How They Bury Kings in Uganda.

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 under jaw intact. In the past the under jaw of a dead king was cut off and laid to one side. The body in the meantime had been wrapped in bark cloth by the prince who was to succeed him, and the prince, the official executioner and the keeper of the king's tomb carried the body to this region where Mutesa lies. Here the executioner cut off the jaw and laid it carefully away in a wooden bowl. After that the grass tent-like tomb was built, and earth banked up around it to prevent the surface water flowing in. Then the body, minus the jaw, was placed in a bark cloth on a bedstead in the center of the tent and the door was closed. Immediately following this came the sacrifices. Three of the king's chiefs and three high-class women of the same rank were seized and slaughtered in front of the door, and their bodies were left there to be devoured by the vultures. The sacrifice was the king's chief, a man who had charge of his beer mugs, and the boss of his cowboys. After this the jaw was placed in a wooden bowl, and a native was named guardian of it. Another chief became guardian to the tomb itself, and he and the widows took up their residence in it to watch over it.

### Stories of King Mutesa.

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, although King Mutesa had some years previously killed 2000 innocent men, women and children in one day to celebrate a tomb which he 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. The present king of Uganda, whom I have described in a previous letter, is a grandson of old Mutesa. He was baptized a Christian, and was then given the bible name of David, which he bears to this day. This boy-king has a Christian tutor, and his prime minister, Apolo Katikro, is a Christian who, as a boy, was tortured for his religion.

I have heard many stories about old Mutesa since I came to Uganda. He was a mighty monarch and was governing a territory of 300,000 people at the time Stanley came. He held his court here at Kampala, and the neighboring countries recognized his power and paid him tribute. I have already written of the blind musician, who lost his eyes because he could not play to please this king, and of the royal drummer whose ears were cut off because one of Mutesa's daughters happened to be snoring. Under King Mutesa it was considered indecent for a man to show any part of his person

## AFRICAN KING'S WIDOWS DOOMED TO WATCH HIS COFFIN SO LONG AS THEY LIVE



### Sad Fate of an Uganda.

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 his wives right and left. I was told here of a woman who was once driven away in the manner of a dog, 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 blushed 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 staff, when Speke, the explorer, who happened to be present, ran in and saved her.

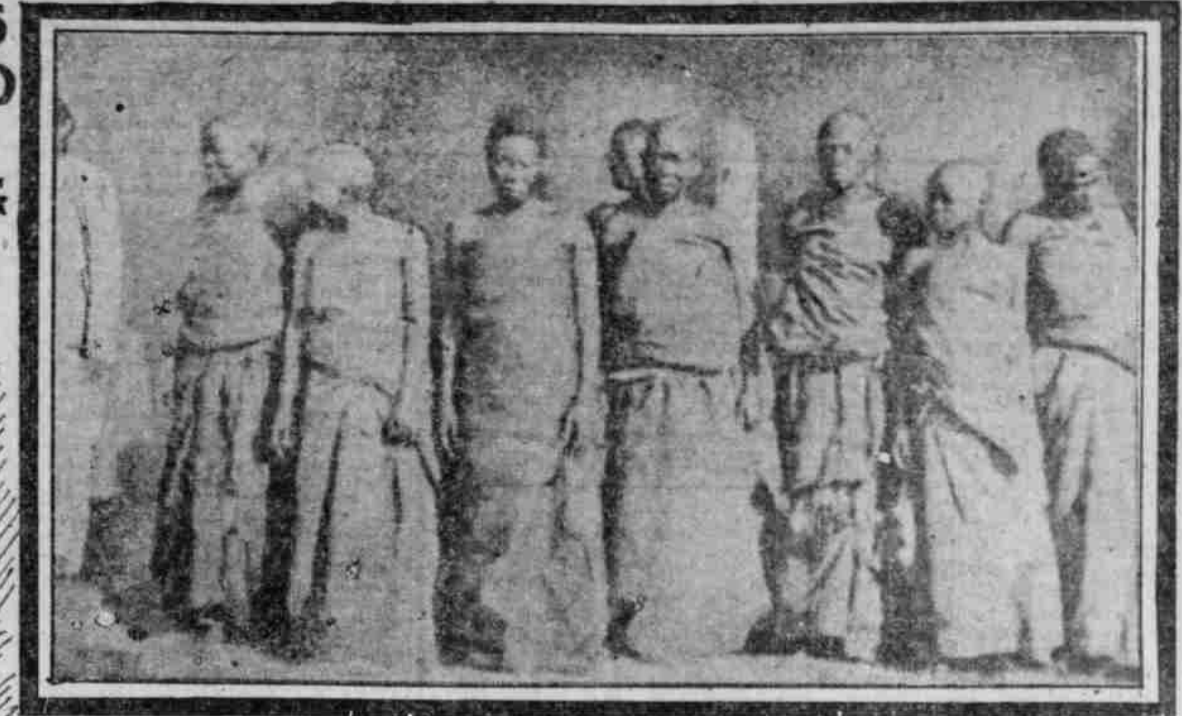
At that time the king had the right to any woman in the country, and no matter how many deaths the harem was kept full. His majesty was supposed to marry only the daughters of chiefs, but if he fancied other girls he had the chiefs adopt them, and in this way they were brought into the palace according to law. The sending of a pot of native beer to the father of a girl was an indication that the king intended to take her as a wife, and the maiden spoiled 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 given a handsome dowry, and she had the chance of the lifelong death watch which the widows are now enjoying. On the other hand, if the girl was 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, a somewhat 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 Katikro, the present Prime Minister, distributed his one of his wives, who was 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 flung her head. This sentence was carried out right in the midst of the court crowd, and the soldiers laughed as they did it.

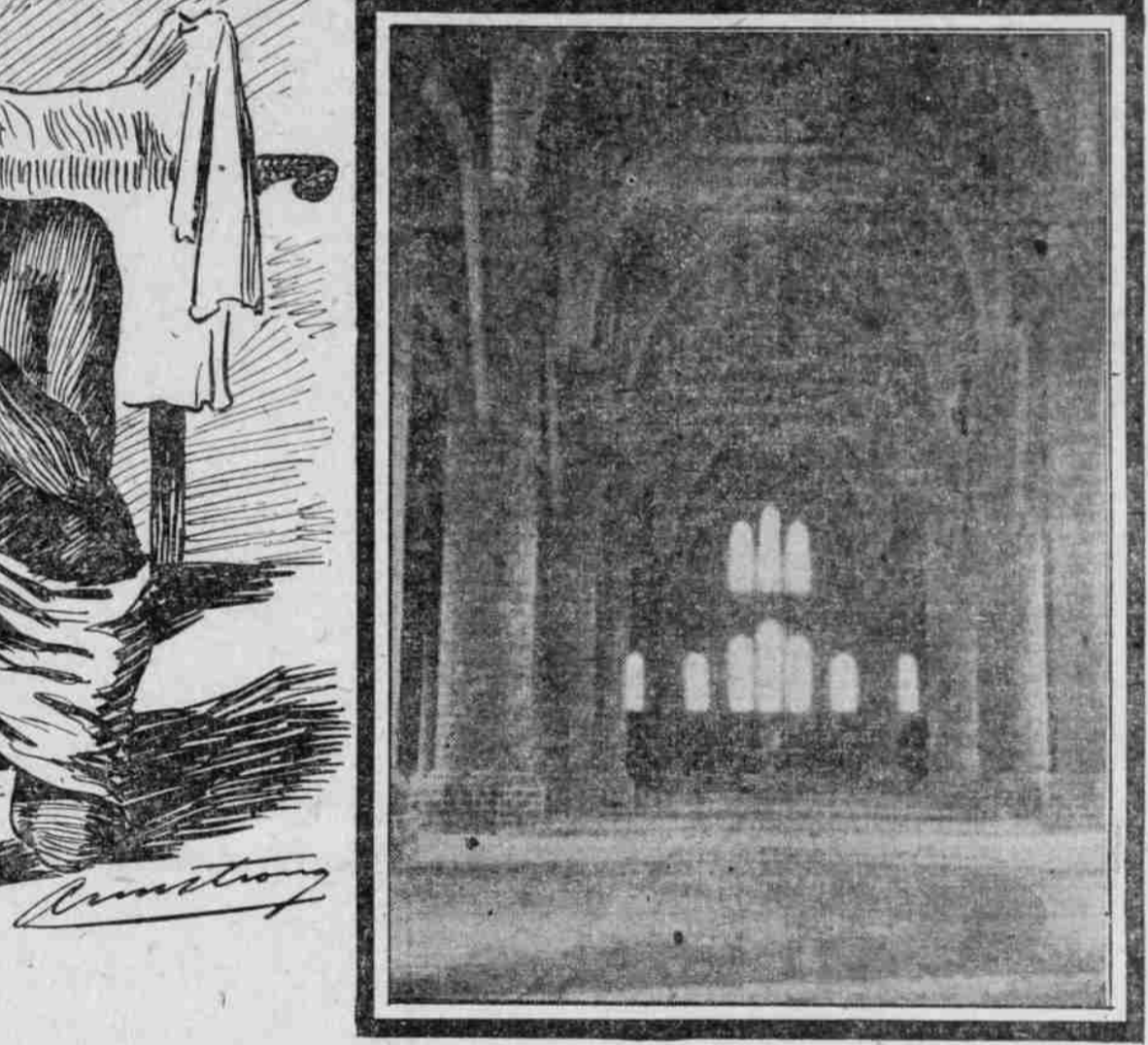
### Mwanga the King.

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 12 years 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. He came out here in 1877 and was well received by Mutesa. He urged the King to adopt the Christian religion,



THE KING'S WIDOWS DOOMED TO WATCH HIS COFFIN FULL DEATH



THE NAMIREMBE CATHEDRAL THE INTERIOR IS EQUALLY INTERESTING

### The Namirembe Cathedral.

I wish I could show the American skeptics who doubt the good of 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. My first glimpse of it was on my way inland from Lake Victoria, and I thought then that it must be the palace of the King. It is an enormous structure of sun-dried brick, 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 Burma, save that this, to my eye, is far the more beautiful. The structure covers about half

### Fifty Thousand Native Preachers.

All this happened about 30 years ago, and now the Uganda people are practically 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 Christianity in one form or another. 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, 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 near 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 missions, usually marked by the little crosses they wear around their necks, are to be seen everywhere.

As to the work of the Protestants, it 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 25 years ago, and that today Uganda has 200 native evangelists, who are going about over the country doing mission work. It has 50,000 native preachers, who are holding regular services from their own churches, and they support their preachers.

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." This mission work has to a large extent abolished the savage customs common here in the past, slavery has been done away with, and the King and chiefs cannot maim or kill their subjects. The natives as a rule have each but one wife, and many of their children are now being sent to school and taught the three Rs. Both the Catholics and Protestants have

manual training schools, and there is also a high school here at Mengo.

The Namirembe Cathedral.

"I wish I could show the American skeptics who doubt the good of 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. My first glimpse of it was on my way inland from Lake Victoria, and I thought then that it must be the palace of the King. It is an enormous structure of sun-dried brick, 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 Burma, save that this, to my eye, is far the more beautiful. The structure covers about half

### Wife of an Aeronaut Declares It Is Not at All Dangerous.

In two years it won't be at all strange to see balloons passing over New York guided by women, and eventually women will own aerial craft just the same as they own motor cars today, if Mrs. Leo Stevens, wife of the aeronaut, prophesies correctly, for Mrs. Stevens is quite an enthusiastic about ballooning as her husband.

She will also tell you with laughing eyes and dimpling cheeks how foolishly fearful people are about balloon ascensions. For as a matter of fact it isn't alarming at all quite the contrary, says the New York Sun.

Mrs. Stevens declares that more women are interested in the pastime now than most persons are aware. It is only their shrinking from the publicity of the thing that prevents them from coming out in the open and declaring themselves converts to the sport.

A number of New York women have made ascensions in Paris, where going up in a balloon is a common thing and entails no comment, but as yet they haven't had the courage to do it here. But just as soon as a sufficient number becomes interested there is no doubt that this prejudice will die away.

"In Paris," said Mrs. Stevens, "every pleasant day you will see anywhere from one to half a dozen balloons passing over the city, and they attract no more attention than a bird flying overhead. And it is such a delightful sport! I know of nothing to compare with it.

"This is my basket," Mrs. Stevens went on, pulling out a small basket, just large enough for one person. "I haven't yet made an ascension alone, but I mean so this Summer. I have made this balloon for the purpose.

"I shall be alone in the car, but will probably go with a party of balloonists. At least that is what we are planning now—to take trips, for instance, just for pleasure, not with the intention of covering great distances.

"It is a pity that we can't go up from here, but the gas isn't right for it. It is too heavy, so we are obliged to go to Pittsfield, Mass., or some place in that vicinity, to make ascents, where we can get gas that lifts about 30 pounds.

"Unfortunately this makes the trips expensive, for it isn't possible to make an ascent under \$100, for there is the transportation, expressage, etc. If we only had aero grounds here, with a private gas plant, it wouldn't cost so much, but this will all come in time. Then it won't be an uncommon sight to see balloons sailing about every day, carrying the necessary equipment for a short balloon trip. Why not much more than is required for a motor excursion.

"I always wear a short tailor suit, with a cap, and take a coat along in case of necessity. I really seldom wear anything on my head, and don't bother about rain, for the balloon protects us pretty thoroughly unless it happens to be a driving storm; and as our trips are purely for pleasure we are not apt to go up unless it's a fair day.

"Then we take the hamper along," pointing to a basket about twice as high as an automobile lunch box. "We generally take chicken sandwiches, coffee, a little brandy maybe, but plenty of water. Sometimes we never touch the food, preferring rather to get something to eat at a farmhouse en route, but of course we have to take the lunch in case of necessity.

"Usually we stop at a farmhouse, and you have no idea how delightfully we are treated. Why, the farmers can't do enough for you. It's a funny thing, too, for while they are death on motors they are simply crazy about balloons.

"You are royally entertained and fed on milk and honey, and it's next to impossible to get them to take any money for it. They seem to feel it an honor conferred upon them, and the farmer in whose lot the balloon happens to land is the envy of the whole countryside. All the rest come from far and near to have a look at it and at us, whom they look upon as they would if we came from the moon.

"Have I any fear? Oh, mercy no," laughed Mrs. Stevens, and it was clear that she thoroughly enjoyed her aerial trips without being hampered by any thought of accident or danger. "Really there isn't a particle of danger.

"Everything is so well arranged and so perfectly worked out that unless one were to encounter a tornado there is nothing whatever to fear. I have made ascensions staying up for four or five hours at a time, and the experience is delightful.

"It is quite a wrong impression that people have of the flight. So many ask me what the sensation is. There isn't any sensation any more than that of riding in an automobile. It is even better than a motor, for there are no wheels going around, only a delightful feeling of sailing smoothly up and away from the noise and bustle of the city.

"The moment you get up about 100 feet above the average building everything is a picture to you. You soon lose track of the sounds, and outside of an occasional steamboat, ferry or train whistle, the noise of the city is tempered to a soothing drone like that of bees in summer.

"It is of course pleasant to remain in sight of the earth, though one isn't cognizant of people living beneath. It just seems as if the whole world had faded away and there was no existence except those in the car, and you were gazing at some wonderful panorama unfolding for your sole enjoyment.

"It is fascinating when the weather is fine to take a trip and let the trail of riding and call to the boys down below to catch it. They will tear over fields, jump fences and run like mad, and just when they almost reach the line, up we go again out of their reach.

"Sometimes we call out to the farmers and ask them how their crops are getting on, and they are so amazed at the sight of us they can hardly speak.

"It is so grand to think that on a fine day you can go out of the city a little way, all your balloon and sail off to some sequestered nook, where you can land and eat your lunch in picnic fashion. Oh, I really have no doubt that the time is very near when ballooning will have become a National sport both for men and women, and we will think no more of sailing through the air than we think of going shopping nowadays. One only has to get a taste of it to get the fever."

## BALLOONING IS A GREAT DELIGHT

Wife of an Aeronaut Declares It Is Not at All Dangerous.